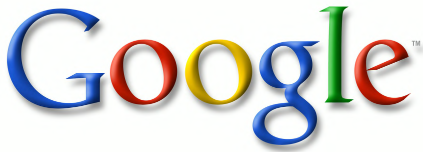

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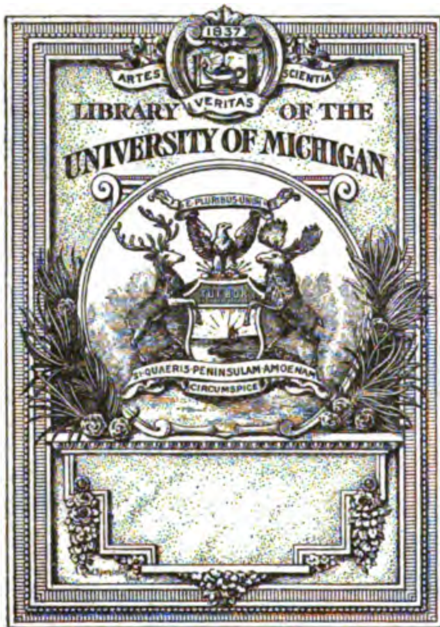

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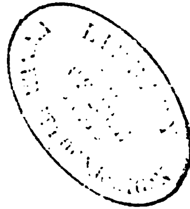

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J. Fenimore Cooper.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

1379

"THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XV.

NEW YORK:
HENRY G. LANGLEY, 8 ASTOR HOUSE.
1844.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XV. JULY, 1844. No. LXXIII.

MR. VAN BUREN.

It is *not* true that Mr. Van Buren is in any sense a "fallen man." No—though no longer, indeed, a candidate for reëlection to the highest office of political station on the face of the globe—though he has, indeed, descended irrevocably, from that brilliant and powerful part which he has so long sustained on the stage of public affairs, into the shaded obscurity of simple private citizenship, side by side with the humblest individual unknown beyond the limits of his native village; yet in all the higher and truer appreciation of dignity of political position, based on the respect and encircled by the affections of a great party—nay, a great nation—there has been no moment in Mr. Van Buren's whole career in which he has stood, consciously to himself and confessedly by all, on a nobler elevation than that which he now occupies and adorns. Fortune and foes have conspired to do more for him, than friends foresaw, or could have themselves effected. We should not have envied him the curule chair of restored power; we do envy him the Pantheon niche to which he has been transferred by the very act that excluded him from the former.

Mr. Van Buren's career as a statesman is now, therefore, closed; to use his own emphatic though melancholy word, "forever." Nor indeed—(strongly as we would desire to deprecate the resolution he has himself avowed)—is it likely that in any form or capacity he will ever allow himself to be again drawn forth, from a retirement amply provided with all the elements of domestic and social happiness, into any further active participation in political affairs. Posterity may be said to have now begun for him, even while yet in the prime of powers abundant to earn for their possessor another fame, no less honorable than that which a life of patriotic public service has already made his. All truth may now be spoken of him, alike by friend and foe. To the latter, he is no longer an object of dread or of partisan animosity. Little is to be gained by vilifying him—no party purpose to be endangered by rendering him a fair justice of approval. To the former he is no longer either the actual or the prospective dispenser of the various forms of government patronage; they may condemn without fear of the loss of political power—they may praise without fear of the suspicion, from any quarter, of personal adulation or interested motive For ourselves, however much we might have preferred to postpone for some four or five years the enjoyment of this privilege of full freedom of speech, we are at least glad to be released from a restraint, of which we acknowledge the pressure to have been not unfelt; and while we regret as deeply as any the retired statesman's withdrawal from public life, we seize the occasion which it affords, to record

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a portraiture of him which is drawn from opportunities of observation not enjoyed by most of our readers.

We have heard it said of Mr. Van Buren with striking frequency and earnestness, among those friends who, from nearest and longest personal intercourse, know him best, that, as a man and statesman, he is "too good and pure for the times;" and while we take no such desponding view of "the times," yet, as a strong testimony and tribute to the character to which it is applied, it is neither untrue nor exaggerated. No President has ever filled that office—no statesman has ever occupied any of the high places of public service and honor under our Constitution—more upright in integrity, more true in patriotism, more sincere in philanthropic sympathy with the rights and interests of the masses, more self-devoted in duty, more calmly, comprehensively wise in judgment. Without that impulsive genius, fitting and impelling to a political apostolate, which has stamped the impress of the mind of Jefferson so deeply on his country and his age, he combines a steady consistency of character with a practical sagacity in affairs both public and private, to a degree which the warmest eulogist does not claim for that glorious name. Whether he could or could not have performed the part in the formation of the Constitution on which rests Madison's chief title to immortality, can never be tested, nor need be speculated upon; but that he has shown himself a more unyielding disciple in a severer school of the Republican and State-Rights doctrine, cannot be denied by any of us who sigh over Madison's signature to a National Bank charter which he had himself but a brief period before vetoed. Monroe we pass over in the catalogue of the great Republican Presidents. He was a respectable gentleman of qualities rather negative than positive, who stood quietly by the helm while the vessel of the state glided smoothly over an unruffled sea, decently and decorously performing a regular routine of official duty,—and that is all that is to be said about him. It is little worth while to disturb the dust of oblivion that is fast settling down over his name and period. Old Jackson affords few grounds on which any kind of comparison is possible. Men of different types and missions, all that is to be said of them in this point of view, is that neither could have been the other; while the close and warm sympathy between them—the mutual confidence, admiration and affection which have characterized their relations together from a very early period of their acquaintance—make each the strongest witness possible to the goodness and greatness of the other. "That wise man and true patriot," was a frequent mode in which General Jackson used to characterize his younger, calmer, and cooler friend. With Mr. Van Buren it has long been, as it still is, a favorite topic, to dwell, with reverential love, on the extraordinary traits which have made the Iron Old Chief the wonderful man that history has already written him. We will not pursue further this train of observation. We have alluded to these great names to mark the class of men by the side of whom Mr. Van Buren is to be ranked and judged, and among whom, with variously balanced points of respective difference, he is entitled to occupy a place fully worthy of the noble confraternity of greatness and honorable fame.

Ne quid nimis—is a motto which would have been appropriate to sum up in brief Mr. Van Buren's character and life—*nothing too much*. He is a man of a most rare degree of completeness all round, and self-poised equilibrium which no ordinary circumstances could shake—nor any of the extraordinary ones of which he has not been without experience. He is one of those few men whose moral centre of gravity appears truly at the centre, with all the parts regularly distributed about it in just symmetry and balance. Marked by no qualities running into that morbid or unnatural excess which is always sure to be at the expense of others essential to completeness, he is yet the furthest in the world removed from negativeness of character; he is on the contrary eminently positive—a man of decided force, movement, self-propelled and self-guided energy. He never indeed is seen to act by fits and starts; he is rarely in a hurry—never out of breath. Calmly strong in conscious right—able to wait, and willing to bide his time—content to acquiesce in the practical realities of the world as it is, and to make the best out of the actual men and things in it as he finds them—ready

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for self-sacrifice whenever necessary, though not quixotically courting it—impregnable in reliance on the principles on whose rocky foundation he has builded his house—and combining with these qualities those eminent intellectual powers, whether for counsel, debate, or action, which his worst enemies have admitted and admired even in hating, Mr. Van Buren, take him for all in all, exhibits certainly one of the most complete and consummate politicians, in the best sense of the term, the working of our institutions has yet created.

There is, indeed, but little that is dazzling or picturesque in such men,—the wonders of the pyrotechnic art make a far more brilliant and beautiful show than the quietly useful and benign flame of the household hearth. But for real public service, for reliability in the hour of need, they are incalculably more valuable than those fire-work politicians, who are for ever aspiring to the skies as rockets, whirling round and round as catharine-wheels, and twisting in and out as fiery serpents, bewildering the ear, meanwhile, with all manner of unexpected explosions and reports.

He is charged with a certain coldness of character—with being too cautious, too circumspect,—too uniformly under the control of a cool, collected sagacity of judgment,—never either warmed or warped from the line of calculated policy, by any of the disturbing impulses of heart or imagination. This charge (which is one not unfrequently brought against those who deserve it least, from their habit of self-restraint, springing from the very warmth of feeling, and shrinking from display, or even from indulgence of itself) may not be entirely unfounded, though we are assured that the trait it indicates does not proceed further than a point at which it does not yet cease to be a virtue. It is not selfishness—it is not coldness of heart—it is not insensibility to the more generous emotions and sympathies. Mr. Van Buren is a man of strong and deep friendships. He has had, and has, attached to him with an enthusiastic affection, not a few men of an order of both mental and moral excellence whose regard were an honor to the monarch of any throne on the earth. His domestic life, into which it would be foreign to the proper scope of this Article to cast a glance, would alone suffice to disprove the imputation. Prone, perhaps, too far to the opposite fault, we have yet lived long enough in the world to learn how much better and higher a stamp of character is that which, beneath a surface of calm and cautious self-restraint, glows deeply with that latent heat which, unseen to others, is scarcely conscious of itself till developed by strong circumstances—than that more quickly ardent temperament, whose superficial emotions exhaust themselves in their own effervescence; a temperament at once common, and commonly overrated. How much the Dutch breed and the half Yankee breeding have had to do in producing this peculiar phase of character, which has been so much misunderstood in Mr. Van Buren, alike by foes and by friends, who have seen him only from a distance, it might be worth while to consider, had we more space and time at command. Shakspere portrays this character with a marked homage of respect and affection, when on the lips of the impulsive and speculative Prince of Denmark he puts the exclamation—

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—aye, in my heart of hearts
As I do thee."

Nay, the whole passage of which these are the concluding words is so striking in the description of the subject of our sketch, and in its application to the circumstances of trial which have proved him what he is, that we are tempted to extend the quotation:

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
* * * *
Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancements may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,

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She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

We will not pass from this point in Mr. Van Buren's character without referring to two instances that happen to occur to our recollection, in which strong circumstances have drawn forth the expression of strong and deep feeling from this supposed heart of ice, in a manner highly and even beautifully pathetic, while still reserved and regulated. The one is in his recent letter to the Democracy of the City of New York, in reply to an invitation to preside at a great ratification meeting to confirm the nomination of Mr. Polk. After an earnest commendation of the ticket, formed on the sacrifice of himself—(a commendation well redeeming the pledge we ventured to give for him in our last Number, in the event of the selection of another name by the Convention)—he utters himself personally to the friends who had so long and warmly stood by his side in fair weather and foul, in terms whose very simplicity shows the depth of true feeling from which they proceed:

"Having now said all that the occasion calls for, in regard to the general objects of the meeting, I must be indulged in a few parting words to the democracy of the city and county of New York. Never before has a public man been honored by the support of truer, firmer, or more disinterested friends than they have been to me. In prosperity I have scarcely known where to find them—in adversity they have been with me always. Through evil and through good report, I have found the masses of the New York Democracy the same unobtrusive, but unshrinking friends. The happiest, by far the happiest day in my whole political career was that on which, on my return from Washington, they met me on the Battery, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, which would have kept fair weather friends at home, and extended to me, a private citizen like themselves, their hard hands, and opened their honest hearts in a welcome as cordial as man ever received from man. They need no assurances to satisfy them that I shall be for ever thankful for their unsurpassed devotion to my welfare; they know that I can never cease to cherish with grateful recollections the honored relation of representative and constituent which has existed between us for so long a period, in such varied forms, and which is now for ever closed."

There was no small number of manly eyes dimmed by no dishonorable moisture, in the vast assembly to which this letter was read. An intelligent friend remarked afterwards upon it, that if Mr. Van Buren had oftener in his career, let in the public eye to a glimpse into his *heart* such as was shown by the fact of his remembering the *rain* on the occasion of his reception in 1841, and the manner of his allusion to it under the circumstances of the present occasion, the prevention of his renomination *could* not have been effected at Baltimore.

The other instance referred to is his beautiful tribute to the memory of De Witt Clinton, on announcing his death in a meeting of the New York Senators and Representatives in Congress, assembled at Washington. We quote from Holland's Life of Van Buren:

"By the current of events which we have thus briefly related, Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clinton were arrayed against each other as the distinguished and able leaders of opposite political parties. A most violent contest ensued, and was sustained for years with unabated energy on both sides. To enter minutely into the history of these conflicts would be an ungrateful task, and would extend this portion of the present history beyond its proper bounds. It will suffice to say, that during these conflicts, Governor Clinton was twice driven into retirement, and two of his distinguished supporters, Chief Justice Spencer and Judge Van Ness, both compelled to retire from the bench of the Supreme Court; and, on the other hand, Mr. Van Buren was twice removed from office, and was pursued, for many years, with the most unrelenting party violence. It is a point of bright relief in this dark picture, that amid all the collisions of party violence, the two great antagonists

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retained their confidence in the personal integrity of each other, and each expressed his respect for the private uprightness and honesty of his rival. Such, at least, are said, on the best authority, to have been the sentiments of Governor Clinton, almost in the last moments of his life; and the following affecting and eloquent testimony of Mr. Van Buren to the public services and private worth of his illustrious competitor, is publicly on record. At a meeting of the Senators and Representatives in Congress, from the State of New York, held at Washington, on the 19th of February, 1828, to express their feelings on the sudden demise of Governor Clinton, Mr. Van Buren, then a member of the Senate, introduced some appropriate resolutions with the following remarks:

"'MR. CHAIRMAN—We have met to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our late Governor and distinguished fellow-citizen, De Witt Clinton. Some of our brethren have been so kind as to ask me to prepare a suitable expression of our feelings; and I have, in pursuance of their wishes, drawn up what has occurred to me as proper to be said on this occasion. Before I submit it to the consideration of the meeting, I beg to be indulged in a few brief remarks. I can say nothing of the deceased that is not familiar to you all. To all he was personally known, and to many of us, intimately and familiarly, from our earliest infancy. The high order of his talents, the untiring zeal and great success with which those talents have, through a series of years, been devoted to the prosecution of plans of great public utility, are also known to you all, and by all, I am satisfied, duly appreciated. The subject can derive no additional interest or importance from any eulogy of mine. All other considerations out of view, the single fact, that the greatest public improvement of the age in which we live, was commenced under the guidance of his councils, and splendidly accomplished under his immediate auspices, is, of itself, sufficient to fill the ambition of any man, and to give glory to any name. But, as has been justly said, his life, and character, and conduct, have become the property of the historian: and there is no reason to doubt that history will do him justice. The triumph of his talents and patriotism cannot fail to become monuments of high and enduring fame. We cannot, indeed, but remember that, in our public career, collisions of opinion and action, at once extensive, earnest, and enduring, have arisen between the deceased and many of us. For myself, sir, it gives me a deep-felt, though melancholy, satisfaction to know, and more so, to be conscious, that the deceased also felt and acknowledged, that our political differences have been wholly free from that most venomous and corroding of all poisons, personal hatred.

"'But, in other respects, it is now immaterial what was the character of those collisions. They have been turned to nothing, and less than nothing, by the event we deplore, and I doubt not that we will, with one voice and with one heart, yield to his memory the well-deserved tribute of our respect for his name, and our warmest gratitude for his great and signal services. For myself, sir, so strong, so sincere, and so engrossing, is that feeling, that I, who, whilst living, never,—no, never,—envied him anything, now that he has fallen, am greatly tempted to envy him his grave with its honors.

"'Of this, the most afflicting of all bereavements, that has fallen on his wretched and desponding family, what shall I say? Nothing. Their grief is too sacred for description; justice can alone be done it by those deep and silent, but agonizing feelings, which, on their account, pervade every bosom.'"

But enough on this head;—we will pass from it with the single remark, that while he himself has both appeared and been far less moved from his usual equanimity than most of his intimate or attached friends, by the events of the late Convention, some scenes of irrepressible manifestation of feeling have been witnessed among the latter, more truly honorable to the individual for whom they sprang, than all the public distinctions or applauses which have crowned his political career.

The resolution adopted by the Convention, in the very act of consummating the sacrifice which was so richly garlanded with praises glowing with all the flowery hues of southern eloquence, ought not to be omitted in this place. No one who was present on that occasion is likely ever to forget the torrent of enthusiasm by which every individual was hurried away, on the first mention of his name after the completion of the nomination, when the whole body rose, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and cheers whose uproar seemed destined never to subside:

"*Resolved*, That this Convention hold in the highest estimation and regard, their illustrious fellow-citizen, Martin Van Buren, of New York; that we cherish the most grateful and abiding sense of the

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ability, integrity, and firmness, with which he discharged the duties of the high office of President of the United States; and especially of the inflexible fidelity with which he maintained the true doctrines of the Constitution, and the measures of the Democratic Party, during his trying and nobly arduous Administration; that in the memorable struggle of 1840 he fell a martyr to the great principles of which he was the worthy representative, and we revere him as such; and that we hereby tender to him, in his honourable retirement, the assurance of the deeply seated confidence, affection, and respect, of the American Democracy."

Some of Mr. Van Buren's opponents have urged against him the charge of pressing forward upon the Democratic party for its renomination. On such judges his Missouri letter, which we know to have expressed the sincerest sentiments of his heart, disavowing any such desire, and declaring his determination not to allow his name to be made any occasion of discord in his party, is wholly thrown away. Yet never was imputation more unjust. Most of our readers—all indeed but a very few—will now receive the intelligence for the first time, that after his defeat in 1840, he was only prevented by the earnest remonstrances of his friends from making a similar positive and final withdrawal as he has now made. Such was indeed his decided desire—though as clear then as at any subsequent period in the prophetic conviction that before 1844 the Democratic party would have returned into its habitual and natural ascendency. It was well understood, too, at Washington, that the letter signed by nearly all the Republican members of Congress inviting him to a dinner before his departure from that city, was meant as a formal expression of their sense that he should not pursue that course,—and it would afford food for some curious speculation to recall *now* the names of some whose signatures were appended to that call upon him *then*. No: Mr. Van Buren's renomination, as made by the constituent popular bodies which sent their instructed representatives to the Baltimore Convention, was the spontaneous and instinctive movement of the great masses of the Democracy, acting chiefly under the feeling of a desire to fight the fight of 1840 over again, under the same flag and the same leader. Its true character was illustrated by several such experiments, on the pulse of the popular heart, as that made in Feliciana county in Ohio; where the Democratic electors being called upon to signify their presidential preferences by noting opposite to their names in a book opened for the purpose, the candidate of their choice for the nomination, *upwards of nine-tenths* were for Mr. Van Buren. His own State, with all the influence of its greatness and power, held scrupulously back from any movement to bring him again before the Democracy of the Union; nor was it till after sixteen other States had emphatically declared for him, that New York added the expression of her glad and cordial concurrence. This indeed is a fact placed beyond question by the amplest concessions of those whose opposition effected the defeat of his friends in the Convention, that prior to the introduction of the new Texas issue into the canvass, he was the choice of what we may call the universal Democracy of the whole Union—the choice, too, of most of the speakers in that body, who declared themselves now compelled, with reluctant regret, under the necessity created by the torrent of popular feeling in their section, on the Texas question, to advocate the selection of some candidate more in harmony with that feeling. We advert to this point only for the purpose of making plain, that it was *from* the people that the call for Mr. Van Buren's renomination proceeded—proceeded in a manner denying to him any right to refuse a response of willing and grateful acceptance—and not *upon* the people that it was in any way or degree either forced or pressed. We have it in our power to declare that no individual can be found within the waters that encompass our continent, to whom was addressed, in any mode or form, directly or indirectly proceeding from Mr. Van Buren, a single syllable or single act looking towards the end of effecting his renomination. All in particular who approached him during his western tour, must testify of the scrupulous steadiness with which he declined all conversation on the subject; while some of his friends, whose alarm at the state of things known to exist at Washington a month or two prior to the assembling of the Convention, led them to desire to use in his favor in that body,

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counteracting means of influence and combination against those which they believed to be active on the other side —so as to secure the consummation of the purpose for which they considered its members sent there by the people—received from Mr. Van Buren himself *an emphatic prohibition against anything of the kind;* anything calculated to interfere in the slightest degree with the perfect freedom of action of any member of the body. It cannot be necessary for us to more than allude to the letter in which, in advance of its assembling, he requested his most intimate friend there to withdraw his name, the moment he should become satisfied that it was desirable to do so for the sake of the harmony, union and success of the Democratic party and cause.

So far, therefore, as regards that which is the true honor of a renomination, to a candidate fallen in honorable martyrdom under the circumstances which characterized the election of 1840—we mean its expression of the feeling of the popular heart and the just judgment of the popular mind—the laurel of that honor at this moment adorns Mr. Van Buren's brow as undeniably as if that renomination had been carried into formal and practical effect by the Convention, as it had been already virtually made by the people, in a majority which would almost justify us in calling it unanimity. The excellent candidate taken up in his place—a candidate well worthy of *that* selection, and of succession to a place in the noble line of his Republican predecessors in that office—will undoubtedly be elected by a sweeping majority of both the popular and electoral vote; and that election will be almost as complete a reversal of the insane folly of the election of 1840, to the credit of Mr. Van Buren's historical fame, as would have been a formal reëlection in his own person.

But enough. It is time now to turn over the leaf, in the book of events, on which we confess that we have found a grateful but melancholy satisfaction in thus for a brief while lingering. It is time to say "Good Night to Marmion!" We take leave of Mr. Van Buren from the stage of political affairs, with emotions which shrink from public utterance. Others may hasten to the mountain-tops to wait in eager impatience for the first ray of the morning's dawn; we are reluctant to withdraw our gaze, of reverential homage and admiration, from the glories streaming over the departure of the sinking, the sunken sun of the day now for ever past. We do not mean to be understood as speaking merely individually,—we are but interpreting the sympathies of millions; and well do we feel assured that there are few of our readers, even among those least friendly to Mr. Van Buren, who will not yield, to this farewell tribute to a great and good statesman, now become historical, a generous approval and response.

AVARICE AND ENVY.

A TALE, FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Envy and Avarice one summer day,
　　Sauntering abroad
　　In quest of the abode
Of some poor wretch or fool who lived that way—
You—or myself perhaps—I cannot say—
Along the road, scarce heeding where it tended,
Their way in sullen, sulky silence wended;
For though twin sisters, these two charming creatures,
Rivals in hideousness of form and features,

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Waste no great love between them. As they went,
Pale Avarice,
With gloating eyes,
And back and shoulders almost double bent,
Was hugging close that fatal box
For which she's ever on the watch
Some glance to catch
Suspiciously directed to its locks;
And Envy too, no doubt, with sidelong winking
Of her green greedy orbs, no single minute
Withdrawn from it, was hard a-thinking
Of all the shining dollars in it.

The only words that Avarice could utter,
Her constant doom, in a low, frightened mutter,
"There's not enough, enough yet in my store!"
While Envy, as she scanned the glittering sight,
Groaned as she gnashed her very teeth with spite,
"She's more than me—more, still for ever more!"
Thus each in her own fashion, as they wandered,
Upon the coffer's precious contents pondered.
When suddenly, to their surprise,
The god Desire stood before their eyes—
Desire, that courteous deity who grants
All wishes, prayers and wants;
Said he to the two sisters: "Beauteous ladies,
As I'm a gentleman, my task and trade is
To be the slave of your behest;
Choose therefore at your own sweet will and pleasure,
Honors or treasure,
Or in one word whatever you'd like best.
But let us understand each other—she
Who speaks the first her prayer shall certainly
Receive—the other, the same boon *redoubled.*"
Imagine how our amiable pair,
At this proposal, all so frank and fair,
Were mutually troubled!
Misers and enviers, of our human race,
Say, what would you have done in such a case?
Each of the sisters murmured sad and low:
"What boots it, oh Desire, to me to have
Crowns, treasures, all the goods that heart can crave,
Or power divine bestow,
Since still another must have always more!"
So each, lest she should speak before
The other, hesitating slow and long,
Till the god lost all patience, held her tongue.
A frolicsome and merry little god,
He was enraged, in such a way
To be kept waiting there all day,
With two such beauties in the public road;
Scarce able to be even civil,
He wished them heartily both at the d——l.
Envy at last the silence broke,
And smiling with malignant sneer
Upon her sister dear,
Who stood in eager expectation by,
Ever implacable and cruel, spoke:
"*I will be blinded of one eye!*"

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THE RE-ANNEXATION OF TEXAS:

IN ITS INFLUENCE ON THE DURATION OF SLAVERY.

One of the arguments in favor of re-annexing Texas, which was well represented by Mr. Walker in his letter, seems to have been overlooked in the more recent discussions of the question. Even Mr. Calhoun seems to suppose that the peculiar institutions of the South, as it is the fashion to call slavery, are to be rendered more durable by the annexation; and the Abolitionists, as well as some of the more rational opponents of those institutions, object to the annexation on the same ground. Both are wrong, absolutely wrong, and a little attention to facts will prove the error. So far from perpetuating slavery in the United States, the annexation of Texas, or of the slave-holding portion of it at least, gives the only well-grounded hope, according to all present appearances, for its ultimate extinction. This may appear to be a paradox; but it is sober truth, and fully susceptible of demonstration. Let us reason coolly and candidly about this matter, without regard to the opposite fanaticisms which rage on both sides of it.

Every one who has either read or thought on the subject is aware that the value of a slave's labor is never equal to that of a freeman, and that the expense of his support is greater. He has less inducement to work hard, for he gains nothing by it; he has no inducement to be thrifty, for it saves him nothing. He gets his food and his clothing, whatever may be the crop or the expenses of making it; and in any event he gets nothing else. He is therefore an unthrift, as all are who live from hand to mouth; and he only differs from other unthrifts in this, that he has no inducements to reform. He is unskilful, too: he learns nothing: he has no occasion to think. Whether he plough deep or shallow, it is all one to him. Besides, where slaves are, white men will not work. Labor is degraded there, and the white freeman is glad to excuse his natural laziness by refusing to wear what he calls the badge of servitude.

The consequence of this is, that a Yankee farmer with his sons will live and grow rich upon the corner of a farm, from which a Virginia planter with his slaves has just been driven a bankrupt. The Yankee works himself, his son works at his side, his wife and daughters are at work in the dairy or the kitchen. They all save, for it is their own. They study to increase the products of the farm and to improve the farm itself, for it is their wealth or to be their inheritance.

Go down into old Fairfax in Virginia, just beyond the Potomac, the neighborhood of General Washington, formerly the garden of the South. Ten years ago it was almost a wilderness: like Actæon devoured by his own dogs, the planters had been eaten up by their slaves. First, came mortgages on the proud old homestead; then mortgages on the slaves to raise money to feed them; at last the Sheriff: and the old-fashioned Virginia gentleman who used to import his pipe of wine a year and drive his blood horses to the Springs, has become a julap drinker at the stage house, or has struck out into the world to seek his fortune. But the land was too good to be lost. The Yankee has bought it. He has put up the fences, and driven his plough to the deeper soil, and turned in the clover; and old Fairfax is beginning to smile like a colony of New England.

We have moved one step forward in our argument; for we are agreed now that a freeman can support himself by agricultural labor where a slave cannot. But there is another thing to be considered, and that is skill. Now and then, you will find in the South a smart negro, who has learned a trade. Now and then, not often,—for trades are not to be learned without attention, and few will give much attention to that which is not to repay them for their trouble. A skilful slave is worth more to his master; but he is worth no more to himself. If he even makes himself a master workman, he gets no wages; and if he is the veriest botch, he still gets his two suits of clothes, his corn-

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meal, and his bacon. The slave mechanics are therefore few and not expert. The great mass of the slaves in all countries has always been, and always must be, employed in mere labor, the commonest labor of the plantation. Taken as a body, they cannot support themselves by any other agricultural occupations.

Now, agricultural employments require more ground than any other. A shoemaker can make his living on six feet square, a place just big enough for his bed and his bench. A thousand men can work in a single manufactory. People who live by their wits, thank Heaven, are not expected to be great landholders.

Freemen then can be stowed closer and make a living, than slaves can. The traders, manufacturers, mechanics, professional men, may be crowded into towns, so that a hundred thousand shall live comfortably on a square mile of land. The slave must be a farmer, or rather a farmer's laborer, and a lazy, unskilful and wasteful laborer to boot, who makes small crops, and requires therefore much land to raise enough to clothe and feed him.

Remembering this, as a second fact about which we are not to have any further argument, let us go on to another topic.

In new countries, where land is cheap, agriculture is careless. That is to say, the farmer picks out the best soil and neglects the worse, and works over the best somewhat roughly. When an acre of new land can be bought for a dollar and a quarter, people are not apt to pay much for manuring an old one. In a new country, therefore, population is apt to be scattered, only the best soils cultivated, and those cropped hard, so as to make the most out of them for the time. When they are exhausted, the settler moves on to another tract.

But as the country grows older, land becomes more costly. People learn the art of living on smaller farms. The farmer tries to improve what he has got, and to make it yield all that the best culture can bring out. Population thickens, and at last the country becomes so full, and land so dear, that it is difficult to obtain a living by mere labor. Then it is that emigration begins, and the surplus population, incapable of finding a support at home, moves away to regions where land is cheaper.

Now, if ever such a time shall come to the slave States, it is very certain that the slaves, instead of being valuable property to their masters, will become an incumbrance. Whenever a man eats more than he earns, he must be dependent for support on the earnings of others; and in the case of the slave, the dependence must be on the master, for no one else is bound to support him. Let this state of things come about, and there will be no objections to abolition, at least on the part of the masters.

And this state of things must and will come, as surely as men continue to eat and drink. The only question is—When? When will the land of the slave States be so fully covered with population as to crowd out the slave? Let us see if we can answer this question.

There are parts of Europe which we know to be fully stocked with population, where mere labor scarcely earns a living, but relies in part on the poor-rates, and where government is willing to pay and does pay passage money for emigrants to America, in order to relieve itself of the burden of supporting them at home. In the more fertile part of the continent of Europe, the population at present time averages 110 persons for every square mile, or one for every six acres: in the northern regions it is much less. Not that every square mile can do this. One may be a swamp, another a coal field, hundreds of others covered with the waters of rivers, lakes and inland seas, but on the whole, taking the good with the bad, the productive with the impracticable, the city pavement and the turnpike road, and the woodland with the arable farm, in the long average, six acres of land in the west of Europe, are barely sufficient to raise food for a human being. Beyond this, with the strictest economy, and highest skill, and most unflinching industry, European lands have not gone. Indeed, long before the population reaches this point, voluntary emigration begins with those who have the means; and when the point is fully reached, the guardians of the poor are busy freighting ships to carry off their paupers.

But all these Europeans do not live by agriculture. One half at least, so

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the books say, live in the cities and towns, in London with its millions, in Paris, Vienna, &c., where tradesmen can flourish without occupying their shares of the land. Not so our American slaves; they, as we have seen, must live in the country, and use up their full proportion of the soil. And hence as we know, there are no large towns in the slave States, except such as are supported by commerce with abroad. More than fifteen sixteenths of all the inhabitants of those States, as shown by the last census, live on farms.

Remember now that the slave, whatever his employment, produces less and wastes more than the freeman, and add to it the fact that from the nature of his only occupation, he requires more land, and it will be easy to see that if six acres, on the average, are required to support a freeman, who works for himself, a good deal more will be necessary to make food for a human being under the ignorant, lazy, and thriftless culture of a slave.

It has been said, and with apparent truth, that from thirty-five to forty in the square mile, is about as large a population as slave labor can support. The *villeins* of England began to be freed when the population attained this rate, many hundred years ago. Delaware, where slavery is nearly worn out, the entire number of its slaves being but 2,600, has an average of little over thirty-five;—and those parts of Maryland and Virginia, which have approached this average, find slave labor unproductive, and scarcely more than adequate to its own support.

Here, then, we have the two extremes. Slavery begins to be a bad business for the master when the country becomes so thickly settled that on the average 40 people are living on a square mile of land; and when the average reaches 110, *mere labor*, whether bond or free, is unable to support itself, but is forced to rely in whole or in part on the skill and charity of others.

When will these numbers be reached in our Southern States?—It is a mere question of arithmetic, and an easy one. We know what the population of the Slave States was in 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830 and 1840, and can easily calculate the rate of its increase. This rate has varied somewhat; sometimes rising as high as 33 per cent. for a period of ten years; sometimes sinking to about 25½, when causes happened to encourage emigration more than usual. The average has been about 30 per cent.—that is to say, at the end of every ten years 130 inhabitants have been found where 100 used to be. Thus in 1790 the slave population was about two millions: in 1800 about two millions six hundred thousand: in 1810 something less than three millions and a half: in 1820 four millions and a half: in 1830 five millions and three quarters: and in 1840, a little over seven millions and a third. If the population shall continue to increase in the Southern States, as it has done thus far, it will have reached twenty-five millions by the year 1887, and about the year 1926 will not be less than seventy millions. So far is plain enough. There is no mistake in the calculation, nor in the facts on which it rests. Examine them as we may, the result is as we have just stated it:—in 1887, twenty-five millions—in 1926, seventy millions. Now mark the conclusion.

The entire area of the present Slave States and Slave Territories, counting in Delaware, the District of Columbia, and the Floridas, is a little less than 630,000 square miles. A population of twenty-five millions on this area, such as will be on it in 1887, gives 40 persons to the square mile; a population of 70 millions, such as it will have in 1926, an average to the square mile of 110.

It is a startling fact, but we cannot escape from it. In 1887, 43 years from the time at which we are writing, the average value of a slave's labor throughout the South will be little more than adequate to his support; in 1926, less than 82 years, it will be impossible for slavery to subsist except as a burthen on the master. The politician who fancifully imagines that a freeman is more apt to be fond of liberty if cradled in a land of slaves, may mourn over so early a downfall of his cherished institution; and the abolitionist may perhaps doubt, whether it is worth while to work so hard as he is doing, in the vain imagination of hastening what must necessarily come so soon. But there is the fact for them to ponder on; those are now living who will see the last of negro slavery in the United States.

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But, when this time shall have come, what is to be the lot of the negroes? In 1887, when their value has become questionable, they will number eight and a half millions: by the year 1926, the period before which the emancipation must take place, they will equal twenty-four millions of souls. What is to be done in the next forty-three years with these eight millions and a half of unproductive laborers; what in the next eighty-two, with these twenty-four millions of paupers?

Here arithmetic fails. Shall they be emancipated on the soil that bred them? They will cover it with pauperism, with rapine and desolation. Their masters, impoverished by the depreciation and ultimate destruction of their property, with plantations encumbered and incapable of profitable culture,—how are they to support in the poor house or by parochial relief those who before constituted their wealth?

Shall they be retained in bondage? The slaves of bankrupt masters, valueless themselves! It is only to levy in a different form an insupportable tax for pauperism on those who themselves are paupers.

Shall they be invited to migrate to the North and West? Ohio has already closed her door against them by laws making it penal to introduce a free negro without indemnifying the State against the risk of his becoming a pauper. Pennsylvania has amended her Constitution so as to preclude the possibility of any but a white man becoming a citizen. In the Eastern and more Northern States, and in Canada, where this philanthropy is most rife, the negro cannot live; the climate destroys him. In Massachusetts, though the negro and the white man are equally freemen and citizens there, of three-quarters of a million of inhabitants but eight thousand are negroes.

What, then, is to be the fate of the negro of our Southern States? Remain as he is, he cannot. His condition must change—but what is the change to be? Where is he to go—what to be his condition? Three-fourths of a century, and the question will have been decided, for good or for evil. Nor can we blind ourselves to its consequences, either to our Southern brethren or to the Union,—to the white man or to the negro.

But is there no escape from the evils that impend upon the emancipation of the Southern slaves? Is this great moral good to be purchased only by horrors at which humanity sickens? Let him that believes in the watchfulness of Providence, or its wisdom, or its power, tremble in view of the calamities that are before us; a community ruined and hopeless,—a servile war, with its bloody hearthstones and desecrated altars,—a desolated empire. But to those who have faithfully marked the dispensations of The Most High, no crisis, present or prospective, can bring despair.

The Republic of Texas, that now sues for admission into the American Union, skirts on the one side the southern line of the United States, and on the other stretches along the expanded frontier of Mexico. The climate of this last named country is the most favorable of the whole globe for the development of the negro race; more uniformly mild than the North or West, more salubrious than Africa, and with a soil spontaneously productive. There, and in Central America, and in the vast regions still further south, the negro is already a freeman,—socially as well as politically, the equal of the white. Nine-tenths of the population there is made up of the colored races;—the Generals, the Congress-men, the Presidents, are men of mixed blood.

Let the emancipated negro find himself on the borders of Mexico and the States beyond, and his fate is no longer doubtful or gloomy. He is near the land of his fellows, where equal rights and equal hopes await him and his offspring.

Nor does it require the mysterious foresight of a prophet, to mark out the very steps by which he is to arrive there. The negro is less valuable as a laborer in the North than in the South: he exults in the sunshine of the tropics, and shrinks before the bracing winters of a more temperate latitude. The slave, too, is less valuable as he approaches the confines of a free State. Exaggerating the happiness of that indolence which he regards as the characteristic of liberty, and aware of the possibility of escape into a country where slavery does not exist, he becomes discontented, reluctant, insubordinate. Besides he is there in almost immediate competition with the

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free laborer: they have the same employments, and the products of their labor are of the same sort, while the slave is the more wasteful and less productive laborer of the two.

As a natural consequence, negro slavery recedes willingly from the more northern climate, especially if it escapes by so doing from the perilous rivalry of free labor. You have only to present to the planter an equally fertile region to the South of him, you have only to show him that it offers less facilities for the escape of his slaves, and whether it be regard for their increased health and consequent longevity, anxiety to retain his property in security, or the mere desire to make their labor as profitable as possible, you may be sure of his willingness to remove there. Thus, we have seen the acquisition of Louisiana in 1800, and of Florida in 1819, make an obvious check on the increase of slaves in the old Southern States, by the inducements which they offered to their emigration further south. Nearly 1,100,000 slaves, as shown by the census, have already migrated into States beyond the limits of the original thirteen, leaving less than 1,400,000 behind them. By this natural transfer it is that Delaware has become to all practical purposes a free State; Maryland nearly so, and Virginia to a great extent:—and the same cause is operating largely in other States.

If Texas is annexed to the United States, with its more fertile soil and warmer sky, is it not certain that the parts of it near the seaboard, which are peculiarly adapted by nature to productions in which the negro's labor is most profitable, will be filled by emigration from the Slave States? Can we not see, that in Maryland and Virginia and Kentucky, and the other States in which slavery is already on the decline, the opening of Texas must necessarily hasten its departure; and, that thus, silently, without complaint, without effort, this dark visitation of anxiety and evil, once the just stigma of British cupidity, and now her unjust and insolent taunt, may at last depart from our shores?

Whether by any possibility the abolition of Slavery is ever to be effected by other means—in advance of the arrival of the period when it must yield to the silent operation of the pressure of population, in this as in all other countries where it has existed—is a problem which we do not here feel called upon to discuss. That any compulsory power from without can ever accomplish that end, such as the "Abolitionists" of the day are striving to apply, it appears the absurdest folly to suppose. It has hitherto had no other effect than to exasperate the master, and make heavier and tighter the chain of the slave; nor does there appear much likelihood of its exerting any other influence in its future continuance. If, as has been ardently hoped and fondly believed by many of the truer friends of the negro, the result of the British experiment of emancipation in the West India Islands shall be such as to prove its safety and wisdom, so as to open the eyes of the master himself to the truth urged upon him by his northern neighbor, the grounds of the question will be in no respect changed by the existence of Texas in the Union. The master in Texas will be open to the same means of conviction as he would be if still on his old plantation in Virginia. If, on the other hand, that experiment shall *not* prove successful, so as to disprove the asserted possibility of the cöexistence of the two races and two colors, side by side, on the same soil, in a relation of freedom and equality of rights, how can any of the friends of either desire to keep them forcibly pent up within limits where every day is tending faster and faster to ferment the discordant elements into a result which threatens to be the desolation of both—instead of opening this safety valve by which the noxious danger may pass off harmlessly and insensibly?

Crowd, then, your population into the Southern States as you may, rapidly and without fear. Texas will open before it as an outlet, and slavery, retiring from the Middle and Southern States of the present confederacy, will find for a time a resting-place there. But only for a time; for the irreversible law of population, which decrees that in a densely peopled region slavery shall cease to exist, will emancipate Texas in her turn, and the Negro will then pass to a land of political freedom and social dignity under a genial sky. He will pass without civil convulsion, and leaving no domestic ruin in his path. As his labor becomes

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less and less valuable, Emancipation, gradual, progressive, at last universal, will pass him over the Southern border to his more appropriate home in Mexico and the States beyond.

> "But if Texas is to be the outlet for American slavery, why not suffer her to be so, without making her a party to the Union? Will she not be as broad an outlet, and as certain, whether she comes to us, or remains as she is, an independent, friendly neighbor?"

It might be so, indeed, if we could only be certain that Texas, pressed by necessities, and spurned from our confederacy, would always continue to be independent and friendly. But what security have we that forty years hence she will be either? She is, indeed, a young state, with American sympathies, anxious now to become a member of that American brotherhood from which most of her citizens have been emigrants, and she has proffered herself to us without reserve or condition. But she is not without other wooers. Great Britain has never yet lost a chance of getting a foothold on the outskirts of her neighbors' territory. She has Gibraltar in Spain, the Cape of Good Hope in Africa, and Hong Kong in China. Once, Calcutta might have been added to this list, but that is now the capital of her empire possessions of the East. With the West Indian Islands as sentinels upon our coast, she keeps Canada to the North of us, and claiming Oregon on the West, is actually negotiating with Texas on the South.

She is mediating, as she terms it, between Mexico and Texas. And with what object? Not to obtain exclusive privileges, says Lord Aberdeen; not to advance any peculiar interests of England, or with reference to any peculiar influence. Truly, she negotiates for none of these. But the slave mistress of India, the overseer and taskmaster of Ireland, she who but yesterday played the bully of the opium smugglers, and fought the Chinese into acceptance of the decencies of intoxication, has become a saint in these later days—a very Pecksniff—and now

> "Compounds for sins that she's inclined to,
> By damning those she has no mind to."

"She desires," says Lord Aberdeen, "to see slavery abolished throughout the world, and will not desist from her *honest efforts* for procuring this result. She would wish even to see the Southern States of this Union placed on the firm and solid footing which general freedom alone can attain for them;" though she graciously promises that she "will make no difference in her treatment of the slaveholding and the free:" a promise the more gracious as well as the more easily kept, since war against one set of States would be war against all, and she can never have peaceful intercourse with either slaveholding or free, except by the instrumentality of the joint and equally constituted government of both! "She has put herself forward, she admits, in pressing Mexico to acknowledge the independence of Texas;" and avowing her "wishes to see slavery abolished in Texas as well as elsewhere, she would rejoice," she says, "that her recognition by Mexico should be accompanied by an engagement on the part of Texas for its entire abolition." Such are the words of British ministers of state. And he must be a stranger to the language of diplomacy, and forgetful of the long history of British intermeddling in the affairs of others, who does not see in this, that if American slavery is to find an outlet for departure through Texas, it must be by the relief of Texas from British influence, and its annexation to the American Union.

To abandon Texas now is to invite for her British protection and British policy. It is to close round us the circle of British power, leaving the emancipation of the slave within our borders, the redintegration of his manhood, and his introduction to political rights, a problem to be solved by the caprice of an alien and not improbably hostile influence.

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SPIRIT AND TENDENCIES OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The great law of the universe is growth—progress—improvement;—of this even the earth itself is a grand illustration. What a change since the time, when, in the simple but expressive language of Holy Writ, "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep!" Her bare ribs are covered with living green, her streams dance in sunlight, and the music of life breaks forth from mountain top and shadowy valley. The dark, chaotic, senseless mass is developed in beautiful order, and becomes instinct with life and love. Ever is the work of creation going on about us, and He who "reneweth the face of the earth" with his omnipresent agency, refreshes and renews the life and soul of man. Every age sees a new and still more perfect development of thought,—of being. Fain would we believe, that in the spiritual, as well as the material world, God is the untiring Creator. With man, as well as with nature, is it "first the blade, then the ear, then the green corn in the ear." The watch-word of Humanity is ever "onward!" and as rank after rank falls before the conquering force of time, fresh and more vigorous bands take their places, and, catching the sound from their dying lips, louder and more earnestly shout the cry, and press forward with renewed energy, to the combat with Destiny.

But slow and wearisome is the ascent from earth to heaven,—from the human to the divine. Like a spiral wire, round and round, in almost the same plane, year after year, and age after age, winds the path up which we toil; and often do those who fondly imagine they have risen far above the sight of all former civilisation, perceive, alas! that the men and the times they thought to look down upon, are perhaps opposed to them, in the same plane of ascent,—as near to heaven and its all-embracing light as they. Yet, though slow our journey, and scarcely perceptible our progress,—though panting for weariness we often pause on the way, or faint from exhaustion,—though we slip and fall in vain attempts to reach beyond our power,—still, with hearty courage and unshaken trust, let us join the van of the great army, and cry, "onward!" Yes! fain would we believe that onward and upward, in his philosophy as well as in his arts—in his thought—in his religion—in his life—is the *tendency* of man. And when, "far up the height," the noble army of our fathers fall, with their dying eyes fixed "heavenwards—

> "Still grasping in their hands of ice,
> That banner with the strange device,
> Excelsior!"

—in the spirit of such sires, may their sons take up that banner, and carry it onward to realms of still greater light and glory.

In the faith, then, that man is a progressive being, let us, in investigating the various phenomena of his existence, with hearts filled with hope and trust, endeavor, if possible, to discriminate the real, good, and permanent, from the superficial, false, and transient, which may be intermingled. And, while we condemn the departure from the true course, let us be careful not to confound the progress with the error; nor, in denouncing the evil, include the good, too, in the same sweeping category.

That distinguished philosopher, Victor Cousin, in speaking of the different systems of philosophy, most wisely remarks—"I discovered that the authority of these different systems proceeded from the fact that they all contained something that is true and good." So let *us* endeavor to perceive something true and good in every movement of humanity, remembering, in the words of the great French philosopher, Jouffroy, that "in giving laws to human intelligence, as He has given them to the stars, God has pre-determined the course of humanity, as he has established that of the planets." Thus does the knowledge of this progressive tendency, this law of growth in man, keep alive

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that joyful hope and exalted faith, which give a feeling of happy serenity through all changes and revolutions in human philosophy, and in human institutions; which persuade us, that in every movement, however seemingly inauspicious, humanity, urged forward by an invisible presence, and beckoned onward by a divine hand, advances to a clearer view of Truth, a higher state of wisdom, goodness, and happiness,—a nearer resemblance to and more perfect harmony with the Universal Spirit.

As the artist, before commencing a great picture, examines well the instruments with which he is at work, prepares his colors with peculiar care, scrutinizes his canvass, tries the effect of different lights and shades; so it may be of some advantage to us, to examine and define the terms employed, and discuss certain general questions, which may serve to throw light upon the subject, and upon the position and aspect of modern philosophy and its supporters,—before giving our views upon a theme so extensive and so important as the one before us.

In deciding, then, concerning the direction, aim, and peculiar tendencies of modern philosophy, it will be first necessary to inquire into the nature and distinctive characteristics of the philosophy of the day,—in what it differs from the philosophy that preceded it,—and from hence, as well from the effects it has produced—the results already brought to pass—deduce its probable tendencies.

Philosophy has ever one object:—to explain man to himself; to give an account of his powers,—his relations,—his actions; to solve the enigma of his existence and destiny. As science strives to find the ultimate fact or principle of *nature*, philosophy seeks to discover the proper principle by which *man's* being and fate, and his relation to God and the universe around him, may be fully elucidated. Philosophy is the science of man and the universe. Like sounding the deep ocean, or gauging the broad sea, is this looking into the great meaning and mystery of things; so vast, so deep, so movable, so filled with life and variety, is this wondrous existence. And yet, never is the mind satisfied, till all the puzzles of the universe be solved. Ever, like the Sphynx, is nature waiting for the Œdipus to expound her riddles; and the scholar toils through the day, and wears away the night, fasting from food, and air, and sunshine, and willingly braving threatening death, in the faith that he shall be the man to solve the great enigma, and thus save and bless for ever his country and the world. And, though so vast in its variety,—so deep—so high—so wide—so numberless in its forms as this universe is,—still is nothing isolated and alone: each is connected with each, and every single object stands united by indissoluble bonds with all others; and, as the shell echoes in its hollow cells the voice of the moaning waves whence it came, so does every finite form utter the tones of the infinite ocean whence it springs. From the swelling hills and softly rounded landscapes, through the beautiful proportions and graceful curves of the human form, and its mystic harmonious tones, that "softly blend the finite with the infinite," is the one universal being speaking to our souls. Happy is he who sees the One and Infinite, through all and every portion of this wondrous variety!—whom every hill's aspiring summit lifts to heaven!—to whom every joyful stream murmurs, and every passing breeze whispers, "God is love!" Oh! to him how calm and serene with the harmony of peace are the moonbeams and the starry heavens—how warm with love, and bright with the wisdom of benevolence, the sunshine! To his sense every bird hymns praise,—the pine trees chant Te Deums,—the waves raise an anthem chorus;—all nature is devout.

As philosophy *in general* is the endeavor to explain the enigmas of human life, the philosophy of a particular age is the manner or way in which that age strives to solve the great riddle of man's being and history—to find the great principles that underlie all phenomena of human life. Philosophy seeks the cause of his existence, powers, action—the grounds of his knowledge. This is always its object; and if it fails to accomplish this object in one way, it turns to another. Every new era in philosophy, every change in the direction of philosophic thought, originates from a sense of dissatisfaction with a former era,—from the failure to accomplish, in the direction formerly pursued, the great object of all philosophical endeavor. As the miner, with persevering industry, follows, in

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various directions, through numerous windings, each broken trace of the precious metal, till he at last arrives at the rich great central vein of purest gold; so does philosophy, with untiring ardor, pursue the flying footsteps of Truth, through various paths, till at last she rejoices at the entrance of her temple, at the sight of her glorious form,—at the opening of her immortal treasures. Now, in nature and the world of sense does philosophy strive to find the grand solution of the problem, to catch a glimpse of the beauteous face of Truth; but almost despairing of success here, she leaves the track, and betakes herself to the "spirit-land," and inspired anew by hope, she wanders on, till at last she reaches the high ideal clime, where thought loses itself in mystic dreams, or bows down in humble faith and devotion.

If the philosophy of a particular age, then, is the endeavor made at any given period to find a solution to the problems of life—the peculiar way in which that age accounts to itself for the being, the thought, and the action of humanity—the questions arise, Where is the philosophy of any age—the present, for example—to be found? Who are its exponents? What is its nature?

In former times, the thinkers—those who were striving "to come at the meaning of things"—were but a handful, the very few; and these represented the philosophy of their age. But now the case is changed; and not to the few, nor to the thinkers and the philosophers merely, do we look to find what modern philosophy is; not in books of philosophy alone, but in the *belles lettres*, the romances, the poems, the general literature of the day. In the fiery words of the ultra reformer, as well as in the calm language of the timid preacher of conservatism, are we to look, if we would fully ascertain the peculiar tone of thought, the mode of philosophizing that distinguishes the time; and hence, the results to which such philosophy is leading; in other words, the *tendencies* of modern philosophy. In the character of the popular *religious* creed, as well as in the *political* faith—finally, in the religious, moral, political and literary institutions and experiments of civilized man—are we to look for the effects that modern philosophy is producing, for the tendencies of the present mode of philosophizing.

That most distinguished philosopher and moralist, Jouffroy, somewhere says, "Common sense is nothing but a collection of *solutions* to those questions which philosophers agitate." But the views and opinions of the common mind, the conclusions of the common sense, change with every variation of philosophy; and these solutions are the results of the philosopher's speculations. The thought of the philosopher is the melody, that makes itself distinctly audible, through all the various movements of the grand harmony of human life. Like the pioneer in the wilderness, philosophy advances into unknown regions, through before untrodden paths; while, with slow but sure steps, common sense, like the farmer and the artisan that follow the adventurer, improves, and applies to the purposes of life, the ground which has thus been opened to its use.

A Bacon, or a Locke, as he looks down the tide of succeeding years, sees his own thoughts, his own philosophy, brought out and manifested in various forms and institutions of science, art, literature, religion, and government. He sees himself to have been the great leader of his age, giving impulse, direction and character to the genius of his times. Thus the philosopher seems always to stamp his own likeness upon the minds and hearts—yea, upon the very material—of the age itself. The great thinkers, whose sublime heads tower up among the ages, are the mile-stones of man's progress; and when the world has reached the thought expressed through one of these, another rises up in the path of humanity, with light and power to guide mankind still further onward in the march of improvement.

But as the age is influenced by the philosopher, so is the philosopher by the age. He does not create the thought of the age; he rather gives it expression. He is its Mercury—its mouth-piece, that gives distinct and articulate utterance to what the mass of the people only feel and dimly see. He catches the confused notes of the melody that is floating in the human soul, and sends it forth again a full, clear, all-enchanting harmony.

We have said that the philosopher

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was the mouth-piece of his age; and that though, through him, the philosophy is more fully uttered, and more distinctly articulated, it is, however, expressed in the general literature, &c., of the times; that the results to which the philosophy of an age is leading—in other words, the *tendencies* of SUCH *philosophy*—may be deduced not only from the statements of the philosophy itself, but from the applications already made by the common sense of mankind—by the age—to the affairs of life.

Having thus hastily discussed these general questions of philosophy, let us proceed without further delay to the more immediate subject of this article, "the spirit and tendencies of modern philosophy;" and ascertain, from a comparison with the philosophy that has preceded it, as well as from the testimony of its originators and advocates:—first, the peculiar character of our own philosophy; secondly, observe the *probable* tendency of its principles, if carried out; and, in conclusion, mark whether, in the applications that have been made of it, and in the partial results attained, such tendencies are not proved to be *real*.

In examining the philosophy of the last age, we cannot but see that it referred all mental phenomena to outward causes—looked to the material, rather than to the spiritual world, for the solution of every problem that presented itself. The outward, the finite—that which the senses take cognizance of—was itself the great principle or reality which could explain all things. Hence, the sensual or material school, which was distinguished by the intellect of such men as Bacon and Locke, and included Hobbes, Bentham, Condillac, and a host of other writers, taking the ground that all ideas, all knowledge, are derived alone from sensation, and reflection upon the ideas gained through the senses, and denying that any additional knowledge can be derived from the soul itself. Locke very naturally supposes even "that God, in his omnipotence, might have endowed matter with the faculty of thought." Cabanis, a French disciple of the same school, made the soul, with all its faculties, the intellect and will, a mere product of the nervous system, and suspected "that the brain secretes thought, as the liver does the bile." Thus the other disciples of this school, if not Locke himself, were gross materialists. The soul—the spiritual nature—was lost sight of, and sunk in the external and phenomenal, and mind was but an attribute of matter. Disbelieving in any real sentiment of right and wrong; and regarding, in the words of Locke himself, "conscience as nothing else than our own opinions of our own actions," morality, as well as civil polity, became a matter of choice and expediency. Hobbes, Volney, and others, founding their ideas of good and evil entirely upon the agreeable or disagreeable sensations (or influences upon their senses) that certain actions give rise to, made enjoyment, and not virtue, the great object of life. Thus the moralists of this philosophy were all sensualists. In their view, the health and comfort of the body should be the great aim of every man; and to contribute to this was the highest virtue; to neglect this alone was vice; while real virtue, which is the true and healthy state of the mind and soul, was entirely shut out from their consideration.

With La Place, men of science made matter and motion the only existences in the "system of the world." Thus matter and sense became the great object of worship, in which man, his intellect, his soul, nay, even the Deity, became merged. The outward, material and sensual, had a real existence; the inward, unseen and spiritual, was but a fiction—a vain dream of the fancy.

Such—carried to its extreme, its final limit or end—was the philosophy of the past age; a philosophy that is still visible in the effects it has produced, and that still holds sway over many minds.

And here, perhaps, we may be excused for dwelling a moment on that tendency to ultraism that we may perceive in the philosophical movement just described; that we continually notice as an important fact in all the movement and progress of the human race, especially as it has been so severely rebuked, as a *peculiar tendency* of modern philosophy and of the present age. For, what is ultraism? Is it not the pursuit of an object to its goal—to its final extreme? And is not such a pursuit an indication of moral energy and perseverance? Who should falter in that path which, however mistaken, he sincerely believes will lead him

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straight to the temple of Truth? It is true, the seeker may be amenable to the charge of narrowness, one-sidedness, and fanaticism, from the fact that he supposes his peculiar path alone the right one. But it is necessary that the beginning and the end, as well as every turn and winding of the path, be known. How far in its direction it varies from the course of truth? How far is its termination from the door of her temple? It is for the benefit of all her followers—all mankind (for all in their way pursue Truth, or the great reality of all things)—that all paths that humanity treads should be thoroughly investigated; that all their errors, imperfections, and difficulties should be known.

To this purpose, they must each be pursued to their final extreme, their furthest bound. Has not, then, even ultraism its apology? For, has it not its necessary and useful part to play? Yet truth must be examined in every direction—approached on every side. Not one phasis of her heavenly orb; but the full and complete light of her whole brilliant sphere, must be seen and long contemplated; and as slowly through the ages, Humanity revolves around her calm and holy light, Philosophy, with telescopic eye, makes curious survey, and takes careful observations, of each single phasis she presents to man, her dependent satellite. Not from one set of observations can we know fair Truth; each is but partial—but an approximation. To know her completely, we must study them all; we must have seen her on every side; we must have completed our revolution. Thus it is, that the most complete "many-sided" man has been in former days, and at different times, one-sided and ultra.

The ultraism of the last school, then, as well as that of tho present, has its apology. True, it carried sensualism out to its further extreme. Starting from the finite and the seen, and utterly abjuring "the element of the infinite," it made enjoyment the highest morality, expediency the highest polity, outward rules and laws the religion, where it allowed religion to exist. But thus the true nature of the finite, its uses and deficiencies, its incapability to explain, alone and by itself, the phenomena of life, became fully evident.

Not only in going to the extreme it came to its termination—the end of its path, the limit of its power—but, by that very fact, proved that it could not lead to all truth, and thus declared the absurdity of its too arrogant pretensions. Mankind, finding that in the end this philosophy rejects certain great realities, such as intuitive ideas, the soul, spiritual existences, and thus God himself, deny its claims to be considered the only right path to truth, the perfect solution to the great problems of life; and ask for another way to be tried—a new solution sought out. And, whatever the philosophy of our time may be, we are not only certain that it will be carried out to its furthest limits, but that the tendency will be to go just as far as possible from the boundaries of a former philosophy whence it set out; that it will be apt to take everything that is most distant, foreign and opposite from what it has left behind. Dissatisfied with the former path, wearied with its peculiar difficulties, and disgusted with its reiterated errors, the seeker—man—naturally turns, in his new endeavor after truth, to the course most different and remote from the path by which he has before been misled.

Ennuyed with rest, he seeks motion, action; wearied with toil and continual movement, he sighs for rest and repose. Over the bright sunshine and noisy bustle of day, how gratefully falls the shadowy curtain and soothing silence of night! The first blades of green grass on the sunny stream-bank, and the earliest anemones of spring, gladden us, weary of the freezing north-blast, more than the rich foliage and gorgeous flowers of summer time; and winter, with his fleecy showers, his robes of dazzling purity, his brilliant fretwork, and hangings of crystal, once so beautiful to our vision, we would banish from earth for ever, so that the inner life of nature might break forth in waving leaf and bursting bud, in the dancing of streams let loose from their fetters, in the soaring wings and gushing songs of birds. So the philosopher, tired and dissatisfied with the outward, welcomes, with a thrill and shout of joy, the first leaves and buds that burst forth from the inward life, the earliest notes of a spiritual melody; and would banish for ever,

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in the haste of unreflecting enthusiasm, the cold, formal, dead outward that has chilled his soul.

Having come to the limit of a sensual philosophy, the very principle of ultraism, then, the tendency to depart as far as possible from a former philosophy, and to proceed to the furthest extreme in a new path, would induce a determination towards spiritualism, and lead us to expect that spiritual philosophy, in which all that materialism had denied should be fully asserted, and all that materialism had affirmed should be either passed by unnoticed, or utterly rejected, would succeed the sensual school,—a philosophy that made man and not nature, the soul and not the sense, the infinite and not the finite, its starting point. We might therefore prophesy that such would be the leading philosophy of the present age. Though there may be at the present, as in all past, time, different philosophies existing at one and the same moment, and obtaining to a certain extent among men; yet it will not be denied, that there is always some one particular philosophy or mode of thought, more prominent than all others, which characterizes the age in which it prevails, and is the particular mode which the mind of the age takes, to solve the problems proposed to it. It is true, the inhabitants of one State may be carrying out the principles of the sensual school, while those on its very borders may have commenced the application of a new and spiritual philosophy. Yea! in the very same community there may be a similar difference. But the philosophy adopted by the most thinking, cultivated and advanced people, by the most speculative and philosophical, rather than the most practical nation, and by the greatest thinkers in such nation, is the leading and distinguishing philosophy of the age; the philosophy that will soon be, if it is not already, applied and carried out by practical men, in whose applications of philosophy we look to discover its tendencies. Thus Germany is known as the land of speculators, scholars, philosophers; France seems to have been appointed to state the results of German speculation in clear, distinct propositions and practical rules; while the office of England has been to apply and carry out these speculations, so stated, in actual life. This is, at the present day, at least, the relative position of these nations; and the tone of thought, the philosophy, that prevails in Germany, will prevail among the speculators, the thinkers, the philosophers, of France, England and America. Indeed, even now, German literature and German thought are exerting a mighty influence upon the civilized world.

One distinguished writer in our midst complains: "If we are to make experiment of a new system, we would fain have it fully and fairly before our eyes; which can never be the case, so long as we receive our '*philosophemata*' by a double transportation from Germany viâ France, in parcels to suit the importers;—as fast as the French forwarding philosopher gets it from Germany, and as fast as the American consignee can get it from France." And again, speaking of the "hierophants of the new system," the same writer continues: "Some of them are busily learning French, in order to read, in that language, any *rifacimento* of Teutonic metaphysics, which may come into their hands. Some are learning German; others have actually learned it. He who cannot do either, strives to gather into one the Sibylline oracles, and abortive scraps, of the gifted but indolent Coleridge, and his gaping imitators; or in default of all this, sits at the urn of dilute wisdom, and sips the thrice-drawn infusion of English from French, and French from German."

Another, in different style, lauds German literature and its influence to the skies: "To our apprehension," he remarks, "German literature is the fairest, the richest, the most original, fresh and religious literature of all modern times. We say this advisedly." And, after declaring that the Germans are the best classical scholars, the most thorough grammarians, the most erudite and philosophical historians, the most profound critics; and, enumerating the long list of German authors distinguished in each of these several departments, he adds, "It is only the Germans in this age who study Theology, or even the Bible, with the aid of enlightened and scientific criticism. But this is not all, and by no means the chief merit of German scholars. Within less than three-score years, there have appeared among them four

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philosophers, who would have been conspicuous in any age, and will hereafter, we think, be named with Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz, among the greatest thinkers of the world. They are Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Silently these lights arose and went up the sky, without noise, to take their place among the fixed stars of Genius and shine with them; names that will not fade out of heaven until some ages shall have passed away. These men were thinkers all; deep, mighty thinkers. They knelt reverently down before Nature with religious hearts, and asked her questions. They sat on the brink of the well of truth, and continued to draw for themselves and the world. Take Kant alone, and in the whole compass of thought, we scarce know his superior."

The panegyric as well as the complaint both indicate the prominent position which Germany occupies in modern philosophy. Now what is the tendency of the German mind and the German philosophy? We will answer in the words of one of the Lowell Institute lecturers, whom it is but faint praise to call the Jouffroy of America: "The tendency of the great leaders of the German mind, of Descartes, Leibnitz and Kant, was towards spiritualism, and if carried out exclusively, and applied to religion, it would be apt to degenerate into Pantheism. I do not mean that there is any danger of the Germans becoming Pantheists, but their great thinkers put the mind on that track. It leaned that way, and, if it fell, would fall that way."

The tendency then to adopt a German mode of thought and philosophy, is a tendency of philosophy towards spiritualism.

We have seen that the tendency to ultraism was more or less characteristic of every movement of humanity. We have also inferred from the nature of the philosophy of a preceding age, that the *general tendency* of modern philosophy would be spiritual. And by the "general tendency" of philosophy is meant the tendency to develope its own nature, to go on in the peculiar direction in which its movement commenced. Thus, for instance, the general tendency of the school of Locke, Hobbes, Bentham, &c., was towards materialism, or sensualism; starting from the finite and sensual to carry these ideas to their furthest limit.

We have regarded the tendency to accept of German modes of thought, from the spiritual character of the German mind, as another evidence that the general tendency of modern philosophy was towards spiritualism.

Passing by the intermediate systems, which merely compose the stepping-stones from sensualism to spiritualism, let us glance at the great leaders in Germany, that land of "cloud, mist, and ether"—of modern speculation and philosophy—among whom, by universal consent, Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel occupy the foremost position. Different, in the conclusions to which they have arrived, as may be the members of the spiritual school, the disciples of Kant from Kant himself, it seems hardly possible to deny that he was the first to give definite form to the philosophy of this school, that he is the great leader, at least of that part of it who derive from his works the title "Transcendental." Difficult, nay! almost impossible, as it is fully to understand the terms of the nomenclature he himself invented, or to get at the thought through his peculiarly dark and involved phraseology, we can hardly expect to arrive at the clearest notions of his system ourselves, much less convey it to others, especially as the complaint was early made by his own countrymen of its incomprehensibility, and disputes often arose, among his immediate disciples, concerning the meaning of many of his propositions. We will therefore trust to wiser heads than our own to give an account of his system, and with but a few extracts from his writings proceed to those of his followers.

And, in passing, it may not be inappropriate to notice in few words the tendency of modern speculators in our own land as well as elsewhere, to imitate their leader, not only in the use of a new technical vocabulary, but, in what seems to us, his indistinct and involved phraseology. In adopting a new mode of philosophizing, Kant might perchance have found it necessary to employ new and more exact terms than those commonly in use. But, in accepting those parts of the new nomenclature that seem necessary, what need is there of adopting a

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barbarous jargon, unintelligible certainly to the great mass of readers, and an occasion of trouble, as well as regret, to every man of clear perceptions and pure taste? Why write English in a German idiom, and place simple thought in a mystical dialect? We sometimes are disposed to doubt, whether these writers do not occasionally find themselves in the condition of Kant himself, who was compelled to answer the demands of his friends for an explanation of some of the most ambiguous passages in his writings, that he knew very well at the time he wrote them, what he meant, but that he had better business afterward than to be writing commentaries on his own books.

To the above criticism it has been answered, that the subjects treated of, in this dark and cloudy phraseology, were so deep, so far beyond the common consciousness, and the capacity of common minds to fathom, that no words and phrases, in common use, could be linked together in such a way as to reach them. Finally, that the language of a material philosophy was wholly unfit, as well as insufficient, to express the ideas of a new and spiritual system.

Jouffroy certainly does not move in shallow waters, and yet he is always simple, clear, and lucid. So it is with our own Channing, who has reached, and placed in clearest light, the deepest spiritual themes. And, in our neighboring city, during the last three winters, no superficial or shallow views have been given by a distinguished philosophical lecturer, of the profoundest depths of thought, which the human mind is capable of sounding, in language as clear, distinct, and well-arranged, as the thoughts it expressed.

But to return to Kant and his philosophy; and if, from his own words, we do not receive a correct idea of his philosophical notions, we may, perhaps, not without some reason, lay a part of the blame on the great philosopher himself, as well as on our own dullness and stupidity. Leaving the ground occupied by the materialists, that the nature of the mind and soul was to be learnt from the effects produced upon them by the influences of the outward world, and therefore that the finite, outward, and sensual, was the true starting-point of all philosophy, he takes his stand in the mind itself, and observes the action of the inward world upon the outward, regarding the mind, not as formed and fashioned by external influences, but as itself fashioning and moulding the external world.

In his own words: "It sounds strange, indeed, at first, but it is not less certain, when I say in respect to the original laws of the understanding, that it does not *derive* them *from* nature, but *imposes* them *upon* nature." He therefore commences with the inquiry, "How synthetical judgments, 'à priori,' are possible with respect to objects of experience?" that is to say (as we understand it), how, and on what grounds, such ideas as those of power, beauty, goodness, cause and effect— which, originating before, and independent of, all experience, we attach, at first glance, to certain objects and events — exist. These "synthetical judgments à priori," or intuitive ideas which have in them something beyond what experience can give, arise, according to our philosopher, from a faculty of the soul itself. "Reason," says Kant, "is the faculty which furnishes the *principles* of cognition à priori," therefore, pure reason is that which contains the principles of knowing something absolutely à priori. "I term all cognition '*transcendental*,' which concerns itself, in general, not so much with objects, as with one mode of cognition of objects, so far as this may be possible à priori—a *system* of such conceptions would be called transcendental philosophy." In investigating the pure reason, he finds that all its conceptions, in other words, "all transcendental ideas may be brought under three *classes*, of which the *first* contains the absolute (unconditioned) *unity* of the thinking *subject;* the *second*, the absolute *unity* of the *series of the conditions of the* phenomena; the *third*, the absolute *unity* of the *condition of all objects of thought in general.* The thinking subject is the object of Psychology; the complex of all phenomena (the world) is the object of Cosmology; and the thing which contains the supreme condition of the possibility of everything that can be thought (the essence of all essences), is the object of all Theology; consequently pure reason furnishes the idea of a transcendental doctrine of the soul (*psychologia* rationalis); of a transcendental science of the world

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(*cosmologia* rationalis); and, finally, also of a transcendental cognition of God (*theologia* transcendentalis)." In the words of another commentator on Kant, then, "The reason, finally, is the sublime of human spontaneity. It takes cognizance of that which is self-evident, necessary, absolute, infinite, eternal. Its objects are beyond the sphere, not merely of time and space, but of all ratiocination; and it is among these objects, 'above the stir and smoke of this dim spot, which men call Earth,' that the transcendental philosophers have most successfully expatiated. While the understanding is discursive, and collects proof, and deduces judgments, the reason is self-sufficient, intuitive, immediate, and infallible, in all its dictates." Another writer, on the same subject, observes: "According to the transcendental philosophy, then, what is properly termed *knowledge*, is entirely confined within the limits of experience. We know nothing, and can know nothing of any object that may not be conceived to exist in space and time, which may not be assumed under the *categories*, or laws of thought, relative to the understanding. The reason does, indeed, form to itself pure ideas, which go beyond the limits of sense, and experience, but, as we know no object to which these are applicable, they remain as mere ideas wholly incognizable. Such are our notions of God, of moral freedom, and of immortality, which wholly transcend the limits of our intellectual nature."

Kant himself says, all knowledge "of things derived, solely, from the pure understanding, or from pure reason, is nothing but empty show, and truth is to be found only through experience." Thus we see God and immortality, according to Kant, are *mere* ideas, exist only in human reason, in the consciousness of men. This is an inevitable conclusion from his premises, however desirous the philosopher might have been to conceal or avoid it, and of this we shall see that his followers have made a use which he seems hardly to have anticipated.

In the limits of an Article like this, it is scarcely possible to do more than glance at some of those who have followed in the footsteps of Kant, and widened, modified, and improved the path of philosophy he opened. Speaking of these, and their system, in connection with the material school, Professors Edwards and Park remark: "The Germans, however, have launched forth to the other extreme. It is said that Kant's system is in ruins; but Kant's influence is not. Other systems, it has been observed, have rolled over his, and have been themselves, in turn, displaced. Yet all these systems have conspired to one general effect. They have all been at antipodes to Locke and Paley; they have all made war upon the sensual and the outward. The basis of everything has been laid upon the *internal and the independent powers* of the human soul. Hence the German language is so rich in all the terms which are applied to spiritual phenomena." And, in the last sentence, by the way, we have the reason hinted at for the use of German phraseology and the technicalities of German systems of philosophy; but though, in Germany, originated, or rather was earliest expressed and developed the spiritual philosophy that distinguished the times, it would be highly irrational to call it a German philosophy, or suppose that it was wholly imbibed from *Germany*, by its disciples and advocates in other lands. Many here, as well as in other countries, were charmed by the unfolding to their own minds of spiritual ideas, and lofty "transcendental" conceptions, when, as yet, German literature was to them a sealed book, and before modern spiritualism had any confessed friends, any living English authors. No! let us rather believe that, led by a *divine* hand, humanity passes from thought to thought, from system to system, from one height to another, in the great ascent to heaven.

Next to Kant comes Fichte, his disciple and contemporary. According to Cousin, Fichte's formula is: "The *me* supposes itself, it supposes the world, it supposes *God;* it supposes itself as the primitive and permanent cause with which everything commences, to which everything is referred as at once the circle and the circumference; it supposes the world as a simple negation of itself; it *supposes God as a negation of itself, taken absolutely.*" Again: "According to Fichte, *God is nothing but the subject of thought*, conceived as *absolute;* he is, there-

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fore, still *the I.*" . . . "Fichte distinguishes between a twofold I, the one phenomenal, namely, the I which each of us represents; the other is itself the *substance of the I*, namely, *God himself. God is the absolute I.*" To quote still further from Cousin: "The last result of the system of Fichte, was the *me* supposed, or rather supposing itself as the sole principle. Having arrived at this extremity, it was necessary that the German philosophy should either depart from it or perish. *Schelling* is the man who took it from a labyrinth of a psychology at once ideal and skeptical, in order to restore it to reality and life. Especially he vindicated the rights of the external world, of nature; and it is from this circumstance that his philosophy derives its name: 'The system of identity, or philosophy of the absolute.' In his opinion, philosophy must rise, at first, even to the absolute being, the *common substance*, and the *common ideal* of the *me, and the not me*, which does not relate exclusively either to the one or the other, but which comprehends them both, and forms their identity. This *absolute identity* of the *me and the not me*, of *man and nature* is GOD. It follows from this that God is in nature as well as in man;" and that "their only difference is that of *consciousness* and non-consciousness," &c.

Of Hegel, the same author says: "Hegel has borrowed much of Schelling; I, far more feeble than either, have borrowed from both. I publicly called them both my *masters and my friends, and the leaders of the philosophy of the present age.*" Thus we see that while, according to Fichte, God is the substance of the subject of thought, the person, the absolute I; with Schelling, God is the substance equally "of the me and the not me, of *man* and *nature*," but in man and not in nature is *God conscious*. This, if it does not expressly assert, would seem strongly to imply, first, that, as God is the *common substance* and the *common ideal* of the me and the not me, all things are God; and, secondly, that God only arrives at consciousness and personality in man; hence the tendency of modern philosophy is to pantheism, and, at the same time, to the apotheosis of humanity. "Pantheism," according to Dr. Walker, whom we must again be permitted to do the injustice to quote from memory, "Pantheism makes the Infinite, all, and the Finite, nothing; and as Atheism loses God in nature, so Pantheism loses nature in God. We may begin with the Infinite, with God, and attempt to deduce the Finite from it; if we fail in this, as, in strict logic, I think we must, we shall not attain the Finite at all. Hence *Pantheism*."

Is it necessary to go on further with our quotations from the great leaders of modern philosophy? If so, the next on the list, and not the least distinguished, is the professed disciple of Schelling and Hegel, Victor Cousin, of France, from whom we will quote a few sentences, characteristic, we think, of the author and his philosophy.

"The invisible," he says, "which is eternally concealed from all direct apprehension, is revealed to humanity by the reason. . . . Reason is the faculty, not of perceiving, but of conceiving the Infinite (God). By what means is the Infinite revealed to reason? . . By its idea. And what are the forms in which the idea of the Infinite is presented to human reason? . . The forms of the *True*, the *Beautiful*, the *Good*," &c. Of nature, he remarks: "The world, accordingly, is of the same stuff with ourselves, and nature is the sister of man; it is active, living, animated like him; and its history is a drama no less than our own. Nature, like humanity, is composed of laws and of forces, of *reason* and of *activity*," as "all law supposes a reason, and the laws of the world are nothing but reason, as manifested in the world." . . . . . "As we have reduced the laws of reason and the laws of her force to two, could we not also attempt a reduction of the forces of nature and of their laws? Could we not reduce all the regular modes of the action of nature to two, which, in their relation with the spontaneous and reflective action of the me and of reason, would exhibit a still more intimate harmony than that which we have just indicated between the internal and external world?" . . . . "It will be perceived that I here allude to expansion and concentration. . . . . What physical inquirer, since Euler, seeks anything in nature but forces and laws? Who now speaks of atoms? And even molecules, the

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old atoms revived, who defends them as anything but an hypothesis? If the fact be incontestible, if modern physics be now employed only with forces and laws, I draw the rigorous conclusions from it, that the science of physics, whether it know it or not, is no longer material, and that it became spiritual when it rejected every other method than observation and induction, which can never lead to aught but forces and laws. Now what is there material in forces and laws? The physical sciences then, themselves, have entered into the broad path of an enlightened spiritualism."

A few more remarks of Cousin, on *Reason*, and we finish our quotations: "If certainty is to be obtained, if there are universal truths, it is because Reason, which teaches them to us, has itself a sovereign and universal authority." "Indeed, which of our faculties is it that, in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, must receive this sudden light? Examine, and you will find that it must be reason. It is reason which, endowed with the power of recognizing the True—the Good—the Beautiful—the Grand—the Holy—the Divine—wherever it is, recognizes it in the Holy Scriptures as it recognizes it in Nature, as it recognizes it in conscience and in the soul, which is also a Bible in its own way." "Reason, then, is literally a revelation, which is wanting to no man, and which enlightens every man on his coming into the world. Reason is the necessary mediator between God and man—the λογος of Pythagoras and Plato—the word made flesh which serves as the interpreter of God and the teacher of man —divine and human at the same time. It is not, indeed, the Absolute God in his majestic individuality, but his manifestation in spirit, and in truth; it is not the Being of beings, but it is the revealed God of the human race."

From the hasty survey, then, we have made of modern philosophy, as we find it developed in the works of its most distinguished advocates in Europe, we cannot but perceive how entirely spiritual is its direction and character; that the tendencies of this philosophy are not only towards an extreme Spiritual Rationalism, but to Idealism, Pantheism, and Mysticism, and to exalt the inward above the outward,—spirit above matter,—reason above sense,—man above nature; finally, it would lead us, when carried out to its fullest limit, to regard man as the centre and source of all truth, all knowledge, all power. Not only, to repeat the words of Kant, "the understanding imposes its laws upon nature," but, in the language of Cousin, "the Infinite—the True—the Good—God himself is revealed to humanity by the reason alone."

We perceive, then, many subordinate and particular tendencies that grow out of the nature of modern philosophy, that are merely subdivisions of the great general tendency to the extreme of Spiritualism,—various expressions of the same grand principle. Let us, therefore, conclude these remarks by noticing the influence of some of these tendencies upon the intellect, the heart, and the life of man. In other words, let us examine the practical tendencies of modern philosophy.

And first, the tendency to Rationalism, as the Infinite: in other words, "the True, the Beautiful, the Good," is only "revealed to humanity by the reason," to use the language of Cousin; and to it alone "we owe the knowledge of universal and necessary truths, of principles which we all obey and cannot but obey; and, as she alone is "the interpreter of God and the teacher of man," then all must stand or fall by her decisions.

Thus, in the present age, in the name of reason, everything is challenged to show its colors, give her watchword, or die. Every human institution is questioned to declare the principle in which it exists; and, if this does not accord with reason, it must perish. Art, science, government, religion, each in turn must stand forth and give a full account of itself. Reason sits on her judgment-seat, and, in her hall, lighted from on high, are no dark corners for folly and falsehood to hide in. Before her powerful light, the wan spectres of fear, superstition, and blind credulity fade away, with the clouds and darkness, in which they had their birth. Before the authority of her word, the bands of tyranny and hypocrisy, vice and bigotry, cower and tremble, and shrink away into their graves. No matter how time-honored, how powerful, how esteemed among men, reverence for the outward has no place in this system: whatever cannot prove itself a friend of reason, and in

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harmony with her laws, must fall. Nothing so lofty, so sacred—nothing so mean and low, as to escape her scrutiny. Not even the Sabbath, the Bible, or Christianity itself. As "reason is a necessary and universal revelation wanting to no man," the Bible, say our modern philosophers, is not to be received any further than it is in accordance with *Reason*. The greatest man is great only because he lives out *her* intuitions; and Christ is only our Saviour, and Christianity our salvation, because inspired by the "*pure Reason*," and in conformity with her sublime conceptions.

Thus this tendency allows no secret societies, no masonic lodges; they must come out to the clear light of Reason, answer her interrogatories, receive her sentence. Hence the destructive principle, that at first warred only against whatever could not, or would not, give a clear account of itself when challenged by Reason, the sentinel of Truth. But, unfortunately, this principle will not always wait for the challenge to be answered; but, in the heat of its zeal, confounding friend with foe, it is too willing to make war upon the true as well as the false, and to sweep away, in one promiscuous ruin, the good with the evil, the beautiful and fair with the foul and ugly. Thus do we find in our midst, sincere and upright individuals, perhaps, but too hot-headed and enthusiastic to judge clearly and deliberately; who, not satisfied with reforming the abuses, eradicating the corruption, and exterminating the evils, which may have crept into Church and State, would destroy the whole.

"Away!" cry they, "away with your Church, your Sabbath, your clergy; give up your laws and legislation: overthrow the vile incubus of state: pull down your pulpits: demolish your meeting-houses: abolish your religious worship!"

Thank Heaven! there is divine power and vitality enough in the Christian Church to carry it safely through all such battles—to bring it out unscathed from the fire kindled to destroy it. *Unscathed!* yea! confirmed, strengthened and *purified* by the trial, as, when the tempest wrestles with the mighty oak, the dead leaves, decaying branches and insects, that marred its beauty and obstructed its growth, are scattered to the winds; but, more perfect than ever in its proud and glorious majesty, the *oak* still stands,—the tempest has but revealed its strength.

The ultra-spiritualist seems to forget that reason,—the *inward* world,—the *subject* of thought,—is but *one* party in the formation of every idea; that the *outward* world, the *object* also, is necessary. Thus a man, to be a painter, must not only be distinguished by his *appreciation* of beautiful forms and hues, but he must have, often and distinctly brought before his vision, beautiful forms and colors, *to* appreciate. The intuitions or conceptions of the reason need objects to awaken and develope them; the outward world of man and nature, of science, history and art. From a disregard of this necessity arises the tendency to undervalue the outward, to depreciate knowledge gained from experience, to despise the learning of books and the wisdom of grey hairs. This may be called the *introversive tendency* of modern philosophy, or tendency to individuality, which makes the individual soul—the Me—the inward life—the centre and source of all things. In the writings of the transcendental portion of the spiritual school do we especially find this tendency prominent. Its extreme, as we shall see, by a cursory examination of the transcendental literature, is to make man the soul, the self, the great divinity of the universe.

In a volume of essays by its most distinguished and beautiful writer, we find the following development of the tendency above alluded to:

"It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles."

Again:

"He should see that he can live all history in his own person. He must sit

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at home with might and main, and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world."

Again he narrates:

"I remember an answer, when quite young, I was prompt to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the Church: on my saying 'what have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within,' my friend suggested, "But these impulses may be from *below*, not from *above*;' I replied: 'They do not seem to me to be such, but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil!' No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong, what is against it." . . . . "Perhaps, if we should meet Shakspeare, we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority: no, but of a great equality," &c. . . . "I may say it of our preposterous use of books—he knew not what to do, and so *he read*. I can *think* of nothing to fill my time with, and so, without any constraint, I find the life of Brant. It is a very extravagant compliment to pay to Brant, or to General Schuyler or General Washington. My time should be as good as their time," &c. . . . "What is a man but Nature's fine success in self-explication? What is a man but a finer and compacter landscape than the horizon-figures—Nature's eclecticism?"

In a speech on the "method of nature," by the same author, we have this tendency still prominent: "All things," he says, "are known to the soul; it is not to be surprised by any communication. Nothing can be greater than *it*."

In an oration to our scholars, he encourages them with: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." Another and still more transcendental writer, if possible, tells us in his "Sayings:" "A man is diviner, mightier, holier, than rulers ordained of time. . . . . Christians lean on Jesus, and not on the soul. Such was not the doctrine of this noble reformer. He taught man's independence of all men, and a faith and trust in the soul herself. Christianity is the doctrine of self-support. Jesus gives his arm to none save those who stand erect, independent of church, state, or the world, in the integrity of self-insight and valor."

None more than we can approve and admire a lofty self-reliance—a reverence for the soul as an inspiration from the Deity. "I would not," to use the words of the sainted Channing, "I would not disparage that nature, which is common to all men, for no thought can measure its grandeur. It is the image of God—the image of his Infinity—for no limits can be set to its unfolding. He who possesses the divine power of the soul is a great being—be his place what it may." But has not this tendency, in some, been carried so far as to cause them to forget there is such a thing as human frailty, and human sinfulness? Has it not led some among us to despise the gifts, the revelations, the wisdom of all other souls, and the various institutions and arts to which they owe, in a measure, their present lofty state of intelligence and cultivation; and, finally, to put the individual soul (the *I* of Fichte) in the place of that universal Spirit, in and by whom "we live, and move, and have our being?" Let us see.

In the same Essays we quoted before, we find such expressions as these: "God enters by a private door into every individual:"—

"There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all;
And where it cometh all things are;
And it cometh everywhere."

The same author, in another work, says: "I stand here to say, let us worship the mighty and transcendent Soul." And again: "That which, intellectually considered, we call reason, considered in relation to nature, we call spirit. Spirit is the *Creator*. Spirit has life in itself, and man, in all ages and countries, embodies it in his language as the Father." Goethe, in a *literary* point of view, the great chief of the Transcendental school, in his Hymn, "The Godlike," has such expressions as—

"Hail to the unknown,
The Higher Being
Felt within us."

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"There can none but man
Perform the Impossible."

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"He alone may
The Good reward,—
The Guilty punish,—
Mend and deliver."

And even one of our own poets speaks of the soul as

"The only temple God delights to fill."

Another Transcendental writer, whose "Sayings" we have before quoted, remarks: "Man is a rudiment and embryon of God." Still another declares: "God is in us; we in God; divinest life! foundation of freedom, of manhood, of a godlike age." This tendency to merge the universe and man in God,—to make all things Deity, and Deity all things,—is the peculiar pantheism of the present day; and this pantheistic tendency, to which we have before alluded, forms one of the most distinguishing characteristics of modern philosophy.

Says a distinguished literary advocate of this philosophy, in England, "Yes; truly, if nature is one and a living indivisible whole, much more is mankind, the image that reflects and creates nature, without which nature were not." . . . . . "Through every star,—through every grass-blade,—and most—through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams." The author, again, of "Sayings," observes—"Divinely speaking, God is the only person." . . . . . "A man's idea of God corresponds to his ideal of himself. The nobler he is, the more exalted his God. His own culture and discipline are a revelation of Divinity. He apprehends the divine character as he apprehends his own. Humanity is the glass of Divinity; experience of the soul is a revelation of God." Sometimes all are God; sometimes God is nature—God is man. A writer whom we have before quoted, in a little work on "Nature," says: "Nature is not fixed but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the Spirit (into man). So fast will disagreeable appearances swim,—spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies,—vanish." Another declares: "The world is filled by God's energy and substance;" and "The divine energy and substance possess the human soul." As a natural consequence from the belief that man's soul is divine in its substance, &c., all man's actions are God's actions—sin and misery are of God, and therefore not evil.

Says the author oftenest quoted above, "Not thanks—not prayer, seem quite the highest and truest name for our communication with the Infinite—but glad and conspiring reception—reception that becomes giving, in its turn; as the receiver is only the All-Giver in past and in infancy." . . "It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought." . . . . "Men's prayers are a disease of the will." . . . Again: "Empedocles undoubtedly spoke a truth of thought, when he said, 'I am God!'"

Thus we see how inconsistent is prayer, are all acts of outward worship, with the religious tendency of modern philosophy. Equally so is a belief in any particular illumination, or peculiar inspiration, and in a special revelation. Says one of the popular lecturers and preachers of *Christianity* (?) in our midst—"God is present in man as well as in matter, and not *idly* present in him. The presence of God in the soul is what we call inspiration; it is a *breathing in* of God;"—and asks, "Has the Soul of all souls seen fit to shed his light only on some score of men?—In all ages, from the dawn of time to this moment; in all families of man, the spirit of God, his energy and substance, have flowed into the soul, as the rain falls in all lands." . . . . . "Now to men there can be but *one kind* of inspiration; it is the intuition, or direct and immediate perception of Truth, in some important mode; for example, *religious* or *moral* Truth." . . . "There can be but one *mode* of inspiration; it is the felt and acknowledged presence of the Highest in the soul, imparting His Truth;—the conscious presence of Him—as truth, charity, justice, holiness or love, infusing himself into the soul and giving it new life!"

What need, then, of a Saviour? What need of a Mediator any more? To quote again the words of Cousin:—"Reason" (which he calls "the reveal-

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ed God of the human race"), "Reason is the necessary mediator between God and man,—the Word made flesh, which serves as the interpreter of God, and the teacher of man,—divine and human at the same time." The author whom we have just quoted on the subject of inspiration, in speaking of the founder of Christianity, remarks: "Whether there are *future* Christs in the infinite distance, but *nobler* than he, now on their way to the earth, is known only to Him who possesses the riddle of destiny," &c. The same writer says—"There can be but one *test*, or *criterion* of inspiration: the truth of the thought, feelings, or doctrines." Hence the view of miracles, held by the neophytes of the Transcendental school. Speaking of the Christian miracles, a distinguished divine says: "They teach us that the mightiest force in nature,—the energy to which all things are, by the constitution of nature, subordinate,—is spiritual force: that this power resides, to an unknown extent, in the bosom of man, and, under certain conditions, will assert its supremacy." An English Transcendentalist whom we quoted before, writes:—"To that Dutch king of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and phial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle," &c. The author of the "Sayings" declares—"To apprehend a miracle, a man must first have wrought it. He knows only what he has lived, and interprets all facts in the light of his experience. Miracles are spiritual experiences, not feats of legerdemain, nor freaks of nature."

We have said enough to show what is the religious tendency of modern philosophy. Our space has hardly permitted us to give more than a cursory examination of the subject; and it may be said, that these quotations are from a small number of authors, little read, and of no extensive influence. In this country there are, comparatively speaking, as yet, but few writers of the class, we confess; but the influence of these writers, we apprehend, is more extensive than is generally imagined, especially with those who are coming forward into the world to fill its offices; and this influence is increasing every day, as well as that of kindred spirits in Germany, to whom we referred in a former part of this article. A writer whom we quoted before on the subject of German literature, says: "In point of freshness, it has no equal since the days of Sophocles. Who shall match with Wieland, and Lessing, the Schlegels—Herder, so sweet and beautiful—Jean Paul, Tieck, and Schiller, and Goethe? We need not mention lesser names, nor add more of their equals." Now, all these, and numerous others beside, who are extensively read in this country and all over Europe, are more or less tinctured with the "new philosophy." There are other more popular lecturers and writers than those quoted, in *this country*, who speak out, too, more plainly and bluntly, from whom we have extracted nothing. From pulpits and professorial chairs, as well as from private studies, does its voice come.

But we are passing beyond the reasonable bounds of a single essay, and we will therefore conclude these remarks with alluding to one other practical tendency of modern philosophy—a tendency, perhaps, that has less about it to be criticised or condemned than any other. The doctrines of spiritualism we have been discussing lead us to place a high value upon man; and, wherever it inspires and influences the affections and the heart, induces a wide benevolence, an enlarged humanity, a *Christian democracy*. And we call this the philanthropic tendency. A tendency not only to believe that

> "Our neighbor is the suffering man,
> Though at the furthest pole;"

but, to look upon the vilest and most abandoned sinner as, equally with ourselves, possessed of a divine essence—sons of the same Father.

Says one, whose faith in humanity was perhaps his distinguishing characteristic—the lamented Dr. Channing—"Indeed, every man, in every condition, is great. It is only our diseased sight which makes him little. A man is great as a man, be he when or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions." *Novalis*, a name for a favorite, beautiful German author, writes: "There is but one temple in the world, and that temple is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. We touch God when we lay our hands

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on a human body." "All men"—without distinction of rank, sex, color, pursuit—are great; all "who possess the divine powers of the soul." Hence the movement to abolish war, slavery, and intemperance. The life of the meanest man is too valuable to be the tool of a taskmaster, or the plaything of warlike leaders and princes. The beggar has as priceless a jewel hidden under his rags as an emperor conceals within his robes of woven gold. The poorest subject is as precious as the king on his throne. Not what a man *has*—whether of fortune, learning, friends, or reputation—but what he *is*, makes him great; that is, his manhood. Hence reforms, to assist and elevate the weak, the suffering, and the sinful, become fashionable, and democracy spreads through the world like wildfire. Hence the fetters of the slave are broken, and the drunkard is raised from the rum-shop and the gutter. The name and form of man are the highest title and stamp of nobility. The prince is *nothing;* and however wise and excellent, he must fall because he is a prince and *not* a man; because he dares to suppose a greater title than humanity. Hence French revolutions; hence that rabid pseudo-democracy, which, forgetting that spiritual and intellectual development is the only thing that gives manhood its character and distinction, would degrade to the lowest level the wisest, the noblest, and the best—those most truly deserving the name of man. Hence kings are pulled from their thrones; the thrones totter, and palaces are levelled with the dust. But on these and kindred topics, however desirous of dilating, our proposed limits forbid us to dwell. While we confess to a slight jealousy of making slavery the greatest evil, and the slave the most important of human beings; entire abstinence from liquid stimulants the highest temperance and the greatest virtue; the reformed drunkard the noblest hero; the books "written down" to children the most valuable literature; and childhood itself the all-absorbing care, and name for perfection; yet we bless God, that the true love for our neighbor, the regard for all men as our brethren—as a part of our own souls, the spirit of Jesus's life and Jesus's precepts is gaining ground in the great heart of the world.

In conclusion. To the ultra and bigoted *conservative*, to the opposer of all new views, the enemy of all that is modern in philosophy and literature, we would say: "Have faith in man. While wedded to the great truths time has proved invaluable, and to the noble institutions of the past, be careful not to cherish, with injudicious and indiscriminate affection, the errors and corruptions that but mar and disfigure their excellence; nor, holding on with too obstinate tenacity to the pillars your fathers set up to mark the rise of the tide, allow the river of Truth, as it swells higher and higher, to overwhelm you in its rushing waters." To the ultra *reformer*, the exclusive admirer of the new philosophy: "While with ardent enthusiasm you advance onward and upward, with the banner of progress in your hand, to new heights of spiritual thought and life, despise not neither forget the steps your fathers have hewn for you to ascend. Remember that another age may leave your boasted advancement far behind it, and what now is the front rank of progress and reform will be the extreme stronghold of conservatism."

We conclude as we began, with a steady faith in human progress. In the language of the sainted Channing, "Add but that element, eternity, to man's progress, and the results of his existence surpass not only human but angelic thought. Give me this, and the future glory of the human mind becomes to me as incomprehensible as God himself. . . . We wonder, indeed, when we are told that one day we shall be as the angels of God. I apprehend that as great a wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and of a Hottentot may have been as great as between Newton and an angel. . . . . . And why must man stop? There is no extravagance in the boldest anticipation. We may truly become one with Christ, a partaker of that celestial mind. He is truly our brother—one of our family. Let us make him our constant model."

Yes! faithless is he that trusts not there is something higher and nobler in this life of ours than he has yet dreamed of in his wildest imaginings.

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A SELECT PARTY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

A MAN of Fancy made an entertainment at one of his castles in the air, and invited a select number of distinguished personages to favor him with their presence. The mansion, though less splendid than many that have been situated in the same region, was, nevertheless, of a magnificence such as is seldom witnessed by those acquainted only with terrestrial architecture. Its strong foundations and massive walls were quarried out of a ledge of heavy and sombre clouds, which had hung brooding over the earth, apparently as dense and ponderous as its own granite, throughout a whole autumnal day. Perceiving that the general effect was gloomy—so that the airy castle looked like a feudal fortress, or a monastery of the middle ages, or a state-prison of our own times, rather than the home of pleasure and repose which he intended it to be—the owner, regardless of expense, resolved to gild the exterior from top to bottom. Fortunately, there was just then a flood of evening sunshine in the air. This being gathered up and poured abundantly upon the roof and walls, imbued them with a kind of solemn cheerfulness; while the cupolas and pinnacles were made to glitter with the purest gold, and all the hundred windows gleamed with a glad light, as if the edifice itself were rejoicing in its heart. And now, if the people of the lower world chanced to be looking upward, out of the turmoil of their petty perplexities, they probably mistook the castle in the air for a heap of sunset clouds, to which the magic of light and shade had imparted the aspect of a fantastically constructed mansion. To such beholders it was unreal, because they lacked the imaginative faith. Had they been worthy to pass within its portal, they would have recognized the truth, that the dominions which the spirit conquers for itself among unrealities, become a thousand times more real than the earth whereon they stamp their feet, saying, "This is solid and substantial!—this may be called a fact!"

At the appointed hour, the host stood in his great saloon to receive the company. It was a vast and noble room, the vaulted ceiling of which was supported by double rows of gigantic pillars, that had been hewn entire out of masses of variegated clouds. So brilliantly were they polished, and so exquisitely wrought by the sculptor's skill, as to resemble the finest specimens of emerald, porphyry, opal, and chrysolite, thus producing a delicate richness of effect, which their immense size rendered not incompatible with grandeur. To each of these pillars a meteor was suspended. Thousands of these ethereal lustres are continually wandering about the firmament, burning out to waste, yet capable of imparting a useful radiance to any person who has the art of converting them to domestic purposes. As managed in the saloon, they are far more economical than ordinary lamp-light. Such, however, was the intensity of their blaze, that it had been found expedient to cover each meteor with a globe of evening mist, thereby muffling the too potent glow, and soothing it into a mild and comfortable splendor. It was like the brilliancy of a powerful, yet chastened, imagination; a light which seemed to hide whatever was unworthy to be noticed, and give effect to every beautiful and noble attribute. The guests, therefore, as they advanced up the centre of the saloon, appeared to better advantage than ever before in their lives.

The first that entered, with old-fashioned punctuality, was a venerable figure in the costume of by-gone days, with his white hair flowing down over his shoulders, and a reverend beard upon his breast. He leaned upon a staff, the tremulous stroke of which, as he set it carefully upon the floor, re-echoed through the saloon at every footstep. Recognizing at once this celebrated personage, whom it had cost him a vast deal of trouble and research to discover, the host advanced nearly three-fourths of the distance, down be-

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tween the pillars, to meet and welcome him.

"Venerable sir," said the Man of Fancy, bending to the floor, "the honor of this visit would never be forgotten, were my term of existence to be as happily prolonged as your own."

The old gentleman received the compliment with gracious condescension; he then thrust up his spectacles over his forehead, and appeared to take a critical survey of the saloon.

"Never, within my recollection," observed he, "have I entered a more spacious and noble hall. But are you sure that it is built of solid materials, and that the structure will be permanent?"

"Oh, never fear, my venerable friend," replied the host. "In reference to a lifetime like your own, it is true, my castle may well be called a temporary edifice. But it will endure long enough to answer all the purposes for which it was erected."

But we forget that the reader has not yet been made acquainted with the guest. It was no other than that universally accredited character, so constantly referred to in all seasons of intense cold or heat—he that remembers the hot Sunday and the cold Friday—the witness of a past age, whose negative reminiscences find their way into every newspaper, yet whose antiquated and dusky abode is so overshadowed by accumulated years, and crowded back by modern edifices, that none but the Man of Fancy could have discovered it—it was, in short, that twin-brother of Time, and great-grandsire of mankind, and hand-and-glove associate of all forgotten men and things, the Oldest Inhabitant! The host would willingly have drawn him into conversation, but succeeded only in eliciting a few remarks as to the oppressive atmosphere of this present summer evening, compared with one which the guest had experienced, about four-score years ago. The old gentleman, in fact, was a good deal overcome by his journey among the clouds, which, to a frame so earth-incrusted by long continuance in a lower region, was unavoidably more fatiguing than to younger spirits. He was therefore conducted to an easy-chair, well cushioned, and stuffed with vaporous softness, and left to take a little repose.

The Man of Fancy now discerned another guest, who stood so quietly in the shadow of one of the pillars, that he might easily have been overlooked.

"My dear sir," exclaimed the host, grasping him warmly by the hand, "allow me to greet you as the hero of the evening. Pray do not take it as an empty compliment; for if there were not another guest in my castle, it would be entirely pervaded with your presence!"

"I thank you," answered the unpretending stranger, "but, though you happened to overlook me, I have not just arrived. I came very early, and, with your permission, shall remain after the rest of the company have retired."

And who does the reader imagine was this unobtrusive guest? It was the famous performer of acknowledged impossibilities; a character of superhuman capacity and virtue, and, if his enemies are to be credited, of no less remarkable weaknesses and defects. With a generosity of which he alone sets us the example, we will glance merely at his nobler attributes. He it is, then, who prefers the interests of others to his own, and an humble station to an exalted one. Careless of fashion, custom, the opinions of men, and the influence of the press, he assimilates his life to the standard of ideal rectitude, and thus proves himself the one independent citizen of our free country. In point of ability, many people declare him to be the only mathematician capable of squaring the circle; the only mechanic acquainted with the principle of perpetual motion; the only scientific philosopher who can compel water to run up hill; the only writer of the age whose genius is equal to the production of an epic poem; and, finally—so various are his accomplishments—the only professor of gymnastics who has succeeded in jumping down his own throat. With all these talents, however, he is so far from being considered a member of good society, that it is the severest censure of any fashionable assemblage, to affirm that this remarkable individual was present. Public orators, lecturers, and theatrical performers, particularly eschew his company. For especial reasons, we are not at liberty to disclose his name, and shall mention only one other trait—a most singular phenomenon in natural philosophy—that

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when he happens to cast his eyes upon a looking-glass, he beholds Nobody reflected there!

Several other guests now made their appearance, and among them, chattering with immense volubility, a brisk little gentleman of universal vogue in private society, and not unknown in the public journals, under the title of Monsieur On-Dit. The name would seem to indicate a Frenchman; but, whatever be his country, he is thoroughly versed in all the languages of the day, and can express himself quite as much to the purpose in English as in any other tongue. No sooner were the ceremonies of salutation over, than this talkative little person put his mouth to the host's ear, and whispered three secrets of state, an important piece of commercial intelligence, and a rich item of fashionable scandal. He then assured the Man of Fancy that he would not fail to circulate in the society of the lower world a minute description of this magnificent castle in the air, and of the festivities at which he had the honor to be a guest. So saying, Monsieur On-Dit made his bow and hurried from one to another of the company, with all of whom he seemed to be acquainted, and to possess some topic of interest or amusement for every individual. Coming at last to the Oldest Inhabitant, who was slumbering comfortably in the easy chair, he applied his mouth to that venerable ear.

"What do you say?" cried the old gentleman, starting from his nap, and putting up his hand to serve the purpose of an ear-trumpet.

Monsieur On-Dit bent forward again, and repeated his communication.

"Never, within my memory," exclaimed the Oldest Inhabitant, lifting his hands in astonishment, "has so remarkable an incident been heard of!"

Now came in the Clerk of the Weather, who had been invited out of deference to his official station, although the host was well aware that his conversation was likely to contribute but little to the general enjoyment. He soon, indeed, got into a corner with his acquaintance of long ago, the Oldest Inhabitant, and began to compare notes with him in reference to the great storms, gales of wind, and other atmospherical facts that had occurred during a century past. It rejoiced the Man of Fancy, that his venerable and much respected guest had met with so congenial an associate. Entreating them both to make themselves perfectly at home, he now turned to receive the Wandering Jew. This personage, however, had latterly grown so common, by mingling in all sorts of society, and appearing at the beck of every entertainer, that he could hardly be deemed a proper guest in a very exclusive circle. Besides, being covered with dust from his continual wanderings along the highways of the world, he really looked out of place in a dress party, so that the host felt relieved of an incommodity, when the restless individual in question, after a brief stay, took his departure on a ramble towards Oregon.

The portal was now thronged by a crowd of shadowy people, with whom the Man of Fancy had been acquainted in his visionary youth. He had invited them hither for the sake of observing how they would compare, whether advantageously or otherwise, with the real characters to whom his maturer life had introduced him. They were beings of crude imagination, such as glide before a young man's eye, and pretend to be actual inhabitants of the earth; the wise and witty, with whom he would hereafter hold intercourse; the generous and heroic friends, whose devotion would be requited with his own; the beautiful dream-woman, who would become the help-mate of his human toils and sorrows, and at once the source and partaker of his happiness. Alas! it is not good for the full grown man to look too closely at these old acquaintances, but rather to reverence them at a distance, through the medium of years that have gathered duskily between. There was something laughably untrue in their pompous stride and exaggerated sentiment; they were neither human, nor tolerable likenesses of humanity, but fantastic masquers, rendering heroism and nature alike ridiculous by the grave absurdity of their pretensions to such attributes. And as for the peerless dream-lady, behold! there advanced up the saloon, with a movement like a painted doll, a sort of wax figure of an angel—a creature as cold as moonshine—an artifice in petticoats, with an intellect of pretty phrases, and only the semblance of a heart—yet, in all these particulars, the

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true type of a young man's imaginary mistress. Hardly could the host's punctilious courtesy restrain a smile, as he paid his respects to this unreality, and met the sentimental glance with which the Dream sought to remind him of their former love-passages.

"No, no, fair lady," murmured he, betwixt sighing and smiling; "my taste is changed! I have learned to love what Nature makes, better than my own creations in the guise of womanhood."

"Ah, false one!" shrieked the dream-lady, pretending to faint, but dissolving into thin air, out of which came the deplorable murmur of her voice—"your inconstancy has annihilated me!"

"So be it," said the cruel Man of Fancy to himself—"and a good riddance, too!"

Together with these shadows, and from the same region, there had come an uninvited multitude of shapes, which, at any time during his life had tormented the Man of Fancy in his moods of morbid melancholy, or had haunted him in the delirium of fever. The walls of his castle in the air were not dense enough to keep them out; nor would the strongest of earthly architecture have availed to their exclusion. Here were those forms of dire terror, which had beset him at the entrance of life, waging warfare with his hopes. Here were strange uglinesses of earlier date, such as haunt children in the night time. He was particularly startled by the vision of a deformed old black woman, whom he imagined as lurking in the garret of his native home, and who, when he was an infant, had once come to his bedside and grinned at him, in the crisis of a scarlet fever. This same black shadow, with others almost as hideous, now glided among the pillars of the magnificent saloon, grinning recognition, until the man shuddered anew at the forgotten terrors of his childhood. It caused him, however, to observe the black woman, with the mischievous caprice peculiar to such beings, steal up to the chair of the Oldest Inhabitant, and peep into his half-dreamy mind.

"Never within my memory," muttered that venerable personage, aghast, "did I see such a face!"

Almost immediately after the unrealities just described, arrived a number of guests, whom incredulous readers may be inclined to rank equally among creatures of imagination. The most noteworthy were an incorruptible Patriot; a Scholar without pedantry; a Priest without worldly ambition, and a Beautiful Woman without pride or coquetry; a Married Pair, whose life had never been disturbed by incongruity of feeling; a Reformer, untrammelled by his theory; and a Poet, who felt no jealousy towards other votaries of the lyre. In truth, however, the host was not one of the cynics who consider these patterns of excellence, without the fatal flaw, such rarities in the world; and he had invited them to his select party chiefly out of humble deference to the judgment of society, which pronounces them almost impossible to be met with.

"In my younger days," observed the Oldest Inhabitant, "such characters might be seen at the corner of every street."

Be that as it might, these specimens of perfection proved to be not half so entertaining companions as people with the ordinary allowance of faults.

But now appeared a stranger, whom the host had no sooner recognized, than, with an abundance of courtesy unlavished on any other, he hastened down the whole length of the saloon, in order to pay him emphatic honor. Yet he was a young man in poor attire, with no insignia of rank or acknowledged eminence, nor anything to distinguish him among the crowd except a high, white forehead, beneath which a pair of deep-set eyes were glowing with warm light. It was such a light as never illuminates the earth, save when a great heart burns as the household fire of a grand intellect. And who was he? Who, but the Master Genius, for whom our country is looking anxiously into the mist of time, as destined to fulfil the great mission of creating an American literature, hewing it, as it were, out of the unwrought granite of our intellectual quarries. From him, whether moulded in the form of an epic poem, or assuming a guise altogether new, as the spirit itself may determine, we are to receive our first great original work, which shall do all that remains to be achieved for our glory among the nations. How this child of a mighty destiny had been discovered by the Man of Fancy, it is of little consequence to mention. Suffice it,

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that he dwells as yet unhonored among men, unrecognized by those who have known him from his cradle;—the noble countenance, which should be distinguished by a halo diffused around it, passes daily amid the throng of people, toiling and troubling themselves about the trifles of a moment—and none pay reverence to the worker of immortality. Nor does it matter much to him, in his triumph over all the ages, though a generation or two of his own times shall do themselves the wrong to disregard him.

By this time, Monsieur On-Dit had caught up the stranger's name and destiny, and was busily whispering the intelligence among the other guests.

"Pshaw!" said one, "there can never be an American Genius."

"Pish!" cried another, "we have already as good poets as any in the world. For my part, I desire to see no better."

And the Oldest Inhabitant, when it was proposed to introduce him to the Master Genius, begged to be excused, observing, that a man who had been honored with the acquaintance of Dwight, Freeneau, and Joel Barlow, might be allowed a little austerity of taste.

The saloon was now fast filling up, by the arrival of other remarkable characters; among whom were noticed Davy Jones, the distinguished nautical personage, and a rude, carelessly dressed, harum-scarum sort of elderly fellow, known by the nickname of Old Harry. The latter, however, after being shown to a dressing room, re-appeared with his grey hair nicely combed, his clothes brushed, a clean dicky on his neck, and altogether so changed in aspect as to merit the more respectful appellation of Venerable Henry. John Doe and Richard Roe came arm-in-arm, accompanied by a Man of Straw, a fictitious endorser, and several persons who had no existence except as voters in closely contested elections. The celebrated Seatsfield, who now entered, was at first supposed to belong to the same brotherhood, until he made it apparent that he was a real man of flesh and blood, and had his earthly domicile in Germany. Among the latest comers, as might reasonably be expected, arrived a guest from the far future.

"Do you know him?—do you know him?" whispered Monsieur On-Dit, who seemed to be acquainted with everybody. "He is the representative of Posterity—the man of an age to come!"

"And how came he here?" asked a figure who was evidently the prototype of the fashion-plate in a magazine, and might be taken to represent the vanities of the passing moment. "The fellow infringes upon our rights by coming before his time."

"But you forget where we are," answered the Man of Fancy, who overheard the remark; "the lower earth, it is true, will be forbidden ground to him for many long years hence; but a castle in the air is a sort of no-man's land, where Posterity may make acquaintance with us on equal terms."

No sooner was his identity known, than a throng of guests gathered about Posterity, all expressing the most generous interest in his welfare, and many boasting of the sacrifices which they had made, or were willing to make, in his behalf. Some, with as much secresy as possible, desired his judgment upon certain copies of verses, or great manuscript rolls of prose; others accosted him with the familiarity of old friends, taking it for granted that he was perfectly cognizant of their names and characters. At length, finding himself thus beset, Posterity was put quite beside his patience.

"Gentlemen, my good friends," cried he, breaking loose from a misty poet, who strove to hold him by the button, "I pray you to attend to your own business, and leave me to take care of mine! I expect to owe you nothing, unless it be certain national debts, and other incumbrances and impediments, physical and moral, which I shall find it troublesome enough to remove from my path. As to your verses, pray read them to your contemporaries. Your names are as strange to me as your faces; and even were it otherwise—let me whisper you a secret—the cold, icy memory which one generation may retain of another, is but a poor recompense to barter life for. Yet, if your heart is set on being known to me, the surest, the only method, is, to live truly and wisely for your own age, whereby, if the native force be in you, you may likewise live for posterity!"

"It is nonsense," murmured the Oldest Inhabitant, who, as a man of the past, felt jealous that all notice should be withdrawn from himself, to be lavish-

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ed on the future,—"sheer nonsense, to waste so much thought on what only is to be!"

To divert the minds of his guests, who were considerably abashed by this little incident, the Man of Fancy led them through several apartments of the castle, receiving their compliments upon the taste and varied magnificence that were displayed in each. One of these rooms was filled with moonlight, which did not enter through the window, but was the aggregate of all the moon-shine that is scattered around the earth on a summer night, while no eyes are awake to enjoy its beauty. Airy spirits had gathered it up, wherever they found it gleaming on the broad bosom of a lake, or silvering the meanders of a stream, or glimmering among the wind-stirred boughs of a wood, and had garnered it in one spacious hall. Along the walls, illuminated by the mild intensity of the moon-shine, stood a multitude of ideal statues, the original conceptions of the great works of ancient or modern art, which the sculptors did but imperfectly succeed in putting into marble. For it is not to be supposed that the pure idea of an immortal creation ceases to exist; it is only necessary to know where they are deposited, in order to obtain possession of them. In the alcoves of another vast apartment was arranged a splendid library, the volumes of which were inestimable, because they consisted not of actual performances, but of the works which the authors only planned, without ever finding the happy season to achieve them. To take familiar instances, here were the untold tales of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims; the unwritten Cantos of the Fairy Queen; the conclusion of Coleridge's Christabel; and the whole of Dryden's projected Epic on the subject of King Arthur. The shelves were crowded; for it would not be too much to affirm that every author has imagined, and shaped out in his thought, more and far better works than those which actually proceeded from his pen. And here, likewise, were the unrealized conceptions of youthful poets, who died of the very strength of their own genius, before the world had caught one inspired murmur from their lips.

When the peculiarities of the library and statue-gallery were explained to the Oldest Inhabitant, he appeared infinitely perplexed, and exclaimed, with more energy than usual, that he had never heard of such a thing within his memory, and, moreover, did not at all understand how it could be.

"But my brain, I think," said the good old gentleman, "is getting not so clear as it used to be. You young folks, I suppose, can see your way through these strange matters. For my part, I give it up."

"And so do I," muttered the Old Harry. "It is enough to puzzle the —— ahem!"

Making as little reply as possible to these observations, the Man of Fancy preceded the company to another noble saloon, the pillars of which were solid golden sunbeams, taken out of the sky in the first hour in the morning. Thus, as they retained all their living lustre, the room was filled with the most cheerful radiance imaginable, yet not too dazzling to be borne with comfort and delight. The windows were beautifully adorned with curtains, made of the many-colored clouds of sunrise, all imbued with virgin light, and hanging in magnificent festoons from the ceiling to the floor. Moreover, there were fragments of rainbows scattered through the room; so that the guests, astonished at one another, reciprocally saw their heads made glorious by the seven primary hues; or, if they chose—as who would not?—they could grasp a rainbow in the air, and convert it to their own apparel and adornment. But the morning light and scattered rainbows were only a type and symbol of the real wonders of the apartment. By an influence akin to magic, yet perfectly natural, whatever means and opportunities of joy are neglected in the lower world, had been carefully gathered up, and deposited in the saloon of morning sunshine. As may well be conceived, therefore, there was material enough to supply not merely a joyous evening, but also a happy lifetime, to more than as many people as that spacious apartment could contain. The company seemed to renew their youth; while that pattern and proverbial standard of innocence, the Child Unborn, frolicked to and fro among them, communicating his own unwrinkled gaiety to all who had the good fortune to witness his gambols.

"My honored friends," said the Man of Fancy, after they had enjoyed themselves awhile, "I am now to request

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your presence in the banqueting-hall, where a slight collation is awaiting you."

"Ah, well said!" ejaculated a cadaverous figure, who had been invited for no other reason than that he was pretty constantly in the habit of dining with Duke Humphrey. "I was beginning to wonder whether a castle in the air were provided with a kitchen."

It was curious, in truth, to see how instantaneously the guests were diverted from the high moral enjoyments which they had been tasting with so much apparent zest, by a suggestion of the more solid as well as liquid delights of the festive board. They thronged eagerly in the rear of the host, who now ushered them into a lofty and extensive hall, from end to end of which was arranged a table, glittering all over with innumerable dishes and drinking-vessels of gold. It is an uncertain point, whether these rich articles of plate were made for the occasion, out of molten sunbeams, or recovered from the wrecks of Spanish galleons, that had lain for ages at the bottom of the sea. The upper end of the table was overshadowed by a canopy, beneath which was placed a chain of elaborate magnificence, which the host himself declined to occupy, and besought his guests to assign it to the worthiest among them. As a suitable homage to his incalculable antiquity and eminent distinction, the post of honor was at first tendered to the Oldest Inhabitant. He, however, eschewed it, and requested the favor of a bowl of gruel at a side-table, where he could refresh himself with a quiet nap. There was some little hesitation as to the next candidate, until Posterity took the Master-Genius of our country by the hand, and led him to the chair of state, beneath the princely canopy. When once they beheld him in his true place, the company acknowledged the justice of the selection by a long thunder-roll of vehement applause.

Then was served up a banquet, combining, if not all the delicacies of the season, yet all the rarities which careful purveyors had met with in the flesh, fish, and vegetable markets of the land of Nowhere. The bill of fare being unfortunately lost, we can only mention a Phœnix, roasted in its own flames, cold potted birds of Paradise, ice-creams from the Milky Way, and whip-syllabubs and flummery from the Paradise of Fools, whereof there was a very great consumption. As for drinkables, the temperance-people contented themselves with water, as usual, but it was the water of the Fountain of Youth; the ladies sipped Nepenthe; the love-lorn, the care-worn, and the sorrow-stricken, were supplied with brimming goblets of Lethe; and it was shrewdly conjectured that a certain golden vase, from which only the more distinguished guests were invited to partake, contained nectar that had been mellowing ever since the days of classical mythology. The cloth being removed, the company, as usual, grew eloquent over their liquor, and delivered themselves of a succession of brilliant speeches; the task of reporting which we resign to the more adequate ability of Counsellor Gill, whose indispensable co-operation the Man of Fancy had taken the precaution to secure.

When the festivity of the banquet was at its most ethereal point, the Clerk of the Weather was observed to steal from the table, and thrust his head between the purple and golden curtains of one of the windows.

"My fellow-guests," he remarked aloud, after carefully noting the signs of the night, "I advise such of you as live at a distance, to be going as soon as possible; for a thunder-storm is certainly at hand."

"Mercy on me!" cried Mother Carey, who had left her brood of chickens, and come hither in gossamer drapery, with pink silk stockings, "How shall I ever get home!"

All now was confusion and hasty departure, with but little superfluous leave-taking. The Oldest Inhabitant, however, true to the rule of those long-past days in which his courtesy had been studied, paused on the threshold of the meteor-lighted hall, to express his vast satisfaction at the entertainment.

"Never, within my memory," observed the gracious old gentleman, "has it been my good fortune to spend a pleasanter evening, or in more select society."

The wind here took his breath away, and drowned what further compliments it had been his purpose to bestow. Many of the company had bespoken Will o' the Wisps to convey them

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home; and the host, in his general beneficence, had engaged the Man in the Moon, with an immense horn lantern, to be the guide of such desolate spinsters as could do no better for themselves. But a blast of the rising tempest blew out all their lights in the twinkling of an eye. How, in the darkness that ensued, the guests contrived to get back to earth, or whether the greater part of them contrived to get back at all, or are still wandering among clouds, mists, and puffs of tempestuous wind, bruised by the beams and rafters of the overthrown castle in the air, and deluded by all sorts of unrealities, are points that concern themselves, much more than the writer or the public. People should think of these matters, before they trust themselves on a pleasure-party into the realm of Nowhere.

EGERIA.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Nor yet, not yet, can I for thee awake a moving strain,
To weave the minstrel's careless rhyme would be a task of pain,
And thou hast never felt the wants that press upon the soul,
When deeper moods with tender awe its buoyancy control;
Hope's gladsome visions to thy mind the world in light array,
And only hues of brilliancy around thy fancy play:
But when the fount within thy breast, now sealed in deep repose,
Shall gush to life and melt thy heart with music as it flows;
When from the lightsome word you turn, and gazing through a tear,
Look earnestly for kindred thoughts and sympathy sincere;
When Admiration can no more from Love thy bosom wean,
And with a holy joy thy heart upon true faith would lean;
When sorrow comes across thy path its brooding shade to throw,
And fires long pent in darkness up send forth a vital glow;
When shrinking from the light away, expanded feeling's tide
Shall to the channels of the soul like hidden waters glide;
When for responsive glances look the eyes that now delight
Only to trace the countless signs of Beauty's gentle might;
When smiles upon thy lip shall play because thy life is blest
With a noble heart's devotedness and a cherished love's behest;
When Duty seems a rule of bliss, and Home a spell of joy—
The precious gold whose wealth redeems the world's most base alloy,
And all the pageants Fame can boast, or Fortune e'er bestow,
Grow dim before the higher good which it is thine to know;
When on thee dawns a sense of all exalted Truth can bring,
And in her atmosphere serene thy spirit folds its wing;
When hallowed grows thy constant thought before affection's shrine,
And all thy winning graces wear its tenderness divine,—
Then, lady, bid me strike my harp, and scorning tricks of art,
I'll breathe a strain whose tone may wake *an echo in thy heart!*

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BLIND JACQUES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

An admirer of M. Eugene Sue, in a letter addressed to him in the *Journal des Débats*, expresses himself profoundly affected by the picture of the Maitre d'Ecole, in the Mysteries of Paris. But, he adds, "another image shapes itself before me—a living personage whom I have seen—an image which contrasts with yours in such a manner as to complete your idea. He is blind, like the Maître d'Ecole; of the common class, and in the possession of all his strength and faculties, in the midst of his misfortune; yet he finds a support where the other finds an abyss; the same loss elevates him which sinks the other to nothing. Every step of the Maître d'Ecole plunges him deeper into bondage and despair; for my hero, every moment that passes is a link fallen from his chain, a shadow chased from his soul. In a word, the one still seeks good; the other, evil: the one loves; the other hates."

The sketch, simple, and drawn from actual life, has in our eyes a touching and beautiful moral. Perhaps something of its force may be preserved in a translation. E. F. E.

About a year since, in the month of December, two men, one young, the other on the verge of old age, were walking along a stony road in one of the villages in the neighborhood of Paris. Coming towards them, and climbing the rough ascent, was a man harnessed to a sort of dray laden with a cask; he held his head down, and beside him walked a little girl of eight years old, holding by the end of the dray. Suddenly one wheel rolled upon an enormous stone, and the dray was nearly overturned on the side next the little girl.

"He is drunk!" cried the young man, rushing towards them; but when he looked into the man's face, he turned back quickly towards his old companion, and said, "He is blind!"

The other motioned him to be silent, came up, and, without a word, laid his hand on that of the drayman, while the little girl smiled roguishly. The blind man raised his head eagerly, his countenance lighted up with an expression of joy, and grasping the hand that touched his, he exclaimed in a tone of emotion—

"Monsieur Desgranges!"

"How!" cried the young man, surprised, "you recognize him by the touch of his hand?"

"I have no need of that; whenever he passes near me, I say to myself, 'That is his step!'"

And pressing the hand to his lips, "It is you again," he cried, "dear M. Desgranges, who have saved me from mischance; it is always you!"

"Why," asked the young man, "do you expose yourself to such accidents by drawing this cask?"

"One must do one's business, Monsieur," replied the drayman, cheerfully.

"Your business?"

"Certainly," answered M. Desgranges. "Jacques is our water-carrier; but I must scold him for going out without his wife to guide him."

"My wife was absent; and I brought the little girl; you see I have done well since I have met you, dear M. Desgranges, and you have assisted me."

"*Allons*, Jacques; finish serving your customers, and afterwards you may come to see me. I am going home."

"Thanks, Monsieur Desgranges! Adieu, monsieur! Adieu ——"

And he went on, drawing his water-cask, while the little girl turned her smiling, rosy face to look at the gentlemen.

"Blind, and a water-carrier!" repeated the young man, as they went on.

"Ah, you wonder at our Jacques, my young friend! Yes, it is something remarkable; but what would you think if you knew his history?"

"Will you tell it me?"

"Willingly. It contains no uncommon events, and no dramatic incidents; but I believe you will be interested, for it is the story of a soul—a noble one—struggling against calamity. You may

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observe how, step by step, the victim climbs out of the abyss, and renews his life; how a crushed heart gradually recovers its vigor, and the helpless man finds he has yet a place in the world."

The friends had arrived at the house of M. Desgranges, when he commenced the story:

"One morning, three years ago, I was walking across the extensive dry plain that separates our village from that of Noisemont, and is partly covered with blasted rocks. I heard a violent explosion; I looked, and at the distance of four or five hundred paces saw a whitish smoke that seemed to rise from a cavity in the ground. Fragments of the rock at the same time were thrown into the air; a moment after, I heard dreadful cries, and a man sprang out of the cavity, and ran across the field like one insane, flinging his arms wildly about, uttering cries of pain, and stumbling almost at every step. His face, as well as I could perceive at a distance, and amidst his rapid movements, seemed covered by a large red mask. I hastened towards him, while from the direction of Noisemont came running men and women, with screams of terror. I was the first to reach the unhappy man; and saw with horror that his whole head was one frightful wound. His skull was laid bare; the skin was torn from his forehead and part of his face; and the blood streamed in torrents from his torn garments. As I took hold of his arm, a woman ran towards him, followed by twenty peasants, exclaiming, 'Jacques, Jacques! is it thou? I know thee not, Jacques!' The unfortunate man answered not, but struggled to escape from our hands, and as he did so, scattered the blood in every direction. 'Ah! ah!' cried the woman, in a voice of heart-rending anguish, 'it is he!' She had recognized him by a large silver pin that fastened his shirt.

"It was indeed her husband, the father of three children, a poor miner, who, in blasting a rock, had received the whole explosion in his face, and was blinded, mutilated, perhaps mortally wounded.

"He was carried home. I was obliged the same day to leave for a month's absence; but I sent him our doctor, a man who united the scientific knowledge of the city practitioners to the kindness of a country physician. On my return, when I asked him how was the blind man, he answered: 'He is lost. His wounds are healed; his head is uninjured; only his sight is gone; but he will not live. Despair will kill him. "I shall never see again!" is all he says continually. I fear that an internal inflammation has already begun.'

"I hastened to the invalid; I shall never forget the sight that presented itself. He was seated on a wooden stool beside the chimney, in which there was no fire, a white handkerchief bound over his eyes; on the ground was lying, asleep, an infant three months old; a little girl, four years of age, was playing in the ashes; another, a little older, was shivering in the opposite corner; and at the other side of the room, his wife was seated on the bed, pale, emaciated, her arms hanging down. There was more of misery in this scene than met the eye. The conviction struck on my heart, that perhaps for hours not a word had been uttered in this abode of despair. The wife sat listless, and seemed no longer to care for anything in the world. They were not merely unhappy; they had lost all hope. At the sound of my footsteps, as I entered, both rose, but without speaking.

"'You are the blind man of the quarry?' I asked.

"'Yes! Monsieur.'

"'I have come to see you.'

"'Thanks, Monsieur.'

"'You have suffered a great misfortune.'

"'Yes! Monsieur.'

"His voice was cold, and betrayed no emotion. He answered mechanically. He expected nothing from any one in the world. I said something of public sympathy, and of aid to be extended.

"'Aid!' exclaimed the woman, in a kind of desperation; 'they owe us aid, indeed! We *ought* to be relieved, for we have done nothing to deserve such a stroke as this! My children *must not* be suffered to die of hunger!'

"She asked no charity; she claimed succor as a right. This imperious appeal touched me more forcibly than any lamentations she could have employed; and I emptied into my hand some pieces of silver from my purse; but her husband answered, in a tone of

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sullen despair, 'Let them die, the children, since I am never to see again!' There is a singular power in the tones of the human voice. I dropped my money again into my purse; I was ashamed to offer this chance aid; I felt that it was necessary to give more than a mere alms; that money could not restore contentment to that hearth. I returned home with my resolution fixed."

"But what could you do for them?" asked his young friend.

"What could I do?" replied M. Desgranges; "what could I do? Fifteen days after that interview, Jacques was saved; in a year he was in a way of earning his own support; and now he sings at his work."

"But how was this done?"

"How? By a means very natural: by —— but stay, I think I hear him coming; yes, it is he. I will leave him to tell you himself his simple history. It will touch you more from his lips; it will embarrass me less, and his earnest and cordial manner will complete the effect of the narration."

A noise was heard without, of some one drawing off his sabots at the door, and presently a light knock was heard.

"Come in, Jacques."

He entered with his wife.

"I have brought Julienne this time, dear M. Desgranges; the poor woman is so happy to see you again for a little while."

"It is very well, Jacques: sit down."

He advanced, feeling before him with his stick, so that he should not run against any of the chairs, and having found one, seated himself. He was young, and of a slight figure, but strongly made. His dark hair curled over an open and expansive forehead. His features were prepossessing, and animated by a cheerful expression, particularly when he showed his white teeth in smiling. His wife remained standing just behind him.

"Jacques," said M. Desgranges; "here is one of my good friends who wished much to see you."

"He is an excellent person since he is your friend."

"You must talk with him while I go to see my geraniums; but you must not be sad; remember, I have forbidden that."

"No, no! my dear friend!"

This expression of affection struck the young man; and, after his friend had gone out, he approached the blind visiter.

"You love M. Desgranges?"

"Do I love him?" repeated the blind man, impetuously. "Monsieur! he saved me from hell! I was lost; my children had no bread; I was dying of despair; he saved me!"

"He gave you money?"

"Money! what is that? Everybody gives money! Yes! he nourished and clothed us; he made a collection of five hundred francs. But all that is nothing. It is he who healed my heart!"

"And how?"

"By his good words, Monsieur! Yes! he, a person so excellent and honorable, he came every day to my poor hovel; he sat down on my bench and talked with me, for an hour, two hours, that he might make me happy."

"What did he say to you?"

"I cannot tell; I am but a stupid fellow; and you must ask him to repeat what he said; but it was all about things I had never heard of before. He spoke to me of the good God better than a priest. It was he who taught me how to sleep again!"

"How was that?"

"I had not had a night's sleep for two months, for whenever I began to doze, I would awake, saying to myself, 'Jacques, thou art blind!' and then my head would whirl and whirl like a madman's; and that was killing me. One morning he came in—that dear friend—and said to me: 'Jacques, do you believe in God? Well, to-night, when you strive in vain to sleep, and the idea of your misfortune takes hold of your mind, repeat a prayer aloud, then two, or three, and you shall see that you will go to sleep.'"

"Yes!" said his wife, with her calm voice; "the good God then gave him sleep."

"That is not all, Monsieur! I was going to kill myself! I said, 'Jacques, thou art useless to thy family; thou art a burden; a sick woman in the house!' But *he* said, 'Is it not you who still support your family? Had you not been blind, would any one have given them five hundred francs?'

"'That is true, M. Desgranges.'

"'If you had not been blind, would

any one have taken care of your children?'

"'True, Monsieur!'

"'If you had not been blind, would you have been loved so much as you are?'

"'True, Monsieur, it is true!'

"'Observe, Jacques, every family has to bear some misfortune. Disaster is like the rain; something of it must fall on every head. If you were not blind, your wife would, perhaps, be an invalid, or you would lose one of your children; in place of that, it is you, my poor friend, who have all the suffering; they are spared.'

"'True, true!' and I began to feel less depressed; I felt happy to suffer for them. Afterwards he said, 'My dear Jacques, misfortune is man's greatest enemy or his best friend. There are persons whom it renders wicked; there are others whom it makes better. I wish it would cause you to love everybody; to be so kind, so grateful, so affectionate, that when people are talking of the good, they may say, "As good as the poor blind man of Noisemont. That will serve as a portion to your daughter."' Thus he gave me courage to be unhappy."

"Yes! but when he was not with you?"

"Ah! when he was not there, I had, indeed, very gloomy moments; I thought of my eyes, and of the blessing of sight. Ah!" Jacques continued mournfully, "if God should permit me ever to see again, I would never lose a moment of the precious daylight!"

"Jacques, Jacques!" said his wife.

"You are right, Julienne! He has forbidden me to be sorrowful. He always observed it, Monsieur. Would you believe, whenever my head has been bad during the night, and he comes in the morning, at the first glance he always says, 'Jacques, you have been thinking of that;' and then he scolds me, that dear friend that he is."

"Yes," added the blind man, with a smile, "and I like to hear him, for he cannot speak harshly even if he would."

"And how came you to think of making yourself a water-carrier?"

"It was he who thought of it. How should I have any ideas? I was cured of my great distress, but I began to be weary of myself. Only thirty-two years old, and to sit all day upon a bench! Then he undertook to instruct me, and told me a great many Bible histories; the history of Joseph, of David, and many others; which he made me repeat after him. But my head was hard, for it had not been used to learn; and I grew every day more weary of my arms and legs.'

"And he tormented us all like a *loup garou*," said his wife, laughing.

"All true;" answered the husband, also laughing. "I became wicked. Then *he* came to me, and said, 'Jacques, I must put you to work.' I showed him my poor burned hands. 'I know it; I have bought you a stock in trade.' 'Me! Monsieur Desgranges?' 'Yes, Jacques, a stock where you need deposit nothing, and yet you will always find merchandise.' 'It has cost you much, Monsieur!' 'Nothing at all, mon garçon.' 'Where is it?' 'In the river." 'The river! Will you have me turn fisherman?' 'No, you shall carry water.' 'Carry water? but my eyes!' 'What do you want with them?' said he. 'Have the brewers' horses any? When one has them, they do service; when one has them not, one must do without them. Allons, you shall be a water-carrier.' 'But a cask?' 'I will provide one for you.' 'But a dray?' 'I have ordered one from the wheelwright.' 'But customers?' 'I will give you my custom in the first place, eighteen francs a month; (that dear friend! he paid as dear for water as wine!) and besides, I will have no more said about it; I have dismissed my water-carrier, and you would not have my wife and me die of thirst! That dear Madame Desgranges, indeed! Go, mon garçon, in three days, to work! and you, Madame Jacques, come along!' and he took Julienne—"

"Yes, monsieur," interrupted the woman, "he took me, and put on the leather straps, and harnessed me; we were quite bewildered, Jacques and I. But who can hold back against Monsieur Desgranges? At the end of three days there we were; Jacques harnessed and drawing the cart with his cask of water, and I following and directing him how to go! We were ashamed at first as we went through the village, as if we had done something wrong; it seemed that everybody was going to laugh at us; but there was M. Desgranges in the street, crying, 'Allons, Jacques, courage!'

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we went on; and in the evening he put into our hands a small piece of silver, saying—"

"Saying," cried the blind man, with emotion, 'Jacques, here are twenty sous which you have *earned* to-day.' Earned, monsieur, think of that! Earned! And for the last fifteen months I had been eating the bread of charity! It is good to receive from good persons, truly; but the bread earned by one's own hands, let it be never so coarse, nourishes the best! I was no longer a useless person, a burthen! but a workman! Jacques earns his living!" A kind of rapture spread itself over his face.

"How!" asked the young man, 'does this occupation bring you enough to live upon?"

"Not entirely, monsieur; I have yet another business."

"Another business?"

"Oh, yes! the river is sometimes frozen over, and the water-carriers, as M. Desgranges says, have but poor encouragement; he has given me a business for winter as well as summer."

"A business for winter!"

At this moment M. Desgranges came in; Jacques heard him, and asked, "Is it not true, monsieur, that I have another business besides that of carrying water?"

"Certainly."

"And what?"

"He is a wood-sawyer."

"A wood-sawyer? How is that possible? How can you measure the length of the sticks, or manage the saw? or cut the wood without hurting yourself?"

"Hurting myself, monsieur?" repeated the blind man, with a look of honest pride; "you shall hear. In the first place, I used to saw wood, and I understood the business; the rest I have learned. Suppose a quantity of wood under the shed, at the left; my saw and knee-covering before me; and the wood to be sawn in three pieces. I take a string; I cut it one-third the length of the wood; there is a measure. I am careful and expert; and so I saw a good part of the wood used in the village."

"Besides," added M. Desgranges, "he is a capital messenger."

"A messenger?" repeated the young man, surprised.

"Yes, monsieur; when I have a message to carry to Melun, I take my little girl on my shoulders, and away we go! She sees for me; I walk for her; and those who meet me, say, There is a man who has his eyes very high! to which I answer, It is to see the further. And in the evening I come home with twenty sous more in my pocket."

"Are you not afraid of stumbling against the stones?"

"I lift my feet high enough to avoid them; and now that I am used to it, I come often, from Noisemont hither, alone."

"Alone! How do you find your way?"

"I take the wind when I start from home, and that serves me for the sun."

"But the puddles?"

"I know them."

"The walls?"

"I feel them. When I come near anything solid, monsieur, the air is less fresh against my face. Not that I always escape some pretty hard knocks; for example, when a handcart is left standing in the street, and I come upon it without warning! But, bah! what matters that? Then I have been so unlucky as to lose myself—as the day before yesterday ——"

"You have not told me of that, Jacques," said M. Desgranges.

"I was very much puzzled, my dear friend. While I was here, the wind changed; I was not aware of it, and kept on my course, till, at the end of a quarter of an hour, I found I had lost myself somewhere on the plain of Noisemont. You know the plain; not a house—not a passer-by; I dared not stir. I sat down on the ground, and listened; after a few moments I heard at a short distance the sound of running water. I said to myself, It is the river! I groped my way, guided by the sound; I came to the water; it was the river. By dipping in my hand, I thought I could find which way the water ran. Then I could follow it, and come home."

"Bravo, Jacques!"

"Ah, the water was so low, and the current so weak, I could not feel it against my hand. I put in the end of my stick, but it did not move. I scratched my head, bewildered; then cried, I am a fool! where is my hand-

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kerchief? I tied it on the end of my stick, dropped it in the water, and found that it moved slowly, very slowly, to the right! Noisemont was on the right! I arrived there safely, just as Julienne was beginning to be anxious about me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young man, "this is admira——" But M. Desgranges checked him hastily, and leading him to the other end of the room, whispered, "Silence! do not corrupt by a thought of pride the simplicity of this honest man. Observe, how calm and tranquil is his face, after the story which has affected you. Do not spoil him by admiration."

"It is most touching!" replied he in a low voice.

"Truly; and yet that does not constitute his superiority. A thousand blind men might have been ingenious in finding resources; there are no limits to the devices of the human mind; but this is a work of the heart. It is the heart that, in this case, opened itself so quickly to elevating consolations. It was the heart which reconciled him to his unfortunate lot—which accepted a new life. Be not led into error; it is not I who have saved him; it is his affection for me. His warm gratitude has filled his being, and sustained him; he is restored, because he has loved!"

At this moment Jacques rose softly, hearing their voices, and with a kind of delicate discretion, said to his wife,

"Let us go, without making any noise."

"You are going, Jacques?"

"I interrupt you, my dear M. Desgranges."

"No, stay longer," said his benefactor, and approached, cordially extending his hand. The blind man seized and pressed it to his breast.

"My dear, kind friend!" he cried, "you permit me to stay longer with you! you know how happy it makes me to be with you. Whenever I am melancholy, I say to myself, Jacques, the good God, because thou hast suffered much, will perhaps place thee in the same paradise with Monsieur Desgranges, and the thought gives me joy again."

The young man laughed, in spite of himself, at this expression of regard.

"You laugh, Monsieur? And is it not he who has made Jacques a man again? I have never seen him, but his image is always before me. Oh, if God should ever give me my eyes again, I would gaze upon him always, like the sun, till he said to me, 'Jacques, go away, thou weariest me!' but he would not say so, he is too good."

"Jacques! Jacques!" said M. Desgranges gravely, interrupting him. But the blind man went on:

"I rejoice when I know he is in the village; I dare not come hither as often as I wish, but I pass before the house, which always stands there; and when he is gone on a journey, I make Julienne lead me to the plain of Noisemont, and bid her turn me in the direction in which he has gone, that I may breathe the same air with him."

M. Desgranges placed his hand on his mouth, but Jacques escaped from the restraint.

"You are right, Monsieur Desgranges; my mouth is a fool, it is only my heart that can speak. Come, wife," continued he, gaily, and wiping away the tears that rolled from his sightless eyeballs, "we must go and get supper for the young ones. Adieu, my dear, kind friend! Adieu, Monsieur ——"

And he went out, feeling before him with his stick. As he put his hand upon the latch M. Desgranges called him back.

"I have a piece of news yet that will please you, Jacques," said he. "I had intended to leave the village this year, but I have just agreed upon a lease of five years with my landlady."

"There, Julienne," said the blind man turning to his wife; "did I not tell thee he intended to go away?"

"How did you know it? I forbade every one to say anything to you about it."

"Yes—but "— he placed his hand upon his heart, "*this* informed me. I heard a few words, a month ago, which caused me some trouble in my mind; and then, Monsieur, last Sunday, your landlady called me, and spoke to me in a manner much more kind and friendly than usual. Afterwards I said to my wife, 'now I know that Monsieur Desgranges is certainly going to leave us, that woman wanted to *console me*.'"

Jacques departed a few moments after.

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LAY OF THE IMPRISONED KNIGHT; OR, THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

KNIGHT.

Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her flowing hair.
And in these dreary walls I pine,
Or I would make the treasure mine;
But be it squire, or be it knight,
Who brings it here to me,
Behold this jewel, blazing bright,
His guerdon it shall be.

THE ROSE.

Beneath thy grated window's seat,
Beneath thy castle wall,
I bloom amid my kindred sweet,
The sweetest of them all.
And surely, then, Sir Knight, 'tis I
For whom thy wishes long,
For whom they draw the weary sigh,
For whom they wake the song.

KNIGHT.

To thee, when vernal zephyrs blow,
The sweetest breath was given;
The brightest hue that decks the bow
That spans the arch of heaven.
Thy tints may bloom on beauty's brow
As radiant as her own;
But, lovely rose, it is not thou
For whom I make my moan.

THE LILY.

Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plain;
The lily's humbler charms surpassed
The pomp of Judah's reign.
Each heart where virtuous passions rise,
And chaste emotions lie,
May learn, Sir Knight, like you, to prize
The flower of purity.

KNIGHT.

This heart is pure, this hand is clear,
I boast them free from stain;
Yet while one beats in prison here,
The other's might is vain.
And, lovely flower, the image thou
Of virgin beauty's form,
But, ah! thy drooping petals bow
Before December's storm.

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THE CARNATION.

The warder of this haughty tower
Has rear'd me into day;
And well the proud carnation's flower
The cares of man repay.
In Flora's thousand glories dressed,
My varied petals bloom;
And well the loaded gales attest
Their burdens of perfume.

KNIGHT.

Yes, fostered by the care of man,
In sunshine or in shade,
The peasant rears thee as he can,
Or views thee droop and fade.
A flower which fears not winter's harms,
The ills that wait on you,
Of lowly and of native charms,
My wishes still pursue.

THE VIOLET.

From the far covert of the grove
All humble I implore;
If such, Sir Knight, the flower you love,
Thy weary search is o'er.
No peasant's hand may e'er invade,
To culture or to kill,
The shelter of the wild wood's shade
That skirts the distant hill.

KNIGHT.

Thy modest beauties well I prize,
Retiring from the view,
Pure as the light of beauty's eyes,
And of their azure hue.
Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultured ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride
The flower I seek is found.

Where time on Sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious blot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-Me-Not.
And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her flowing hair.

H. M. M.

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HORNE'S NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

The attempt to daguerreotype, as it were, the living features of the most distinguished men of the age, is no slight one: it implies boldness, at least, if it does not argue presumption. With this charge Hazlitt was not unjustly attacked by the Edinburgh Review, on the appearance of his own brilliant gallery of portraits, bearing the same title as that which appears as the caption to this paper. Mr. Horne has modelled his book indirectly on that of Hazlitt, and with the same characteristic confidence, has far less of almost every other quality that distinguished the author of Table Talk, except those most laudable virtues of sincerity and a love of the truth. Mr. Horne cannot lay claim to the brilliancy or the acuteness of his master, though he is sometimes ingenious (his attempts at declamation are often insufferably absurd): but when he aims to hit the gist of a question, to get at the truth, he is generally sound and sensible. He fails much rather in excess of eulogy, than of censure,—a generous fault, that does but little harm. Yet his book is full of defects, most of which consist rather in omission than in performance. The title is a striking one, and promises a good deal; does it accomplish as much? is it satisfactory? That must be our first inquiry; for from a book of this kind, one is inclined to look for a bird's-eye view of contemporary literature (if not of science, also); and at the same time for spirited and faithful individual characters. Detached sketches of this sort attract much more attention than similar portraitures in a long work; and also infer more reliance in the moral painter. In Clarendon, in Burnet, in Gibbon, or in Hume, we expect finished miniatures; but if either of these masters of the historical style had given us only separate pictures, we should have required more labor and pains than we expect to be bestowed on the incidental character drawing which must frequently occur in a long history. In a portrait, we require more than merely a head, which occurs in a great historical painting. From the very fact, then, of their isolated position, these portraits challenge attention, and seem to invite criticism. Thus it appeared to us with regard to the Spirit of the Age formerly, and with this New Spirit of the Age now. At best, it is an awkward method of writing. The manner of writing is a mixed mode. You have portrait, essay and criticism in one sketch. Now we look in a portrait for nothing else, yet strict adherence to pure character writing would too much diminish the size of the book—consequently metaphysical disquisition is introduced, in order to increase it. The style of these sketches, too, is apt to become, from the nature of the subject, a little ambitious, sometimes inflated, and frequently altogether vicious. This is true more particularly of Hazlitt. Mr. Horne is a much plainer writer, when he writes from his good sense, but his attempts at fine writing are often simply ridiculous. Let any one read the last page of the last paper in the volume if he doubts our judgment, or suspects a want of appreciation. Perhaps, after all, however, we are not rightly situated to estimate fairly this kind of writing. For ten years we have dealt pretty extensively in this sort of wares. Literary criticism has been our *hobby*,—a little over-ridden of late,—and we must confess we begin to tire of the trade. Say what we may, there is a certain *cant* of criticism—a species of scholastic slang, into which one is apt to fall. We get after a while into the habit of reading books almost solely for the sake of writing upon them, and lose all relish for works that do not make a constant appeal to the judgment, and critical analysis. Short, incidental critiques, written from fullness of knowledge, in a sincere and hearty spirit, and with a clear eye, are certain-

* "A New Spirit of the Age." Edited by R. H. Horne; pp. 360: New York, J. C. Riker, 1844.

ly more grateful than long, formal, set criticisms; yet we have commenced the task, and will conclude it as we best can.

There are certain obvious defects in the book, and, as it is our first duty, so it will be our aim, to attempt a fair measure of that. The title is a misnomer — the leading portraits, with few exceptions, are of those who belong at least as much to Hazlitt's period as to that to which Mr. Horne professes to have confined himself. They are of the last age of authorship. And of the living writers many are barely clever writers, pleasant authors, to be sure, but very far from ranking with the controlling minds of the period. Great inequality, not only in kind but of degree also, is to be found among many who are here placed on the same level; much the same thing as if in the official list of the officers of the army, Captains, Generals, Majors, and Corporals, were classed together in the same rank. Dickens, Bulwer, Macaulay, Carlyle, are leading intellects—represent certain classes of literature, of which they stand at the head, but Mary Howitt (delightful as she is in her best and earliest books), is by no means of the same order of mind, and belongs, in fact, to a much lower grade: neither is the author of the Ingoldsby Legends, nor, at least, one-half the names that might be mentioned, entitled to such a standing and consideration as their position in the book implies. In a volume of portraits of the leading minds of the age, those only should be included whose efforts really leave their mark behind them, giving the age its form and pressure. To tell the truth, the book was not wanted, whence arises no small portion of dissatisfaction. Hazlitt had painted the portraits of the brilliant and judicious of his age, like another Titian, to which but very few new names ought to be added. The selection, too, has been unfortunate; some of the best names having been omitted. Thus Lord Ashley and Dr. Southwood Smith, most worthy in their sphere, still do not represent the literary character of the present day. Neither do several of the illustrious obscure among the poetic favorites of Mr. Horne, who appears to cherish these poetic failures, out of misplaced benevolence and unwise sympathy. Very many clever men ought never to appear in a work like this, which should be devoted to their masters. Sydney Smith, Hook, Hunt, Landor, Wordsworth, belong to the past. Hazlitt, singularly enough, did not include the witty Canon of St. Paul's, while he sketched the features of Jeffrey, Gifford, Brougham, and Southey. Strange omissions, too, may be noted; thus we have a half dozen mediocre poets,—and the manly Elliott is omitted—undoubtedly a true poet of the people, a genuine product of this century; we should add Clare's to the name of Elliott. Not a word of Miss Edgeworth, the head of the Irish novelists, in a professed paper on them. Hazlitt gives us Bentham, that original representative of the Utilitarians, yet Horne does not give us John Mill, his adherent and disciple. Many bright periodical writers, as Foster of the Examiner, the best literary critic of the English press, are passed over in silence; so, too, of the clever magazinists, of the writers in the Penny Magazine and Penny Cyclopedia, &c. The new school of translators, with Mrs. Austin, is not alluded to. If Lord Ashley is introduced, the excellent and able Horner ought to be, also. Not one historian is mentioned. Not a syllable of Mr. Hallam, Sharon Turner, Dr. Lingard, Sir Francis Palgrave, &c., though these writers have confessedly founded a new school of history, and given a new face to the Anglo-Saxon history, to the constitutional history of England, and to the history of the English Church.

Pusey and Puseyism might be omitted, without any detriment to a fair view of the literary character of the age, but if the subject is at all introduced, these names should be added to his—Newman, Keble and Palmer—men, writers and disciples perhaps writing under and after him, yet much his superiors. The Oxford school of historians, poets and preachers, is at least as characteristic as the Irish school of novelists. We do not so much complain that a sufficient number of writers are not mentioned, as we do that some are, who might be much better passed over, and who fill the place of better men. The writers are strangely grouped together: in one paper, for instance, Sydney Smith, Fonblanque, and Douglas Jerrold; in another, Hood and Theodore Hook—upon what principle of selection these authors are so inti-

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mately conjoined we cannot understand. They are all men of wit, and writers in whom that quality is prominent and characteristical. Yet their wit is individual, and of the most opposite characters. One is a divine, the second a journalist, the third a miscellaneous writer; of the two last named the first is a generous and kindly humorist, the last a coarse and vulgar satirist. One is the last of the old line of clerical satirists, another is a sharp, shrewd, political wit, the third is a lively painter of manners and moral satirist. Between Tom Hood and Theodore Hook, there is the least possible sympathy: Hood, a poet of fine fancy, a wit, as a punster unmatched, with keen sense and fresh feeling, and a general humorist of the best class. Hook, an acute man of the world, a clever painter of vulgarity and high life, and a violent partizan writer, overflowing with abuse and virulence.

This work, too, labors under the defect of being a professed continuation (always a heavy drawback) and also a close imitation. It is true the imitation is confined chiefly to the manner of handling, yet the matter is in most cases hardly worthy of it. Too much has been attempted altogether. Too wide a range was at first marked out, and the filling up, is, consequently meagre. Yet the volume has certain general merit. It is in the main fair and judicious; some of the slighter sketches being extremely well done. The notices of Ainsworth and Satan Montgomery are very clever and no less true. The judgments passed on the novelists are very well *executed*. The merits of Tennyson are enthusiastically, and in a spirit of true appreciative criticism, brought forward. So much for the work itself. We shall by no means attempt to re-write the separate portraits, nor hope to comprise, in a few pages, a general view of contemporary English literature; we will only endeavor to depict the striking features of a few of the leading men of the day, with incidental limnings of inferior artists. The most popular literature of the day is that for those who read purely for amusement—the Novels; and that for those who would blend something of learning with relaxation, who would unite history, philosophic speculation, and criticism with wit, eloquence and argument, in a word—the Review. We shall, therefore, present pencil-sketches of Dickens and Bulwer, Carlisle and Macaulay, with a few pen and ink touches of other profiles. Mr. Horne leads off with Dickens [the whole series may be likened to a contra-dance, in which the most opposite characters are distinguished by antithetical contrast].

From his vast popularity, no less than his merit and success, the name of Dickens occurs first in a list of contemporary writers. He is undoubtedly the best living novelist. Yet his merits, great as they are, are not unaccompanied by striking defects, and it is our object now, rather to notice these since these have been so warmly advocated and frankly recognized. In his best works even, and in the humorous portions of them, he is very apt to run into caricature. His muse is riant and oversteps the modesty of nature. He is often compared with Hogarth, whom in many respects he resembles [perhaps the reader is not aware that the novelist is married to a grand-daughter of the great artist, a fit conjunction in the aristocracy of genius—the only genuine aristocracy]; yet, we make bold to suggest a much closer resemblance to Cruikshank. In this parallel, we by no means intend to depreciate the novelist, nor exaggerate the talent of the admirable artist. Cruikshank is, in his walk, unrivalled, and comes much closer to Hogarth, in our judgment, than Dickens himself. Yet in both writer and artist, there are, compared with Hogarth, similar deficiencies; a want of substantial force and richness of materials—something too much of sketchiness and comparative meagreness, with a similar tendency to extravagance and burlesque. The paper on Dickens is very full and genial—overflowing with admiration and full of ingenious observation. From this we would wish to detract little. Dickens is *primus inter primos*, yet by no means *facile princeps*, among the writers of the day. He has many clever rivals, still he surpasses them all in the aggregate. Lover, Lever, and Jerrold singly, may give inferior writers "pause," yet Dickens is a match for the whole body. He has been compared to Le Sage, to Scott, to Irving; yet we think he has not been fairly dealt with by those who would write either his eulogium or a libel. He has

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not the infinite variety of adventure that marks Gil Blas, a Spanish novel, albeit its author was a Frenchman. He has not the historical resources of Scott, nor his wide reading. The modern Smollett makes fresh draughts of life from nature and is little of a mere scholar, if we may judge from his writings. His style wants the elaborate finish of Irving, whose classic taste distinguishes him as almost the sole Addisonian writer of the day. Dickens has certainly greater exuberance and richness of materials than Irving, but he cannot finish a picture with such elaborate care and attention. Let the reader compare, for instance, the best separate sketches of the two writers, and he will find the individual pictures and scenes of the earlier writer the most delicate. Compared with the novelists, our classic humorist is a cabinet-painter, confined entirely to miniatures or cabinet pictures; still in them he unites the fidelity of Dennon to the rich coloring of Stuart Newton. The story of Ichabod Crane, the Country Choir, Rip Van Winkle, and other master-pieces, rise at once to view. Knickerbocker and Salmagundi contain more of extravaganza and purely grotesque description, while the later tales (delightful as they are) betray evident imitation of Addison and Goldsmith. In character, dramatic force, vivacity and copiousness, however, there can be no comparison. Still, though less striking and abundant, we believe Irving's humor (from the magic of his style) will probably outlast the more flaunting works of more popular authors, in the same line. Dickens has much, however, beside his humor to recommend him; although it was that quality by which he first gained the ear of the public, and that, upon which he must mainly rely for more popularity. He has almost always a moral purpose, to expose hypocrisy, awaken honest indignation, or excite the too often dull and latent feeling of humanity. He has, in general, manliness of sentiment in spite of a sentimentality he is obliged to assume, from its exceeding popularity. The public at large has no perception of delicate feeling and not much idea of the simplicity of deep sentiment—in writing. A weak sentimentality too often usurps its place, more agreeable to the public palate and more congenial to the common mind.

Our author, notwithstanding, sometimes draws honest tears of generous sympathy, for the weak subjects of oppression and wrong. He would assist the struggling and defend the oppressed. He would animate all. Man is dear to him, as his fellow, and he would aid him as his friend. Of the special attacks of Dickens upon our country, we think they must furnish in themselves a sufficient punishment for him. They convict him of meanness and ingratitude—the lowest, and one of the highest crimes a man can be guilty of. In the same book, there are still admirable things, as the account of his voyage is as good in its way, as Rabelais' description of a storm at sea. His accounts too, of the public institutions he visited, are no less excellent. But his social pictures are not only unfair, but much worse. In truth, Dickens was not the proper judge of our state of society, nor of any class of company above the common. To be a judge of good manners, or a gentleman, it is not sufficient merely to be able to depict the opposite style. A comic writer is not, necessarily, a gentleman or a man of feeling. The author was essentially a cockney; his dress betrayed him: (the flash vest, long hair, corded pantaloons, watch guard, &c.) his manners, phrases, and air. Always fond of describing such characters, he is not altogether without a strong fellow feeling for them, that generally makes us so wondrous kind. These are among his best sketches, the Benjamin Allens, Dick Swivellers, and the like. All personal defects and literary sins, however, we consider expiated by the last production of Mr. Dickens—his charming Christmas Carol, a work which does honor to human nature. It is a noble work, in every point of view, and together with Oliver Twist, the best caricatures in Pickwick and Nickleby, insures a permanent reputation for its author. It is a work calculated to open the heart closed to the dull moan of human suffering, and extend the sympathies of those, who have centered all feeling in the narrowest possible circle, of which self is the centre.

Mr. Horne's estimate of Dickens, appears to us, after all, exaggerated. Yet we believe it sincere. Tried by a

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high standard, the admirer of Dickens must abate somewhat of his admiration. Compared with Fielding and Smollett, Dickens is but 'eldest apprentice in the (their) school of art.' With all his superiority of fullness and dialogue, he has great artistic defects, no less than genius inferior to theirs. He cannot, Mr. Horne admits, construct a plot for a long work, nor conduct a fictitious history with Fielding's matchless skill. Neither has he the metaphysical nicety and philosophic skill in discriminating character of the prose-Homer of human nature. Smollett, too, is his master in other things. In warmth and vigor of sentiment, in certain individual characters that are to be regarded as types of humanity, in romantic adventure, in episodes, in *true humor*, in scholarship. In pure style, too, exactly adapted to his subjects, Smollett's is the best. In one line of writing, the descriptions of sea life, Smollett was the first, and is still, the best—who but he has painted a Trunnion, a Pipes, a Bowling, &c.; not Cooper, not Marryatt, not the French marine novelists. A single chapter of Roderick Random is worth a half volume of the successors of Smollett, in this way of writing. Almost the poorest work of Smollett contains characters and writing, equal to the best of Dickens. If any one doubts our judgment let him read for himself. The rapidity of Dickens' pen does not allow him to cherish the excellences of style (that charm of manner, which has enriched and preserved often quite inferior matter). We doubt, for this reason, if even the finest of Dickens' productions will outlast the Vicar of Wakefield—a specimen of the miniature novel which Schlegel pronounces the best ever written. We may be thought very old-fashioned for our retrospective admiration, but time thus far has proved an argument in our favor. Dr. Moore (author of Zeluco, &c.) preferred by Burns to Addison and Sterne, is a respectable competitor with Dickens. Yet, we would place Dickens, from the affluence of his mind, above the two last and immediately next below Smollett—a position, we feel that he ought to be satisfied with.

By way of pendant or rather contrast, we subjoin a portrait of Bulwer, which we wrote some years ago and previously to the appearance of his last two works, in our judgment incomparably his best. This jeu d'esprit of criticism was pronounced at the time by the North American Review (for April, 1840), as, containing "more truth in a short space, upon the works of that great mystagogue of modern frivolity and nonsense, than we have elsewhere seen." Though this notice is far more flattering than in sooth, we must confess, the very slight sketch deserves, still we quote it in part apology for employing the same materials. We are not aware, however, that we should materially alter the judgment expressed, though certain expressions ought to be modified, which the just reader can manage for himself:

"No contemporary writer surpasses Mr. Bulwer, either in pretension or popularity. The admirable successor of Smollett and Fielding, Mr. Dickens, equals him in the last respect, but is withal, a very modest man—for an author. The first named gentleman is the most successful of literary impostors, having palmed off more absurdity and nonsense on the public than any other writer of the present day. Possessing one quality alone in perfection, he has obtained, from a skilful exercise of it, the credit of possessing all others. Were we weak enough to be deluded by the baits he holds out in his prefaces, we should have considered him the most original of writers, as well as the profoundest of philosophers. He speaks of analyzing certain passions and painting characters, as if no one before had ever succeeded before in similar attempts. He will show how faulty other writers have been, to infer his own superiority—building his own reputation on the ruins and fragments of other writers, like those modern architects who would erect edifices of stone from the defaced statues of antiquity.

"As a writer of fiction, Mr. Bulwer has attempted much: let us see what he has really accomplished. In what has he succeeded, or in what failed? His failures, in our estimate, predominate so greatly, that we will begin with them.

"His chief *characters* are, lovers, students, fine gentlemen, men of the world. and public personages. The first are anything but true and sincere; they are, rather, elegant libertines. His students, intended, as we suppose, as representatives of their author under different phases—are good critics enough, and shrewd observers, but feverish in their aspirations, and misanthropic. His fine gentlemen and men of the world, are well drawn; this is his forte, and he executes it *con amore*. He is strongest in delineating

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heartlessness and worldly folly. Of late, since he has been elevated into public life, he has conceived a great passion for describing public men. An intense egotism pervades all his characters. He draws from himself, we suspect, for most of his materials; and from the singleness of his own character, there results a great sameness in all his works. His egotism, too, is not of the frank, relying nature of the great old writers, but it is an uneasy composition of artificial modesty and irritable vanity. All of the *dramatis personæ* are cut after the same pattern, and made from the same block; each one of a class resembles all the others of the same class. Their sentiments are provided for the occasion—second-hand, not of spontaneous growth; they sit awkwardly on them.

"His *philosophy* is borrowed from the French; his head is filled with maxims drawn from the moralists of that nation, and from Latin writers. He is a great admirer of Helvetius—a sensualist, a glittering, paradoxical sophist. He is a Frenchman in disguise, with nothing of the Englishman about him; without the brilliancy of the former, and certainly, destitute of the solidity of the latter. His intellect is of an intermediate quality between the two. He affects the metaphysical critic and speculatist; but is a most shallow theorist in morals, though nice in discriminating artificial characters, and their governing motives. His morality is most dangerous in its tendency, and licentious to the core. He is thought very philosophical by those who study metaphysics in works of fiction—the last resort of 'divine philosophy.'

"In point of *style*, he is mechanical, elaborate, strained, and tedious. There is no easy current or plain groundwork; everything is perked into the reader's face. He writes as one who reads everything in an emphatic tone. All his sentences ought to be printed in capitals, for he tries to be startling in every phrase. He has no repose—no calm—no dignity. He has striking observations, but seems to care little about their truth. His style is partly French, partly German, and slightly English. In his epigrammatic passages, which are his best, he is French; in his rhapsodies, where he drops down plump into the region of bombast, he is German; and in his prefaces, where he aims at elegant criticism, he is a writer of most slovenly English. His familiarity is labored and heavy, his trifling ridiculous and silly. To trifle with elegance is a nice art, and Mr. Bulwer cannot acquire it; the more eagerly he pursues it, the worse he writes. He is utterly deficient in humor; and the semblance of wit he has is a certain smartness, the effect of style. He has none of Irving's fine description and nice skill in the conduct of his narratives. He is a great admirer of Tom Jones: why not study that perfect narrative?—perfect, at least, as a work of art. His story is inharmonious in the management of incident, and abrupt. He has no power of fusion in his mind, and cannot melt down his materials into a continuous whole. Everything stands out by itself—the incidents being the essence of commonplace. His high personages are inflated talkers, his low characters retailers of ribaldry and vulgarity. His essays at eloquence are lamentable instances of sheer rhapsody. What, then, has he? Why, these practical qualities, which carry everything before them: He knows the public taste well; just what it will take; how much it will bear. He has calculated all the chances of imposition, and is familiar with the art of making the most of the very meanest materials. He has tact, and great industry; a very clever compiler of romances. He is a perfect master of all the tricks of authorship and all the devices of book-making. He wants nature and genius, but he has ability and perseverance. No one can deny his general scholarship and critical acumen; but then he has a Frenchman's taste, being easily caught by glitter. The high opinions he entertains of Young, and writers of his description, discovers the tone of his taste vey plainly.

"He is the painter of the fashionable world and of artificial life. He rules supreme in the dress-circle and the saloon. He is a master of badinage and raillery. Into the world of nature he has never found entrance; to natural passion, which, 'masterless, sways us to the mood of what she likes or loathes,' he is an utter stranger. Whenever he assumes enthusiasm—for it never has the appearance of rising out of the subject—he writes with a bastard heat, as different from genuine enthusiasm, as gold leaf is different from pure gold, or as fire painted on the canvass is different from the real element. He wants the lofty dignity of the greatest intellects, but frets and fumes on every occasion, into something like declamation. In fine, he is a skilful literary manufacturer, but will rank with the Capulets twenty years hence. If he lives that length of time, he will outlive his own reputation; and may cry out, if wise, with good-natured Master Betty, in the decline of life, 'Oh, Memory, Memory!' &c."

The remaining novelists of the day

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form much the largest body of popular writers; and, in justice, we should, at least, run through a catalogue of their names. Defects, common to them all, as a class, we mention incidentally. To keep up a very popular name, they must write much and rapidly—a novel a-year is the smallest allowance, while some writers turn out one every four months. They write more than they invent; they would create out of no material, or the most meagre. From nothing, nothing can come; whence the emptiness and verbiage of most modern novels, a defect at least equal to the sins of reviewers, who spin a dozen pages out of what a closer writer could, with ease, have condensed into a single column. We cannot, therefore, be blamed for predicting for most of them a speedy mortality. The classes and varieties of the genus novel are many; there is the novel of fashion, by Mrs. Gore; the sea-tales of Marryatt and Chamier; the historical patchwork of James and Ainsworth; the excellent Irish pictures of Banim, Lover, Lever, &c. Then, we have the sublimated refinements of Mr. Bulwer, the (essential) vulgarities of Mr. Trollope, the fanciful mysticism of Mrs. Shelley—variety enough, one would think, to suit the most catholic taste. Of Mr. Dickens, we will add nothing to our sketch of him, nor will we repeat the strictures contained in our previous article on female novelists. We cannot be expected, of course, to re-write characters of all the writers whose names are comprised even in Mr. Horne's defective list, yet we may touch upon their most striking traits, if only by an epithet, or in a parenthesis. We candidly think the next age will know little, if anything, of the second rate writers among them, and that, in all probability, the next generation after that will know nothing at all. Very few of the first rank, it may be reasonably doubted, will preserve anything like a reputation of the kind they now enjoy. To such a degree it cannot last, for the mere multitude of their works will distract the attention and help to obscure their powers. How little of Scott, Byron, or Jeffrey, can remain with all its first gloss upon it. The classics of earlier days claim precedence. These must be read, at all events: later writers must wait. Only the brightest portions of the best works can be read, where there is such a mass of admirable writing to run through—many good things will be neglected in favor of the master-pieces of this class of composition. The mediocre, the indifferent, the only so-soish pieces, must "go by the board." Yet, in the meanest productions of fictitious writers, there are often gleams of wit, sparks of fancy, that, enshrined in a classic form, would infallibly have served to brighten with later posterity. A few words of particular writers:—a clever writer in the North American Review, lately exposed, most justly, the hollowness of Mr. James's reputation as an author, and his very mediocre claims—as much might be said of other writers that have been as much read. Large classes of readers have endured (but can posterity?) the coarseness of Mrs. Trollope;* the flimsiness of the fashionable novelist; the slang of what is conventionally termed high life, in Mrs. Gore's especially; the inanity of James and Ainsworth; the broad extravagances of Hook's descriptions; the elaborate rhapsodies of D'Israeli the younger.—But to pass to a graver class of writers (one of which every writer makes, at times)—we mean the critics. Of this formidable band, Macaulay and Carlyle are the chiefs, and we shall attempt to *do* their portraits accordingly.

Macaulay, the Edinburgh reviewer, is, probably, the most brilliant writer of English prose now living, the last remaining member of that glorious band of wits, critics and fine thinkers, who constituted the force of the Edinburgh in its prime—Jeffrey, Macintosh, Hazlitt, Brougham, Carlyle, Stephens, and himself; uniting also the fame of a successful politician to that of a splendid periodical writer, he has obtained an accumulation of honors rarely to be met in the person of a single individual. Review writing has now become an art, and one, too, in which very few succeed even respectably, and in which innumerable failures occur quarterly. It is methodized into a system. It has

* The name appears to us fair game for a punster; and exactly typical of its owner.

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its rules and canons and peculiar style. It must be exhaustive and thorough in its analysis; the writing must be neat and clean; the wit, bright and "palpable; the logic, close and ingenious; the rhetoric, elaborate and dazzling. The style must never lag behind the story. There must be animation, at all events, even with error (for the sake of piquancy), rather than dullness, however just and sincere. A flat reviewer, however accurate and true, must fail; a true story does not answer the purpose of a lively reviewer, while a clever conjecture passes for more than an acknowledged truth, which wants the stimulus of novelty. This, surely, is not as it ought to be. Is it as we represent? You have only to read Macaulay to become satisfied as to the correctness of the criticism. Macaulay's reviews are the very Iliad and Odyssey of criticism—models of that kind of writing. Abler men and deeper scholars have written review articles, yet without that mastery of the art. Hazlitt had a more copious fancy, a richer vein, and was altogether a more original thinker and critic, yet his reviews lie buried under a mass of duller matter. We doubt whether Macaulay could have written the Surrey Lectures, but that is *travelling out of the record.* Macaulay's articles are not to be mistaken. It is like love at first sight, you may always know his hand. He wants, to be sure, the solidity of Burke, the rich philosophy of that poetic thinker; yet even Burke could not have hit the mark with greater nicety. He would have carried too much metal. Macaulay is essentially a critical essayist; not a mere critic, not an original judge, not a lecturer, but that rare union of critic and miscellaneous writer—a critical essayist. Probably, in no other form of composition could he have succeeded to such a degree of excellence. He could not compress himself into a monthly or weekly essayist. He must have a wider range. He wants, moreover, fineness and delicacy, for purely elegant writing. He paints on too broad a canvass, and aims too much at striking colors and at effects, to elaborate ingenious beauties, and perfect the almost perfect beauties of nature, in his style. Then, again, in a long work he would soon tire: his genius would droop when he got beyond his hundred pages or so. Pamphleteering would, perhaps, better suit Macaulay's genius than review writing, for he is a partizan in everything he writes. In his capacity of critic, he too often allows his political bias to influence his judgment—the cabinet minister is sometimes a mere smart, ingenious paragraphist, by no means so intent on the truth as he should be. We remarked this particularly in two consecutive papers, the one on Southey's Colloquies, the other on Moore's Byron. The first writer is treated as a tory: the second as a whig. Contrast, also, the papers on Milton and on Boswell. Once understood, this partiality does no harm, but rather gives an edge to his style. History, no less than Letters, has been vividly illustrated by Macaulay, and many of his articles, in themselves, preserve the essence of books of great size but not equal value. Portrait painting and finished declamation have been carried to perfection in his articles, in which you find, besides, a treasury of fine and ingenious thoughts, richly illustrated and admirably employed. He is so much, in a word, the opposite of Carlyle, that a characteristic sketch of the latter will not fail to include all the qualities opposed to his own, that we have omitted in the above notice.

Thomas Carlyle is a name to be treated with respect, for, notwithstanding all his absurdity and pretension, he is undeniably so vigorous, and even sometimes so profound a writer, so sincere and genial a critic, and when warmed and in earnest, so powerful, that it would argue a deficiency, both of acuteness and candor, to deny his very great merits; at the same time, there is so much in this writer to excite a quite contrary feeling, that we hope to be pardoned for indulging in free censure that may not seem warranted by the idolators of his genius. Carlyle has distinguished himself in several lines of excellence; let us glance at his proficiency in each. As the biographer of Schiller, his first attempt at criticism and narrative, he has surpassed all his future efforts, except in his translations, his admirable Sartor Resartus, and his later endeavors in behalf of sincere and intelligent Reform. In the light in which he is most frequently considered, that of a mere speculative reformer, we do not rate him so highly by any means as we do

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regard him in certain other characters. He insists, in a right manly strain, on the nobleness, the necessity, of those great virtues, truth, sincerity, perseverance. He preaches many an old text with new life and vigor, but we cannot think that he is eminently original, if, indeed, he has any pretensions that way at all. We do not ask for novelty: it is something to make the most of what we have, a truth very few, either moralists or legislators, seem to consider. But when a great outcry of discovery is made, we do certainly expect something more than Carlyle furnishes by way of substitute. With Rob Roy, our author may unite in declaring that,

> "Of old things, all are now old,
> Of good things, none are good enough,"

and, in effect, he makes the same vaunt:

> "We'll show that we can keep to frame
> A world of other stuff.

Yet, after all, we stand where we stood before; the world has not moved a jot, we mean as to practical, perceptible benefits. It is undeniable that Carlyle's writings have done great good, if only by making men think, and suggesting an appreciation of the terrible evils that hang, like a thunder-cloud (ready to burst on our heads) over the mass of society. The political atmosphere, charged (as in England and France) with the groans of the oppressed, the sighs of suffering, and the curses of outraged humanity, must needs be furnished with some safe conductor to protect the miscreants in power and place, who thus goad on their fellows, by misery, to crime. An awful doom awaits the merciless legislators of England, if they cease not to obstruct the path of freedom, nor lay heavy burthens on the back of the much wronged poor and working-classes of that country. Carlyle's practical suggestions of education, emigration, and the like, are not sufficient. They are highly useful, but much more is needed, and which ought to come from the landholders and the manufacturers themselves, else others may work in vain. To regard the writer, however, purely as such. He is a singular mixture of Scotch shrewdness with German scholarship and fancy. The races in him are mixed. He is best as critic and of German authors, whom he has translated with equal force, fidelity, and spirit. The German romances, in his hands, are very different things from the common translations of the Sorrows of Werter, or Kotzebue's tragedies, or Klopstock's Messiah. His papers, too, on Novalis, &c., are excellent: that on Richter (his favorite and model) is a masterpiece. Some of his papers on English literature are almost as good. The noble criticisms on Burns and Johnson must be familiar to every one. The critic's strictures on systems and polities we do not so much admire. His merely speculative inquiries do not amount to much. The critic has acuteness and force, but hardly equal subtlety and power of concentration. History, in the hands of Carlyle, is descriptive and illustrative, rather than purely narrative. He is much more of the critic of constitutions, measures and men, than the relater of events. He is picturesque and dramatic, but true history is epical and legendary. The (so called) history of the Revolution in France, is rather a gallery of portraits and scenes of civil war. It is wild and fitful (like the blasts of winter howling over a desolate heath), rather than a sustained elegy or a grand triumphal Ode to Freedom. It is, in a word, melo-dramatic. Compared with it, the classic historians are tame and insipid. The style is curt and *jerking*, and like a careering horse, too often unseats the sober judgment of the historian. Sartor Resartus is the master work of its author (indeed, *such*, every clever writer can point to, some one superior thing which he could never surpass). It is close, ingenious, profound, and earnest; full of a deep satirical humor that, like all true humor, conceals deep thought and feeling, striking scenes instinct with knowledge of life. It is, in fact, a philosophical picture of the inner life of a real man in the world; a magnificent piece of autobiography, satire, sentiment, and speculation. It contains the portrait of the true scholar, the genuine human being, and not the mere pedant nor outside man, whom it cuttingly exposes. It is brimful of admirable sense, the better for being good common sense, so much rarer than any other faculty. We feel

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warranted in calling this Carlyle's best work; the one genially meditated, most earnestly worked out; yet (we can't help discovering it) the work, which first records that tortuous style of writing, which we cannot avoid thinking a vile form of affectation, itself one of the most disagreeable of the venial sins of authorship. When we compare the earlier and later styles of this same writer, the difference is more obvious. The life of Schiller is a model of pure English, while some of Carlyle's later works are horrible distortions of the language.

The cause of this great change is to us clear: some have conjectured it to result from confusion of ideas, the common apology for a dark style, but we believe it to arise from a perverse imitation of the worst parts of certain German authors.—Carlyle is utterly destitute of genuine wit, though his admirers claim that for him, as well as partial genius. He sometimes discovers a streak of surly humor, as it were, such as Quin, the actor, was said to possess. Of light, pleasant raillery, he has not a particle. His jests are as awkward as the gambols of the elephant, in Milton. His wit—to copy an expression of his own, is a sort of small-beer faculty. Carlyle's favorite characters are rough, hardly Saxon men—somewhat in his own vein, as Knox, Luther, Johnson and Burns; and daring revolutionists preserving the parallel, as Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Force of character and sincerity furnish his requisites for a hero. Carlyle paints with a bold hand—firm and free—uses strong colors without much grace or art, and with no elegance or taste. Still he has a certain peculiarity, that is very striking. Among painters our critic would rank with Hans Holbein—the court painter of Henry VIII. and friend of Erasmus. His descriptions have something of Salvator Rosa in them, as wild and savage. He is no Vandyke, no Sir Joshua Reynolds, no Sir Thomas Lawrence. He has no hand for depicting female grace: he paints *men*, *heroes*. Among artists of the last age, he would rank with Fuseli. Like him he succeeds in strong characters and tumultuous scenes. This is but a slight profile sketch of a very able man, a man of consummate talent, but no pure, original genius; of great capacity but no invention; most acute, yet deficient in simple, deep sentiment—a writer of most vicious taste and perverted manner, wanting in the individual impress of personal power—of great acquisitions and consequent aggregate increase of faculty and mental power rather than of vigorous internal impulse: in a word a man of talent of the first rank, but not to be classed with men of real genius. After the names of these two master critics, Macaulay and Carlyle, none can be placed except at a very considerable distance. Some of the critics of the London weeklies are very excellent, as Foster of the Examiner, and the writer of the notices in the Spectator, in particular. The ladies have done something very respectable of this kind—we might mention Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jamieson. Mr. Stephens (we omitted), a very close imitator of Macaulay and almost worthy of being called a rival, were it not for his evident imitation.—Before we come to the Poets (with whom we shall conclude), we must say a few words of the professed *wits* of the day; writers displaying that peculiar and attractive quality in the tale, review, sketch, newspaper editorial, and indeed every form of minor and miscellaneous literature. These being the best known, we suppose, of all contemporary writers next to the novelists, will not delay us long for any detailed criticism. It is almost sufficient to mention their names—Sydney Smith, Hook, Hood, Fonblanque, and Douglas Jerrold. A different classification might unite them, that of periodical writers; as they are such, to a man, in the different forms of journalism, the newspaper, the magazine, the review. First, there is Sydney Smith (namesake of the gallant Knight who distinguished himself at the siege of Acre), the wittiest and most sensible of living parsons—the last of the good old line of clerical Satirists—not mere savage butchers of reputation, but moral censors, and except, perhaps, in one case, kindly teachers of truth, and priests of humanity—Bishop Hall, Donne, South, Swift, Eachard and Sterne. The peculiar wit of the canon residentiary of St. Paul's, we all know well from hearsay and reading, so that we shall only stop to make one remark about it, and that is, that it is another form of logical acuteness, the growth of a clear, sharp intellect, exercised on prac-

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tical matters—it is not purely sportive pleasantry, designed merely to amuse. It has always a practical, and generally a moral aim. With certain extravaganzas, that a careless reader might mistake for imitations of Rabelais, it is still full of meaning. The sketch of this most useful of the wits, is very well done in the New Spirit of the Age, as are also the portraits of all these clever writers, whom we have associated under the same general head. Hook represents the school of vulgar humorists, whose chief weapon is coarseness itself; a writer and man of great cleverness and mental activity, but utterly wanting in refinement, taste, and sometimes to be taxed with far heavier sins, a want of humanity and of justice. Hood is a character of a quite opposite description, a poet, a humorist, a punster—the equal of Lamb, in everything but the exquisite criticism and sentiment of Elia. His head is a perfect mine of puns, and all sorts of oddities and comicalities. His "Up the Rhine" is almost as good as Humphrey Clinker, of which it is a professed copy. He has written herein some very fanciful, and some very sweet poetry. All his satire is sportive and affectionate—his descriptions fresh and lively. The author, too, as Hazlitt said so handsomely of Hunt, translates admirably into the man. He is said to be as gentle, kindly, loving and humane, as one might readily suspect from the best of his writings. He has Sterne's feeling, without his affectation or hardness of heart. And with equal wit he has none of the violence or the rancour of the editor of the John Bull. Fonblanque, as a political wit, is first rate; his argument is none the less close because his irony is fine. His pat allusions to farce, comedy, and the comic novels, are almost equal to good original witticisms. His style is neat and full of pith and point. His views are in general just and fair, and dictated by feelings honorable to the man as well as the politician. Douglas Jerrold, we know too little of, to speak very confidently in the way of criticism. He is perhaps at the head of the English magazinists, uniting the talent of journalist, critic, writer of tales and sketches of life and manners, and dramatist. Some of his farces and domestic dramas are standard pieces, and hold possession of the stage. The critic claims a moral character for all his writings, which we believe they really possess. He is a generous critic and an honest man.

The Poets of the day.—This is a portion of the general subject of contemporary literature that we shall not venture to go very deeply into at present, for two reasons, viz., because the best poetry of the finest living poets belongs to the generation that has passed, and because we hope soon to be enabled to present a fuller view of the claims of the poetry of the nineteenth century upon our admiration and regard, than we can do with anything like justice, in a niche of an article quite short enough without any additional condensation. Wordsworth and Hunt and Proctor, perhaps the first poetic names among English bards now living, belong to the school which preceded the present: at all events, they gained their laurels before most of the present race of writers of verse commenced writing at all, and indeed before most of them were born. Compared with these genuine masters, the cleverest of the new generation are but faithful disciples and ingenious imitators. Most of the contemporary English poets are rather tasteful scholars, brilliant men of talent, clever women of high culture and fine fancy, than original painters, authors of real genius, true poets. Whoever considers the high claims of poetry, the manifold requisites of the great poet, will be loth to style every clever or even fine writer of verse by that holy name. Minor poets are more appropriately classed with clever writers. Judged by the Miltonic standard, Wordsworth is our sole English poet; a lower standard would admit Hunt, Proctor, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett; a yet lower deep (still far from low) would include Elliott, Milnes, Mrs. Norton. In a small class of poetic wits, may be placed Hood, Praed, and a few others. As classical copyists, Talfourd, Knowles, and Nelson Coleridge, deserve a respectable place: while Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Satan Montgomery would lead off a file of poetasters, writers of philosophic verse, and mystical transcendentalists, to the lowest pit of the critical Tartarus, there to endure the pangs and agony of damned authors and hopeless projectors.

Yet though taste, cleverness, and inge-

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nuity are the chief traits of the existing school of English poetry, we still discern much of real excellence in it. Though most of the writers of poetry are rather able writers of verse than genuine poets—(we do not mean any disrespect in speaking of *verse*, we refer only to the form and vehicle of composition)—still they have left their mark. Not to rewrite the standard criticisms upon Wordsworth, Hunt and Proctor, none of whom, except the second writer, adequately represent the spirit of the age, if, indeed, they appear to be imbued with it at all: we must pass to the younger apprentices in the school of art—the candidates for immortality. We have just run over the names of most of these, of which, at present, we will only subjoin a word or two of criticism. The music of Tennyson, his remarkably fine ear in the management of rhythm, is his great charm: this has been very judiciously remarked by a critic in this Journal, about two years since, and to that notice we can add nothing of consequence. Tennyson is ingenious and imitative, sweet, sad, thoughtful, classic and romantic, severe and luxuriant alternately. This command of styles and variety of talent of themselves denote second rate genius, in which skill in execution exceeds the conception or capacity. The very greatest poets have a marked manner of their own, and leave a distinct impression of individuality on their works, which is apt to run into mannerism, yet which includes a personality not to be mistaken. Milton and Wordsworth could never have become Butler or Moore; yet Tennyson is in one place a follower of Wordsworth, then of the old ballad writers, then a sportive wit. The critic, in the new spirit, demands too high a place for him altogether, as we expect to show hereafter. Talfourd is a chaste, correct copyist of the Grecian drama in its purest translation; a fine scholar, a man of delicate taste, he is no poet: though he can write pleasing verses, and has produced a tragedy superior to Cato. Of Miss Barrett, the only poetess we shall mention, we shall say no more than to refer the reader to another page in our present number which he will find graced with her name. Of the manly Elliott and the elegant Milnes, we have said elsewhere what we do not now consider it necessary to repeat—(vide Poetry for the People). Hood, full as he is of his punning and comicalities, has penned some very delightful verses, and one poem at least, of singular beauty—the Dream of Eugene Aram. The plays of Knowles are almost the sole new tragedies that deserve to keep the stage.

Having thus run over most rapidly the surface of contemporary English literature, we stop to ask ourselves a few questions—what is the present state of poetry and the belles-lettres in that country? What is the prevailing scope and character and aims of the great body of living writers? Is the vigor of the national mind, as exhibited in the works of its writers, unimpaired? What are its prospects, and how does our young but rapidly developing literature compare with it? To answer these in a few paragraphs, the questions that might be expanded in a full consideration to the extent of a volume. We are one of that class who believe not only (as indeed all to a certain degree must) in the parallelisms of history, but also in the perpetually recurring changes to be noted in the literary history of every people. Every nation that has had a literature thus far, has gone through certain epochs, periods of literary glory and of the decline of letters. With the exception of Russia, every country on the continent of Europe has had its day of literary splendor, its Augustan age: and now at the present time even Germany, the last in the field with an original literature (previously to the beginning of this century, she was the country of pedants and commentators), has no distinguished original living writers, Tieck and his compeers not being included, as they flourished contemporaneously with Göthe and Schiller. Italy and Spain are as good as excluded from all remark at this time. Some centuries have passed since either land has produced an universal classic. And England, at this moment, is the land of exceeding intellectual activity, cleverness, scholarship, brilliant talent, and imitative genius, but though with a few original minds (not of the first class, however), she can lay no pretence to reviving her former literary greatness. She can institute no parallel between her present literary condition and that of the age of Eliza-

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beth and James I., or of the Commonwealth, or even of Charles II. No great dramatists, epic poets, divines, like Taylor and Southey, wits like Butler or Swift, no such prose as Cowley or Temple could write. Yet we have an infinite number of good, if no very great writers. The same criticism applies pretty nearly to the state of American literature, which will probably be corrupted (the little we have) by similar or the same causes, *i. e.*, great general activity of mind, exhausted in numberless brief labors, which do not allow repose for a great work: the rapid growth of physical science and the material philosophy that accompanies it. In some departments, we think American authors of the present day may fairly claim an equal rank with their English rivals. In poetry, exclude the great name of Wordsworth as the poet of a former era, and we challenge comparison between Dana, Bryant, Halleck, Holmes, Lowth, Willis, Street, and Longfellow, and the remaining best living English poets. They are fairly met on their own ground and in their own vein of delicacy, taste, fancy, speculation, humor, pathos, and descriptive power, to say nothing of a mastery of style, rhythm and the finest poetical dialect. Then, too, in humor, we have referred to Irving, in sketching Dickens, there is Paulding, a strong satirist, Wirt, a delicate wit, Willis, full of sparkling gaiety, and in certain of his best sketches, the author of the Motley Book. In all England, we know not the writers of late, who could surpass these four writers in their respective styles (to say nothing of a host of clever magazine sketchers beside)—Irving, Dana, Willis, and Hawthorne. Rip Van Winkle are the best attempts of Irving: all of Dana's romantic tales, as Paul Fellow, Edward and Mary, &c., are, we believe, without an equal in English contemporary literature. Willis, as a lighter writer, is the cleverest English and American author now living; and our prose poet, Hawthorne, can be paralleled only in Germany. We have three classic writers of history; we have produced the best popular moralists of the day; Dewey, Channing, and the intellectual Unitarian sect. Our orators have, in many cases, pronounced orations perfectly admirable in their way, as those of Wirt, Ames, Webster, the Everetts (of all parties). Since Canning's time, we know of no elegant pieces of political writing: no English models in oratory that *read* well. Our country abounds with clever writers in periodicals of every kind. We are getting to have curious scholarship and profound speculation. From Jonathan Edwards to the present race of transcendentalists, we have inquirers of all classes. A singular trait marks the writings of most of these; an artificial finish hardly to be expected in so new a literature. Indeed, there has been far too much imitation and copying. We have many writers who would have done well anywhere by themselves, who have yet been at the pains of modelling themselves on some great masters.

We argue the gradual decline of English and American literature (joined much as the established church of the first country and the branch of it here), of the same stock, though ours being the younger in all probability will survive the elder, and at least more than outlast our day, not only from the number of merely clever writers and the general prevalence of imitation, but also from the love of periodical criticism and the success with which it is cultivated. Criticism has always flourished in the absence of all other kinds of genius: it is best when others are in decay or gone, and this seems to us one of the most remarkable of the Signs of the Times. From the great increase, too, of periodical literature, most of the minor kinds of writing are more cultivated than the longer and more imposing. We have few histories, and long poems (thank heaven!) but abundance of critiques of all kinds, political, literary, theological and characteristic essays, on all subjects, of manners, morals, medicine and mercantile policy; sketches of life and scenery; letters, from abroad and at home, tales, short biographies and every possible variety of the lesser orders of poetry.

We apprehend that literature of this grade and character—short, to the point, interesting—will be the prevailing literature for a long time to come. The chief instruction of the people, their main intellectual resource of amusement, also, will be found in the periodical press. In a busy age of the world, the mass of men (even of readers) have little leisure. This they cannot

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and will not devote to long, abstract treatises on religion or politics. Our middle age epoch may not come for ten centuries; meanwhile we need to read much and rapidly. The infusion of popular feeling into our works of speculation, the great aims of reforming, enlightening, and, in a word, educating the people and impressing the importance of the individual,—this is one of the great problems of the age, and perhaps *the* Problem. To render man physically comfortable, and to give him sufficient occupation, of whatever sort circumstances demand, is the primary duty of society; but, immediately next to that, to seek to elevate and refine, deepen and expand, the characters of all men, till they come to know, appreciate, and act upon the immutable principles of Justice and Humanity; to recognize one Father and Master above, and all brothers and equals below. This is the great lesson of life, the very object and end of being.

INFLUENCE OF EUROPEAN ON ASIATIC CIVILISATION.

Europe is commonly said to be the centre of human civilisation, and the extension of European civilisation the hope of mankind. We do not mean to dispute this position in the sense in which it is probably understood, for European civilisation is, without doubt, the highest that has yet been attained, although it promises more from the principles which it contains, almost buried out of sight, than from the fruits which it has hitherto actually produced. The European race, however, is not primary and aboriginal, but derived and composite; not indigenous to that continent, but sprung from eastern sources; and the germs of its civilisation, such as it now exists, were found in the Celtic, Gothic, and Slavonic tribes, of which it is composed. Now that Europe has gained an unquestionable ascendency in controlling the affairs of the world, it is both convenient and instructive to assume that continent as a central or starting-point, and to trace the influences which, by means of its peculiar civilisation, it is exercising over the rest of mankind. There are only three main directions in which it can make its influence felt—to the south, to the west, and to the east. In the south, Europe has been to Africa a curse; the European has been to the African race a spoiler and a tyrant. In the west, Europe has taken possession of America, trampling with almost equal audacity and recklessness on the rights of the Aborigines, but affording some compensation, not to them, but to the race at large, by casting off the slough of feudality, and substituting somewhat improved forms of its own civilisation. The influence of Europe has not been confined to the south and west, but has extended to the east. In the same manner as America, which derives its existing civilisation from Europe, is reflecting its own proper and independent influences, and essentially modifying public opinion and social institutions on that continent; so Europe, which still more remotely derived its civilisation from Asia, has exerted, and continues, with accelerated force, to exert, its influence over the destinies of the Eastern continent. The law of action and reaction is found to prevail not only in the physical, but in the moral world; affecting not only the character of individuals but the condition of nations. Asia, which formerly sent forth her hordes to overrun and subdue Europe, is now revisited in her most ancient seats, and in her securest recesses, by its disciplined armies, and controlled by its civilized governments. The inquiry naturally arises: In what condition does modern find ancient civilisation? In what guise does Europe present herself to Asia? What character does she assume? What benefits or evils does she carry along with her? What instruments does she employ? What are the actual results and the apparent tendencies of this concurrence of the two most important

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forms of civilisation, the European and the Asiatic, mutually related, yet diametrically opposed, to each other?

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

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

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

To this it may be added, that until modern times, the intercourse between Europe and Asia has been only tran-

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

We have referred to the mutual ignorance and estrangement of the European and Asiatic races, not merely as a fact in history, but on account of the effect which is attributable to this cause. We have no doubt that it is at the foundation of much of the injustice with which the stronger has treated the weaker party in the modern intercourse between Europe and Asia. In proportion as we increase the ties between ourselves and our fellow men, that is, the better we know them, the more incapable do we become of doing them an injury; and in proportion as we lessen the number of associations that we have in common, that is, the less we know them, the less we are shocked at doing them an injustice. If the benevolent Las Casas had known the black as well as he did the red race, could he have proposed to substitute the labor of the one for that of the other in the Spanish mines? Could the massacre of Quallah Battoo, on the coast of Sumatra, have taken place, if in that village, however guilty, the American commander had had a wife or mother, a brother or sister? It is in this way, *in part*, that we account for the injustice of the Spaniards in Mexico, of the American people towards the colored races, both black and red, and of the English towards the natives of the Eastern world. In each case there have been few or no associations in common; few or none of the links that bind man to man; few or none of the checks on the corrupt and perverted selfishness of his heart; and hence the importance of extending the knowledge of our species, and of bringing all the tribes of men within the scope of our sympathies, in order that no combination of circumstances may tempt us to commit or tolerate an injustice against them.

2. The next important fact that arrests attention in a comparative estimate of European and Asiatic civilisation, when brought into contact, is, that the former is essentially progressive in its character, while the latter is stationary and even retrograde. The progressive character of European civilisation has been evinced in every successive stage of its development. We see Greece emerging from a state of barbarism, and in policy and art, in literature and philosophy, producing the highest and noblest forms of thought and action; forms which have descended to the present time, and have been permanently interwoven with the intellectual culture of the race. Rome, less polished and refined, but more vigorous and diffusive, has left her broad impress upon the language and laws of every European people. We need not speak of the civilisation of modern Europe, of the rapidity with which it is moving, of the height to which it is rising, and of the extent to which it is spreading, notwithstanding the incubus under which it labors, of despotic governments, feudal institutions and privileged classes. To know what it is capable of accomplishing we have only to look around. It is in America, where we see the forest falling before the axe, and populous cities rising in the wilderness, where we feel the breath and hear the tread, and respond to the voices of the advancing multitudes, that we judge, in all its reality, of the progressiveness of European civilisation. Even what we see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and perform with our hands, must give a very inadequate conception of it, without the contrast which a knowledge of the dull monotony of Asiatic civilisation would supply. What a different scene there presents itself! In almost all Asiatic countries a centralized and all-pervading despotism rests upon and paralyzes the public mind. There is nothing of the nature of what we call public opinion, public enterprise, and public improvement. The government and its thousand myrmidons are everything, the people, with their tens and hundreds of millions are

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nothing. A dull, dead, stationary, uniformity encrusts society. The history of to-day was the history of yesterday, and will be the history of to-morrow, occasionally relieved by the march of devastating armies, and more frequently by the tyrannous freaks of local pride and power. In extensive countries and provinces, real property in land is denied to the people who cultivate it as tenants at will, under the government, on terms agreed on between them and its officers from year to year, or for longer periods. The fruits of industry are thus held at the absolute disposal of government, in any proportion which its necessities may dictate, determined by its own sole will and pleasure. Private and public prosperity are nipped in the bud, and the whole of society becomes stagnant with corruption and oppression. Languor, sluggishness, and apathy take possession of the general mind; poverty and ignorance abound; and there is no public provision either for the relief of destitution or for the education of the people. The education they provide for themselves consists of the merest elements, and a knowledge of these is limited to a very small proportion of the mass. The learning that exists, often profound and abstruse, never includes the natural and social sciences, but is almost exclusively intellectual and metaphysical, and, such as it is, is always at the command of the government or in the pay of the wealthy. These, then, are the chief features of Asiatic civilisation: a grinding despotism carrying out its behests by means of untold hosts of corrupt and oppressive satellites of every grade; princes, and nobles, and chiefs alternately cringing and tyrannical, according as their faces are turned towards the powerful or the weak; an ignorant and prostrate multitude trembling at every display of power; speculative philosophers, springing from a dry intellectuality, and producing a corrupt public sentiment through the medium of the popular superstitions, of which they are the interested teachers and unbelieving priests; no moral life, because no principle of morality; no social progress, because no principle of progress. And even to this picture something must be added. Asiatic civilisation is at the present day not only not progressive, but it has probably for centuries been retrograding. There are proofs extant, not only of present debasement, but of former advancement; of ground once gained, but now lost; ruins of scholastic institutions, the bequests and memorials of bygone times; systems of law and literature which the present generations but imperfectly understand, and can much less improve; clear indications of civil rights and social advantages which the men of to-day have neither the intellect to appreciate, nor the spirit to maintain. Contrast these two kinds or forms of civilisation, and then judge what must be the result when they come not only into contact, but into collision and conflict.

3. Having thus brought European and Asiatic civilisation into each other's presence, let us advert to the means which they respectively possess or have employed, to influence the condition of the world, and especially to those which Europe has employed to influence the condition of Asia. Civilisation, as it now exists in Asia, is the effect of three principal causes that have been employed to produce it—conquest, colonisation, and religion; and the same means have been employed to produce the civilisation which now exists in Europe, and which Europe, still in the use of the same means, has transferred to America. Subordinate means, it may be admitted, have been employed to co-operate with these, but their influence has for the most part been merged and lost in that of the three we have just mentioned. Sometimes one, sometimes another of these has been dispensed with; but taken altogether, they constitute the chief instrumentalities by which Asia and Europe have produced the peculiar civilisations that respectively characterize them. Sometimes the conquering people have been of the same religion as the conquered; and at other times when they were of different religions, the conquerors have ultimately embraced the religion of the conquered, instead of imposing their own. Sometimes from peculiar circumstances colonisation to any great extent has not followed conquest; but in general the threefold process has been performed, conquest gaining a footing on a foreign soil, colonisation securing it, and religion riveting the chains. Thus the best attainable evidence shows that

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the Hindoos are not the aborigines of India, but that they subjugated by force of arms the race that preceded them, gradually extended their colonies with their conquests, or their conquests by means of their colonies, and still more gradually converted the real aborigines to their own faith, a process which is still going on, and which is even now far from being completed. The progress of Muhammadanism throughout Asia is an illustration of the combined operation of the same causes. We see the votaries of that religion, sword in hand, taking possession of extensive countries, permanently settling in them after having enslaved or expelled the former inhabitants, and making the profession of Muhammadanism a qualification for civil and social rights. We need only remind the reader that in the ancient civilisation of Europe, in the transition from the ancient to the modern by the overthrow of the Roman Empire, and in the extension of the modern civilisation of Europe to America, these three instruments have, with various modifications, been mainly employed. But when we turn from the west to the east, and consider the means which Europe has employed to influence the condition of Asia in modern times, we see that one of these instrumentalities has been dropped, and another substituted for it. Commerce has taken the place of colonisation, not performing precisely the same office, nor always following in the same order, but constituting one of the three great means employed at the present day to extend the power and influence of Europe in Asia. The circumstances that have induced or necessitated this substitution are not without interest and instruction. The conditions of colonisation on a scale large enough to affect the destiny of nations, and allowing for occasional and uninfluential exceptions, are a climate adapted to the physical constitutions and previous habits of the colonists; a deficiency of population in the country to be colonised; or, if the population is numerous, a debasement of character in that population, subjecting them either to enslavement or expulsion, with a willingness on the part of the conquering colonists to proceed to either of these extremities. Now in those Asiatic countries that have been to a greater or less extent brought under the influence of Europe, the climate is not friendly to the constitutions or congenial to the habits of the natives of northern Europe, who have chiefly exerted that influence; those countries, probably the earliest settled on the face of the globe, are numerously peopled; and it is not consistent with the interest of the dominant powers or with the humanity of the age, either personally to enslave the inhabitants or to expel them from their native soil. Colonisation, therefore, by Europeans in Asiatic countries, as yet at least, is out of the question. On the other hand, commerce, always an important influence, but confined within a narrow range, has, since the settlement of America and the discovery of the passage to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, acquired a new and commanding power. It traverses the globe from east to west, and from north to south. It embraces the remotest islands; it penetrates the interior of continents. It supplies the wants of all; it draws forth the resources of all. The substitution of commerce for colonisation as a means of influence might seem to be an advance in civilisation, and to promise pacific and salutary results; for colonisation has usually been preceded or accompanied by violence and injustice towards the original inhabitants of the country colonised, while commerce in itself is simply an interchange of benefits, and directly tends to bind man to man and nation to nation in mutual and friendly dependence upon each other. But alas for the perverted ingenuity of man, and the false position in which the institutions of society have placed him, too powerfully tempting him to turn good into evil! For what do we behold in the history of the influence which Europe is now exerting over Asia? We see commerce, so beneficent in its direct tendencies, made the base pander to a rampant lust of political power and territorial aggrandizement. We see the same men whose talk has been of barter and exchange, of bales of merchandize and chests of opium, directing the movements of armies and the invasions of empires, subverting dynasty after dynasty, and acquiring kingdom after kingdom, ruling their subjects with a rod of iron, subjecting them to a system of grinding taxation, and closing the whole by offering them Christianity as a solace for their woes, from the hands of a clergy

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paid from the revenues which are drawn from the poverty of those whom they are employed to convert. What opinion must Asiatics form of our commerce when it is followed, and of our religion when it is preceded, by conquest and misgovernment?

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

The political system of Asia may be conveniently regarded from two different points of view: first, by classing the different powers according to their origin, as European or Asiatic; and secondly, according to their relative importance, as first, second, or third rate powers; in the same manner as the different independent governments of Europe and America are classed in the political systems of those continents.

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

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

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

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

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

The English directly rule, or indirectly control, the whole of India; and besides possess the Mauritius, Ceylon, and various provinces, islands, and settlements to the East of Bengal, which it is unnecessary to enumerate.

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

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

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

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

In this estimate we may dismiss all reference to the Portuguese and Danes, whose territorial possessions are insignificant, and whose political influence is null; as well as to the various Turcoman, Arab, Malayan, and savage tribes just mentioned, who have not

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as yet been brought under the influence even of Asiatic civilisation, in its most imperfect forms.

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

In the class of second-rate powers may be marked Turkey, whose importance is derived in part from her connection with European politics, and in part from the fact that she is the chief representative of orthodox Muhammadanism in the eyes of all the Muhammadan states, chiefs, and people found throughout Asia. Persia is the next power in the same class, not because of her resources and strength, which are few and small, but because she offers a tempting prey to Russia, and a barrier against her advance to the south and east, and also because, as Turkey is the representative of the Soonnee, or orthodox doctrine, so Persia is the representative of the Sheea, or so-called heterodox faith, amongst the Muhammadans of Asiatic countries. Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabul, belong to the same class, deriving their importance from their relative position between Russia and India; to which may be added Japan, forming, as Thibet does to the west of China, an outpost to the east of that empire, of congenial policy, although, unlike Thibet, enjoying perfect national independence.

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

China, which first demands attention, is a power of the first order from the extent and compactness of her territory, the amount of her population, the centralisation and apparent immobility of her government, and the *prestige* attached to her name by the antiquity and alleged superiority of her civilisation. There are, however, various considerations which tend to show that her pretensions and repute are overrated. She is governed by a foreign dynasty of conquerors, who, while they appear to have prudently identified themselves with the religion and institutions of the country, yet evince their jealousy of the conquered race by retaining the military authority in their own hands. It is known also that there are widely ramified secret associations among the native Chinese, aiming at the overthrow of the existing government, and keenly watched by their Tartar conquerors. It is further notorious that dangerous and threatening insurrections have within a comparatively recent period taken place both among the Muhammadan tribes in Tartary, and among the tribes of mountaineers in the very heart of the empire. The restriction of the foreign trade to the port of Canton was contrary to the original policy of the empire, was dictated by the fear of the encroachments of European powers, and was a palpable confession of conscious weakness—a weakness which is rendered more apparent by the removal of the restriction at the close of a war, by means of which England was enabled to dictate her own terms, and in which China, with all the will to injure her opponent, exhibited a total ignorance of the art of war, and an utter incapacity to wield with effect her own immense resources. Her relations with England are at present friendly, but the late war, at once unprovoked in its cause, unjust in its objects, and sanguinary in its consequences, must have left a hostile feeling rankling in the minds both of the people and of the government, which will hereafter find expression; and what experience suggests as probable the best accounts make certain. With Russia China is and has uninterruptedly been

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

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

The designs of Russia in the East are much less known than those of England, from the different nature of the governments of the two countries; but they may be inferred from her history, her position, and her acts. She has an extensive territory in Northern Asia, but it is sterile and sparsely peopled, and is employed either as a vast prison-house for state criminals, or as the abode of wandering and uncivilized hordes of human beings. As in Europe it has been and is her notorious policy to extend her power and influence to the South, so it is in Asia also; and the means she has employed have been chiefly those formerly indicated—commerce, arms, and religion. She has wrested from Turkey and Persia some of their fairest provinces between the Black and Caspian seas, and she could at any time overrun and take possession of all the remaining provinces in Asia, of both those countries. From the peculiar difficulties of the country and the daring spirit of the people, she has been for years engaged in an unavailing attempt to bring Circassia under her complete control; but her ultimate success can scarcely be deemed doubtful. It was the intrigues of a Russian agent with the chiefs of Candahar and Cabul, professing to act under the authority of the Russian ambassador in Persia, and of the Russian minister at St. Petersburgh, and the apparent readiness of those chiefs to listen to his proposals, that constituted the primary motives to the invasion of Affghanistan by the British in 1838–39. No sooner was this expedition undertaken, than Russia sent an army to Khiva, professedly to liberate Russian slaves, but in reality to counteract the ambitious views of England, and to restore the supposed balance of power in Central Asia. It is known that persons have been deputed by the Russian government to survey the several routes to India, and to report on the topography and resources of the intermediate countries; and it is alleged that on the occasion of a diplomatic difficulty between the two courts, it was suggested in the official gazette of St. Petersburgh, that it might probably require to be adjusted at Calcutta. Whatever truth or falsehood there may be in this statement, we do not believe that Russia has, or ever had, a settled design to invade British India, although the English sometimes allow themselves to be troubled with such an apprehension. Independently of the difficulties of the route, and the formidable opposition she would encounter on the banks of the Indus, she cannot spare her armies from Europe for such a purpose. She will attempt nothing of the kind by a sudden effort on a large scale; but what she will accomplish will be by steady and progressive steps, not the less sure because they will be slow. In the meantime, she pushes her commerce at every point; and the testimony of British travellers shows that Russian products and manufactures are found in abundance at all the great marts of Central Asia. As a government, Russia possesses the passive immobility of an Asiatic power for

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purposes of resistance, and for purposes of offence and progress she has the energy and enlightenment of an European power. She is directing her course from the north to the south in Asia, as well as in Europe, as sure as that the course of the sun is from east to west. This is a moral necessity, arising from her history and position as a nation, and the influence she will exercise must partake of the mixed character that belongs to her civilisation.

England next claims attention, and, of all the political powers in Asia, she has exerted, and will continue to exert, the widest and most commanding influence over the condition and character of that continent. She is a power of the first magnitude in the political systems both of Europe and America; and in the political system of Asia the same high rank must be assigned to her, whether we consider the extent of her territorial possessions, the number of her Asiatic subjects, the physical resources of the countries she thus rules and controls, or the efficient system of government which she has organized both for the purpose of developing those resources, for coercing obedience to her will, and, whenever her policy may dictate, extending the boundaries of her authority and empire. Three hundred years ago she first appeared in the Indian seas as an humble trader, and presented petitions to the head of the Moghul empire for permission to traffic within his dominions. She is now the paramount power in India, having a standing army of at least 150,000 troops, native and European, protecting a land frontier of 3,536 British miles, and covering 1,111,162 square miles within that frontier, with a population of 123,000,000 of souls. This estimate, made in 1837, in an official report addressed to the Indian government, does not include the recent acquisition of Sinde on the western frontier of India. Not content with the whole continent of India, she has at successive periods, under real or alleged provocation, engaged in war both with Nepal and Burmah, and has curtailed them of extensive and valuable territories as the price of peace. Lahore on the northern frontier, which includes the fine country of the Punjab, the province of Moultan, and the beautiful valley of Cashmere, is in a state of civil war, which, as the general conservator of the peace in India and on its borders, she will consider herself obliged to settle by taking possession of the country. In attempting to guard against the intrigues of Russia and Persia, she has lately sought to control the politics of Central Asia, by replacing on the throne of Cabul the representative of an old and repudiated dynasty. She has signally failed, and has created against herself a feeling of hostility in those countries, which are thus prepared to throw themselves into the arms of Russia against England, whenever the fit time shall come—thus increasing a thousand-fold the danger she sought to avert. The subsequent acquisition of Sinde, however, including the command of the banks of the Indus, has greatly strengthened her western frontier, and will afford an invaluable inlet for her commerce to all the countries lying to the north of India, and between India and Persia. The extension of her commerce was the real object of the late war with China, which has opened five ports of that great empire to the commerce of the world, and brought her thronging millions within the range, for good or for ill, of the full tide of European influences.

There is another source of influence over the Eastern world, which England possesses, not fully developed, and as yet probably almost wholly unappreciated. England is sowing the seeds of future empires on the Australian continent, in Van Dieman's Land, and in the island of New Zealand, by means of colonies, in some of which the nascent and vigorous spirit of freedom is already demanding a representative form of government. Hobart Town and Sidney are within three weeks' sail of Canton, and by steam probably less than a fortnight. Fifty or a hundred years hence, when these settlements shall be full grown colonies, or young and independent governments, they will not only spread over the whole of Australia, and extend their civilisation to the numerous oceanic isles, between the American and Asiatic continent, but by the inevitable force of circumstances, will carry their commerce, if not their arms, into China, Corea, and the isles of Japan. We have spoken of *the force of circumstances*; and England, to do her justice, does not seek the mere acquisition of terri-

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tory, of which she has enough, and more than enough. It is the extension of her commerce, in which every successive year she finds more active competitors; it is the colonisation of her growing population, every year more numerous and less manageable; it is the supply of old markets and the creation of new ones, at which she aims. It is for these purposes that she founds, and cherishes, and extends her colonies, and it was for these purposes that in India she first established factories, then built forts, then acquired provinces, and finally subdued empires, until her statesmen, groaning under the load of power and responsibility, have resolved and re-resolved that an end must be put to territorial acquisition in the East. But all in vain. While these resolutions are framing in England, a contingency has arisen in India which compels the authorities there to engage in a new war, for the purpose, it may be, of punishing a refractory chief, or of keeping the general peace, or of avenging an unprovoked insult, or of protecting an exposed frontier, and the result still is more territory. Her mission, as well as that of Russia, apparently is to advance—to awaken the nations of the east from the slumbers of ages,—to spread their commerce, their arms, their religion, their civilisation over the whole of Asia. In the prosecution of these objects, these two powers will infallibly, sooner or later, come into collision; and the result it is of course impossible to predict. They may rebound from each other like two air-balls without permanent mutual injury; or like images of clay or potter's vessels they may dash each other to pieces; but the result will be the same to the cause of humanity. The barriers will have been effectually thrown down between Asiatic and European civilisation; a new spirit will have been infused into Asiatic society; precious seed will have been widely sown, which will germinate and produce some thirty, some fifty, and some a hundred fold in a renovated people, renovated governments and renovated institutions.

It is consoling to the human mind, amid the warring passions of man, the fierce conflicts of opposing civilisations, and the crime and misery which they produce, to discover in these mysterious operations of Divine Providence a purpose—a wise and beneficent purpose—and to trace it from its first feeble glimmerings, to its present clearness and distinctness, and in prospect, to its future full and glorious development. This purpose we hold to be the perception and establishment of the moral unity of universal humanity, the moral unity of all the families of the race with each other in the bosom of their common God and Father. There is indeed an apparent wide discrepance between the means and the end; but there is in fact no greater discrepance than between the evil which we see and feel around us, and the good which we also see and feel arises from it, as a part of the moral training which we receive. It behoves us to distinguish between the purposes of individual agents and the aggregate results of their acts. Columbus and Vasco de Gama, by their discoveries, contributed to bring America the youngest daughter of humanity, and Asia its eldest progenitor, into unity with the other divisions of the race, but the moral conception and purpose which we have indicated probably never entered into their minds. Each has achieved an imperishable memory for himself in faithfully performing the duties which he owed, the one to the crown of Spain, the other to the crown of Portugal; but neither looked beyond these results. They did not contemplate the political, the social, much less the moral unity of the whole race, as the certain, the probable, or even the desirable consequence of their high genius and enterprise. Even now into how many minds does this conception enter, although it is the conception which above all others shines forth and is embodied in the religion we profess, and which sheds a peculiar lustre around the name and doctrine of the peasant of Galilee, above all the philosophers of all other ages and countries. Sitting at His feet and imbibing the spirit of His meek and all-comprehensive benevolence, we can form some conception of this central truth of Christianity and of the science of human nature; but how far is that truth from being yet practically realized! Africa,—injured, oppressed, insulted Africa,—has not yet been brought within the pale of a common humanity. Colonisation, commerce, conquest, and religion have indeed conduced to a kind of political unity between Europe, Asia,

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and America, for no important political event can take place in one without being felt and responded to by a thousand chords in the others. Even as a system of political unity, however, how imperfect and broken, how repugnant and jarring, it is, we all know. But the natural consequence of political unity is social unity, of which, in its true and comprehensive sense, we are just beginning to form the conception, while, of the practical means for its attainment, we are yet profoundly ignorant. Social unity, again, is the indispensable precursor of a true and all-embracing moral unity among the diversified families, tribes and nations of mankind, which is consequently still farther removed from us in the far vista of future ages. There is thus a long and noble career for man yet to run on the face of this globe, high and exalted aims placed before him. Those who may look upon all this as visionary and utopian, we will only refer to the history of events both in America and in Asia, during the last three centuries and a half; events which have brought both continents, previously ignorant of each other's existence, into the closest and most intimate relations with each other and with Europe; which have given an unquestioned ascendency to European civilisation in both; and which have thus paved the way for that social and moral unity which is one of the highest aspirations of the human soul, and the true end and destiny of man on earth.

ELIZABETH BARRETT

Is for the first time made popularly known, on this side of the Atlantic, by the account given of her in Horne's late gossipping book, the "New Spirit of the Age." We are glad to be able to announce that before long the American public will be favored with the opportunity of knowing her still better, through some of her own most exquisite utterances of the divine soul of poetry that glows within her, generated of the sweetest union of womanly tenderness of heart and masculine loftiness and power of intellect. A couple of volumes of her poems (most of them now for the first time given to the world) are at the present moment passing through the press of Moxon, in London, under the title of "A Drama of Life, and other poems;" and will be republished here by Langley on the reception of the remainder of the sheets,—a part of which, containing the principal poem of the collection, we have been favored with permission to peruse; with the further privilege of inserting it, some time in advance of the publication on either side of the ocean, in this Review. One of the most beautiful poems which our day has produced (an excellent judge has declared it the finest that has appeared since "Manfred"), we are glad to grace these pages with it; only regretting that the present Number affords room for but half of it, compelling us to reserve the remainder, which is perhaps the superior half, for our next.

It will not be inappropriate, nor unwelcome to the reader, to complete these introductory remarks by quoting from Mr. Horne the following personal account of this fair poetess and wondrous woman. Speaking of Mrs. Norton in connection with Miss Barrett, he says:

"The former lady is well known, personally, to a large and admiring circle, and is also extensively known to the reading public by her works. The latter lady, or 'fair shade'—whichever she may be—is not known personally, to anybody, we had almost said; but her poetry is known to a highly intellectual class, and she 'lives' in constant correspondence with many of the most eminent persons of the time. When, however, we consider the many strange and ingenious conjectures that are made in after years, concerning authors who appeared but little among their contemporaries, or of whose biography little is actually known, we should not be in the least surprised, could we lift up our ear out of our grave a century hence, to hear some learned Thebans expressing shrewd doubts as to whether such an in-

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dividual as Miss E. B. Barrett had ever really existed. Letters and notes, and exquisite English lyrics, and perhaps a few elegant Latin verses, and spirited translations from Æschylus, might all be discovered under that name; but this would not prove that such a lady had ever dwelt among us. Certain admirable and erudite prose articles on the 'Greek Christian Poets,' might likewise be ascertained by the exhumation of sundry private letters and documents, touching periodical literature, to have been from the hand of that same 'Valerian;' but neither the poetry, nor the prose, nor the delightfully gossipping notes to fair friends, nor the frank correspondence with scholars, such as Lady Jane Grey might have written to Roger Ascham—no, not even if the great-grandson of some learned Jewish doctor could show a note in Hebrew (quite a likely thing really to be extant) with the same signature, darkly translated by four letters,—nay, though he should display as a relic treasured in his family, the very pen, with its oblique Hebraic nib, that wrote it—not any one, nor all of those things could be sufficient to demonstrate the fact, that such a lady had really adorned the present century. . . . . . . Confined entirely to her own apartment, and almost hermetically sealed, in consequence of an extremely delicate state of health, the poetess of whom we write is scarcely seen by any but her own family. But though thus separated from the world—and often, during many weeks at a time, in darkness almost equal to that of night, Miss Barrett has yet found means, by extraordinary inherent energies, to develope her inward nature; to give vent to the soul in a successful struggle with its destiny while on earth; and to attain and master more knowledge and accomplishments than are usually within the power of those of either sex who possess every adventitious opportunity, as well as health and industry. Six or seven years of this imprisonment she has now endured, not with vain repinings, though deeply conscious of the loss of external nature's beauty; but with resignation, with patience, with cheerfulness, and generous sympathies towards the world without;—with indefatigable 'work' by thought, by book, by the pen, and with devout faith, and adoration, and a high and hopeful waiting for the time when this mortal frame 'putteth on immortality.' . . . Probably no living individual has a more extensive and diffuse acquaintance with literature—that of the present day inclusive—than Miss Barrett. Although she has read Plato, in the original, from beginning to end, and the Hebrew Bible from Genesis to Malachi (nor suffered her course to be stopped by the Chaldean), yet there is probably not a single good romance, of the most romantic kind, in whose marvellous and impossible scenes she has not delighted, over the fortunes of whose immaculate or incredible heroes and heroines she has not wept; not a clever novel or fanciful sketch of our own day, over the brightest pages of which she has not smiled inwardly, or laughed outright, just as their authors themselves would have desired. . . . . . The prominent characteristics of these two poetesses may be designated as the struggles of woman towards happiness, and the struggles of a soul towards heaven. The one is oppressed with a sense of injustice, and feels the need of human love; the other is troubled with a sense of mortality, and aspires to identify herself with ethereal existences. The one has a certain tinge of morbid despondency taking the tone of complaint and the amplification of private griefs; the other too often displays an energetic morbidity on the subject of death, together with a certain predilection for 'terrors.' The imagination of Mrs. Norton is chiefly occupied with domestic feelings and images, and breathes melodious plaints or indignations over the desecrations of her sex's loveliness; that of Miss Barrett often wanders amidst the supernatural darkness of Calvary, sometimes with anguish and tears of blood, sometimes like one who echoes the songs of triumphal choirs. Both possess not only great mental energies, but that description of strength which springs from a fine nature, and manifests itself in productions which evidently originated in genuine impulses of feeling. The subjects they both choose appear spontaneous, and not resulting from study or imitation, though cast into careful moulds of art. Both are excellent artists: the one in dealing with subjects of domestic interest; the other in designs from sacred subjects, poems of religious tendency, or of the supernatural world. Mrs. Norton is beautifully clear and intelligible in her narrative and course of thought and feeling; Miss Barrett has great inventiveness, but not an equal power in construction. The one is all womanhood; the other all wings. The one writes from the dictates of a human heart in all the eloquence of beauty and individuality; the other like an inspired priestess—not without a most truthful heart, but a heart that is devoted to religion, and whose individuality is cast upward in the divine afflatus, and dissolved and carried off in the recipient breath of angelic ministrants."

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A DRAMA OF EXILE.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ADAM.	Angels.
EVE.	Eden Spirits.
GABRIEL.	Earth Spirits and Phantasms.
LUCIFER.	The Morning Star.

CHRIST in a Vision.

SCENE.—*The outer side of the gate of Eden shut fast with clouds, from the depth of which revolves the sword of fire self-moved. A watch of innumerable angels, rank above rank, slopes up from around it to the zenith; and the glare, cast from their brightness and from the sword, extends many miles into the wilderness.* ADAM *and* EVE *are seen in the distance, flying along the glare. The* ANGEL GABRIEL *and* LUCIFER *are beside the gate.*

Lucifer. Hail, Gabriel, the keeper of the gate!
Now that the fruit is plucked, prince Gabriel,
I hold that Eden is impregnable
Under thy keeping.
Gabriel. Angel of the sin,
Such as thou standest—pale in the drear light
Which rounds the rebel's work with Maker's wrath,—
Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls;—
A monumental melancholy gloom
Seen down all ages; whence to mark despair,
And measure out the distances from good!
Go from us straightway.
Lucifer. Wherefore?
Gabriel. Lucifer,
Thy last step in this place, trod sorrow up.
Recoil before that sorrow, if not this sword.
Lucifer. Angels are in the world—wherefore not I?
Exiles are in the world—wherefore not I?
The cursed are in the world—wherefore not I?
Gabriel. Depart.
Lucifer. And where's the logic of "depart?"
Our lady Eve had half been satisfied
To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt
To fix my postulate better. Dost thou dream
Of guarding some monopoly in heaven
Instead of earth? Why I can dream with thee
To the length of thy wings.
Gabriel. I do not dream.
This is not Heaven, even in a dream; nor earth,
As earth was once,—first breathed among the stars,—
Articulate glory from the mouth divine,—
To which the myriad spheres thrilled audibly,
Touched like a lute-string,—and the sons of God
Said AMEN, singing it. I know that this
Is earth, not new created, but new cursed—
This, Eden's gate, not opened, but built up
With a final cloud of sunset. Do I dream?
Alas, not so! this is the Eden lost
By Lucifer the serpent! this the sword
(This sword, alive with justice and with fire!)
That smote upon the forehead, Lucifer
The angel! Wherefore, angel, go . . . depart—
Enough is sinned and suffered.
Lucifer. By no means.
Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;
It holds, like mine immortal. Presently
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green
Or greener, certes, than its knowledge-tree—
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,
More eminent for shadow—for the rest
We'll build it dark with towns and pyramids,
And temples, if it please you:—we'll have feasts
And funerals also, merrymakes and wars,
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along
Right o'er the edges. And good Gabriel,
(Ye like that word in Heaven!) *I* too have strength—
Strength to behold Him, and not worship Him;
Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on Him;
Strength to be in the universe, and yet
Neither God nor his servant. The red sign
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,
Is God's sign that it bows not unto God;
The potter's mark upon his work, to show
It rings well to the striker. I and the earth
Can bear more curse.
Gabriel. O miserable earth,
O ruined angel!
Lucifer. Well! and if it be,
I CHOSE this ruin: I elected it
Of my will, not of service. What I do,
I do volitient, not obedient,

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And overtop thy crown with my despair.
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to Heaven;
And leave me to the earth, which is mine own
In virtue of her misery, as I hers,
In virtue of my ruin! turn from both,
That bright, impassive, passive angelhood;
And spare to read us backward any more
Of your spent hallelujahs.

Gabriel. Spirit of scorn!
I might say, of unreason! I might say,
That who despairs, acts; that who acts, connives
With God's relations set in time and space;
That who elects, assumes a something good
Which God made possible; that who lives, obeys
The law of a Life-maker . . .

Lucifer. Let it pass!
No more, thou Gabriel! What if I stand up
And strike my brow against the crystalline
Roofing the creatures,—shall I say for that,
My stature is too high for me to stand,—
Henceforward I must sit? Sit *thou*.

Gabriel. I kneel.

Lucifer. A heavenly answer. Get thee to thy Heaven,
And leave my earth to me.

Gabriel. Through Heaven and earth
God's will moves freely; and I follow it,
As color follows light. He overflows
The firmamental walls with deity,
Therefore with love: His lightnings go abroad,
His pity may do so; His angels must,
Whene'er He gives them charges.

Lucifer. Verily,
I and my demons—who are spirits of scorn—
Might hold this charge of standing with a sword
'Twixt man and his inheritance, as well
As the benignest angel of you all.

Gabriel. Thou speakest in the shadow of thy change.
If thou hadst gazed upon the face of God
This morning, for a moment, thou hadst known
That only pity fitly can chastise,
While hate avengeth.

Lucifer. As it is, I know
Something of pity. When I reeled in Heaven,
And my sword grew too heavy for my wrist,
Stabbing through matter, which it could not pierce
So much as the first shell of,—toward the throne;
When I fell back, down,—staring up as I fell,—
The lightnings holding open my scathed lids,
And that thought of the infinite of God,
Drawn from the finite, speeding my descent;
When countless angel-faces, still and stern,
Pressed out upon me from the level heavens,
Adown the abysmal spaces; and I fell,
Trampled down by your stillness, and struck blind
By the sight in your eyes;—'twas then I knew
How ye could pity, my kind angelhood!

Gabriel. Yet, thou discrowned one, by the truth in me
Which God keeps in me, I would give away
All,—save that truth, and His love over it,—
To lead thee home again into the light,
And hear thy voice chant with the morning stars;
When their rays tremble round them with much song,
Sung in more gladness!

Lucifer. Sing, my morning star!
Last beautiful—last heavenly—that I loved!
If I could drench thy golden locks with tears,
What were it to this angel?

Gabriel. What Love is!
And now I have named God.

Lucifer. Yet, Gabriel,
By the lie in me which I keep myself,
Thou'rt a false swearer. Were it otherwise,
What dost thou here, vouchsafing tender thoughts
To that earth-angel or earth-demon—which,
Thou and I have not solved his problem yet
Enough to argue,—that fallen Adam there,—
That red-clay and a breath! who must, forsooth,
Live in a new apocalypse of sense,
With beauty and music waving in his trees
And running in his rivers, to make glad
His soul made perfect; if it were not for
The hope within thee, deeper than thy truth,
Of finally conducting him and his
To fill the vacant thrones of me and mine,
Which affront Heaven with their vacuity?

Gabriel. Angel, there are no vacant thrones in Heaven

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To suit thy bitter words. Glory and life
Fulfil their own depletions: and if God
Sighed you far from Him, His next breath drew in
A compensative splendor up the skies,
Flushing the starry arteries!

Lucifer. With a change!
So, let the vacant thrones, and gardens too,
Fill as may please you!—and be pitiful,
As ye translate that word, to the dethron'd
And exiled, man or angel. The fact stands,
That I, the rebel, the cast out and down,
Am here, and will not go; while there, along
The light to which ye flash the desert out,
Flies your adopted Adam! your red clay
In two kinds, both being flawed. Why, what is this?
Whose work is this? Whose hand was in the work?
Against whose hand? In this last strife, methinks,
I am not a fallen angel!

Gabriel. Dost thou know
Aught of those exiles?

Lucifer. Ay: I know they have fled
Wordless all day along the wilderness:
I know they wear, for burden on their backs,
The thought of a shut gate of Paradise,
And faces of the marshalled cherubim
Shining against, not for them! and I know
They dare not look in one another's face,
As if each were a cherub!

Gabriel. Dost thou know
Aught of their future?

Lucifer. Only as much as this:
That evil will increase and multiply
Without a benediction.

Gabriel. Nothing more?

Lucifer. Why so the angels taunt! What should be more?

Gabriel. God is more.

Lucifer. Proving what?

Gabriel. That He is God,
And capable of saving. Lucifer,
I charge thee by the solitude He kept
Ere he created,—leave the earth to God!

Lucifer. My foot is on the earth, firm as my sin!

Gabriel. I charge thee by the memory of Heaven
Ere any sin was done,—leave earth to God!

Lucifer. My sin is on the earth, to reign thereon.

Gabriel. I charge thee by the choral song we sang,
When up against the white shore of our feet,
The depths of the creation swelled and brake,—
And the new worlds, the beaded foam and flower
Of all that coil, roared outward into space
On thunder-edges, leave the earth to God.

Lucifer. My wo is on the earth, to curse thereby.

Gabriel. I charge thee by that mournful morning star
Which trembleth....

Lucifer. Hush! I will not hear thee speak
Of such things. Enough spoken. As the pine
In norland forest, drops its weight of snows
By a night's growth, so, growing toward my ends,
I drop thy counsels. Farewell, Gabriel!
Watch out thy service; I assert my will.
And peradventure in the after years,
When thoughtful men bend slow their spacious brows
Upon the storm and strife seen everywhere
To ruffle their smooth manhood, and break up
With lurid lights of intermittent hope
Their human fear and wrong,—they may discern
The heart of a lost angel in the earth.

CHORUS OF EDEN SPIRITS.

(*Chanting from Paradise, while Adam and Eve fly across the sword-glare.*)

Harken, oh harken! let your souls, behind you,
Lean gently moved!
Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,
O lost, beloved!
Through the thick-shielded and strong-marshalled angels,
They press and pierce:
Our requiems follow fast on our evangels;
Voice throbs in verse!
We are but orphaned Spirits left in Eden,
A time ago—
God gave us golden cups; and we were bidden
To feed you so!
But now our right hand hath no cup remaining,
No work to do;
The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining
The whole earth through;
And all those stains lie clearly round for showing
(Not interfused!)
That brighter colors were the world's foregoing,
Than shall be used.
Harken, oh harken! ye shall harken surely,
For years and years,
The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,
Of spirits' tears!
The yearning to a beautiful denied you,
Shall strain your powers:—

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Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
Resumed from ours!
In all your music, our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss!
We shall be near, in all your poet-languors
And wild extremes;
What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,
Or light with dreams!
And when upon you, weary after roaming,
Death's seal is put,
By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,
Through eyelids shut.

Spirits of the trees.

Hark! the Eden trees are stirring,
Slow and solemn to your hearing!
Plane and cedar, palm and fir,
Tamarisk and juniper,
Each is throbbing in vibration
Since that crowning of creation,
When the God-breath spake abroad,
Pealing down the depths of Godhead,
Let us make man like to God.
And the pine stood quivering
In the Eden-gorges wooded,
As the awful word went by;
Like a vibrant chorded string
Stretched from mountain-peak to sky!
And the cyprus did expand,
Slow and gradual, branch and head;
And the cedar's strong black shade
Fluttered brokenly and grand!—
Grove and forest bowed aslant
In emotion jubilant.

Voice of the same, but softer.

Which divine impulsion cleaves
In dim movements to the leaves
Dropt and lifted, dropt and lifted
In the sunlight greenly sifted,—
In the sunlight and the moonlight
Greenly sifted through the trees.
Ever wave the Eden trees
In the nightlight, and the noonlight,
With a ruffling of green branches
Shaded off to resonances;
Never stirred by rain or breeze!
Fare ye well, farewell!
The sylvan sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some murmur which ye heard before:
Farewell! the trees of Eden
Ye shall hear nevermore.

River-Spirits.

Hark! the flow of the four rivers—
Hark the flow!
How the silence round you shivers,
While our voices through it go,
Cold and clear.

A softer voice.

Think a little, while ye hear,—
Of the banks
Where the green palms and red deer
Crowd in intermingled ranks,
As if all would drink at once,
Where the living water runs!
Of the fishes' golden edges
Flashing in and out the sedges:
Of the swans on silver thrones,
Floating down the winding streams,
With impassive eyes turned shoreward,
And a chant of undertones,—
And the lotos leaning forward
To help them into dreams.
Fare ye well, farewell!
The river-sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some murmur which ye heard before:
Farewell! the streams of Eden,
Ye shall hear nevermore.

Bird-Spirit.

I am the nearest nightingale
That singeth in Eden after you;
And I am singing loud and true,
And sweet,—I do not fail!
I sit upon a cypress-bough,
Close to the gate; and I fling my song
Over the gate and through the mail
Of the warden angels marshalled strong,—
Over the gate and after you!
And the warden angels let it pass,
Because the poor brown bird, alas!
Sings in the garden, sweet and true.
And I build my song of high pure notes,
Note over note, height over height,
Till I strike the arch of the Infinite;
And I bridge abysmal agonies
With strong, clear calms of harmonies,—
And something abides, and something floats,
In the song which I sing after you:
Fare ye well, farewell!
The creature-sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some cadence which ye heard before:
Farewell! the birds of Eden,
Ye shall hear nevermore.

Flower-Spirits.

We linger, we linger,
The last of the throng!
Like the tones of a singer
Who loves his own song.
We are spirit-aromas
Of blossom and bloom;
We call your thoughts home, as
Ye breathe our perfume;
To the amaranth's splendor
Afire on the slopes;
To the lily-bells tender,
And grey heliotropes!

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To the poppy-plains, keeping
Such dream-breath and blé,
That the angels there stepping
Grew whiter to see!
To the nook, set with moly,
Ye jested one day in,
Till your smile waxed too holy,
And left your lips praying!
To the rose in the bower-place,
That dripped o'er you sleeping;
To the asphodel flower place,
Ye walked ankle deep in!
We pluck at your raiment,
We stroke down your hair,—
We faint in our lament,
And pine into air.
Fare ye well, farewell!
The Eden scents, no longer sensible,
Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some fragrance which ye knew before:
Farewell! the flowers of Eden,
Ye shall smell nevermore.

There is silence. ADAM *and* EVE *fly on, and never look back. Only a colossal shadow, as of the dark* ANGEL *passing quickly, is cast upon the Sword-glare.*

SCENE.—*The extremity of the Sword-glare.*

Adam. Pausing a moment on this outer edge,
Where the supernal sword-glare cuts in light
The dark exterior desert,—hast thou strength,
Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?
Eve. I have strength to look upward to thy face.
Adam. We need be strong: yon spectacle of cloud
Which seals the gate up to the final doom,
Is God's seal in a cloud. There seem to lie
A hundred thunders in it, dark and dead;
The unmolten lightnings vein it motionless;
And, outward from its depth, the self-moved sword
Swings slow its awful gnomon of red fire
From side to side,—in pendulous horror slow,—
Across the stagnant, ghastly glare thrown flat
On the intermediate ground from that to this,
In still reflection of still splendor. They,
The angelic hosts, the archangelic pomps,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, rank on rank,
Rising sublimely to the feet of God,
On either side, and overhead the gate,—
Show like a glittering and sustained smoke
Set in an apex. That their faces shine
Betwixt the solemn claspings of their wings,
Clasped high to a silver point above their heads,—
We only guess from hence, and not discern.
Eve. Though we were near enough to see them shine,
The shadow on thy face were awfuller,
To me, at least,—than could appear their light.
Adam. What is this, Eve? thou droppest heavily
In a heap earthward; and thy body heaves
Under the golden floodings of thy hair!
Eve. O Adam, Adam! by that name of Eve—
Thine Eve, thy life—which suits me little now,
Seeing that I confess myself thy death
And thine undoer, as the snake was mine,—
I do adjure thee, put me straight away,
Together with my name. Sweet, punish me!
O Love, be just! and, ere we pass beyond
The light cast outward by the fiery sword,
Into the dark which earth must be to us,
Bruise my head with thy foot,—as the curse said
My seed shall the first tempter's: strike with curse,
As God struck in the garden! and as HE,
Being satisfied with justice and with wrath,
Did roll His thunder gentler at the close,—
Thou, peradventure, may'st at last recoil
To some soft need of mercy. Strike, my lord!
I, also, after tempting, writhe on ground;
And I would feed on ashes from thine hand,
As suits me, O my tempted.
Adam. My beloved,
Mine Eve and life—I have no other name
For thee or for the sun than what ye are,
My blessed life and light! If we have fallen,
It is that we have sinned,—we: God is just;
And, since His curse doth comprehend us both,
It must be that His balance holds the weights
Of first and last sin on a level. What!
Shall I who had not virtue to stand straight
Among the hills of Eden, here assume
To mend the justice of the perfect God,
By piling up a curse upon His curse,
Against thee—thee—
Eve. For so, perchance, thy God
Might take thee into grace for scorning me;
Thy wrath against the sinner giving proof
Of inward abrogation of the sin!
And so, the blessed angels might come down

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And walk with thee as erst,—I think they would,—
Because I was not near to make them sad,
Or soil the rustling of their innocence.

Adam. They know me. I am deepest in the guilt,
If last in the transgression.

Eve. Thou!

Adam. If God,
Who gave the right and joyaunce of the world
Both unto thee and me,—gave thee to me,
The best gift last; the last sin was the worst,
Which sinned against more complement of gifts
And grace of giving. God! I render back
Strong benediction and perpetual praise
From mortal feeble lips (as incense-smoke,
Out of a little censer, may fill heaven),
That Thou, in striking my benumbed hands,
And forcing them to drop all other boons
Of beauty, and dominion, and delight,—
Hast left this well-beloved Eve—this life
Within life—this best gift between their palms,
In gracious compensation!

Eve. Is it thy voice?
Or some saluting angel's—calling home
My feet into the garden?

Adam. O my God!
I, standing here between the glory and dark,—
The glory of thy wrath projected forth
From Eden's wall; the dark of our distress,
Which settles a step off in that drear world—
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence hath fallen
Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee
That rather Thou hast cast me out with *her*,
Than left me lorn of her in Paradise;—
With angel looks and angel songs around,
To show the absence of her eyes and voice,
And make society full desertness,
Without the uses of her comforting.

Eve. Or is it but a dream of thee, that speaks
Mine own love's tongue?

Adam. Because with *her*, I stand
Upright, as far as can be in this fall,
And look away from heaven, which doth accuse me,
And look up from the earth which doth convict me,
Into her face; and crown my discrowned brow
Out of her love; and put the thought of her
Around me, for an Eden full of birds;
And lift her body up—thus—to my heart;
And with my lips upon her lips,—thus, thus,—
Do quicken and sublimate my mortal breath,
Which cannot climb against the grave's steep sides,
But overtops this grief!

Eve. I am renewed:
My eyes grow with the light which is in thine;
The silence of my heart is full of sound.
Hold me up—so! Because I comprehend
This human love, I shall not be afraid
Of any human death; and yet because
I know this strength of love, I seem to know
Death's strength, by that same sign. Kiss on my lips,
To shut the door close on my rising soul,—
Lest it pass outwards in astonishment,
And leave thee lonely.

Adam. Yet thou liest, Eve,
Bent heavily on thyself across mine arm,
Thy face flat to the sky.

Eve. Ay! and the tears
Running, as it might seem, my life from me;
They run so fast and warm. Let me lie so,
And weep so,—as if in a dream or prayer,—
Unfastening, clasp by clasp, the hard, tight thought
Which clipped my heart, and showed me evermore
Loathed of thy justice as I loathe the snake,
And as the pure ones loathe our sin. To-day,
All day, beloved, as we fled across
This desolating radiance, cast by swords
Not suns,—my lips prayed soundless to myself,
Rocking against each other—O Lord God!
('Twas so I prayed) I ask Thee by my sin,
And by thy curse, and by thy blameless heavens,
Make dreadful haste to hide me from thy face,
And from the face of my beloved here,
For whom I am no helpmate, quick away
Into the new dark mystery of death!
I will lie still there; I will make no plaint;
I will not sigh, nor sob, nor speak a word,—
Nor struggle to come back beneath the sun,
Where peradventure I might sin anew
Against thy mercy and his pleasure. Death,
Oh death, whate'er it be, is good enough
For such as I.—For Adam—there's no voice,

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Shall ever say again, in heaven or earth,
It is not good for him to be alone.
Adam. And was it good for such a prayer to pass
My unkind Eve, betwixt our mutual lives?
If I am exiled, must I be bereaved?
Eve. 'Twas an ill prayer: it shall be prayed no more;
And God did use it for a foolishness,
Giving no answer. Now my heart has grown
Too high and strong for such a foolish prayer:
Love makes it strong: and since I was the first
In the transgression, with a steady foot
I will be the first to tread from this sword-glare
Into the outer darkness of the waste,—
And thus I do it.
Adam. Thus I follow thee,
As erewhile in the sin.—What sounds! what sounds!
I feel a music which comes slant from Heaven,
As tender as a watering dew.
Eve. I think
That angels—not those guarding Paradise,—
But the love-angels who came erst to us,
And when we said 'God,' fainted unawares
Back from our mortal presence unto God
(As if He drew them inward in a breath)
His name being heard of them,—I think that they
With sliding voices lean from heavenly towers,
Invisible, but gracious. Hark—how soft!

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS.

Faint and tender.

Mortal man and woman,
Go upon your travel!
Heaven assist the Human
Smoothly to unravel
All that web of pain
Wherein ye are holden.
Do ye know our voices
Chanting down the Golden?
Do ye guess our choice is,
Being unbeholden,
To be harkéned by you, yet again?

This pure door of opal,
God hath shut between us;
Us, his shining people,—
You, who once have seen us,
And are blinded new!
Yet, across the doorway,
Past the silence reaching,
Farewells evermore may,
Blessing in the teaching,
Glide from us to you.

First semichorus.

Think how erst your Eden,
Day on day succeeding,
With our presence glowed.
We came as if the Heavens were bowed
To a milder music rare!
Ye saw us in our solemn treading,
Treading down the steps of cloud;
While our wings, outspreading
Double calms of whiteness,
Dropped superfluous brightness
Down from stair to stair.

Second semichorus.

Or, abrupt though tender,
While ye gazed on space,
We flashed our angel-splendor
In either human face!
With mystic lilies in our hands,
From the atmospheric bands,
Breaking, with a sudden grace,
We took you unaware!
While our feet struck glories
Outward, smooth and fair,
Which we stood on floorwise,
Platformed in mid air.

First semichorus.

Oft, when Heaven-descended,
Shut up in a secret light
Stood we speechless in your sight,
In a mute apocalypse!
With dumb vibrations on our lips,
From hosannas ended;
And grand half-vanishings
Of the foregone things,
Within our eyes, belated!
Till the heavenly Infinite
Falling off from our Created,
Left our inward contemplation
Opening into ministration.

Chorus.

Then in odes of burning,
Brake we suddenly,
And sang out the morning
Nobly up the sky.—
Or we drew
Our music through
The noontide's hush and heat and shine,
And taught them our intense Divine—
With our vital fiery notes
All disparted hither, thither,
Trembling out into the æther,—
Visible like beamy motes!—
Or, as twilight drifted
Through the cedar masses,
The massive sun we lifted,
Trailing purple, trailing gold
Out between the passes
Of the mountains manifold,
To anthems slowly sung!
While he, aweary and in swoon,
For joy to hear our climbing tune
Pierce the faint stars' concentric rings,—
The burden of his glory flung
In broken lights upon our wings.

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[*Chant dies away confusedly, and enter* LUCIFER.]

Lucifer. Now may all fruits be pleasant to thy lips,
Beautiful Eve! The times have somewhat changed
Since thou and I had talk beneath a tree;
Albeit ye are not gods yet.

Eve. Adam! hold
My right hand strongly. It is Lucifer—
And we have love to lose.

Adam. I' the name of God,
Go apart from us, O thou Lucifer!
And leave us to the desert thou hast made
Out of thy treason. Bring no serpent-slime
Athwart this path kept holy to our tears,
Or we may curse thee with their bitterness.

Lucifer. Curse freely! curses thicken. Why, this Eve
Who thought me once part worthy of her ear,
And somewhat wiser than the other beasts,—
Drawing together her large globes of eyes,
The light of which is throbbing in and out
Around their continuity of gaze,—
Knots her fair eyebrows in so hard a knot,
And, down from her white heights of womanhood,
Looks on me so amazed,—I scarce should fear
To wager such an apple as she plucked,
Against one riper from the tree of life,
That she could curse too—as a woman may—
Smooth in the vowels.

Eve. So—speak wickedly!
I like it best so. Let thy words be wounds—
For, so, I shall not fear thy power to hurt:
Trench on the forms of good by open ill—
For, so, I shall wax strong and grand with scorn;
Scorning myself for ever trusting thee
As far as thinking, ere a snake ate dust,
He could speak wisdom.

Lucifer. Our new gods, methinks,
Deal more in thunders than in courtesies:
And, sooth, mine own Olympus, which anon
I shall build up to loud-voiced imagery,
From all the wandering visions of the world,—
May show worse railing than our lady Eve
Pours o'er the rounding of her argent arm.
But why should this be? Adam pardoned Eve.

Adam. Adam loved Eve. Jehovah pardoned both!

Eve. Adam forgave Eve—because loving Eve.

Lucifer. So, well. Yet Adam was undone of Eve,
As both were by the snake. Therefore forgive,
In like wise, fellow-temptress, the poor snake—
Who stung there, not so poorly! [*Aside.*

Eve. Hold thy wrath,
Beloved Adam! let me answer him;
For this time he speaks truth, which we should hear,
And asks for mercy, which I most should grant,
In like wise, as he tells us—in like wise!
And therefore I thee pardon, Lucifer,
As freely as the streams of Eden flowed,
When we were happy by them. So, depart;
Leave us to walk the remnant of our time
Out mildly in the desert. Do not seek
To harm us any more or scoff at us,
Or ere the dust be laid upon our face
To find it the communion of the dust
And issue of the curse.—Go.

Adam. At once, go.

Lucifer. Forgive! and go! Ye images of clay,
Shrunk somewhat in the mould,—what jest is this?
What words are these to use? By what a thought
Conceive ye of me? Yesterday—a snake!
To-day—what?

Adam. A strong spirit.

Eve. A sad spirit.

Adam. Perhaps a fallen angel.—Who shall say!

Lucifer. Who told thee, Adam?

Adam. *Thou!* The prodigy
Of thy vast brows and melancholy eyes,
Which comprehend the heights of some great fall.
I think that thou hast one day worn a crown
Under the eyes of God.

Lucifer. And why of God?

Adam. It were no crown else! Verily, I think
Thou'rt fallen far. I had not yesterday
Said it so surely; but I know to-day
Grief by grief, sin by sin.

Lucifer. A crown, by a crown.

Adam. Ay, mock me! now I know more than I knew.
Now I know thou art fallen below hope
Of final re-ascent.

Lucifer. Because?

Adam. Because
A spirit who expected to see God,
Though at the last point of a million years,
Could dare no mockery of a ruined man
Such as this Adam.

Lucifer. Who is high and bold—
Be it said passing!—of a good red clay
Discovered on some top of Lebanon,
Or haply of Aornus, beyond sweep
Of the black eagle's wing! A furlong lower
Had made a meeker king for Eden. Soh!
Is it not possible, by sin and grief

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(To give the things your names) that spirits should rise
Instead of falling?

Adam. Most impossible.
The Highest being the Holy and the Glad,
Whoever riseth must approach delight
And sanctity in the act.

Lucifer. Ha, my clay-king!
Thou wilt not rule by wisdom very long
The after generations. Earth, methinks,
Will disinherit thy philosophy
For a new doctrine suited to thine heirs;
Classing these present dogmas with the rest
Of the old-world traditions—Eden fruits
And saurian fossils.

Eve. Speak no more with him,
Beloved! it is not good to speak with him.
Go from us, Lucifer, and speak no more:
We have no pardon which thou dost not scorn,
Nor any bliss, thou seest, for coveting,
Nor innocence for staining. Being bereft,
We would be alone.—Go.

Lucifer. Ah! ye talk the same,
All of you—spirits and clay—go, and depart!
In Heaven they said so; and at Eden's gate,—
And here, reiterant, in the wilderness!
None saith, Stay with me, for thy face is fair!
None saith, Stay with me, for thy voice is sweet!
And yet I was not fashioned out of clay.
Look on me, woman! Am I beautiful!

Eve. Thou hast a glorious darkness.

Lucifer. Nothing more?

Eve. I think no more.

Lucifer. False Heart—thou thinkest more!
Thou canst not choose but think, as I praise God,
Unwillingly but fully, that I stand
Most absolute in beauty. As yourselves
Were fashioned very good at best, so *we*
Sprang very beauteous from the creant Word
Which thrilled around us—God Himself being moved,
When that august work of a perfect shape,
His dignities of sovran angel-hood,
Swept out into the universe,—divine
With thunderous movements, earnest looks of gods,
And silver-solemn clash of cymbal wings.
Whereof I was, in motion and in form,
A part not poorest. And yet,—yet, perhaps,
This beauty which I speak of, is not here,
As God's voice is not here; nor even my crown—
I do not know. What is this thought or thing
Which I call beauty? is it thought or thing?
Is it a thought accepted for a thing?
Or both? or neither?—a pretext—a word?
Its meaning flutters in me like a flame
Under my own breath: my perceptions reel
For evermore around it, and fall off,
As if it too were holy.

Eve. Which it is.

Adam. The essence of all beauty I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. As form, when colorless,
Is nothing to the eye; that pine tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank;
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.

Lucifer. Love! what is love? I lose it. Beauty and love!
I darken to the image. Beauty—Love!

[*He fades away, while a low music sounds.*

Adam. Thou art pale, Eve.

Eve. The precipice of ill
Down this colossal nature, dizzies me—
And, hark! the starry harmony remote
Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.

Adam. Think that we have not fallen so. By the hope
And aspiration, by the love and faith,
We do exceed the stature of this angel.

Eve. Happier we are than he is, by the death!

Adam. Or rather, by the life of the Lord God!
How dim the angel grows, as if that blast
Of music swept him back into the dark.

[*The music is stronger, gathering itself into uncertain articulation.*

Eve. It throbs in on us like a plaintive heart,
Pressing, with slow pulsations, vibrative.
Its gradual sweetness through the yielding air,
To such expression as the stars may use,
Most starry-sweet, and strange! With every note
That grows more loud, the angel grows more dim,
Receding in proportion to approach,
Until he stand afar,—a shade.

Adam. Now, words.

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SONG OF THE MORNING STAR TO LUCIFER.

He fades utterly away and vanishes, as it proceeds.

Mine orbed image sinks
Back from thee, back from thee,
As thou art fallen, methinks,
Back from me, back from me.
O my light-bearer,
Could another fairer
Lack to thee, lack to thee?
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!
I loved thee, with the fiery love of stars,
Who love by burning, and by loving move,
Too near the throned Jehovah, not to love.
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!
Their brows flash fast on me from gliding cars,
Pale-passioned for my loss.
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!

Mine orbed heats drop cold
Down from thee, down from thee,
As fell thy grace of old
Down from me, down from me.
O my light-bearer,
Is another fairer
Won to thee, won to thee?
Ai, ai, Heosphoros,
Great love preceded loss,
Known to thee, known to thee.
Ai, ai!
Thou, breathing thy communicable grace
Of life into my light,
Mine astral faces, from thine angel face,
Hast inly fed,
And flooded me with radiance overmuch
From thy pure height.
Ai, ai!
Thou, with calm, floating pinions both ways spread,
Erect, irradiated,
Didst sting my wheel of glory
On, on before thee,
Along the Godlight, by a quickening touch!
Ha, ha!
Around, around the firmamental ocean,
I swam dilating with delirious fire!
Around, around, around, in blind desire
To be drawn outward to the Infinite—
Ha, ha!

Until, the motion flinging out the motion
To a keen whirl of passion and avidity,—
To a blind whirl of rapture and delight,—
I wound in gyrant orbits, smooth and white
With that intense rapidity!
Around, around,
I wound and interwound,
While all the cyclic heavens about me spun!
Stars, planets, suns, and moons, expanded broad,
Then flashed together into a single sun,
And wound, and wound in one;
And as they wound I wound,—around, around,
In a great fire, I almost took for God!
Ha, ha, Heosphoros!

Thine angel glory sinks
Down from me, down from me—
My beauty falls, methinks,
Down from thee, down from thee!
O my light-bearer,
O my path-preparer,
Gone from me, gone from me!
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!
I cannot kindle underneath the brow
Of this new angel here, who is not Thou:
All things are altered since that time ago—
And if I shine at eve, I shall not know—
I am strange—I am slow!
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!
Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
With tears between the looks raised up to me.
Ai, ai!
When, having wept all night, at break of day,
Above the folded hills they shall survey
My light, a little trembling, in the grey.
Ai, ai!
And gazing on me, such shall comprehend,
Through all my piteous pomp at morn or even,
And melancholy leaning out of Heaven,
That love, their own divine, may change or end,
That love may close in loss!
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!

SCENE.—*Further on. A wild open country seen vaguely in the approaching night.*

Adam. How doth the wide and melancholy earth
Gather her hills around us, grey and ghast,
And stare with blank significance of loss
Right in our faces! Is the wind up?
Eve. Nay.
Adam. And yet the cedars and the junipers
Rock slowly through the mist, without a noise;
And shapes, which have no certainty of shape,
Drift duskly in and out between the pines,
And loom along the edges of the hills,
And lie flat, curdling in the open ground—
Shadows without a body, which contract,
And lengthen as we gaze on them,
Eve. O Life
Which is not man's nor angel's! What is this?
Adam. No cause for fear. The circle of God's life
Contains all life beside.
Eve. I think the earth
Is crazed with curse, and wanders from the sense

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Of those first laws affixed to form and space
Or ever she knew sin!
Adam. We will not fear:
We were brave sinning.
Eve. Yea, I plucked the fruit
With eyes upturned to Heaven, and seeing there
Our god-thrones, as the tempter said,—not God.
My heart, which beat then, sinks. The sun hath sunk
Out of sight with our Eden.
Adam. Night is near.
Eve. And God's curse, nearest. Let us travel back,
And stand within the sword-glare till we die:
Believing it is better to meet death
Than suffer desolation.
Adam. Nay, beloved!
We must not pluck death from the Maker's hand.
As erst we plucked the apple: we must wait
Until He gives death, as He gave us life:
Nor murmur faintly o'er the primal gift,
Because we spoilt its sweetness with our sin.
Eve. Ah, ah! Dost thou discern what I behold?
Adam. I see all. How the spirits in thine eyes,
From their dilated orbits, bound before
To meet the spectral Dread!
Eve. I am afraid—
Ah, ah! The twilight bristles wild with shapes
Of intermittent motion, aspect vague
And mystic bearings, which o'ercreep the earth,
Keeping slow time with horrors in the blood.
How near they reach . . . and far! How grey they move—
Treading upon the darkness without feet—
And fluttering on the darkness without wings!
Some run like dogs, with noses to the ground;
Some keep one path, like sheep; some rock like trees;
Some glide like a fallen leaf; and some flow on,
Copious as rivers.
Adam. Some spring up like fire—
And some coil . . .
Eve. Ah, ah! Dost thou pause to say
Like what?—coil like the serpent, when he fell
From all the emerald splendor of his height,
And writhed,—and could not climb against the curse,
Not a ring's length. I am afraid—afraid—
I think it is God's will to make me afraid:
Permitting THESE to haunt us in the place
Of His beloved angels—gone from us,
Because we are not pure. Dear Pity of God,
That didst permit the angels to go home,
And live no more with us who are not pure;
Save us too from a loathly company—
Almost as loathly in our eyes, perhaps,
As *we* are in the purest! Pity us—
Us too! nor shut us in the dark, away
From verity and from stability,
Or what we name such, through the precedence
Of earth's adjusted uses,—evermore
To doubt, betwixt our senses and our souls,
Which are the most distraught, and full of pain,
And weak of apprehension.
Adam. Courage, Sweet!
The mystic shapes ebb back from us, and drop
With slow concentric movement, each on each,—
Expressing wider spaces,—and collapsed
In lines more definite for imagery
And clearer for relation; till the throng
Of shapeless spectra merge into a few
Distinguishable phantasms, vague and grand,
Which sweep out and around us vastily,
And hold us in a circle and a calm.
Eve. Strange phantasms of pale shadow! there are twelve.
Thou, who didst name all lives, hast names for these?
Adam. Methinks this is the zodiac of the earth,
Which rounds us with its visionary dread,—
Responding with twelve shadowy signs of earth,
In fantasque apposition and approach,
To those celestial, constellated twelve
Which palpitate adown the silent nights
Under the pressure of the hand of God,
Stretched wide in benediction. At this hour,
Not a star pricketh the flat gloom of heaven!
But, girdling close our nether wilderness,
The zodiac-figures of the earth loom slow,—
Drawn out, as suiteth with the place and time,
In twelve colossal shades, instead of stars,
Through which the ecliptic line of mystery
Strikes bleakly with an unrelenting scope,
Foreshowing life and death.
Eve. By dream or sense,
Do we see this?
Adam. Our spirits have climbed high
By reason of the passion of our grief,—
And, from the top of sense, looked over sense,

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To the insignificance and heart of things
Rather than things themselves.
Eve. And the dim twelve....
Adam. Are dim exponents of the creature-life
As earth contains it. Gaze on them, beloved!
By stricter apprehension of the sight,
Suggestions of the creatures shall assuage
Thy terror of the shadows;—what is known
Subduing the unknown, and taming it
From all prodigious dread. That phantasm, there,
Presents a lion,—albeit, twenty times
As large as any lion—with a roar
Set soundless in his vibratory jaws,
And a strange horror stirring in his mane!
And, there, a pendulous shadow seems to weigh—
Good against ill, perchance; and there, a crab
Puts coldly out its gradual shadow-claws,
Like a slow blot that spreads,—till all the ground,
Crawled over by it, seems to crawl itself;
A bull stands horned here with gibbous glooms;
And a ram likewise; and a scorpion writhes
Its tail in ghastly slime, and stings the dark!
This way a goat leaps, with wild blank of beard;
And here, fantastic fishes duskly float,
Using the calm for waters, while their fins
Throb out slow rhythms along the shallow air!
While images more human——
Eve. How he stands,
That phantasm of a man—who is not *thou!*
Two phantasms of two men!
Adam. One that sustains,
And one that strives!—resuming, so, the ends
Of manhood's curse of labor.* Dost thou see
That phantasm of a woman?—
Eve. I have seen—
But look off to those small humanities,†
Which draw me tenderly across my fear;
Lesser and fainter than my womanhood,
Or yet thy manhood—with strange innocence
Set in the misty lines of head and hand
They lean together! I would gaze on them
Longer and longer, till my watching eyes—
As the stars do in watching anything,—
Should light them forward from their outline vague,
To clear configuration—

Two Spirits, of organic and inorganic nature arise from the ground.

But what Shapes
Rise up between us in the open space,—
And thrust me into horror, back from hope!
Adam. Colossal Shapes—twin sovran images,—
With a disconsolate, blank majesty
Set in their wondrous faces!—with no look,
And yet an aspect—a significance
Of individual life and passionate ends,
Which overcomes us gazing.
O bleak sound!
O shadow of sound, O phantasm of thin sound!
How it comes, wheeling as the pale moth wheels,
Wheeling and wheeling in continuous wail,
Around the cyclic zodiac; and gains force,
And gathers, settling coldly like a moth,
On the wan faces of these images
We see before us; whereby modified,
It draws a straight line of articulate song
From out that spiral faintness of lament—
And, by one voice, expresses many griefs.

First Spirit.

I am the spirit of the harmless earth;
God spake me softly out among the stars,
As softly as a blessing of much worth,—
And then, His smile did follow unawares,
That all things, fashioned, so, for use and duty,
Might shine anointed with His chrism of beauty—
Yet I wail!
I drave on with the worlds exultingly,
Obliquely down the Godlight's gradual fall—
Individual aspect and complexity
Of gyratory orb and interval,
Lost in the fluent motion of delight
Toward the high ends of Being, beyond sight—
Yet I wail!

Second Spirit.

I am the Spirit of the harmless beasts,
Of flying things, and creeping things, and swimming;
Of all the lives, erst set at silent feasts,
That found the love-kiss on the goblet brimming,
And tasted, in each drop within the measure,

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* Adam recognizes in *Aquarius*, the water-bearer, and *Sagittarius*, the archer, distinct types of the man bearing and the man combating,—the passive and active forms of human labor. I hope that the preceding zodiacal signs—transferred to the earthly shadow and representative purpose—of Aries, Taurus, Cancer, Leo, Libra, Scorpio, Capricornus, and Pisces, are sufficiently obvious to the reader.

† Her maternal instinct is excited by *Gemini*.

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The sweetest pleasure of their Lord's good pleasure—
Yet I wail!
What a full hum of life, around His lips,
Bore witness to the fulness of creation!
How all the grand words were full-laden ships;
Each sailing onward, from enunciation,
To separate existence,—and each bearing
The creature's power of joying, hoping, Fearing!—
Yet I wail!

Eve. They wail, beloved! they speak of glory and God,
And they wail—wail. That burden of the song
Drops from it like its fruit, and heavily falls
Into the lap of silence!

Adam. Hark, again!

First Spirit.

I was so beautiful, so beautiful,
My joy stood up within me bold and glad,
To answer God; and, when his work was full,
To "very good," responded "very glad!"
Filtered through roses, did the light inclose me;
And bunches of the grape swang blue across me—
Yet I wail!

Second Spirit.

I bounded with my panthers! I rejoiced
In my young tumbling lions, rolled together!
My stag—the river at his fetlocks—poised,
Then dipped his antlers, through the golden weather,
In the same ripple which the alligator
Left his joyous troubling of the water—
Yet I wail!

First Spirit.

O my deep waters, cataract and flood,—
What wordless triumph did your voices render!
O mountain-summits, where the angels stood,
And shook from head and wing thick dews of splendor;
How, with a holy quiet, did your Earthy
Accept that Heavenly—knowing ye were worthy!
Yet I wail!

Second Spirit.

O my wild wood-dogs, with your listening eyes!
My horses—my ground eagles, for swift fleeing!
My birds, with viewless wings of harmonies,—
My calm cold fishes of a silver being,—
How happy were ye, living and possessing,
O fair half-souls, capacious of full blessing.
Yet I wail!

First Spirit.

I wail, I wail! Now hear my charge to-day,
Thou man, thou woman, marked as the misdoers,
By God's sword at your backs! I lent my clay
To make your bodies, which had grown more flowers:
And now, in change for what I lent, ye give me
The thorn to vex, the tempest-fire to cleave me—
And I wail!

Second Spirit.

I wail, I wail! Behold ye that I fasten
My sorrow's fang upon your souls dishonored?
Accursed transgressors! down the steep ye hasten,—
Your crown's weight on the world, to drag it downward
Unto your ruin. Lo! my lions, scenting
The blood of wars, roar hoarse and unrelenting—
And I wail!

First Spirit.

I wail, I wail! Do ye hear that I wail?
I had no part in your transgression—none!
My roses on the bough did bud not pale—
My rivers did not loiter in the sun.
I was obedient. Wherefore, in my centre,
Do I thrill at this curse of death and winter!—
And I wail!

Second Spirit.

I wail, I wail! I shriek in the assault
Of undeserved perdition, sorely wounded!
My nightingales sang sweet without a fault,
My gentle leopards innocently bounded;
We were obedient—what is this convulses
Our blameless life with pangs and fever-pulses?
And I wail!

Eve. I choose God's thunder and His angels' swords
To die by, Adam, rather than such words.
Let us pass out, and flee.

Adam. We cannot flee.
This zodiac of the creatures' cruelty
Curls round us, like a river cold and drear,
And shuts us in, constraining us to hear.

First Spirit.

I feel your steps, O wandering sinners, strike
A sense of death to me, and undug graves!

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The heart of earth, once calm, is trembling, like
The ragged foam along the ocean-waves:
The restless earthquakes rock against each other;—
The elements moan 'round me—"Mother, mother"—
And I wail!

Second Spirit.
Your melancholy looks do pierce me through;
Corruption swathes the paleness of your beauty.
Why have ye done this thing? What did we do
That we should fall from bliss, as ye from duty;
Wild shriek the hawks, in waiting for their jesses,
Fierce howl the wolves along the wildernesses—
And I wail!

Adam. To thee, the Spirit of the harmless earth—
To thee, the Spirit of earth's harmless lives—
Inferior creatures, but still innocent—
Be salutation from a guilty mouth,
Yet worthy of some audience and respect
From you who are not guilty. If we have sinned,
God hath rebuked us, who is over us,
To give rebuke or death; and if ye wail
Because of any suffering from our sin,
Ye, who are under and not over us,
Be satisfied with God, if not with us,
And pass out from our presence in such peace
As we have left you, to enjoy revenge,
Such as the Heavens have made you. Verily,
There must be strife between us, large as sin.

Eve. No strife, mine Adam! Let us not stand high
Upon the wrong we did, to reach disdain,
Who rather should be humbler evermore,
Since self-made sadder. Adam! shall I speak—
I who spake once to such a bitter end—
Shall I speak humbly now, who once was proud?
I, schooled by sin to more humility
Than thou hast, O mine Adam, O my king—
My king, if not the world's?

Adam. Speak as thou wilt.

Eve. Thus, then—my hand in thine—
....Sweet, dreadful Spirits!
I pray you humbly in the name of God;
Not to say of these tears, which are impure—
Grant me such pardoning grace as can go forth
From clean volitions towards a spotted will,
From the wronged to the wronger; this and no more;
I do not ask more. I am 'ware, indeed,
That absolute pardon is impossible
From you to me, by reason of my sin,—
And that I cannot evermore, as once,
With worthy acceptation of pure joy,
Behold the trances of the holy hills
Beneath the leaning stars; or watch the vales,
Dew-pallid with their morning ecstasy;
Or hear the winds make pastoral peace between
Two grassy uplands,—and the river-wells
Work out their bubbling lengths beneath the ground,—
And all the birds sing, till, for joy of song,
They lift their trembling wings, as if to heave
The too-much weight of music from their heart,
And float it up the æther! I am 'ware
That these things I can no more apprehend,
With a pure organ, into a full delight;
The sense of beauty and of melody
Being no more aided in me by the sense
Of personal adjustment to those heights
Of what I see well-formed or hear well-tuned,—
But rather coupled darkly, and made ashamed,
By my percipiency of sin and fall,
And melancholy of humiliant thoughts.
But, oh! fair, dreadful Spirits—albeit this
Your accusation must confront my soul,
And your pathetic utterance and full gaze
Must evermore subdue me; be content—
Conquer me gently—as if pitying me,
Not to say loving! let my tears fall thick
As watering dews of Eden, unreproached;
And when your tongues reprove me, make me smooth,
Not ruffled—smooth and still with your reproof,
And peradventure better, while more sad.
For look to it, sweet Spirits—look well to it—
It will not be amiss in you who kept
The law of your own righteousness, and keep
The right of your own griefs to mourn themselves,—
To pity me twice fallen,—from that, and this,—
From joy of place, and also right of wail,—
"I wail" being not for me—only "I sin."
Look to it, O sweet Spirits!—
For was I not,
At that last sunset seen in Paradise,
When all the westering clouds flashed out in throngs
Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,

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All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God
Held them suspended,—was I not, that hour,
The lady of the world, princess of life,
Mistress of feast and favor? Could I touch
A rose with my white hand, but it became
Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely
Along our swarded garden, but the grass
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand aside
A moment underneath a cornel-tree,
But all the leaves did tremble as alive,
With songs of fifty birds who were made glad
Because I stood there? Could I turn to look
With these twain eyes of mine, now weeping fast,
Now good for only weeping,—upon man,
Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced
Because I looked on him? Alas, alas!
And is not this much wo, to cry "alas!"
Speaking of joy? And is not this more shame,
To have made the wo myself, from all that joy?
To have stretched mine hand, and plucked it from the tree,
And chosen it for fruit? Nay, is not this
Still most despair,—to have halved that bitter fruit,
And ruined, so, the sweetest friend I have,
Turning the GREATEST to mine enemy?

Adam. I will not hear thee speak so. Hearken, Spirits!
Our God, who is the enemy of none,
But only of their sin,—hath set your hope
And my hope, in a promise, on this Head.
Show reverence, then,—and never bruise her more
With unpermitted and extreme reproach;
Lest, passionate in anguish, she fling down
Beneath your trampling feet, God's gift to us,
Of sovranty by reason and freewill;
Sinning against the province of the Soul
To rule the soulless. Reverence her estate;
And pass out from her presence with no words.

Eve. O dearest Heart, have patience with my heart,—
O Spirits, have patience, 'stead of reverence,—
And let me speak; for, not being innocent,
It little doth become me to be proud;
And I am prescient by the very hope
And promise set upon me, that henceforth,
Only my gentleness shall make me great,
My humbleness exalt me. Awful Spirits,
Be witness that I stand in your reproof
But one sun's length off from my happiness—
Happy, as I have said, to look around—
Clear to look up!—And now! I need not speak—
Ye see me what I am; ye scorn me so,—
Because ye see me what I have made myself
From God's best making! Alas,—peace forgone,—
Love wronged,—and virtue forfeit, and tears wept
Upon all, vainly! Alas, me! alas,
Who have undone myself from all that's best,
Fairest and sweetest, to this wretchedest,
Saddest and most defiled—cast out, cast down—
What word metes absolute loss? let absolute loss
Suffice you for revenge. For *I*, who lived
Beneath the wings of angels yesterday,
Wander to-day beneath the roofless world!
I, reigning the earth's empress, yesterday,
Put off from me, to-day, your hate with prayers!
I, yesterday, who answered the Lord God,
Composed and glad, as singing-birds the sun,
Might shriek now from our dismal desert, "God,"
And hear Him make reply, "What is thy need,
Thou whom I cursed to-day?"

Adam. Eve!

Eve. *I*, at last,
Who yesterday was helpmate and delight
Unto my Adam, am to-day the grief
And curse-mete for him! And, so, pity us,
Ye gentle Spirits, and pardon him and me,
And let some tender peace, made of our pain,
Grow up betwixt us, as a tree might grow
With boughs on both sides. In the shade of which,
When presently ye shall behold us dead,—
For the poor sake of our humility,
Breathe out your pardon on our breathless lips,
And drop your twilight dews against our brows;
And stroking with mild airs, our harmless hands
Left empty of all fruit, perceive your love
Distilling through your pity over us,
And suffer it, self-reconciled, to pass.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION OF ROME AND THE PAPAL STATES.

BY J. H. HEADLEY.

The subject here indicated is one on which few travellers inquire or report, and few readers know anything. Its novelty will, we trust, make the sketch we propose to give in some degree acceptable to the readers of the Democratic Review.

Nothing is more common than to overlook the present policy and character of those cities which are linked, by such strong associations, with all that is great in the history of the past. Rome has her ruins—her Forum, Coliseum, Capitoline and Palatine hills; she has also her St. John in Laterano, Maria Maggiore, and St. Peter's, all imposing and full of interest. But Rome has also her schools, her courts of justice, and her politics; and, amid all, her magnificent edifices and great histories. It is not of least interest to look into her secret policy, and see how it goes, in practical matters, with what is left of the Old Empire.

Authors differ as to the number of square miles in the Papal States. The government generally make the superficial area about 13,000 Italian square miles, of sixty to a degree. The Raccolta, or census, of 1833, makes the population of this territory 2,732,736. Poor as the inhabitants are, only one-third of this territory is cultivated.

The dominions of the Pope are divided into twenty provinces, the largest of which is the Comarca of Rome, including in its limits Tivoli, Rome and Subiaco. The remaining nineteen are divided into two different classes, called Legations and Delegations, the former of which are governed by Cardinals, and the latter by Prelates. And here, by the way, I might say, that the office of Prelate is confined to the Papal States, and he may or may not be a bishop. Indeed, it is not at all necessary he should be in holy orders, and if he does not take ordination he goes back into the rank of laymen, when he retires from office. He is a sort of under secretary of state, either spiritual or temporal, and has the title of Monsignore. There are upwards of two hundred of them in the kingdom, some attached to the court of the Pope, and others to the government boards. The office is sought after chiefly because it is in the high road to preferment, and the Prelate often (indeed, usually) becomes governor of Rome, nuncio, delegate, auditor-general, or treasurer, and sometimes gets a seat in the sacred college, among the cardinals. His costume distinguishes him from other officers, by the short black silk cloak and violet stockings.

The provinces mentioned above are each subdivided into districts, having their own peculiar local government, subject, however, to these head Legates, or Delegates.

The government of the kingdom is an elective hierarchy, the Pope being its head. He is chosen by the College of Cardinals, whose number is limited to seventy, though it has never yet reached, we believe, that number. When the Pope dies, they are shut up in the papal palace on the Quirinal, and are not allowed to come out or communicate with each other, except to cast their ballots, until the Pope is elected. A majority of two-thirds is necessary to a choice, Austria, France and Spain having the power to put each its veto on one candidate. During the nine days between the Pope's death and funeral, the chief power is exercised by the Cardinal Chamberlain, who can coin money during that time in his own name, impressed with his own coat of arms,—and the way he rattles it off does great credit to his business qualities. During that time the edicts go forth from St. John's, it being the Mother Church.

The administration of the government is carried on, under the Pope, by a Cardinal Secretary of State, and several boards, or, as they are called, Congregazioni, viz., the Camera Apostolica, or Financial Department, the

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Cancelleria, the Diatara, and the Penitenziera or Secret Inquisition. The only life office under the Pope, is that of Cardinal Chamberlain, the rest being at the disposal of his Holiness. The Governor of Rome possesses great power, and cannot be deprived of his office. He can, however, be *promoted* into the College of Cardinals, if he should exercise his power too freely; and thus cease to be governor. If he becomes too fractious, his promotion is certain. He has control over all the Comarea, unlimited power over the police, and can himself inflict capital punishment. It is the Auditor's business to examine the titles of all candidates for bishoprics, and decide cases of appeal to the Pope. The Cancelleria, mentioned above, is the Chancery Court, and the Dataria, a court for ecclesiastical benefices. To these might be added the Buon Governo for the Municipal Police, the Congregazione de Monti for the public debts, and the Sacra Consulta.

The Legates and Delegates, who administer the government of the provinces, are assisted by a Council (called Congregazione di Governo), composed of the Mayor of the principal town, called the Gonfaloniere, and from two to four Councillors, designated by the Pope, and holding office two years. The number of Councillors corresponds to the rank of the provinces—the first class having four, the second three, and the third two. These Councillors, however, have but little power. They have no vote on questions, and can only send to the Pope their written objections to a decision of the Delegate. The Delegate has also two Assessors, who are judges in civil cases, in the principal towns, but they must not be natives of the province. So, also, eleven of the Delegations are cut up into districts, each ruled by a Governor, who cannot be a native of the province, and who is subject to the Delegate. These Governors sit as judges in certain civil and criminal cases in the districts.

These districts are again divided into communes, with their Council, corresponding to our Common Councils, presided over by the town Gonfaloniere, or Mayor, elected out of the Council, and holding his place for two years. He is assisted by Anziani, or Aldermen, from two to six, according to the size of the town, half of whom retire every two years with the Gonfaloniere, or Mayor. This Council assess the rates, &c., and an annual budget is presented to them by the Mayor, which, after it receives their sanction, is submitted to the Delegate, who in his turn sends it to the Buon Governo, which is composed of twelve Cardinals and Prelates, after which it is returned to the commune, and becomes law. The municipal authorities can discharge no account without this formality, and not a dollar can be raised without it, even for local purposes. This is not, perhaps, an ill-balanced system on the whole, and were it not in a tyrannical government, might work well, though slowly. But the difficulty is, one spirit pervades the whole, and the checks on the people are not from the people, but from the Pope, so that there is the semblance of freedom, without its enjoyment. There is no use in legislating, when men are not allowed to legislate except in one way. The *veto* power of the Pope is, after all, by this very system, extended to the minutest matters.

The Pope receives less as a monarch, than most men imagine. The average revenue of the Papal States is less than $10,000,000. It costs simply to collect this sum, about $2,220,000. Then there goes to pay the interest of the public debt $2,547,555. The government and state expenses are nearly $500,000, and about the same amount goes to the Cardinals, Foreign Ministers, &c., to say nothing of hospitals, festivals, &c., &c. The expenses of the Court are about $300,000, of which the Pope gets only a small portion. Many an English bishop is better secured in his pecuniary emoluments than the Pope himself. There is one thing to be taken into consideration, however; the ecclesiastical revenue does not enter at all into the State returns, and its amount is known only to his Holiness, and his advisers. Indeed, we think that the Pope derives very little pecuniary profit from his temporal power; what he has, be it more or less, comes in the shape of church revenue.

But what a miserable state of civil and municipal government must a kingdom be in, when it takes more than *one-fifth of the entire receipts to collect the revenue!* On some of the revenue, the cost of collecting is 60 per cent.—

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on lotteries 69 per cent. The interest of the public debt is nearly 38 per cent. on the whole nett revenue of the kingdom. Part of this interest is paid at Milan, the rest at Paris for French loans.

The Papal navy consists of two steamers, and a few gun brigs, and the standing army is only about 14,000 men, which constitute no effective force, either for offence or defence. The King of Sardinia alone, has a standing army of 80,000. His Holiness leans on Austria in all belligerent matters, and although it is contrary to a Papal decree that any foreign army should quarter in the kingdom, Austria keeps a garrison in Ferrara. Without this constant overshadowing of the Austrian army, Italy would be convulsed in three months by her internal agitations.

Justice is administered on the Canon law, and the laws of the "Corpus Juris." The Pope appoints the Judges, who must be 30 years of age, doctors of law, and five years practising advocates. We have noticed before that the Governor of a country district has jurisdiction over both civil and criminal cases, of a minor character; in civil cases for any sum up to $300, in criminal cases, for slight offences; though his decisions can be appealed from. In the large towns, small offences, as we have already remarked before, are decided upon by the assessors of the delegate. In every province there is a court, called the Collegiate Court, having jurisdiction over the whole province, both in civil and criminal cases. This court is composed of the delegate of the province, his two assessors, a judge, and a member of the common council. All appeals from the local governors and assessors, are carried to this court; but its decisions are not final. The provinces have three courts of appeal from the Collegiate Court; one at Bologna, another at Macerata, and a third the Segnatura of Rome. If, on appeal, the first decision be sustained, the thing is settled for ever; but, if it is reversed, then the case is carried to the Segnatura, whose business it is to decide whether further prosecution may or may not be permitted. If it be decided that the suit may still be prosecuted, it goes into the Sacra Ruota, formerly the Supreme Court of Christendom, on whose decisions the civilized world waited with awe and deference. Probably no court of the world has ever had such sway, and commanded such respect, as this Sacra Ruota. It still overshadows the Papal States, and extends its influence into the Catholic countries of Europe. It is composed of twelve prelates. Six of these are appointed by the pope—the other six by different kingdoms of Europe. France appoints one, Spain two, Germany and Milan each of them one, and Tuscany and Perugia alternately the remaining member. This court gives the reasons of its decisions, which can be reviewed by itself, or carried to the Supreme Court of the Camera Apostolica. No great cause is considered settled until two judgments, agreeing with each other, have been pronounced upon it, that is, either a second judgment on review by the Sacra Ruota, or judgment by the Camera Apostolica. Before all this process is gone through with, death often pronounces sentence on the poor prosecutor himself. Thus a case which the government may not care to have acted on at all, can be as effectually laid to rest in the very heart of its magnificent courts, as the most despotic king could wish.

In criminal cases, the depositions are written down, and the whole cause carried on and completed with closed doors. Government provides a sort of attorney-general, whose services the accused can always command. He is appointed by the Pope, and supported by a salary, and called the *Avvocato dei Poveri* (advocate of the poor). This would not be a bad plan for us to adopt. An attorney-general to *defend* the poor, rather than one to accuse them, would, we think, better subserve the ends of justice. In the Segnatura and Sacra Ruota, the advocates are compelled to address the court in Latin, a practice certainly tending to secure short speeches, and allow very little rhetoric.

This system, faulty as it is, could be borne with, were it not that in all criminal offences, the suspected person may be imprisoned merely *on suspicion, ad indefinitum*. The accused may languish his life away, without the power of bringing his case to trial. This gives to those exercising authority the power of shutting up in prison an ene-

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my, or any humble individual that stands in their way, without answering for it to any earthly tribunal. Under such a system, there can be no end or limits to the injustice that may be practised. The poor are perfectly in the power of the public officers, to be used, frightened, or imprisoned, as they like. What makes it still worse is, that men are imprisoned on the slightest offences, while bail is never allowed. This keeps the prisons choked with victims, and the innocent man is more likely to stay there than the guilty, for his accuser will not be inclined to risk his character, or expose his tyranny, by allowing the man he has injured to appear in his own defence. It is a burning disgrace to the administration of the Papal States, that this injustice is allowed to exist. The practical results of so vile a system are such as one would expect. It is estimated that 6000 are imprisoned in the Papal States every year, which is about one to every four hundred and fifty-five of the entire population. Crime, or unjust imprisonment, must be frequent, to have one out of every five hundred and fifty see the inside of a prison annually.

In addition to the Courts we have mentioned, are the Ecclesiastical Courts, whose duty it is to decide on all matters that come under the jurisdiction of the church. The chief Ecclesiastical Court is the Penitenziera, or Secret Inquisition, composed of thirteen Cardinals, one acting as President, and a prelate acting as assessor. No advocate is allowed here, and no appeal granted.

We have extended this article so much farther than we anticipated, that we can give but a word to the subject of Education. The educational system of the Papal States is divided into three parts; Universities, Bishops' schools, and common schools. The character of the Universities is well known; the Bishops' schools answer somewhat in rank to our academies, and the parish schools are similar to our own, except that the education is chiefly religious. The Government furnishes the means of education to about one in fifty of the entire population. About three-fourths of the children of Rome receive gratuitous instruction; and there are 372 common schools in the city, containing in all 14,000 scholars. Parish priests are the teachers, and corporeal punishment is strictly forbidden. There is no provision for educating the females. Those of the higher classes go into the convents, while the poor are taught in some of the charitable institutions, called Conservatori. Education is in a low state, and the ignorance of the poor most deplorable.

In the above article we have had no reference to the Catholic religion, but have spoken of the Pope's dominions as a political State; giving simply an outline of its civil and municipal institutions, and the manner in which the government is carried on.

WORK.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave the tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

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SUMMER LOVE.

There was a youth who lived beneath the sun
  That streams upon the balmy Indian shore,
Among all fairest youths the fairest one
  That roamed its hill-sides and savannahs o'er.
In a few summer months his course was run,
  And ne'er returned that graceful footstep more;
Over that silent life my thought has bent,
And builded to its fame an unknown monument.

If what thereon is carved may pleasure thee,
  A deeper beauty must it ever wear;
Within me it is reared so curiously—
  Half crowned with memory and wreathed with care.
Not of mine own, but spirits tenderly
  Preserve a feeble form when Love is there;
He was my friend, though we each other knew
Without familiar intercourse, as spirits do.

His face was very fair; his large calm eyes,
  Not all unlighted with a silent fire,
Lay as in some sweet bower of surprise,
  With a full sense of beauty growing nigher,
As who entranced should see the morning rise,
  And the cool stars in deeper light expire;
His words were few—then first it seemed to me
Why o'er the watery deep, God brooded silently.

His wondrous beauty among other men
  Won for his brow the golden crown of praise,
For when one looked at him, he looked again,
  Noting his graceful carriage and his ways;
Not always some without a sense of pain,
  For beauty waked a host of buried days,
Within whose calm embrace enshrouded lie
Youth's glorious hopes whose spirit could not die.

And women looked at him with peaceful heart,
  As on a summer landscape, not to be
With cruel selfishness withheld apart,
  To some dim home a household melody;
For his full life, unmoulded by low art,
  Flowed largely out like the unmeasured sea,
And a deep health to them his presence bore,
As when they saw the ocean rolling to the shore.

We met as strangers meet; scarcely a word
  Was spoken by us, but our glances fell
Upon each other, and our hearts were stirred,
  Though of that motion he did never tell,
Yet the cool silence from his features heard
  What words had never spoken half so well.
The air was warmed by those heart-gushing beams,
And flowed with freer tide life's hidden streams.

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Yet sometimes I would fain have told to him,
  What pleasant pain he woke within my breast;
I gazed upon him till my eyes were dim,
  Then his remembrance was the charm of rest;
He was as one who singeth a far hymn,
  Eluding ever, yet enticing, quest.
I waited eagerly, but could not gaze,
With burning earnestness upon that placid face.

He left his home while yet his years were few,
  And earnest hopes were wove like silken sails,
The soundless ocean-paths to waft him through,
  Filléd quite out, for prayers are fav'ring gales.
He sought the north while summer yet was near,
  And later spring-time told its sunny tales,
'Twas then I saw him first, and only then;
Silent we parted there and met no more again.

In the still fragrance of the summer hours,
  I sat alone and dreamed what we might be,
Fair dreams that wreathed my beating brow with flowers,
  Culled from the garden of dim fantasy.
I lived the future in those golden bowers,
  Gazing entranced upon a flowing sea,
Almost I feared to know him, for it seemed
That he could not be fair, as him of whom I dreamed.

I said we parted and my eyes no more
  Revelled amid such beauty's fairy prime;
With willing gaze he saw his native shore,
  Heard with deep joy the old accustomed chime,
That knelléd soon his pale, cold body o'er,
  In the wan dying of the summer time.
My heart was very calm, when it was said
That the young stranger in his island home was dead.

My heart was calm, but evermore a fair
  And shadowy presence streamed my life around,
Like the faint perfume of the morning air,
  Sweetened by early flowers or spring birds' sound,
But never early flowers or spring bird there
  Amid the dewy freshness can be found.
Ah! might I speak the thought that I would say!
When the deep founts are full, the waters ebb away.

'Tis pictured here, that calm majestic face,
  Informed with beauty which the soul confers,
His motions liquid with a flowing grace,
  As when the wooing wind the tall tree stirs,
The heart outlooking with a regal gaze,
  Like a true king upon his worshippers.
The Indian boy sleeps silent o'er the sea,
But evermore a gentle spirit glides with me.

C.

Concord, Mass.

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PERSICO'S COLUMBUS.

Our last Number contained a paper from a valued contributor, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, devoted to one noble production of the chisel, with which the federal Capitol has been recently adorned, Greenough's colossal statue of Washington. At the period at which the accomplished writer was at Washington, gazing upon the work to which it was a grateful task to render its just meed of praise, another glorious performance in the same glorious art had not yet been erected to its place, and exhibited to the public eye. We refer to Persico's group of Columbus and a female Indian, with which the east part of the Capitol is now adorned. Had it then been visible, it would not have failed to receive from the same elegant and graceful pen a notice better worthy of its merits, than that which we now hasten with pleasure to supply.

An intelligent correspondent in the "New World" thus discourses of it. Coinciding as his views do for the most part with our own, we cheerfully adopt in quoting them:

"By far, the greatest object of attraction and admiration at Washington is Persico's last and best work, the Discoverer and Discovered of America, which now occupies its permanent resting-place, in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol building. As a work of art, of prolific genius, of intellectual conception, of precise and admirable execution, this group, consisting of Columbus, at the moment he realizes his theory of the rotundity of the earth, which is simply yet beautifully illustrated by the globe held forth triumphantly in the right hand, and the figure of an Indian female, startled at the approach of the bold adventurer, presents an entire picture, unequalled in grace, and unapproached in majesty, by anything which native or foreign talent affords in the public or private collections of the country. The artist has grasped the history of the man, his undismayed courage amidst all vicissitudes, the providential guidance which overruled his destiny, the great aim and the beginning of an enterprise, whose results have changed the character and condition of the world. The wondering beholder is irresistibly impressed with all the higher faculties of patient endurance, elevated purpose, discriminating judgment, and the well balanced spirit of resolution and of *consummation* which are developed and harmonized in the head of Columbus. Mind, majesty and grandeur pervade, and thought seems to utter the poetical realisation of all the principles at which an ignorant world had scoffed. One is not approached as with statuary generally, and other works of the same sculptor which stand near by (the statues of Peace and War, eminently distinguished for ability), fail in the *effect* of this composition.

"In Columbus, there is an eloquent and touching appeal to the feelings, an energy of character, and an emotion which excites and moves, which persuades to esteem, and carries recollection along through the dark chambers of five centuries, placing us, as it were, face to face, with a common ancestor, distinguished beyond the men of his time, and foremost in the march of civilisation and Christianity. Even this generation, in the mind's eye, has formed a fellowship with the man and his age; and the promptings, both of affection and reverence, urge the American heart, as it expands in glowing homage to the discoverer of a Continent, designed as the experiment and perpetuation of free institutions.

"The Indian figure is of extraordinary ease and most pleasing attitude. She is unnoticed by Columbus, but is herself alarmed at the advent of the mailed discoverer. Every characteristic feature of that peculiar race is most appropriately blended and developed in the lineaments and symmetry of this animated marble; and the combination is so perfect, and the scene so real to the active mind, that it wants but a Prometheus to set the machine of life in motion. Ignorance, as usual, has become quite offended at the indelicacy of this figure, because the drapery has fallen naturally and gracefully at the instant of her surprise, which discovers

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proportions that prudes think ought to be bandaged up with great care, and concealed from observation. Such ridiculous pretensions to decency and delicacy have too often met the rebuke they deserve, to require either argument or censure now. Sin and crime are measured by the degree of *intention* which influences the act; and, in the moral world, purity consists, not in the observance of a conventional code, or the edicts of morbid society, but in the heart, and the inner temple of all things sacred. The female, of proper capacity and education, who would except to the simple and graceful posture of this unpolished but honest Indian, has much need to examine her own conscience, lest association and the liberal doctrines of fashionable life have misled her judgment and shaken her principles; and the more fastidious, and less intellectual, will see in this picture a lesson of nature in its primitive beauty, greatly in contrast with the vulgar and loathing *accomplishments* of the toilet, so prominently elaborate in themselves, outraging every notion of propriety, and utterly at war with the sentiments of a truly virtuous woman. In the whole work, there is everything to admire and nothing to condemn. It is sublime without pretension and great without effort.

"The marble used in this work was taken from the recently opened quarry of La Palla, at Sira-Verra, between Pisa and Carrara, about twenty miles distant from the latter. It differs from the Carrara marble, of which the statues of Peace and War are composed, being harder, whiter, more transparent and impervious to atmospheric action, for which quality it was selected. *Transparency* seems a singular expression to apply to a heavy body of marble, but it requires only to be studied under the influence of a vertical sun, to realize the life-bestowing lustre which it sheds not only upon, but *through* the figures.

"Persico was employed five years upon this creation of his genius, and the marble was transported to his studio in Naples, a distance of 700 miles from the quarry. The armor upon the statue of Columbus, is accurate to a rivet, having been copied from a suit in the palace of the descendants of the Discoverer, at Gnoa. The cost of the group is $20,000."

There is but one mistake which it is necessary to correct in the above. The author has after all but imperfectly conceived the true grandeur of the idea of the artist. Its main point is this—that Columbus is supposed to be looking towards Europe from the New World of which he has just consummated the discovery; and in that New World, from the Capitol of the great American Union, the spot which may be regarded as the most intense concentration, to a single point, of the whole idea of the destiny of the New Continent, both as to its own incalculable future and as to the reaction of its influence on the rest of the world. From this spot, erect in an attitude of grand and glorious exultation, with the figure advanced as in an eager appeal to the attention of the old world to which he addresses the triumph of his demonstration, he thus exhibits, majestically silent, in the globe held high aloft in his right hand, his reply to all the sneers of incredulity, and the persecutions of malignity, with which his wild and visionary projects had been received. Some accounts we have seen of the group assume that it represents Columbus as in the act of landing on the shores of the New World. This is a total misconception, as the view of the writer from whom we have quoted is an imperfect conception, of the sculptor's sublime design. Manifest as the whole story of the group is upon its surface, we are only surprised that this explanation should be necessary to any beholder.

The female Indian figure by the side of Columbus is worthy of no less praise. The two together well represent the meeting of the two races; and at the same time that the selection of the female sex for the Indian allows the sculptor to add to the general effect of the whole all the charm and grace of womanly loveliness, a just idea is exhibited, in its comparative physical weakness and manifest moral and intellectual inferiority, of the mutual relation of the two races as they are for the first time brought into contact. Intent on the mighty thoughts with which his great heart is swelling—thoughts which deal with worlds and ages—the Columbus pays no heed to the half-frightened, half-adoring form, which, from beside him, is gazing up in beautiful wonder on this godlike

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stranger who has descended like a revelation from heaven. The whole conception is truly great; its execution exquisite; and it will constitute a sublime monument to the memory of the sculptor whom it has placed in the very front rank of the art of his age.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The markets continue to evince the progress of that speculation consequent upon the violent change in the channels of business, caused by the ruthless and sudden increase of the tariff from a range of 20 to 35 per cent. The compromise act of 1832 provided for a gradual reduction of the then level of duties, from 35 per cent. to 20 per cent., in a period of ten years, which was a time sufficiently short in order not to disturb the interests which had grown up under the high tariff, or to injure the capital which by its operation had been drawn into particular pursuits. When the unconstitutional and impolitic principle of protection had once been adopted, it was in some degree due to the innocent third parties, who had availed themselves of its supposed benefits, that time should be given them to escape the evils of a new change in policy. The justice of this principle was admitted and generally acquiesced in by the adoption of the compromise act providing for biennial and small reductions, until the general level of 20 per cent. was reached in 1842. In that period great commercial interests had sprung up, and vast capitals were employed in the commerce of the country, gradually increasing under the descending scale of duties. In the new revision of the tariff, no thought and no heed was given to the wants and wishes of this large class, but in 60 days the duty was raised from 20 to 36 per cent., being to the same level from which, to protect manufacturers, ten years had been allowed for the reduction. The injustice of such inconsiderate legislation is self-evident, and its effects are now beginning to be felt. The first year of these high duties was marked by a perfect stagnation of trade, a great diminution of revenue, and an accumulation of capital at all the great centres of commerce in the Union. Prices of all descriptions of goods fell, and money became a perfect drug. Mercantile enterprise had been crushed, trade paralyzed, and there was no employment for money. In the meantime, by the process of consumption with small supplies, the stocks of goods on the sea-board and in the towns of the interior became greatly reduced; gradually, the actual wants of the people leading to new purchases, prices began to advance, and they now feel the full weight of the tariff as we illustrated in our Number for May, in the article of iron, which has again considerably advanced. The effect of the stagnation of trade caused by the sudden raising of the tariff, was unquestionably the accumulation of idle capital. This money for a length of time remained unemployed, but gradually stimulated a great speculation in stocks. Had the public credit of the several States been unimpaired and the fearful disasters in the stock market not of so recent a date, there is no doubt but one of the greatest bubbles the world has ever witnessed would now be in active process of inflation; as it is, the abundance of money has promoted scenes of speculation, which, had they been predicted twelve months since, would have been considered as but the visions of lunacy. Stocks of the most worthless description rise in price several per cent. in a day, and continue to advance, although admitted on all sides to be perfectly worthless. This is the natural effect of forcibly throwing money by process of law, out of the regular channels of business and compelling it to find employment even in the demoralizing speculations of the stock market. If from the present tariff of 35 per cent. the duties should be immediately taken off and entire free trade adopted, probably some $50,000,000 of capital now em-

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ployed in manufacturing would be withdrawn, and remain idle until disseminated in the channels of trade. In the meantime the efforts of its owners to make it temporarily productive, would foster immense speculation. The sudden advance in the tariff has had the same effect upon capital employed in trade and commerce. The tariff of 1828 produced the same result. Capital accumulated, and stimulated into life those speculations, which, assisted by other causes, swelled until the explosion dishonored ten sovereign States of the Union.

The State of New York has obtained a loan of $500,000, 5 per cent., 18 years to run at 1½ per cent. premium, to pay contractors, being part of the $900,000 authorized at the late session; one year since, a six per cent. stock of the same tenor brought 2.25 per cent. premium. The equivalent in a six per cent. stock for a five per cent. at 1½ premium would be 113, hence the value of New York stock within the year has advanced 10.5 per cent. If we look back at the terms at which New York stock have been negotiated, we shall have a good index of the state of the money market at different periods, as follows:

TERMS ON WHICH THE NEW YORK CANAL DEBT WAS CONTRACTED, WITH THE VALUE OF THE STOCK TO YIELD FIVE PER CENT.

Year.	*On account of.*	*Interest.*	*Redeemable.*	*Terms.*	*Value of Stock.*	*Amount.*
1826	Oswego Canal.	5 pr. ct.	July, 1846	par.	101 1	$227,000
1828	Oswego Canal.	5 "	July, 1846	par.	101 0	110,000
1830	Chemung Canal.	5 "	1850	10 38 prm.	101 1	130,000
1831	Chemung Canal.	5 "	1850	15 10 "	101 1	140,000
1833	Chemung Canal.	5 "	1850	17 51 "	101 0	100,000
1836	Chenango Canal.	5 "	1845	1 45 "	100 6	200,000
1837	Chenango Canal.	5 "	1845	2 75 "	100 6	525,969
1838	Erie Canal.	5 "	1855	0 50 "	101 0	1,000,000
1839	Erie Canal.	5 "	1855	par.	101 0	3,000,000
1840	Erie Canal.	5 "	1858	10 dis.	101 0	2,000,000
1841	Erie Canal.	5 "	1858	16 "	101 0	367,951
1841	Erie Canal.	6 "	1860	par.	113 4	300,000
1842	Erie Canal.	6 "	1860	par.	113 4	79,000
1843	Contractors.	6 "	1861	21 4 prm.	113 4	300,000
1844	Contractors.	5 "	1862	1 51 "	101 6	500,000

In 1840, under the influence of discredit, the 5 per cent. stock sold at 17 per cent. below its actual value. The rate of interest was then raised to 6 per cent., which sold, in 1842, 13·4 per cent. below its actual value, to yield 5 per cent. during the time it had to run. At that time the first movement towards a restoration of credit of the Union was made in the Legislature of New York, by the imposition of the mill tax, and stopping the issue of stock. It appears, then, from depreciation the value of New York stocks has risen to the level they occupied in 1828, when the accumulation of capital consequent upon the enormous tariff of that year, commenced stimulating speculation. In 1830 it appears, under its influence, New York 5 per cents. had risen to over 10 per cent. premium, and in 1833, they commanded 17·51 per cent. premium. The enormous prices for stock generally indicated in that value for New York Fives, led to the creation of an immense amount of stock of all descriptions manufactured to sell. A large proportion of those stocks subsequently became worthless, and the present speculations thus far ran more into the resuscitation of those stocks than the creation of new ones. Subscriptions for two important railroads are, however, in progress of filling up. The Erie Railroad and a road to connect the New Haven and Hartford Railroad with the New York line. A charter for this company, with a capital not to exceed $3,000,000, has recently been obtained from the Legislature of Connecticut. This road, by connecting with the Harlem, will throw open to this city a communication with the extensive chain of railroads crossing New England in every direction, and which having cost some $21,000,000, command a business which yields from 4 to 5 per cent. per annum.

The Erie Railroad, built by individual enterprise, will undoubtedly be a work of vast importance, but is likely to exercise a material influence upon the finances of the State. Communicating with Lake Erie at a point which will command the trade earlier in the

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spring and later in the fall than the Canal, it has the advantage over that work that it will be open the year round, and while the southern counties will always have free access to the city, the produce of the western States will never be arrested on its way to market by sudden frost, and be obliged to be wintered over, at great expense, in the interior. These are circumstances which are likely to affect materially the revenues of the Erie Canal, more especially when we consider the fact set forth in the able report of the Canal Commissioners, that in the last five years there has been actually a decrease in the revenue derived from the produce of this State, and that all the increase has been derived from the produce of western States, as follows:

Total increase of tolls on Erie Canal for five years,		$1,730,754
Increase on merchandise,	$273,696	
Increase on produce of western States,	1,534,987	
Total increase,	1,808,683	
Decrease on products of this State,	77,929	1,730,754

The fact is here evident, that not only does all the future increase of the Erie tolls depend upon the trade of the other States, but that a large portion, near 30 per cent of present revenues are derivable from that source. The Erie Railroad, in all probability, will soon be an active and efficient competitor for that business, in which case the present debt of the State will be found sufficiently burdensome upon our farming population, who are now paying a direct tax mostly occasioned by the large loans of State money to the Erie Railroad, and expended in the canal enlargement, for no other purpose than to drive their own produce out of the Atlantic markets, through that of the competition of the Western States. That the State derives large revenues from the Western trade pouring through the canal, is certainly a matter of congratulation, were it not evident that the larger those revenues are, the more severe is the competition with which the farmers of this State have to contend. When that competition is brought about through individual enterprise, as will now be the case with the Erie Railroad, if that work is built at all, there is no cause of complaint, but it is too much to ask of the agricultural interests of this State, that they loan their money for facilitating an opposition to their own business.

The progress of business in all sections of the country, as indicated in the swelling revenues of all the public works, continues to present the most flattering indications. The Western trade particularly, evinces an unprecedented activity, to be ascribed chiefly to the absence in the Western States of all speculative action, which ceased with the winding up of the pernicious issues of paper money which so long held sway in the agricultural States; with the cessation of bank loans, frugality returned, and the avenues of trade pour forth wealth in quantities of unequalled magnitude, destroying the theory that banks are in any way necessary to the development of the resources of the country. Money was never so plenty in all sections as now, exchanges so regular, nor the means of remittances so plenty and cheap. The only drawback upon the prospects of the country is the destruction of foreign trade, which took place last year. This reduced our exports at a moment when the supplies are the largest, and therefore in the face of extreme abundance of money caused prices of produce to rule lower than ever, while those of imported and manufactured goods are extravagantly high. The rapid rise in prices of imported goods has induced large imports, and the exchanges have risen to a height which indicates that specie will speedily go abroad in payment, notwithstanding that one argument used in favor of the imposition of the tariff was, that it would "retain specie in the country."

The renewal of the charter of the Bank of England, which expires in August next, is attended with changes in the paper system of England, which will have an influence in every quarter of the commercial world. At the last renewal of the charter, which took place in 1833, it was provided that, upon one year's notice being given within six months after the expiration of the ten years, from August 1, 1834, and the payment of all sums due by the public to the Bank, the chartered privi-

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leges shall cease. This time is now rapidly approaching, but it is the determination of government to renew its privileges for ten years more, under certain limitations, producing an organic change in the system, with the view of limiting the vacillations of paper money, and of preventing an inordinate rise in prices through the action of paper money. This marks an era in the progress of the commercial world. The Bank in question was established in 1694, with a capital of £1,200,000, which was loaned to the government at 8 per cent. interest. This was the commencement of the famous paper system, which has since swelled to such enormous magnitude in the shape of government debts in all nations and the use of paper money in England and the United States. The cause of the creation of the Bank was the poverty of the government, and the almost utter impossibility of supplying its wants by means of taxation, from the scarcity of money. The increase of the volume of the currency by means of paper, by advancing prices, enabled the government to collect its taxes freely and to swell its revenues to an almost limitless extent. From a revenue of a few thousand pounds only in 1694, the government was enabled to swell its expenditure to £100,000,000 in 1815, by means of the operation of paper. The guns of Waterloo, while they dispelled the war clouds that for centuries had hung over the continent, signalised the approaching end of the paper system. Up to that time, England, by her superior advantages, had enjoyed a monopoly of manufacturing for the markets of the world. Her exports could not be supplied so well from any other quarter, and sales of her manufactures were made almost at her own prices. When, however, the peace of Europe became established, the industry of nations received a new direction, active competition to English manufactures started into life, and it soon became apparent that the high level to which prices had been raised in England by the free use of irredeemable paper money, how little inconvenience soever might have been experienced from it while commercial intercourse with other nations did not exist, would be fatal to her ascendency when brought into contact with the specie currencies of other nations. Hence the necessity for, and the passage of, Peel's bill of 1819, which restored specie payments in 1821, thereby reducing the value of property and the range of prices something nearer to the level of those of other countries. This had for a time the desired effect, and in some degree restored the export trade of Britain. The improvement of other countries in manufactures was however very rapid, and to maintain the supremacy of England, it was indispensable to reduce the cost of production, which was effected partly by removing duties upon raw materials imported. The object thus sought to be attained was, however, frustrated by the expansive nature of the currency, which, although convertible into coin, was capable of a great expansion, which raising prices, caused an export of bullion that undermined the fabric and produced a revulsion that, followed by a short harvest, threatened bankruptcy. This was peculiarly the case in five years, ending in 1838. During that period of time the expansion of bank currency had been very great, and the general level of prices had risen at an average about 35 per cent., causing large imports and greatly diminishing the exports, by which means the bullion in the Bank had been greatly reduced, at the same time the harvests having been good, the foreign corn trade had ceased. The movement is seen in the following table which expresses the quantity of wheat in quarters imported into England in each year, and the amount of bullion held by the Bank at different times.

IMPORT OF WHEAT INTO ENGLAND FOR SEVERAL YEARS, AND THE BULLION IN THE BANK.

Year.	Wheat Impt'd. Qrs.	Bullion in Bank.	Year.	Wheat Impt'd. Qrs.	Bullion in Bank.
1832	325,435	£5,293,150	1838	1,241,460 Dec. '30,	£9,326,000
1833	82,346	8,983,800	1839	2,634,556 Dec. '30,	2,887,000
1834	64,653	9,948,000	1840	1,993,387	4,073,000
1835	28,483	6,693,000	1841	2,300,878	5,062,000
1836	30,554	7,060,000	1842	2,668,051	10,932,000
1837	244,619	4,048,000	1843	800,000	15,784,000

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It appears that from 1834 to 1837, although no wheat was imported, the bullion in the Bank ran down from £9,000,000 to £4,000,000; when the Bank, becoming alarmed, powerfully curtailed its circulation, and brought back to its vaults a large amount of bullion, in 1838; when, the harvest being short, 1,241,460 qrs. of wheat were imported, causing a drain for gold which, in the following year, reduced the Bank to the degradation of asking a loan of £2,500,000 of the Bank of France, to avoid bankruptcy. In the four years subsequent to that event, although the import of wheat continued larger than ever, yet the export trade increased to an extent which not only paid for that corn, but a large amount of bullion in addition. The whole quantity of wheat imported has been, for 12 years, 14,739,503 qrs., at a cost of £42,431,115, or an average of 573 per quarter. Hence, in 1842, the quantity of wheat imported, being larger than ever, cost £7,603,945, which was not only all paid for, but near £6,000-000 was added to the bullion in the vaults of the Bank. In 1843 the import of wheat still further declined, and the accumulation of bullion has continued up to the present moment; the necessary result of the immense exports consequent upon the low level at which prices have ruled. At this particular juncture, so favorable to a change in the banking system, the government has brought forward its plan; the leading principle of which is, that that proportion of the paper currency liable to fluctuate, shall rise and fall exactly in proportion as the specie in the Bank increases or diminishes. To attain this object, the Bank of England is divided into two parts; one of issue, and the other to conduct the ordinary banking business. All the bullion held by the institution, is to be transferred to the issuing department, which shall emit paper of two descriptions, the one based upon securities to a fixed amount, and the other on specie,—dollar for dollar on hand. The securities are to consist of the debt due the Bank by the government, £11,000,000, and an addition of £3,000,000 of exchequer bills, making £14,000,000 as a fixed amount, beyond which the Bank cannot issue bills for its own profit. This fixed amount is supposed to be less than the lowest sum to which the Bank currency is ever liable to be reduced. All the paper which is put in circulation above that amount, will be represented by the same amount of specie on hand; so that in fact a specie currency has been adopted in London, at the centre of the commercial world. The issues of the country Banks are in like manner to be restricted to the average circulation of the last few years, which is about £7,000,000. Hence the fixed circulation of England will be £21,000,000; the actual circulation is now £30,000,000; the difference must fluctuate with the bullion in bank. Had this law been in operation last year, and the movement of specie been the same, the effect would have been as follows:—

	Actual Circulation, Bank of England.	Private Banks.	Total.	Bullion.	Fixed.	Circulation under new law—total.
September, 1841,	17,069,000	9,086,071	26,155,071	4,803,000	21,000,000	25,803,000
January, 1843,	18,283,000	7,782.734	26,065.734	11,054.000	21,000,000	32,054,000
May, "	19.422.000	7,782 745	27,204,745	11,3-5.000	21,000,000	32,325,070
September, "	19,552,000	8,211,892	27.761.862	12,250,000	21.000,000	33,250,000
March, 1844,	12,741,000	8,459,869	20,930,869	16,011,000	21,000,000	37,041,000

The actual circulation, it is observable, is far less than would have been allowed under this immense accumulation of coin, but in 1841 the actual circulation was more than would have been allowed, and that excess arose from the large issues of the country Banks. When the Bank of England was obliged to reduce its issues, that reduction created a natural demand for money which the country Banks supplied; this under the new plan cannot be done. They cannot issue their own notes over the average, and if they apply for Bank of England notes, that institution cannot issue them unless the range of the bullion warrants it, which under such circumstances is not likely to happen, because it is the fall of the amount of specie on hand which causes the Bank to curtail its own movement. Thus England has in fact, taught by the vicissitudes and disasters of the paper system, gone back to a specie currency after 150 years of currency scheming. It is however worthy of

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remark that the government has not absolutely forbidden the extension of the security circulation beyond the £14,000,000, but that it can be done only by the consent of the Queen in council, and then the whole profit derivable from that issue must be paid over to the government. This provision, for all practical business purposes, would seem to be unnecessary; but it has probably reference to the possible exigencies of the government itself which may require such an issue.

The United States are now the only nation where an expansive paper currency is in operation, although they have suffered more than other nations from the abuse of the system. Nearly all the evils of the revulsion which overtook banking have passed away, money is abundant, the rate of interest low, the currency is equal and uniform, exchanges perfectly regular and cheap, and a more fitting opportunity cannot present itself for separating the government from banks, and utterly repudiating the gambling system, thereby protecting the people against a recurrence of the disasters of the past ten years.

NEW BOOKS.

The Early Christian Fathers; or, Memoirs of Nine Distinguished Teachers of the Christian Faith, during the first three Centuries, including their Testimony to the Three-fold Ministry of the Church. By the Rev. W. M. Carmichael, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas's Hall, Flushing, L. I. New York: Alexander V. Blake, 77 Fulton street. 1844.

This is a very excellent volume on the subject of which it treats: a favorite theme of late, not only with the churchman and the professed reader of works of the sort, but also with the great reading public. Of course, the topic of Episcopacy has been variously handed, wiredrawn by many, and forcibly treated by a few. By no American writer, that we are aware of, has the whole matter been more thoroughly discussed, than by the author of the volume under consideration. He has adopted the historical method, and aimed to prove the divine origin of Episcopacy, from the testimony of the early fathers, to whom the church universal refer upon points of doctrine, which they have copiously illustrated in their writings, and to defend the truth of which, and testify their faith, they willingly surrendered the mysterious gift of life itself.

We cannot, of course, be expected to enter into the merits of so vexed a question: one, the parties engaged on either side of which are so evenly matched. As general critics, we see no cause for the great excitement: it does not affect the common Christianity of all sects, nor the common humanity of all true men. It is a question of power, of discipline, of rank. We incline to adopt the scriptural proof, so well expanded in the tract, "Episcopacy Tested by Scripture." Yet there are a host of able writers against this. To the churchman, the argument appears conclusive, the effect, in a great measure, of education and prejudice. As much may be said for and against the opposite side. The Congregationalists point to Jerome, and a number of able defenders. In the Church of England itself, there is the manly Hoadley and the present Archbishop of Dublin, Whately, fairly scouted and abused, as only controversialists abuse each other (in a mode unknown to gentlemen and Christians), for their simple liberality and (professionally speaking) laxity, on this very dogma.

In general, the Episcopal clergy are strongly for Episcopacy, from evident and interested views of advancement. For this reason, a defence of Episcopacy from them lacks the weight of impartiality; while, on the same grounds, the arguments of the Congregationalist derive additional force from his personal disinterestedness. And always we trust that witness most implicitly, who has the least to gain or lose from the issue.

Perhaps, it may be conceded—we would certainly ourselves allow as much—that Episcopacy is expedient in certain circumstances. It is a wise policy, to preserve a gradation of rank, where the incumbents are clearly fit and good men. But what an army of bad bishops, as well as poor sinful laymen! The office tends to beget a feeling of spiritual arrogance, much to be deplored. We heard an honest, clever scholar (who is a Baptist clergyman), re-

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mark, that the humblest person becomes a new man, by gaining a bishopric. It changes manliness into pride, and moderation into austerity. We know a story (one of a hundred cases) in point: a certain English Bishop, at one of the government stations in India, at a large dinner party, where the company was select, and composed of official dignitaries, was called upon to pronounce a blessing, upon which he drew himself up with a most Christian dignity, and observed, that the etiquette of the English Church did not permit a Bishop to go through the ceremony, but *his chaplain would act as his substitute.* Here was an humble, apostolical, Christian man. All Bishops are not such, yet the tendency certainly lies that way. Office fosters pride, and pride is the natural enemy of religion. In Great Britain, where the Church is often a *dernier ressort* to younger sons, many gain rank from purely worldly motives. Here, in these United States, we have had a White, Moore, Chevereux, and may we have many more *like them.*

As to apostolical succession, that is a tough question. Before making up his mind, every honest inquirer would do well to read carefully Macaulay's statement of the matter, in his article on Church and State. (Ed. Rev. 1839.) One may easily grant the divine origin and institution of Episcopacy, and yet reasonably doubt whether the present race is a true descent in the right line.

Thus much could one with justice argue against the Episcopal order, an order adorned, to take but one country, by a long series of most excellent pastors and most able men in England: an order that can point to a Latimer, a Cranmer, a Hall, a Taylor, a Kerr, a Tillotson, a Wilson, a Hoadley, and many others of equal worth and piety.

If we could feel as sure of the sincere adhesion of the majority of good churchmen, to this favorite dogma, as we are fully convinced of the high and pure views, and Christian manliness, of the author of this work, we should not apprehend the order to be in any danger. But looking about us, we see not the man styled Bishop, elevated to that dignity, who has the mark of an Apostle upon him. Bishop Moore, of Virginia, was almost the last of the noble old race.

The bishopric is not, to our mind, essential to a Church. We are democratic enough to admit King Charles's maxim, "no King no Bishop," since a natural alliance appears to exist between civil and religious despotism. Still, though Bishops generally are spoiled by their office, and the temptation it extends to a perversion of power, yet we do not hence consider that ought to be the natural inference. With Pope we may exclaim, "Even in a Bishop I can spy deceit," though we should by no means consider the office a sure test of a man's Christianity.

We hope, however, readers of all sorts will make it a point before making up their minds for or against the doctrine, to procure and study this latest treatise. It furnishes a thorough survey of the whole ground by historical illustration. It carries clear design, a complete mastery of materials, and wide reading. The style is natural and easy, appropriate to the subject, and without the slightest tincture of affectation or display. The writer has the subject at heart, and is fully persuaded of its verity and importance.

The appointments of the book are in excellent keeping with its character. It is neatly, and even handsomely "got up," as to print, paper, and binding. We trust it will be extensively read by honest inquirers, churchmen or otherwise.

Theory of Morals: An inquiry concerning the law of moral distinction and the variations and the contradictions of ethical codes. By Richard Hildreth. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1844.

In an age which keeps up not only such "a terrible thinking," but such a terrible writing and speaking as this, it would hardly be fair to blame this book for containing little or nothing original. It is a brief inquiry into the nature of Right and Wrong, and gives a passing analysis of the principal systems of mental philosophy, which either have prevailed, or are now prevalent in the world. The author has the merit, at least, of writing very plainly and explicitly; no small merit when we consider the obscurity with which ethical subjects are, now-a-days, so often treated. We do not know, however, that, in avoiding one extreme, he has not fallen into the other. Without any loss of clearness, his style might, probably, have been somewhat more rigid than it is. But it is, of course, extremely difficult to write with precision upon metaphysics in a language so destitute as ours of a suitable nomenclature. We can easily conceive of the confusion there would be in natural sciences if every treatise thereon had its own peculiar terms and definitions. If a fixed language be thus important in practical philosophy, it would seem to be actually indispensable to the subtle distinctions and intricate reasonings of mental philosophy.

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Mr. Hildreth arranges the various systems of morals, as well ancient as modern, under the comprehensive classification of the *Mystic Theory*, or that which makes things right or wrong according as they are pleasing or displeasing to the Deity; and the *Forensic Theory*, or that which makes things right or wrong according as they are for the interest or disadvantage of society. Perhaps the difference between these schools will not appear evident at first, because there is a common ground between them upon which they can, and in fact do, unite. It is said that the true interest of man never can be inconsistent with the pleasure of God; and, since they will thus agree as to what things are right and what things are wrong, the different hypotheses from which they start only to meet at the same conclusions, are of little importance. But, upon stripping the two systems of any modifications, and reducing them to their elements, it will be found that, whilst the Mystics consider morality something abstract or independent of society, the Forensics consider it merely conventional, or the expression of public opinion. Mr. Hildreth, who supports the views of the latter class, says this in so many words:

"Morality, instead of being an abstract thing, independent of human nature, something external to it, whether originating in the absolute nature of things, in the decrees of God, or the arts of man, grows, in fact, out of man's very constitution."

Surely, this doctrine totally precludes the idea of human improvement. Though the author, indeed, does not himself draw such a deduction, maintaining, on the contrary, that morals are progressive, it appears to us, nevertheless, to be quite irresistible. If we believe, and who does not, that the eighteenth century is any improvement on the eighth, we are, of necessity, establishing a separate and independent standard by which to measure the morality of the world. One man is taller than another, just in proportion as he is nearer the sky, or farther from the earth than that other; and, in the same way, one age is better or worse than another age, just in proportion as it more or less corresponds to some abstract or higher test of virtue. Without this, how can we say that one nation is better than another nation, or civilized life better than savage life? The contradictions into which the doctrine of conventional morality leads, are too manifest to require comment.

Though we are thus compelled to express a total disapprobation of the very hypothesis upon which Mr. Hildreth's theory is founded, we can still recommend his work to our readers as a well-argued and interesting essay. It is the first of a series of treatises, which it is proposed to collectively entitle "Rudiments of the Science of Man." They are to be published in the following order: Theory of Morals—Theory of Politics—Theory of Wealth—Theory of Taste—Theory of Knowledge—Theory of Education. This reminds us of an anecdote told of the present king of Bavaria. When visiting once an exhibition of modern paintings in Munich, that capital which his taste and munificence have consecrated to art, science and literature, he was shown a series of paintings by a young artist, whose designs had, unfortunately, far exceeded his skill. They were called the "Triumph of Peace," "Triumph of Virtue,—of Truth," &c., &c. Maximilian regarded them silently for some time, and then, turning to the limner, who stood anxiously by, said that he missed one triumph there. "And what is that, if your majesty please?" "The Triumph of Art," said the royal connoisseur, and turned shortly on his heel. And we miss one theory here; the most important of all theories; the Theory of Life. This was not explained in the academy; the scholiasts made it, if possible, more obscure than it had been before; and it remains as unintelligible now as it probably was when the foundation was laid of the pyramid of Cheops.

Hyponoia; or Thoughts on a Spiritual understanding of the Apocalypse or Book of Revelation; with some remarks upon the Parousia or second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an Appendix upon the Man of Sin. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co., Publishers, 1844.

This work is a commentary upon a portion of the sacred writings, confessedly but little understood by the Christian public, and to which many contradictory interpretations have been assigned. It has generally been considered a prophetic account of political and ecclesiastical events which should take place upon the earth subsequent to the promulgation of Christianity. The writer of the present work has regarded this mystical portion of Scripture as having a different design, and as having an *undersense* or spiritual interpretation, which he attempts to determine by comparing its highly figurative language with other portions of Scripture, generally allowed to bear such an interpretation, and supposes it intended for an exposition and illustration of the prominent truths of Christian doctrine, and of

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the tendency and effect of such errors in regard to them as will arise at all periods of the world's history, from the natural dispositions of the heart. His general idea is, that the Apocalypse is not a Revelation of future events of any kind, but a revelation or *unveiling* made by Jesus Christ *of himself* and of his own character and offices; an intellectual manifestation corresponding with what he apprehends to be the *second coming of the Son of Man* in the Scriptural sense of the term.

We have not examined the volume sufficiently to pass upon its merits, but the nature of the subject commends it to the attention of the Christian public, and if the writer's method of interpretation is the correct one, much of the learned labor hitherto bestowed on this subject in reference to church history might have been spared; while a new and interesting field of investigation is opened for every biblical student. It may, indeed, be considered as a somewhat novel circumstance, that a volume of several hundred pages, octavo, should have been written by a Protestant upon the Book of Revelation, without even an incidental notice of the Church of Rome, the Pope, the Papacy, or the French Republic, so long considered by British commentators especially, the peculiar subjects of apocalyptic prediction.

Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, together with an abstract of the proceedings of the County Agricultural Societies. Vol. III. 1843. Albany: Printed by Carroll & Cooke, Printers to the Assembly. 1844. 8vo., pp. 671.

The Agricultural Report of the present year presents a large and handsome volume, richly filled. The Transactions of the County Agricultural Societies make about half of its ample bulk; the other portion being occupied with a great variety of useful and interesting matter, chiefly Reports, Prize Essays, &c., collected within the year 1843. The whole is illustrated with numerous and well executed wood-cuts; and constitutes a highly creditable annual monument to the zeal and efficiency brought to their honorable and useful labors by the body from which it proceeds.

The Christian Instructed in the way of the Gospel and the Church: a Series of Discourses delivered in St. James's Church, Goshen, during the years 1840–42. By Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M., late Rector. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, Chestnut street. 1844. 16mo., pp. 325.

Sermons, bearing on Subjects of the Day. By John Henry Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New York: D Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, Chesnut street. 1844. 16mo., pp. 357.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Curiosity is no longer on the tip-toe respecting Mr. Gregg's long-promised volumes on the Great Western Praries: this pleasing production has fully realized the high expectations that we entertained respecting it, from the notice anticipatory given in our previous issue. We need not, after what has been said already, add anything further in commendation of Mr. Gregg's charming work.

Geo. Endicott & Co. have nearly ready the first part of their splendid edition of "Dr. Weber's Anatomical Atlas of the Human Body," in natural size. This great work has already enjoyed a reputation in Europe unsurpassed by any other production of its class; it is needless, therefore, to say, that the present liberal enterprise of Mr. Endicott, in the proposal to supply an improved edition of this costly work, and at a much lower price than the foreign edition, richly merits, as we trust it will receive, the widest patronage from the members of the medical profession. We are happy to observe that our esteemed friend and ex-contributor, Dr. S. Forry, is appointed to superintend its editorial supervision, who will give in this edition

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from the German, some additional explanatory matter to the Supplementary Atlas, not contained in the late foreign editions. It is to be completed in twenty-three parts, at $1 50 each, payable on delivery.

"Biographical, Literary, and Philosophical Essays," contributed to the Eclectic Review, by John Foster. 1 vol. 12mo. 450 pages. These contributions well deserve to class with those of Macaulay, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith.

"Essays on Christian Morals, Experimental and Practical," by John Foster. 1 vol. 18mo.

"Think before you Act, and other Tales," by Mrs. Sherwood.

"Very Little Tales for Very Little Children"—second series.

"The Prize Story-Book," consisting of Tales translated from the German, French, and Italian, together with select tales from the English.

"Holiday Tales," consisting of pleasing Tales for the Young.

A new juvenile annual, entitled "The Child's delight, a Gift for the Young." Edited by a Lady. Embellished with numerous engravings on steel; and a new work by the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," entitled "The Log Cabin, or the World Before You;" embellished with a steel plate.

Dr. Durbin's "Observations in Europe, principally in France and Great Britain," has recently been issued by the Harpers,—a fact needlessly stated, since few literary novelists of the day have become more generally esteemed. We learn the author is engaged on another work, descriptive of his visit to the East.

The Appletons announce the following new Juveniles: "Dr. Cooke Taylor's Student's Manuals of Ancient and Modern History"—2 vols. "The Elements of Natural History," by Wm. Lee. "The Book of the Army," by J. Frost, author of "The Book of the Navy," with plates. "Cary's Translation of Dante,"—revised edition. "Domestic Tales and Allegories illustrating Human Life," by Hannah More—2 vols. We ought to observe, also, the following on their list of announcements: "Dr. Thirlwall's History of Greece;" "The Poetical Works of Mrs. Hemans," complete, 9 vols. 16mo. "Otto Specter's Fable Book," with 100 illustrations, and his "Puss in Boots," with twelve spirited designs, &c. They also have just ready, in theology, the "Complete works of Hooker," edited by the Rev. J. Keble, 2 vols. 8vo.; "Practical Sermons for every day in the year, and principal Holidays," by Rev. C. Bradley; "The Double Witness for the Church," by Rev. W. L. Kipp; also, a new volume of "The Rose," for 1845, with ten steel plates, and another annual to be called "The Keepsake," for 1845.

"The Lady Equestrian," is the title of a little hand-book just published by Redfield, comprising a concise treatise on the art of riding, adapted from Ashton's illustrations, with numerous additions and modifications, to which are appended full descriptions of the prevailing styles of ladies' riding habits, &c., by Mr. A. E. Campbell.

The same publisher has also in course of publication "Dr. Norwood's Revised Edition of Buchan's celebrated work on Domestic Medicine."

"The Chess-Player's Hand Book" is in preparation and will soon appear.

"The New American Drawing-Book," by Chapman, is now in an advanced state of preparation; it will commence with the elementary principles of the art, and, by easy and progressive lessons, will advance the pupil to a thorough and complete knowledge of this delightful, important, and valuable accomplishment. It will form one large octavo, embellished with numerous engravings, and will be published shortly.

"The American Pictorial Museum;" consisting of illustrations of events in American History; portraits of distinguished Americans; views of principal cities, of natural curiosities, and works of art; deeds of daring and heroism; Indian history, etc.

We have heard rumors of certain distinguished visitors being expected from Europe; and as we believe we can make the announcement without hesitation, and give it, moreover, exclusively, we do it for the information of our friends. We refer to the fact of the immediate visit to our shores of Earl Spencer, better remembered by his late title, Lord Althorp. It is well known that few members of the British Peerage have been so little indebted to the factitious distinctions of rank for their high reputation as the present Lord Spencer. Besides combining the advantages of deep learning and the rich inheritance of his father's munificent love and patronage of literature, he is also a practical man. His main object in making the tour of the United States is, with a view to new suggestions and comparisons in the important science of agriculture,—the results of which will be given to the world. His lordship will preserve the strictest incognito. Bul-

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wer,—who was expected to have come by the last steamer,—Brougham, and some others, are mentioned as expected guests; and we learn from a letter of the fair and favorite poetess, Eliza Cook, that she longs to visit the "Land of Washington," and only regrets her medical attendant has interdicted the gratification of her wishes.

In deviating from our ordinary custom, we take pleasure in noticing a new candidate in periodical literature, recently commenced with evident success, by E. Littell & Co., Boston, entitled "The Living Age." Besides being about the cheapest issue of the day, it is not among the least attractive in typographical skill; and its editor has displayed more than ordinary taste and discretion in his selection of the most choice and interesting articles which are constantly to be gleaned from the larger English Reviews and Journals.

We regret to no ice the decease of Mr. Town, the architect and well known book-collector of this city—once a true disciple, with Allen, Brevort, Corwin, and others, of the literary patriarch, Dibdin.

Langley's next publications will be, Miss Sedgwick's "Alida, or Town and Country;" "Ellen Woodville, or Life in the West;" "Atala," from the French of Chateaubriand, translated by Smead and Lefebvre, of Richmond, Va., and Madame De Stael's chef-d'œuvre, "Corinne." Each of these works will be issued in the cheap style.

Gould, Kendall & Lincoln have just issued a neat volume of "Miscellanies, consisting principally of Sermons and Essays," by the Rev. John Harris, D. D., author of the well known Prize Essays, "Mammon," "The Great Teather," &c., edited, and with an introduction, by Joseph Belcher, D. D. Dr. B. must have rendered a very acceptable service to the religious public by the presentation of the present collection of fugitive papers, by Dr. Harris; since every emanation from his elegant pen has met with such universal welcome in both hemispheres; and as those who are familiar with the author's previous productions will not fail to avail themselves of this new contribution, it is needless for us to say more on the subject.

A new edition of an admirable volume has just been issued, entitled "The Genius and Design of the Domestic Constitution, with its Untransferable Obligations and Peculiar Advantages," by Christopher Anderson. This work is a complete home-treasury, and ought to be in the book-case of every household; its important lessons of instruction are of the highest value, and we confidently recommend it to the attention of all who sustain the responsible relations of parents, guardians, &c. Mead of this city is the publisher.

Mr. Riker has the complete works of Archbishop Leighton, the first American edition, in one volume, 8vo., in fine legible type; it will be published in a few days. Also a fine edition of "Barrow's Works," the 8 vols. of the English ed. in 3 vols. 8vo. He has two annuals in progress for the approaching holidays—"The Opal for 1845," edited by Mrs. Hale, and embellished by a ser es of highly finished engravings—much superior to those of the preceding volume. The other is to be styled the "Hawthorne," being a kind of rifacciamento of the pieces of Mrs. Child, Leslie, Hughes, &c. It will be accompanied with several very attractive engravings.

Dunegan, of this city, has nearly completed his splendidly embellished edition of the Douay Bible. We have seen early proofs of the plates (fourteen in number), which we can safely affirm, are of very high merit, and great beauty. The illuminated title-pages are unique, as well as the chaste and elegant designs by Croome of the "Family Record." The typography will be of corresponding beauty, and yet the entire volume will be issued at the very moderate rate of twenty-five cents per number, twenty-four completing the work. We shall refer to this beautiful issue in our next more at length.

We learn from a late number of the Picayune, that among the passengers by the Virginia Antoinette, was B. M. Norman, Esq., author of "Travels in Yucatan" We understand that he has made sev ral important discoveries in the way of ruins, &c., in the region of country back of Tampico, and has brought over many choice specimens of statuary, &c., many of them of exquisite workmanship, which he is to present to the New York Historical Society. We shall know more of his discoveries hereafter. Mr. N. brought despatches for our Government from China, which came overland from the Pacific.

ENGLISH.

Murray announces for immediate publication, "The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon;" with extracts from his correspondence, comprising

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letters from George III., George IV., and other *celebrités;* and selections from his "Anecdote Book," written by himself. Edited by Horace Twiss—to be illustrated with portraits and views, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. "An Excursion through the Slave States, from the Potomac to the Frontiers of Mexico." By G. W. Featherstonhaugh—with plates. Mr. Poulett Scrope's "Memoirs of Lord Sydenham," with a narrative of his administration in Canada, and selections from his correspondence. New edition. Drinkwater's "History of the Siege of Gibraltar." "Farming for Ladies," by the author of "British Husbandry."

A new work, for home uses, entitled "An Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy," by T. Webster. 1 large vol.

A new work on the known phenomena connected with the chemical influence of the solar rays; including the photographic process, and many new discoveries in art, &c., entitled "Researches on Light," by Robert Hunt.

The following are also forthcoming novelties:—"Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1842-3," by Mrs. Shelley." "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official," by Lieut.-Col. Sleeman. "The Legends of Saints and Martyrs, their Lives and Acts, Characters, Habits, Attributes and Emblems, as illustrated by Art, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity to the present time," by Mrs. Jameson. "Critical Remarks on Mr. Payne Collier's and Mr. Knight's Editions of Shakspeare,' by Rev. A. Dyce. "The Exile, and other Poems," by Miss Barrett. A new Play by Mr. Browning. A new tale by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, called "Ellen Middleton." Also, another styled "The Man without a Profession," depicting the life of an emigrant, by C. Rowcroft, author of "Jules of the Colonies."

Mrs. Hartley's new novel (the authoress of "Indian Life,") is entitled "Claudine Mignot.

Bentley, the publisher, has in preparation for publication, some valuable original state papers, comprising letters of Charles I. and II.; also a large number of Prince Rupert's; many of them are said to be of great historical, national and personal interest.

Tupper has a new work just out, called "The Twins," a domestic novel; "Heart," a social novel, and other minor tales.

An important work on the botany of the frozen world, is about to appear, comprising the plants of Capt. Ross's Antarctic voyage.

We observe Mr. J. Catherwood has now ready, in London, his folio of illustrations of ancient monuments in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan, consisting of 25 large folio plates in lithotint. Some sets, colored and mounted, sell at 12 guineas.

The two concluding volumes of "Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann," are also now ready in London; and a Narrative of a Mission to Egypt, the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, the East Indies, and the Island of Bourbon, by M. V. Fontanier.

A new novel by the author of "Ben Bradshaw," called "The Mysterious Man," Mills's new work, entitled "The English Fireside," are also just ready.

Sir Harris Nicolas is preparing for speedy publication, "The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson," from original sources, and which will comprise much that is entirely new and calculated to throw light on some features of character in that great naval hero.

A painfully curious statistical work is also announced, "On the Cases of Death by Starvation, as the height of Social Disorganization, with Suggestions towards its Prevention in the Metropolis," by J. L., late of the Colonial Service; with an Introduction, by Viscount Ranelagh.

A very choice and quaint-looking tome has just appeared, entitled "The Print Collector," being an introduction to the knowledge necessary for forming a collection of ancient prints; and Bentley's new works of fiction comprise "The Triumphs of Time," being a third series of "Two Old Men's Tales;" "Constancy and Contrition, or Woman's Trials;" Mrs. Gore's "Popular Member;" "Constance D'Oyley," by the author of "Clandestine Marriage," &c.; "The Wilfulness of Woman," by the author of "History of a Flirt." "The Bridal of Melcha," by Miss M. L. Boyle, and the seventh volume of Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," are on Colburn's list.

Mr. Edward Jesse, the naturalist, has a new work entitled "Scenes and Tales of Country Life."

Among the recent deaths in the literary world, we notice the well-known name of George Lackington, bookseller. His decease occurred on the 31st of March. It is needless to notice the character of one so long and prominently connected with the history of the book-business of London, further than to say, he presents another to the many instances we have on record, of a distinguished, self-made man.

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Wm. Beckford, Esq., the author of "Vathek" and other well-known publications, died on Thursday, May 2d, at his house in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath. Mr. Beckford was in his 84th year, and with Rogers and Wordsworth, at the time of his death, the oldest of the eminent living authors of Great Britain. He once was also the eccentric and well-known proprietor of Fonthill Abbey ,and its unique and munificent museum of curiosities, which cost in building one quarter of a million.

The Patrie states that M. Thiers has concluded his "History of the Empire," and is to receive 500,000 francs for the work.

The following items of foreign literary intelligence, in addition, we subjoin, from Wiley & Putnam's last News-letter:

Mr. Lyell has nearly completed his work on America. It is to be published in London by Mr. Murray, and in this country by Wiley & Putnam. The title is, "North American Geology, with a Journal of a Tour in 1841–2. By Charles Lyell, Esq., author of 'Principles of Geology,' &c." In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Rev. Horatio Southgate, author of "Travels in Mesopotamia," &c., has nearly completed a "Narrative of another Journey into Mesopotamia," a Visit to the Monophysite Churches in that Country, &c., with an account of the present state and prospects of the Eastern Churches: and also another volume on the Ministry, Worship, Rites, Doctrines, Usages, &c., of the Syrian Jacobite Church.

The following are announced as in press, in addition to former lists, viz:

"The History of the English Revolution." By F. C. Dahlmann, late Professor of History at the University of Gottingen.

The 8th and last vol. of "Thirlwall's Greece" (completing "Lardner's Cyclopœdia). In July.

"The Zoology of the Voyage of H. M. S. Erebus and Terror," under the command of Capt. Sir James Ross, R. N. Edited by John Richardson, M. D. F. R. S., and by John Edw. Gray, Esq., F. R. S. Part I.

"Flora Antarctica; or, the Botany of the Voyage of the Erebus and Terror," &c. By J. D. Hooker, M. D. F. L. S., Botanist to the Expedition. In 20 monthly parts, royal 4to., each containing 8 fine plates of new or imperfectly known species. Part I.

"The Religion of Ancient Britain." By George Smith, F. A. S.

"Narrative of a Mission to Egypt, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulph, the East Indies, and the Isle of Bourbon. By Mons. E. Fontanier. By order of the French Government."

"Memoirs of the Reign of George III." By Horace Walpole. 2 vols. 8vo.

"Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official." By Lieut. Col. W. L. Sleeman, 2 vols. royal 8vo., with numerous engravings. The "Rambles" consist chiefly of a journey from the banks of the Nerbudda to the Himmaleh mountains; but with these are incorporated the "Recollections" of the author's previous experience; exhibiting in the whole a sketch of the picturesque character of the country, its principal geological features, state of culture and resources, and of the customs, habits, superstitions, knowledge, and capabilities of the people. Among the graver sections is an historical piece, giving an account of the celebrated contest among the four sons of Shah Jehan for the Empire of Hindostan. The utmost care and attention have been bestowed upon the Illustrations. The original drawings—consummately wrought—are the productions of native artists, of high talent, from which perfect fac-similes will be obtained.

"Biblical Criticism on the first Fourteen Historical Books of the Old Testament; also on the first Nine Prophetical Books." By S. Horsley, LL.D., Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. New edition, 2 vols. 8vo. The high estimation in which Bishop Horsley's "Biblical Criticism" is held, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which it first appeared, as a posthumous publication, has encouraged the publishers to spare no pains in making the present edition of the work more worthy of the reputation of its eminently learned author, and better adapted to the use of students in theology. Great care has been taken in correcting the Greek and Hebrew, and in rectifying the very vicious punctuation which had disgraced the former edition.

"Vigilantius and his Times." By W. S. Gilly, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

"The Church Visible in all Ages." By Charlotte Elizabeth. 1 vol. with engravings.

"Rome and the Reformation." By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné.

"The Four Prophetic Empires, and the Kingdom of Messiah." By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M. A. 1 vol. 8vo.

"New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakspeare." By Rev. J. Hunter, F. S. A.

The Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages—by the Editor of the "Paleographia"—a history of Illuminated Books

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from the IVth to the XVIIth Century, with fac-similes, is announced to be published in monthly parts. We have seen the plates to a gorgeous volume about to be published,—"Pugin's Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornament and Costume,"—which certainly surpass any of the kind hitherto produced. There are 70 plates printed in gold and colors. The details of many of the Ornaments are given of full size, and are all drawn, colored, and described from Ancient Authorities.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of the late eminent scholar, Thomas Arnold, D. D., author of "History of Rome," &c., are preparing for the press, edited by the Rev. A. P. Stanley.

Featherstonhaugh's forthcoming book on the United States seems to be a *scorcher*, especially on the folks *down south*; we judge from quotations in the Athenæum.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting for June was held at the rooms of the Society in the University, the Hon. Albert Gallatin in the Chair. A large number of members were in attendance, and many distinguished visitors, among whom was the Mexican Minister, General Almonte.

The minutes having been read by the Secretary, and the donations to the library announced by the Librarian, Mr. Folsom, one of the Corresponding Secretaries, read letters from the following gentlemen:—Mr. Brantz Mayer, of Baltimore; Mr. Jacob B. Moore, of Washington; Rev. Jo. Cogswell, D.D., of East Windsor, Conn; J. K. Tefft, Esq., of Savannah, Ga.; Hon. Thomas Day, of Hartford, President of the Historical Society of Connecticut; Hezekiah L. Hosmer, of Perrysburgh, Ohio; Sir William R. Hamilton, of Dublin, and Sir John Bickerton Williams, of Wem, near Shrewsbury, England.

Mr. Folsom also read a note from Robert Walsh, Esq., of Paris, stating that Mr. Draper had forwarded from Havre two sets of statistical reports, eight quartos each, one for the New York Historical Society and the other for the National Institute at Washington; and adding that the Minister of Commerce had promised to give the whole series, which will amount to eighty-six volumes, one for each Department of France, provided the Society wish to possess them.

The Foreign Corresponding Secretary was instructed to make a proper acknowledgment and reply.

A long and interesting letter was also submitted from M. Alexandre Vattemare, of Paris, who is pursuing with unremitting activity his admirable plan of literary exchange, transmitting to the New York Historical Society a large collection of valuable works, forty-one in number, of which a correct list will be published. M. Vattemare appended to his communication extracts from letters addressed to him by gentlemen transmitting copies of their works for the United States: M. Etien Gallois; Le Comte Daru, pair de France; M. Alletz, Chef au Ministre des Affaires étrangères Consul General à Genes; C. D'Orbigny, Directeur du Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire Naturelle, &c.; Dumerson, Chevalier de la legion d'honneur, l'un des Conservateurs du Cabinet des Medailles de la Bibliothèque Royale, &c., &c., &c.; M. F. Estancelin, membre de la Chambre des Députés,—Le Compte Leon de Laborde, M. Rey, membre de la Societé Royale des Antiquaires de France, &c., &c., M. A. Jal, Historiographe de la Marine, &c., M. Leon Vidal, Conservateur de la Bibliotheque administrative au ministére de l'Interieur, &c.—and others.

M. Vattemare states that all documents and works concerning history, geography, legislation, jurisprudence, science, art, industry, commerce, public schools, hospitals, houses of refuge, prisons, penitentiaries, in a word all works of general public utility, published in the United States and particularly in the State of New York, will be gladly accepted by their public institutions.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Wetmore, presented a report upon the nominations which had been referred to them, and these gentlemen were thereupon elected.

Corresponding Members.—Robert Thom of China, her Britannic Majesty's Interpreter, and James H. Trumbull, Esq., of Stonington, Connecticut.

Resident Members.—Hon. John McKeon, Jonathan Edwards, Esq.

A large number of nominations for membership were made, and the qualifications of some of the gentlemen named were stated to the Society.

Mr. Schoolcraft, from the Committee on Indian names, to whom had been referred the olden map of part of New York, presented by Mr. Verplanck, at the last meeting, said that the Committee were unanimous in their opinion of its

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high value—that it embraced several names contained in no other map, and although without date, it was evident, from its including Albany county, it was made prior to the erection of Tryon county, probably about the year 1765. It extended as far as Cayuga lake.

Mr Lawrence remarked that it was within the recollection of the members, that a committee had been appointed some time since to report upon the value of the documents collected by Mr. Broadhead, and the general merits of the Historical agency. The Society had felt it incumbent upon them to vindicate the enterprise from the aspersions which had been cast upon it, in a report presented to the higher branch of our Legislature by an honorable Senator. And the Hon. Mr. Bleecker, of Albany, had been applied to for the purpose, both by letter and through Mr. Schoolcraft, and that gentleman had promised to the committee his invaluable assistance. It was soon afterwards understood that Mr. Broadhead was about returning from Europe, with all the remaining documents he had succeeded in procuring, and the committee had determined, therefore, to await his coming. But he had the pleasure of assuring the members, on their behalf, that their report would in no case be delayed beyond the first meeting of the Society, after the summer vacation.

Mr. John W. Edmonds read an historical sketch, entitled "Some passages in the life of Governor Tompkins."

The paper was confined principally to the events of 1814—a very gloomy and anxious period of the late war with England. It commenced by describing the state of things at the beginning of that year. The Lake Champlain frontier was threatened with a powerful army under Sir Geo. Provost, and Sacketts Harbor, Oswego, and the mouth of the Genesee river, by a combined land and sea force under Sir James Yeo. On the Niagara frontier the American army had been driven out of Canada, and Lt. Gen. Drummond had crossed the lines, burned Lewiston, Schlosser, Buffalo and Black Rock, and driven our forces and the inhabitants far into the interior. Sag Harbor on Long Island was also threatened, and Lord Hill was assembling a large force at Halifax destined to the attack of New York; the enemy intending by simultaneous attacks to form a junction by the Hudson river and cut off all communication between the Eastern States and the rest of the Union At this time Gov. Tompkins, with the House of Assembly and the Council of Appointment opposed to him in politics—with little aid from the General Government, for it was almost penniless—brought into the field nearly 50,000 troops, raised $3,000,000 for the public service, commanded nearly 20,000 troops in person, called an extra session of the Legislature, and underwent besides all the ordinary labors of administering the government of the State. During this year he was tendered by Mr. Madison the office of Secretary of State, which he declined, but he accepted the entire command of the 3d Military District, which he held until the April following.

The consequence of his measures was, that the enemy were beaten at Plattsburgh, and their fleet on Lake Champlain destroyed, were driven from the Niagara frontier, and the threatened attack on New York was directed to New Orleans, where the war terminated with the victory of the 8th of January, 1815.

Mr. Edmonds had selected an interesting period for his paper, and he made it the more interesting by filling it principally with the correspondence of the prominent men of that day.

Among that correspondence was one between the Governor and a Clergyman, the Rev. Benjamin Wooster, Fairfield, Vermont, from which it appeared that when Sir George Prevost with his army invaded our Champlain frontier, the Militia of Vermont were called out. When the alarm reached Fairfield, Mr. Wooster was just preparing to preach to his people, preparatory to the sacramental supper; without a moment's delay, his people turned out *en masse*, chose their pastor to be their leader, under his command, reached Plattsburgh in season, and fought bravely through the whole of that successful battle.

The Governor commenced these services by a present of a superb copy of the Bible, which was accompanied, and its receipt acknowledged, by letters, which proved a very interesting portion of the paper read to the Society.

On motion of Prof. Mason, the thanks of the Society were returned to Mr. Edmonds for the interesting paper read by him, and a copy requested for deposit in the archives.

The President appointed Mr. W. W. Campbell to fill the vacancy in the committee of publication, caused by the resignation of Mr. Gibbs.

The Society then adjourned to meet on the first Wednesday in October, unless sooner called together by the Executive Committee.

The close of the evening was pleasantly passed by the members and visitors in the gallery, where a simple repast awaited them.

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The public interest in the proceedings of the New York Historical Society, seems to be steadily increasing; the attendance is more numerous and constant; the correspondence more extended; the papers read agreeable, able and appropriate contributions to the Historic materials, in which the Institution is already so rich. A new catalogue of the Library is in preparation. A new volume of collection is almost completed; and a committee of our most respectable lawyers and merchants are now engaged in raising a sufficient amount of money to place the Society, which is now free from debt, upon a stable and permanent foundation.

SPECIAL MEETING—Tuesday evening, June 18.—The First Vice President, WM. B. LAWRENCE, Esq., in the Chair.

Mr. Folsom stated that the statistical reports which were referred to in the letter of Mr. Walsh, of Paris, read at the last meeting, had been received; and on his motion it was—

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be given to the Minister of Commerce, of France, for the very valuable and most acceptable donation of eight volumes of the *Statistique de la France* to this Society; and that the Foreign Corresponding Secretary be instructed to communicate this Resolution to that distinguished functionary.

A duplicate set of these reports has been received for the National Institute at Washington; and Mr. Walsh's letter mentioned that the Minister of Commerce had promised to give the whole series, which will amount to eighty-six volumes. The admirable arrangement and fulness of detail which characterize these volumes give to them great interest and value. They are briefly as follows:

1st. Statistical documents upon France, published by the Minister of Commerce. Imperial quarto, Paris, 1835, 1 volume.

This constitutes the introductory volume to the collection, the publication of which was commenced in that year, and contains a sketch of the system proposed. The general divisions are as follows:

1st, Territory; 2d, Population; 3d, Agriculture; 4th, Mines; 5th, Industry; 6th, Commerce; 7th, Navigation; 8th, Colonies; 9th, Internal Administration; 10th, Finances; 11th, Military Force; 12th, Marine; 13th, Justice; 14th, Public Instruction.

These general divisions are further subdivided, and the plan of statistical inquiry illustrated.

2d. Statistics of France, Territory and Population, vol. Paris, 1837.

3d. Statistics of France, Exterior Commerce. Paris, 1838.

4th. Statistics of France, Agriculture, 4 volumes. 1840–42.

5th. Statistics of France, Public Administration. 1843.

These volumes, which are splendidly printed at the Royal Press, form an elegant as well as a valuable addition to the library, and well deserve an examination from our public men.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee presented a report upon the nominations which had been referred to them at the last meeting, and the gentlemen recommended were unanimously elected.

Mr. Jay gave notice of a proposed amendment to the 7th section of the Constitution, to restore the former rule of electing members at a meeting subsequent to the one at which they have been nominated.

The gentlemen elected are as follows:

Resident Members.—John C. Greene, George C. Griswold, Waldron B. Post, George Potts, D. D., Rev. Gorham Abbot, Rev. Jacob Abbot, Wm. E. Wilmerding, Dr. Richard S. Kissam, Benjamin H. Field, John L. Mason, Cambridge Livingston, Henry Hall Ward, Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D., Charles F. Hunter, Charles E. West, Elisha P. Hurlbut, Hon. Wm. Inglis, Joshua M. Van Cott, George W. Morrell, Pliny Earle, M. D., Francis W. Edmonds, John R. Peters, Esqrs.

Corresponding Members.—Jared P. Kirtland, M. D., of Cleaveland, Ohio; Hon. John Law, Vincennes, Ind.: Henry Brown, Esq., of Chicago, Ill.; Giles F. Yates, Esq., of Schenectedy, N. Y.; Thomas Colley Grattan, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Boston; Wm. B. Sampson, Esq., of London (author of Criminal Jurisprudence, &c. &c.); Rev. Dr. Wm. Scoresby, of England.

Honorary Members.—Thomas Clarkson, the Philanthropist, of Playford Hall, Ipswich, England; Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, of England.

The Chairman submitted an interesting document of the period of the Revolution, presented to the Society by Jonathan Edwards, Esq., of this city. The original commission of the Traitor Benedict Arnold, as commander of the Expedition against Ticonderoga, in July, 1775. This document passed into the hands of the donor from the papers of his late grandfather, the Hon. Pierpont Edwards, of Connecticut.

On motion of Mr. Gibbs, it was resolved that the Library be closed from and after the 1st day of July proximo, during such time as the Librarian may deem necessary. The Society then adjourned.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XV. AUGUST, 1844. No. LXXIV.

FIRST AND SECOND RATE MEN.

The Whigs have assumed the right to sneer, with very sarcastic exultation, over our Presidential nomination, in contrast with their own, with respect to the alleged personal calibre of the two candidates. Clay is what is commonly called a "great man,"—in every sense they claim the title for him, and in some we freely concede it. Lucifer once held his head among the highest in the angelic host. Polk is indeed a much younger man, and that he has heretofore filled a much less extensive and brilliant space in the public eye, is undeniable. The same might once have been said of a certain giant whose spear was a weaver's beam, and a shepherd boy whose sole weapon was a sling and three pebbles from the brook by which he had been wont to tend the flocks of Jesse. Mr. Polk has, indeed, never had the opportunity of placing himself in the "line of safe precedents" for the Presidential succession as Secretary of State, under circumstances still unforgotten, and never to be forgot, —and if he had enjoyed a similar opportunity, we fear we must concede the confession that he most assuredly would never have made a similar use of it. He has never been thrice beaten as a candidate for the Presidency,—nor, as we must again needs confess, is he ever likely to be, even once. He has never been a great, bold and high gambler at the roulette table of political ambition —(nor at any other)—and, therefore, he has never made himself the representative of special interests, powerful though partial, great though unjust and unconstitutional, so as to be an author of "systems" misnamed "American," and to be looked up to by vast interests, pecuniary and sectional, as their special hope and delight;—or so as to be taken up by a large corporate moneyed power to head its forces in a campaign of extermination against the government of the country. None of these, Mr. Clay's unchallenged claims to greatness, it must be admitted, can be pretended for Mr. Polk. On the strength of these and other similar titles, our opponents are welcome to all their pride in their chief as a "great man,"—we are content with ours as a *good* one, and great enough for all practical purposes.

The two candidates indeed, with a felicity of adaptation and correspondence, which is no mere accident, may be said in a remarkable manner to represent, respectively, the spirit and character of the two great parties by whom they have been chosen. As a general rule, though liable to accidental exception, this must usually be the case.

Mr. Clay is truly the living embodiment and incarnation of his party. Eloquent, showy, versatile, adroit, imperious, and unscrupulous—as George the Fourth was the recognized perfection and pattern of a "gentleman," ac-

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cording to the Anglo-aristocratic sense of the word, as employed by those who were wont so to apply it to him, so is Mr. Clay the pattern and perfection of a Whig—in the modern degenerate meaning of the term. As the profligate prince was "the first gentleman in England," so is the profligate politician fitly the first Whig in America. A second-rate man in point of eloquence, intellectual force, and eminence of rank, would never have answered—could never have been adopted—as the head of such a party. We concede them this credit. They are naturally fond of splendor and strength—large and sweeping action—bold and brilliant energy of enterprise. Such is precisely the character their instinct has ever tended and striven to impress upon the government. Aristocracies generally require high personal qualifications in their leaders and their instruments, as the most brilliant talent at the bar is usually feed highest in cases of the most equivocal morality. Your Pitts and Peels, your Clays and Websters, are the statesmen for them.

The Democratic party on the other hand care much less for "great men," —great men, we mean, by this standard of estimation. We prefer a Lafayette to a Bonaparte. We care little for gold or gem on the hilt, if the simple blade be but trusty and true. The glitter of greatness has little charm in it to dazzle our eyes. True, firm, honest and consistent men are, if not *all* we want, yet what we want first and most. Hence it is that we never take up the deserters from the other side to officer our troops; the Whigs always do. Our eyes, our thoughts, our hearts, are more steadily, more devotedly, more confidently, fixed on our principles, than on the personal parade of our politicians. We rarely give large latitude of discretion, in reliance on personal character and power of intellect. Our public men never think of asking a "generous confidence" at our hands. We are the party that give instructions to our representatives, and never forgive their violation of them. Our opponents are avowedly the party that discountenances the former, while it applauds and welcomes to its highest rewards those who from our side can bring the latter title to their favor. Representatives of our principles are what we want—men of a personal morality suitable to them, and of a political integrity reliable for their faithful and firm support. These conditions secured, that of the very highest intellectual eminence, though not to be disregarded, is but secondary in our care.

And these conditions are by common consent admirably united in Mr. Polk. He would, therefore, have been perfectly satisfactory to us as our party candidate for the presidency, even if he had possessed in a far less degree than he has already amply proved, the further addition of the latter qualification, for the high office to which he is about to be called. Instead of being cooled in the zeal of their support of him, for the sake of the cause represented in his person and name, by all the Whig sneers of depreciation, the Democracy would have been perfectly content had he indeed been less of a 'great man,' than they already full well know him to be. His purity of private life no tongue even of partisan slander ventures to assail. He is not merely the reformed penitent of past habits of vice and degradation—(the best that can be even pretended for his competitor)—but he has been consistently and conscientiously a moral and religious man from his youth. The firmness of his political integrity has been proved by an undeviating consistency of principle and conduct through all his past political life, together with an energetic zeal and ardor in the support of his opinions and his party, best attesting the source from which they spring. He has come into his present position, too, in a mode not only disproving any possible charge of the employment of intrigue or effort to attain it, but denying to his worst enemy the very possibility of insinuating the charge. He had not aspired to it —had not desired it—had not dreamed of it. He was at a distance, and had taken no part in it—had had no knowledge of the agitations which so long reigned in the Convention. At a moment when the dissensions by which that body was distracted were at their height—when, in the contest between the friends and the opponents of Mr. Van Buren, the latter being for the most part united on an individual who was thus made the representative of the movement of opposition to him, a state of feeling had gradually de-

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veloped itself which would probably have made it extremely dangerous to nominate either—at that moment when matters had reached that crisis in nominating bodies when the selection of a third man, mutually acceptable, affords the only means of reuniting the alienated and embittered sections, Mr. Polk was brought forward without agency of his own or of his special friends, simply by the force of circumstances, coöperating happily with his own personal qualifications and position. It was no mere accident, however. It could not have happened to an inferior or an unworthy man. If a crown was floating in the air uncertain on what head to settle, none but a high one, of dimensions to fit and strength to wear it, could attract it to itself. On the morning of the day on which the nomination was made, the proposition was urged on the friends of Mr. Van Buren, from those Southern members of Congress whose organized and active opposition had matured his defeat, to take up either Mr. Wright or Mr. Polk. None but a man in the highest degree possessing, by having deserved, the confidence of all, both in his talents and his integrity, was likely to have been proposed at that time, or would have been accepted. The union of the latter name with the former, shows at once the calibre and the character that were looked for—that were felt to be demanded by the crisis—and that were known to meet in the person of either of these two. It was one of those occasions on which the spontaneous choice of multitudes constitutes the highest evidence of the natural "right divine" for command, of those on whom the honor of its instinctive selection fixes itself. When men need a leader, they rarely fail to choose one from their number best entitled to the post because best qualified for it. The quick enthusiasm with which the choice of Mr. Polk was received by all sections in the Convention, and all sections of the Democracy out of it, alone constitutes a sufficient proof of the eminent and firmly-founded position, even though not in the first fore-ground of national politics, which he already occupied in the respect and confidence of all.

Some reader may, possibly, so far misconceive the spirit of the foregoing remarks, as to read in them some concession to that Whig imputation against our candidate to which we have alluded. Nothing can be further from our intention—nothing further from our opinion—nothing further from the truth. Indeed, we have no doubt that Mr. Polk will retire from the Presidency followed by the concurrent testimony of all candid and liberal men of all parties, that the office had lent him no honor which he did not return to it. He *is* a "first-rate" man—first-rate in ability—first-rate in dignity of character and conduct—first-rate in political and personal integrity—first-rate in purity of constitutional principles, according to the fundamental doctrines of the Republican Party. He has already been amply tried, and those who were present to behold with their own eyes, know best how admirably he has passed through some of the severest ordeals by which the highest qualities of statesmanship can be tested. We refer to his parliamentary career in the House of Representatives—and especially to his leadership of the Democratic Party in the memorable panic period, together with his subsequent stormy and arduous speakership. By his conduct on those occasions Mr. Polk placed himself on an eminence, in the judgment of all by whom it was witnessed, not below the level of any political duty or rank to which the circumstances of the country might at any day afterwards call him. "Faithful over a few things," he well proved himself fit and worthy to be a "ruler over many things." Bonaparte, whose power of judging men was one of the greatest of his qualities, did not wait for men to have consumed half a life in the tactics of the higher strategy at the head of armies, before he entrusted the destinies of nations to their hands. In a comparatively narrower and less elevated sphere, they might afford abundant evidence of their capacity for all the duties of the broadest and the highest.

Yet why do we so far yield to the common modes of estimation, as to refer to Mr. Polk's celebrated "leadership" of the House of Representatives, as having been enacted on a stage "narrower and less elevated," than any other that can be afforded by our institutions for the display of what is in a man and what a man is? In England that post is one, during its occupancy by a prime minister, sec-

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ondary only to the throne itself. And certainly there has never been a session in the House of Commons in which that service has been more arduous—never one in which it has been more admirably sustained—than it was at the period in question in our House of Representatives. But we prefer to quote from a former number of this Review (May, 1838), the account of it then rendered, at a time when none of the motives to a natural exaggeration existed, which might perhaps be imputed to any present eulogy from a Democratic pen:

"In September, 1833, the President, indignant at the open defiance of law by the Bank of the United States, and the unblushing corruption which it practised, determined upon the bold and salutary measure of the removal of the deposits, which was effected in the following month. The act produced much excitement throughout the country, and it was foreseen that a great and doubtful conflict was about to ensue. At such a crisis it became important to have at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, a man of courage to meet, and firmness to sustain, the formidable shock. Such a man was found in Mr. Polk, and he proved himself equal to the occasion. Congress met, and the conflict proved even fiercer than had been anticipated. The cause of the Bank was supported in the House by such men as Mr. McDuffie, Adams and Binney, not to mention a host of other names. It is instructive to look back, in calmer times, to the reign of terror known as the Panic Session. The Bank, with the whole commerce of the country at its feet, alternately torturing and easing its miserable pensioners as they increased or relaxed their cries of financial agony; public meetings held in every city with scarcely the intermission of a day, denouncing the President as a tyrant and the enemy of his country; deputations flocking from the towns to extort from him a reluctant submission; Whig orators traversing the country, and stimulating the passions of excited multitudes, without respect even to the sanctity of the Sabbath; inflammatory memorials poured into Congress from every quarter; the Senate almost decreeing itself into a state of permanent insurrection, and proclaiming that a revolution had already begun; all the business of legislation in both wings of the Capitol postponed to that of agitation and panic; an extrajudicial and branding sentence pronounced upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation, in violation of usage and of the Constitution,—these features present but a faint picture of the alarm and confusion which prevailed. Consternation had almost seized upon the republican ranks, thinned by desertions and harassed by distracting doubts and fears. But the stern resolve of him whose iron arm guided the helm of State, conducted the perilous conflict to a successful issue. Nor should we forget the eminent services of the individual who presided over the Committee of Ways and Means. His coolness, promptitude, and abundant resources were never at fault. His opening speech in vindication of the President's measure, contains all the material facts and reasons on the republican side of the question, enforced with much power and illustrated by great research. To this speech almost every member of the Opposition, who spoke upon the question, attempted to reply, but the arguments which its author brought forward to establish the power of the President under the Constitution, as elucidated by contemporaneous or early exposition, to do the act, which had been so boldly denounced as a high-handed and tyrannical usurpation, could neither be refuted nor weakened. Mr. McDuffie, the distinguished leader of the Opposition in this eventful conflict, bore testimony, in his concluding remarks, to the "boldness and manliness" with which Mr. Polk had assumed the only position which could be judiciously taken. The financial portion of this speech, and that in which he exposed the glaring misdeeds of the bank, were no less efficient. When Mr. McDuffie had concluded the remarks to which we have alluded, a member from Virginia, after a few pertinent observations, demanded the previous question. A more intense excitement was never felt in Congress than at this thrilling moment. The two parties looked at each other for a space, in sullen silence, like two armies on the eve of a deadly conflict. The motion of Mr. Mason prevailed, the debate was arrested, and the division proved a triumphant victory for the republican cause. The Bank then gave up the contest in despair.

"The position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, at all

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times a most arduous and responsible one, was doubly so at this session, which will form an epoch in the political annals of the country. Mr. Polk occupied it for the first time. From its organization and the nature of its duties, this committee must be at all times the chief organ of every administration in the House. At this session it was for obvious reasons peculiarly so. To attack it, then, was to strike at the government; to embarrass its action was to thwart the course of the administration. Extraordinary and indiscriminate opposition was accordingly made to all the appropriation bills. It was avowed in debate, that it was within the scope of legitimate opposition, to withhold even the ordinary supplies until the deposits were restored to the Bank of the United States; that this restitution must be made, or revolution ensue. The Bank must triumph, or the wheels of Government be arrested. The people should never forget the perils of a contest, in which they were almost constrained to succumb. The recollection should warn them not to build up again a power in the State of such formidable faculties. The tactics which we have just described, threw great additional labor upon the committee, and particularly upon its chairman. Fully apprised of the difficulties he had to encounter, he maintained his post with sleepless vigilance and untiring activity. He was always ready to give the House ample explanations upon every item, however minute, of the various appropriations. He was ever prompt to meet any objections which might be started, and of quick sagacity to detect the artifices to which factious disingenuousness is prone to resort. All the measures of the committee, including those of paramount importance, relating to the bank and the deposits, were carried in spite of the most immitigable opposition. The true-hearted republicans who conducted this critical conflict to a successful issue, among whom Mr. Polk occupies a distinguished rank, deserve the lasting gratitude of the country.

"Towards the close of the memorable session of 1834, Mr. Speaker Stevenson resigned the chair, as well as his seat in the House. The majority of the Democratic party preferred Mr. Polk as his successor, but in consequence of a division in its ranks, the Opposition, to whom his prominent and uncompromising course had rendered him less acceptable, succeeded in electing a gentleman, then a professed friend, but since, a decided opponent of the President and his measures. Mr. Polk's defeat produced no change in his course. He remained faithful to his party, and assiduous in the performance of his arduous duties. In December, 1835, he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and chosen again in September last, after an animated contest. The duties of this difficult situation, it is now conceded, he has discharged with rare fidelity and fairness. In the beginning unusual difficulties were thrown in his way by an animosity which was sometimes carried to an extent that called forth general animadversion. During the first session in which he presided more appeals were taken from his decision than had occurred in the whole period since the origin of the Government; but he was uniformly sustained by the House, and by many of his political adversaries. Strangers of all parties who visit Washington are struck with the dignity, promptitude, and impartiality with which he presides over the deliberations of the House. It was with great pleasure that we heard, but the other day, an eminent member of the Opposition in that body, bear the same testimony. Notwithstanding the violence with which he had been assailed, Congress passed, at the close of the session in 1837, an unanimous vote of thanks to its presiding officer, from whom it separated with the kindest feelings; and no man, now, could enjoy its confidence and friendship in a higher degree. His calmness and good temper have allayed the violence of opposition, in a station for which his quickness, coolness, and sagacity eminently qualify him.

"Few public men have pursued a firmer or more consistent course than Mr. Polk. Upon several emergencies, when the current of popular opinion threatened to overwhelm him, he has sternly adhered to the convictions of duty, preferring to sink with his principles, rather than rise by their abandonment. This, we have noticed, was the case after his bank report in 1833, and he incurred the same hazard, when in 1835 he avowed his unalterable purpose not to separate from the democratic party in the presidential election. On each of these occasions, the popular excitement in his

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district would have appalled and driven back a timid and time-serving politician. Had he been governed by selfish motives; had he consulted his own personal ease and looked to his re-election alone; had he, in short, regarded success more than principle, he would have yielded his own convictions to the indications, not to be mistaken, of popular opinion. But he took counsel of nobler sentiments, and with a fearlessness characteristic of his whole public course, avowed and persisted in his well-matured determinations. He succeeded in carrying truth home to an enlightened constituency, was sustained by increasing majorities, and is now so strong in the good will of his district, that at the last election no opposition was attempted."

It may perhaps afford some slight, even though needless, illustration of the truth of this portraiture, to mention the candid remark recently volunteered by *a Whig member of Congress*, in conversation with a Democratic member (now, in a different station, a resident of the city of New York)—both having served with Mr. Polk through the periods referred to: "It is absurd to talk of Mr. Polk's unfitness or incompetency for the Presidency, should he be elected. *We*, who know, know better. There is no office under our institutions to which he is not eminently adequate, both in talents, deportment, and character." We do not pretend to quote the exact words employed, but give the unexaggerated sense, for the peculiar benefit of those Whig editors and orators with whom this is one of their favorite topics.

It will readily be perceived from the above, that the Whig author of the name "Young Hickory," applied to Mr. Polk, was much nearer the truth than he knew himself to be—taking that tree as naturally and fitly symbolical of such qualities as have made the whole country recognize the "Old Hickory" as the happiest and truest designation of General Jackson. Such devices or cant names are purely ridiculous and contemptible when they are adopted arbitrarily, and as mere phrases of party clap-trap—such as "log-cabins," "cider-barrels," and "old coons." But when thus felicitously expressive or descriptive, they become elevated into a legitimate propriety and dignity of which no man need be ashamed. Mr. Polk may well be proud of the appellation, though first bestowed as a sneer—as indeed have been most of the party nicknames that have become most honorable and renowned. Its happy adaptation was promptly and instinctively recognized—the name has run like wild-fire over the whole country—and we may well say to its unwitting author, whoever he may have been,

> "We thank thee, Jew, for teaching us
> that word!"

Mr. Polk will enter on the Presidency (of that event there is, indeed, as little doubt as can ever attend such political speculations)—under the happiest auspices. He will go in as a new man—fresh, pure, unembarrassed, unentangled. He has no special retinue of friends and favorites, formed round him in gradual clustering in the course of years of ambitious aspiration, and virtual, though tacit, candidateship for the Presidency. He has no special set or section of politicians to whom he can feel that he owes his own elevation, as any act of personal devotion or service on their part, entitling them to grateful reciprocation on his. He stands in a position perfectly free and independent. He can have no other motive of action than to prove his worthiness of the magnificent tribute of honor and confidence bestowed upon him by his party and his country. With a dignified self-denial creditable equally to his sagacity and his modesty, in the very act of accepting the nomination he declared his intention not to be a candidate for a second term. In this he acted both wisely and well. It cannot be denied that the experience of Mr. Tyler's administration has placed this question of the reëligibility of the President in a very different light from that which had been cast upon it by all the former course of our political history. For ourselves, we still think no less decidedly than ever, that very great benefits attend the rule of reëligibility, as the only mode of bringing the principle of *responsibility* to bear upon the Presidential office, and at the same time affording the people the opportunity of indulging that natural feeling towards its incumbent, that may often spring from the events of his first term. Such was the popular feeling toward Mr.

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Van Buren, for his measure of the Independent Treasury, and for the gallant contest he fought in its behalf. Such, too, toward General Jackson for his Bank and Internal Improvement vetoes in his first term. Were the tenure of the office a shorter one—and were its powers of patronage reduced as we trust ere long to behold them—we should then indeed still insist most earnestly on the rule. But reluctant as we are to surrender the benefits attending it, we are still more unwilling ever again to see the power of the office liable to the outrageous abuse and misuse, in corrupt intrigue for re-nomination, which the whole country has witnessed of late with such indignant disgust. Until the reform, therefore, in the tenure and power of the office, which we hope to see effected ere long, we are now compelled by the demonstration of events, to give in a frank adhesion to the One Term Principle, as it has been called—to be operative in all future cases which may not be made proper and necessary exceptions by very extraordinary causes. Mr. Polk, we have seen, was prompt to take that ground, even at the expense of his own future. All the benefits argued heretofore by our opponents to be incident to this principle, we shall have a most favorable opportunity to see tested,—in contrast, too, with the corresponding evils that may grow out of the other practice, as they have been illustrated in the term of his predecessor. We shall be rejoiced to witness and prompt to acknowledge them—and conclude by invoking such of our whig friends as have been loudest on this theme, to unite with us in promoting their realization, in the person of Our Next President, Polk, the Young Hickory of Tennessee.

SONNETS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I.

In my first youth, the feverish thirst for gain
 That in this noble land makes life so chill,
Was tempered to a wiser trust by pain,
 Hope's early blight,—a chastening sense of ill;
And I was exiled to a sunny clime,
 Where cloud and flower a softer meaning caught
From graceful forms and holy wrecks of time,
 Appealing all to fond and pensive thought;
Enamored of the Beautiful I grew,
 And at her altar pledged my virgin soul,—
O let me here those treasured vows renew,
 And thou the service shalt henceforth control;
For in thy graces and thy love sincere
 Lives the blest spirit that I yet revere!

II.

'Tis well;—let self be all—live on serene,
 Throned in thy own pure nature, firm and wise,
Too brave and free on any heart to lean,
 Or read thy dearest joy in others' eyes.
'Tis well; the law of change is writ on all,—
 Far safer thou in hoarding up thy trust;
Love's brightest chain is still a golden thrall,
 And her sweet tears oft water but the dust.
Yet while so jealous of thy spirit's youth,
 Art thou content? Does thy soul live and know?
Hast thou e'er caught one glimpse of that deep truth—
 That highest good doth come through feeling's glow?
The Holy One this sacred thought confest,
 When leaning on his fond disciple's breast.

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RHODE ISLAND—ITS RIGHTFUL GOVERNOR AND UNRIGHTEOUS GOVERNMENT.

Is there any young man, under whose eye this page may pass, now hesitating in his choice between the two great political parties, uncertain to which of them to attach himself?—for after all, whatever peculiarities of opinion individuals may entertain on particular points of policy, at variance with the general doctrine of their party, they must still all, on the whole and in the long run, belong to the one party or the other. And the maintenance of his party in ascendency, for the sake of its general system, spirit and tendency, may very properly be an object of far higher concern to a true patriotism than the present promotion of one particular measure or other, however large the interests involved in it. On the point of the Tariff, for instance, there may be many a Democrat who, from a mistaken view of the economical question, is in favor of strong and stringent protection, who would nevertheless be exchanging gold for copper to sacrifice the ascendency of the general principles of Democracy and the Democratic party to the maintenance of the present high protective tariff. On the other hand, there may be many a Whig, better enlightened in the philosophy of free-trade, yet so attached to the conservative and anti-democratic spirit of the Whig party, and so impressed by their charges against us of a wild, destructive and disorganizing tendency, that, *from his point of view*, he would make an equally absurd mistake in contributing to the elevation of such a party. So too of the Currency question, vital as that is in its bearings on the highest moral as well as material interests of the country—a question on which by common consent the two main bodies of our parties stand divided, as on the one side the National Bank and Paper Money party, and on the other the Independent Treasury and Hard Money party—yet even this may from either side be very properly subordinated to the still larger, higher and stronger motives of choice by which the Whig or the Democrat may be influenced in the determination of his general political character. But, setting aside all present regard to particular measures and doctrines of policy, is there any young man, we repeat, undecided with which of the two parties to cast in his lot—on which side or the other of the broad dividing line to fix his general political home and abiding place? If we can gain the ear of any such, we would earnestly and with all the affectionate sympathies of youth with youth, of countryman with countryman, of patriot with patriot, invoke his attention to the Rhode Island question, from its first stage to its last, as affording one of the best tests that have been presented within the present generation of the true character and spirit of the Whig and Democratic parties respectively.

The general facts of the case may be very briefly recapitulated. The central principle involved is that of the right of the people to organize and re-organize the constitution of the State, independently of the existing legal authorities. After a long series of fruitless efforts to obtain an extension of the right of suffrage from the voluntary concessions of the privileged minority possessing it by the right of landed property, the Suffrage Party adopts the only other mode left open for the accomplishment of this object, by a direct appeal to the great numerical mass of the People themselves. This is done, and with all regularity and solemnity a Constitution is framed by a public Convention and submitted to the popular vote. The vote is taken, with the precaution of requiring every voter's name to be written on his ballot, and the proxy votes similarly attested by witnesses. The Constitution is adopted by a large majority of the adult male population of the State, and thereupon proclaimed to be the organic law to which allegiance is due from all members of the community. The charter authorities are invited to assist in the process of investigating and counting this popular vote; and their refusal to accept this invitation closes that question of fact as to the actual majority—that refusal resting on the ground of the principle before stated, which de-

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nied all worth or validity to any part of the whole proceedings even though the popular vote had been absolutely unanimous. Under this Constitution an election is held, and a government organized accordingly. The question of right and duty here arises for every citizen, which of the two sets of public authorities is the true government to which his obedience and support are rightfully and loyally due. Each claiming that character, each prepares to maintain it, by a force of arms which asserts itself to be simply and necessarily defensive, against rebellious aggression from the other.

At this crisis the Federal Government intervenes, under the influence of the sinister counsels that then swayed its action, and casts the sword of the military and naval power of the Union into the scale against the popular party, whose cause is accordingly made to kick the beam. Some fatal mistakes of practical conduct are at the same time made on that side, and it is conquered, routed, and its leaders driven from the State. Another attempt at military rally is made, and again in similar manner suppressed, by the superior energy of wealth, organization, military force and the *prestige* of law, still, as before, backed by the menacing array of the military power of the Union. In the meantime under the auspices of the charter government a new Constitution is submitted to the people, which after receiving the votes of a thin minority is declared established, and is carried out into full practical effect. Wearied of agitation and persecution, and conscious of the impossibility of reviving their own prostrate and hopeless Constitution, the main bulk of the Suffrage party give in their adhesion to the new Constitution, by registering and voting under it. After a time, Governor Dorr, to disprove the slanders against himself and his friends, voluntarily returns to face the worst persecutions well known to await him, and to bring the whole history of the affair under the scrutiny of legal investigation, even before the tribunals of the hostile and triumphant party. The result is known to all—he is sentenced to a felon's doom, of solitary confinement for life, at hard labor, in the State's-prison!

And for what? For his simple maintenance of the principle above stated. It is not denied that his whole course in the affair has been in perfect consistency with that principle—has indeed evolved itself, by absolute logical necessity, out of that principle. If that principle was sound, he was the true Governor of the State, and all the acts which defeat has made crimes, were but the imperative duties of that position. Even if he was mistaken in the soundness of the principle, it cannot at least be questioned that he was honest, as he was consistent and unyielding in his maintenance of it; and involving as it does the highest elements of political science and law, in an abstruse depth which affords ample room for differences of judgment, what could be more outrageous than to treat as ignominious and unpardonable crime such a mere error of political opinion, attended only by the actions necessarily consistent with itself?

That this principle should be even a subject of argument at this day in this country, would alone be surprising; that its assertion should have been successfully resisted and defeated, and its supporters punished with ignominious penalties, does indeed appear scarcely credible. That it was the principle constituting the very corner-stone of our whole political system—the justification of the establishment of our independence of the mother country—and one of the leading ideas of all the founders of our institutions, and of the most revered of our sages of public law—is beyond dispute or question. It is asserted in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitutions of twenty of the States of the Union—in the declaration of the Convention of Rhode Island itself called to ratify the Constitution of the United States in 1790. It is to be found in Washington's Farewell Address—abundantly in the writings of Jefferson—in those of Iredell, Wilson, Patterson, Marshall and Story, all of the Supreme Court—in those of Madison, Rawle, Chapman, Johnson, and many others whom it were tedious to enumerate. It was practically illustrated in the formation of our present Constitution, and in the organization of three of our States (Tennessee, Michigan and Arkansas) from territories into States. In the Convention that framed the existing Constitution of Virginia, a proposition to insert a provision for a mode for its

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future amendment was rejected on the very ground that a majority of the people had the power at any time, and in any manner they pleased, to amend the Constitution, or make a new one;—and this was done by the large vote of 68 to 25; the name of *John Tyler* being among those who then asserted the principle of which he has now been the most fatal foe—together with those of Madison and Marshall.

And in the present instance, the end for which this great fundamental principle of American political law and public right was called into action, was certainly one worthy of the means and the mode. It was only resorted to after a long series of fruitless attempts through other channels. None deny the magnitude of the grievance—few the necessity of its redress in one way or another. The charter party themselves made full concession of this, by their own movement for the extension of suffrage—though made only when too late to interrupt the rightful course of the Constitution already voted into validity by the people themselves; and when made, accompanied still by a cunning evasion of nearly all substantial benefit in the change.

For the assertion of this principle and for this object—or rather for having been defeated by the President and Commander-in-Chief of the United States in its assertion—Dorr is now the inmate of a prison, under a sentence of most atrocious severity and ignominy, while the memory of Washington is canonized, and the names of all the great worthies of the better days of the Republic, from whose words and deeds the congenial pupil learned the noble lesson, are blazoned with an unfading lustre on the brightest pages of our history—

> —— "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> And not excite our special wonder!"

For Mr. Dorr we have no condolence to offer. On the contrary we envy him his glorious cell. We envy him the honor of being the object of those indignant feelings which are rising up to him and for him from the great heart of the American people. We envy him the not distant triumph of his return to freedom and worthily compensating proofs of the sympathy and applause of his countrymen. We do not exhort him to remain firm and true to his position. This we full well know to be needless. We know that Dorr is made of that material that he would rather die there a thousand deaths, whether of quick torture or slow decay, than yield a hair's breadth. We only bid him be of good cheer—to retain that high serenity and manly cheerfulness of heart, of which, both in his private letters and in his public demonstrations, we have seen the most touching evidences. His enemies—our enemies—the enemies of their country and of the memory of their country's greatest and best—will ere long be compelled to yield before the moral dignity of such a noble endurance. They are striving only to humiliate him—to extort from the unnerved weariness of close, long captivity, that submission without which all the practical fruits of the victory they owe to the military force of the Federal Union will lose their sweetest savor. But they *cannot* long maintain a contest which in this country must be so unequal. Daily will the gathering thunders of the public indignation swell louder and louder from all quarters of the Union, and a universal cry of "shame!" will force them to abandon the dastardly baseness of a vengeance purely personal, and malignant in proportion to its conscious wrongfulness. It will rally again the broken and disorganized array of the old Suffrage party in Rhode Island itself; and as a turning point of party division, the question of the Liberation of the Prisoner will require but a brief period of agitation to revolutionize again the parties of the State.

We will not let the occasion pass without placing on the record of our pages Mr. Dorr's admirable speech to the Court who sentenced him to the fearful doom which they had the power to decree, but of which they can never have the power to carry out the execution. For calm dignity, magnanimous patience, and brave serenity of spirit, it is one of the finest models afforded by all the annals of the similar encounters of the martyrs of freedom and the minions of tyranny.

"The court have, through their officer, addressed to the defendant the usual question, whether he have anything to say why sentence should not be pro-

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nounced upon him. I have something to say, which shall be brief and intelligible to the court, though it must be necessarily unavailing. Without seeking to bring myself in controversy with the court, I am desirous to declare to you the plain truth.

"I am bound, in duty to myself, to express to you my deep and solemn conviction that I have not received, at your hands, the fair trial by an impartial jury, to which by law and justice I was entitled.

"The trial has been permitted to take place in a county where, to say the least, it was doubtful whether the defendant could be tried according to the law of the State: and in a case of doubt like this, he ought to have had the benefit of it, especially as the trial here must be in a county to which the defendant was a stranger, in the midst of his most excited political opponents.

"All but one of those freeholders, 108 in number, who were summoned here for the purpose of selecting a jury to try the defendant were of the opposite party in the State, and were deliberately set against the defendant with the feelings of partizan hostility. The single democratic juror was set aside for having expressed an opinion. Of the drawn jurors, 16 in number, two only were members of the democratic party; and one of them for cause, and the other for alleged cause, was removed.

"Every one of the jury finally selected to try the defendant was, of course, a political opponent.

"And even as so constituted, the jury were not permitted to have the whole case presented to their consideration. They were not, as in capital, if not in all criminal cases, they are entitled to be, permitted to judge of the law and the fact. The defendant and his counsel were not permitted to argue to the jury any matter of law.

"The court refused to hear the law argued to themselves, except on the question whether treason be an offence against a State or against the United States.

"The court refused to permit the defendant to justify himself by proving the Constitution, the election, and the authority under which he acted; or to permit him to produce the same proofs, in order to repel the charges of malicious and traitorous motives made in the indictment, and zealously urged against him by the counsel for the State.

"By the charge of the judge, the jury were instructed that the only question which they had to try was, whether the defendant intended to do the acts which he performed; a question of capacity rather than of motives and intentions.

"It is true the jury were absent more than two hours; but not for deliberation. One of them was asked, immediately after the verdict was delivered, and the jury was discharged, whether they had been detained by any disagreement. He replied, 'we had nothing to do. The court had made everything plain for us.'

"On hearing a bill of exceptions to the verdict thus rendered, the court promptly overruled all the points of law.

"The court also denied to the defendant an opportunity of showing to them that three of the jurors, before they were empannelled, manifested strong feelings, and had made use of vindictive and hostile expressions against him personally; after the defendant had established by his affidavit the fact that he was not informed of this hostility of feeling and expression before they were empannelled, and with regard to two of them, before the verdict was rendered. The defendant expected to prove, by twelve witnesses, that one of these jurors had expressed a wish to have the defendant put to death, and had declared, shortly after the verdict, to a person inquiring the result, that he had convicted the defendant and that this was what he intended to do; that another juror had also declared, that the defendant ought to be executed; and that the third had frequently made the same declaration, with a wish that he might be permitted to do the work of an executioner, or to shoot him as he would a serpent, and put him to death.

"Nor would the court permit the defendant to show by proofs which he declared on oath to have been unknown to him at the time of empannelling of the jury, that an array of twelve men, summoned on venire by a deputy sheriff, were, or a considerable part of them, at least, the same persons who had been selected by an Attorney of this court, who assisted the officer in the service of the summons.

"These, and other matters which I will not stop to enumerate, show that this trial, which has been carried through the forms of law, was destitute of the reality of justice, and was but a ceremony preceding conviction. That there is any precedent for it, in the most acrimonious period of the most excited party times in this country, I am not aware from any examination or recollection of its political history.

"In a trial of an alleged political offence, involving the feelings of the whole community, and growing out of a condition of affairs which placed the whole people of the State on one side or the other of an exasperated controversy, the strictest and most sacred impartiality should have been observed in the most careful investigation

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both of law and fact by the jury, and in all the decisions and directions of the court. In what case should they have been more distrustful of the political bias of their own minds, more careful in all their deliberations, more earnest in the invocation of a strength above their own, that they might not only appear to be just, but do justice in a manner so above all suspicion that the defendant and all those with whom he is associated, might be satisfied that he had had his day in court, and that every requisition of the law had been observed and fulfilled. In how different a spirit were the proceedings of this trial conducted! And with what emotions must the defendant have listened to the declaration of one of your honors, that 'in the hurry of this trial!' they could not attend to the questions of law, which he so earnestly pressed upon their immediate consideration, as vitally important to the righteous determination of his case!

"The result of this trial which your sentence is about to proclaim, is the perpetual imprisonment of the defendant, and his seclusion from the face of society, and from all communication with his fellow-men.

"Is it too much to say, that the object of his political opponents is the gratification of an insatiable spirit of revenge, rather than the attainment of legal justice? They are also bent upon his political destruction, which results from the sentence of the court, in the deprivation of his political and civil rights. They aim also at social annihilation, by his commitment to that tomb of the living, from which, in ordinary cases, those who emerge are looked upon as marked and doomed men, to be excluded from the reputable walks of life. But there my opponents and persecutors are destined to disappointment. The court may, through the consequences of their sentence, abridge the term of his existence here; they can annihilate his political rights; but more than this they cannot accomplish. The honest judgment of his friends and fellow citizens resting upon the truth of his cause, and faithful to the dictates of humanity and justice, will not so much regard the place to which he is consigned, as the causes which have led to his incarceration within its walls.

"Better men have been worse treated than I have been, though not often in a better cause. In the service of that cause I have no right to complain that I am called upon to suffer hardships, whatever may be the estimate of the injustice which inflicts them.

"All these proceedings will be reconsidered by that ultimate tribunal of Public Opinion, whose righteous decision will reverse all the wrongs which may be now committed, and place that estimate upon my actions to which they may be fairly entitled.

"The process of this court does not reach the man within. The court cannot shake the convictions of the mind, nor the fixed purpose which is sustained by integrity of heart.

"Claiming no exemption from the infirmities which beset us all, and which may attend us in the prosecution of the most important enterprises, and at the same time conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and of having acted from good motives, in an attempt to promote the equality and to establish the just freedom and interests of my fellow-citizens, I can regard with equanimity this last infliction of the court; nor would I, even at this extremity of the law, in view of the opinions which you entertain, and of the sentiments by which you are animated, exchange the place of a prisoner at the bar for a seat by your side upon the bench.

"The sentence which you will pronounce, to the extent of the power and influence which this court can exert, is a condemnation of the doctrines of '76, and a reversal of the great principles which sustain and give vitality to our democratic Republic; and which are regarded by the great body of our fellow-citizens, as a portion of the birth-right of a free People.

"From this sentence of the court I appeal to the People of our State and of our country. They shall decide between us. I commit myself, without distrust, to their final award. I have nothing more to say."

A few words more, upon the moral of all this, in illustration of the true characters of our two great political parties. There may have been a very few anomalous exceptions on either side; but, as a general rule, the Whigs, from the beginning to the end, have sustained the Charter party with their sympathy and applause: while the heart of the Democracy has been with the man and the party of freedom and popular rights. Even now, no syllable of censure is heard from the one quarter for Governor Dorr's imprisonment; while both the press and public meetings of the other are strong in their protest against it. By heaven, were we yet undecided in our choice of a party, this fact would alone suffice to determine our selection! Rather any pro-

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sent measure of political policy, than the elevation of a party so deadly hostile to the genius of our country and the spirit of our age!

We regard this as one of the most interesting issues involved in the present contest. Clay—naturally and fitly—has declared himself strongly against the popular party in the Rhode Island contest. He even introduced it formally into his Raleigh speech, which is the principal Whig manifesto of the campaign. The election of Polk, on the other hand, will have a direct bearing on the liberation of Mr. Dorr. There can be no doubt that the strongest influence of the Federal Government will then be exerted to induce or extort it from the petty tyranny now dominant in that dishonored little State. The success of the Whig party, on the other hand, would greatly prolong and aggravate his incarceration. We trust that every Democratic meeting that shall assemble between this time and the election, will make it the subject of a resolution suitable to the occasion; of which copies should be sent to Governor Dorr's friends in Providence to be transmitted to him. Nothing of this kind is to be expected from any of the meetings of the Whigs. For the sake of a patriotism rising above the lower level of partizanship, we should rejoice to witness some exceptions to this; but, at any rate, we invoke our Democratic friends to draw broad and deep the line of contrast between us and our opponents on this point of vital democratic principle.

THE MOURNFUL MOTHER.

Dost thou weep, mournful mother,
  For thy blind boy in grave?
That no more with each other,
  Sweet counsel ye can have?—
That *he*, left dark by nature,
  Can never more be led
By thee, maternal creature,
  Along smooth paths instead?
That thou canst no more show him
  The sunshine, by the heat;
The river's silver flowing,
  By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage, by its coolness;
  The roses, by their smell;
And all creation's fulness,
  By Love's invisible?
Weepest thou to behold not
  His meek blind eyes again,—
Closed doorways which were folded,
  And prayed against in vain—
And under which, sate smiling
  The child-mouth evermore,
As one who watcheth, wiling
  The time by, at a door?
And weepest thou to feel not
  His clinging hand on thine—
Which now, at dream-time, will not
  Its cold touch disentwine?

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And weepest thou still ofter,
  Oh, never more to mark
His low soft words, made softer
  By speaking in the dark?
Weep on, thou mournful mother!

But since to him when living,
  Thou wert both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave, surviving,
  From a high sphere alone
Sustain that exaltation—
  Expand that tender light;
And hold in mother-passion,
  Thy blessed, in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
  From the dark world he knew,—
No twilight in the gateway
  To mediate 'twixt the two,—
Into the sudden glory,
  Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee,
  At once to Light and God!—
For the first face, beholding
  The Christ's in its divine,—
For the first place, the golden
  And tideless hyaline;
With trees, at lasting summer,
  That rock to songful sound,
While angels, the new-comer,
  Wrap a still smile around!
Oh, in the blessed psalm now,
  His happy voice he tries,—
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
  Than others, o'er his eyes,—
Yet still, in all the singing,
  Thinks haply of thy song
Which, in his life's first springing,
  Sang to him all night long,—
And wishes it beside him,
  With kissing lips that cool
And soft did overglide him,
  To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mournful mother;
  Thy blind boy walks in light!
Ye wait for one another,
  Before God's infinite!
But *thou* art now the darkest,
  Thou mother left below—
Thou, the sole blind,—thou markest,
  Content that it be so;—
Until ye two give meeting
  Where the great Heaven-gate is,
And *he* shall lead thy feet in,
  As once thou leddest *his!*
Wait on, thou mournful mother.

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ONE NATIONAL BANK—SHALL WE TRY ANOTHER?

This is the most important practical question to be settled by the approaching election. A new bank, call it by what name you will—regulator, fiscal machine, uniform national currency, or any other that will best express the cherished idea but evade the obnoxious word—a new Bank is undeniably *the* great measure of the Whig Party, and *par excellence* of Mr. Clay.

The "repeal of the sub-treasury bill," and "the incorporation of a bank adapted to the wants of the people and of the government," were the first two measures laid down by Mr. Clay for the adoption of the Whig Congress of 1840. The bank charter was passed, shorn, it is true, of some of its more significant characteristics, to meet the supposed scruples of Mr. Tyler; and was vetoed, even in its emasculated state, when Mr. Tyler found it was a bank still, not less mischievous, because it was mutilated. A bank is again brought before the people; and lest there should be any doubt what a bank is, Mr. Clay has pointed to the late Bank of the United States, unabated, unaltered, unsoftened, in all its colossal vigor and dimensions, as the model.* What did that bank do? Did it give energy and firmness to our moral tone? Did it give ease and uniformity to our monetary system? Did it devote itself to the wants of the business community, steadily averting its eye from the turmoils of the political world? What it did then, it will do again; and if it should appear that it polluted the moral atmosphere, that it distracted the monetary system, and that it completed its mission by corruption as extensive as it was devastating, then it must be plain,—plain, if but a small portion of its early vigor remains to this young and great republic,—that rather should we desire our rivers to dry up and our forests to wither, than we should suck once more into our vitals poison so subtle and potent. The object of this paper is to inquire, as briefly as the subject will allow, what the bank did—

First, for our business morality,

Secondly, for our commercial stability,

Thirdly, for our political purity.

I. What the Bank did for our Business Morality.

The opening of the bank books, in 1817, threw into a market, already screwed up and costive, thirty-five millions of stock to be sold. How was it to be paid for? Through the vice of its constitution, much more than from the corruption of its managers, a plan was hit upon that apparently disposed of the stock, without damaging the purchaser. As soon as the actual capitalists had paid in their first instalments, the doors were thronged with speculators who scrambled up, holding in their hands certificates of stock which they had purchased, and for which they could not pay. On the 26th of August, 1817, when the market price of the stock was $144, a resolution was squeezed through the board, authorizing discounts on stock, to be valued at $125 a share. At once the line was formed. The speculator whose pockets last night were empty, would march up this morning to the bank, with the certificate of transfer in his hand—sometimes without it—claim the discount of $125 per share, pay the first instalment, and watch the tide till a rise took place in the market, when he would sell out, buy in a new lot, borrow money on the purchase, and wait for another freshet. Directors,—certainly a majority of them,—brokers without number, speculators of every breed—entered into the game. With all, the object was to puff out the stock; and every day during 'change might be seen the great body of the stockholders, either in person or by proxy, employed at the job of blowing out and swelling the dimensions of the hollow little bubbles that were in multitudes tossed off upon the world.

In January, 1818, $11,244,514 had been discounted upon the hypothecation of stock. The bank had sold

* In May, 1838, Mr. Clay declared his willingness, were it practicable, "to adopt the existing bank (that under the Pennsylvania charter) as the basis of a new national institution," and pronounced a high eulogium on the ability, financial skill and patriotism of its president.

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about one-half its capital to *bona fide* holders, and had sold the other half to purchasers who paid for it with the same funds which had paid for the first. But was not such wholesale gambling fatal to the integrity of the business community? Did not the richness and heat of the new elements spawn into life myriads of new speculations, each exceeding its predecessors in shallowness and imposture? Such, in fact, was the result; and such, in future, will be the result whenever thirty millions of dollars are piled up under the charge of human wisdom, and subjected to the assaults of human appetite.

It is scarcely worth while to perch for a moment upon the proxy-dividing stratagem of 1818, though in itself a straw that indicates too painfully the current of the morality the new interests had called into action. By the first fundamental article of the charter, no person, copartnership, or body politic was to be entitled to more than thirty votes; and yet it appeared on the evidence before the investigating committee, of which Mr. John C. Spencer was chairman, that it was a common and general practice, well known to the judges of the election and to the directors, to divide shares into small parcels, varying from one to twenty shares to a name, held in the names of persons who had no interest in them, and to vote upon the shares thus held, as attorneys for the pretended proprietors. In Baltimore alone, conspicuous for the looseness with which the branch there situated was conducted, a Mr. George Williams, one of the chief actors, presented himself as the attorney for 1172 shares, bought in 1172 names.

Mr. Jones, the first president of the bank, at one time an amiable and respectable man, with considerable pretensions but meager parts, soon broke down under the seductions of his office, and flung himself, a ready victim, into the arms of those who pressed forward to prostitute him to their desires. But Mr. Jones had not the sagacity to conceal his frailty; and amazed the world by showing them in how short a period a middle-aged business man, who has gone half through life with a proud front and fair colors, may be led away by the charms and temptations of banking. Mr. Cheves, who followed him, belonged to that rare class of men who do not even parley with temptation; and Mr. Cheves, therefore, was the most unsuitable man in the world to satisfy the schemes of the speculators who had then the upper hand. He reduced the dividends to their just dimensions, and at once the proxy-dividers and the certificate-pledgers were in an uproar. After bringing the bank to convalescence, he resigned, leading the way for an administration which, by its masterly boldness, its brilliant epochs, its splendid impositions, made more awful the calamities which it eventually produced.

"For the information of those not conversant with the portion of the business of the bank referred to by Mr. Biddle," said Mr. Lippincott, a respectable and aged merchant of Philadelphia, the chairman for many years of the Dividend Committee, in a speech made by him at a meeting of the stockholders on the 4th of May, 1841, "I will state that these reports (the reports of the important committees) were always previously prepared by the officers of the bank, (and as now appears) *very artfully and with great circumspection*, and being neatly copied by a clerk, in the bank, were handed to the Dividend Committee for their examination and comparison, and numerous documents accompanying them. These reports were also usually compared with the general ledger, and if found to correspond therewith also (which was always the case), were signed by the chairman of the committee and presented to the board." Such being the course pursued at the bank, it would be absurd to attempt to track back through its chartered existence the abuses which were displayed at the explosion of 1840. It was then that the dealings of the institution were for the first time opened to the public eye. The veil was suddenly lifted, and the secret things of the temple brought to light. By the statement of the investigating committee (April 3, 1841) it appeared that on the active debt, on December 21, 1840, were loans to seven incorporated or other companies of $1,211,163, including one of $502,222 to the Wilmington railroad. The sum of $740,056 was on obligations having at least six months to run; and of this sum, $597,028 had more than twelve months to run. Nine companies had discounts amounting to more than $100-

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000 each. On the suspended debt were found fifty-two individuals, firms and companies charged with more than $20-000 each, twenty-nine with more than $50,000 each, and nine exceeding $100,000 each. Six concerns were charged with $2,314,000. One Philadelphia firm, through the agency of the Exchange Committee, whose operations will in a moment be adverted to, received accommodations between August, 1835 and November, 1837, to the extent of $4,213,878, more than half of which was obtained in 1837. The officers of the bank came in for shares, which, great as was the plunder, seem almost disproportionate. Mr. Samuel Jaudon, when he resigned as cashier, and was appointed foreign agent, was indebted in the sum of $408,389, and the ingenious reason the directors gave for crediting him with an enormous salary, when in the latter capacity, was that by so doing they took the only way of sinking anything of his debt. In 1836, under the old bank, another individual, then cashier, stood charged with $104,000. At the same time, the first assistant cashier was indebted to the bank, $115-000, which sum was soon afterwards swollen to $326,382, about which time he was promoted to the post of cashier. If it should be inquired what became of such great sums, it is answered that the three last-named officers had been profusely engaged in investing, on their joint concern, in the Camden and Woodbury railroad, or the Wilmington railroad, in the Dauphin and Lycoming coal lands, and in the Grand Gulf railroad, the stocks of which, when they were dropped by their holders as a bad speculation, were pitched off upon the bank, in satisfaction for the debt. In 1836, the sum lent on the hypothecation of fancy stocks, amounted to nearly $20,400,000, a sum sufficient to discharge half the debt of the State of Pennsylvania, but which was sunk in mad speculations, or abstracted with fraudulent designs, to the destruction, not only of the property of those who had been enticed within the bank portals, but of the credit and character of the country.

It is said that a geologist is able to decide upon the genus and properties of a fossil monster, by examining the contents of his maw;—carnivorous or herbivorous, the character of the subject is almost invariably to be determined by the tone of his last and undigested meal. If such a test be applied to the remains of the bank of the United States, it is a question whether the inquirer would not be a little puzzled to find out to what class the monster in question belonged. Certainly, the last supposition would be that it was an institution established for the purpose of lending money on good commercial paper having a short time to run, for, of all securities remaining in its crop, such paper was about the rarest. The substantial viands and plain meats which the just course of banking would procure, seem never to have met its taste; and, in their place, its appetite was sated with fancy dishes of a character as fatal to itself as they were deleterious to the community. Among the ingredients, in the vast chaos which the final exposure developed, were to be found stocks of every imaginable tinge of badness, from railroads which were only laid for the purpose of borrowing money, down to town-lots which never had been laid out at all. Notes of broken-down politicians, —notes, alas! of some who were once among the most honored of our public men,—deeds for numberless lots in cities on the bed of the Mississippi,—Texas scrip, and Panama scrip, and scrip of nations not to be found on the map,—stock of Dismal Swamp Canal and of Bald Eagle Spring Navigation Company,—fancy stocks of every hue, —were found imbedded in the general Vicksburg bottom.

The cotton speculations give a fair idea of the method in which a national bank is to be managed. The charter prescribed that the bank should not deal in merchandize. The bank, however, or rather its officers, who had usurped its sole management, thought differently; and in 1837, without the authority or even the knowledge of the board, the first advances, amounting to $2,182,995, were made to A. G. Jaudon, for the purchase of cotton, to be remitted to Baring, Brothers & Co., of Liverpool. "The derangement of the currency," said Mr. Biddle, on the 10th of December, 1838, when explaining in a letter to Mr. Adams the nature of the operation, "placed the staples of the south entirely at the mercy of the foreign purchaser, who could have dictated the terms of sale to the prostrated planter. It was thought proper to

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avert the evil by employing a large portion of the capital of the bank in making advances on southern produce." In 1839, the capital drawn from the bank, let it be remembered, without the advice or consent of the directors, amounted to $8,960,450. In 1840, on balancing the accounts, the bank was found to be a loser to the amount of $962,524, nearly one-thirtieth of its capital, a deficit which afterwards was considerably swelled, and which, when the parties were called upon for settlement, was divided into four portions, one of which was repudiated altogether, and the remainder replaced by a mass of worthless trash, under the name of collateral security.

Who can justify the re-issue, by the Pennsylvania Bank of the United States, of notes originally issued by the parent bank, and by it redeemed? Certainly not Mr. Clay, who in Feb., 1838, scarcely ventured to sustain what he called "the *strict* legality" of the transaction, and yet, with astonishing boldness, he defended the breach of faith by saying that "nobody doubts the perfect safety of the notes,—no one can believe that they will not be fully and fairly paid." Such was the policy which obtained with the bank's president and the bank's friends; and in such a manner, assumption after assumption, usurpation after usurpation, embezzlement after embezzlement were justified. "It is wrong, we do not deny, but look, how profitable! It may be a breach of faith for us to pay out notes we promised to cancel, and which belong to us for that purpose alone, but how can we hesitate at a job so promising!" In fact, one of the worst features about the game which the bank played, was the false representations it was in the habit of holding out to the community. Mr. Clay, whose sanguine temperament always made him one of the most dangerous, as he was one of the most duped, of its supporters, repeatedly expressed his faith in it when it was essentially bankrupt, and called upon the people to come up for shelter under so firm and impregnable a fortress.

Thus, in January, 1837, he declared in the senate, that "the charges of insecurity and insolvency of the bank were without the slightest foundation," and that time, the great arbiter of human enterprises, had confirmed his declaration. Upon this declaration he founded one of his most positive arguments in favor of the resolutions virtually impeaching General Jackson; and resisted the efforts for their repeal.

In September, 1837, he proclaimed a National Bank to be "the great want of the country," and "the only safe and certain remedy" for the alarming distress which he declared the country to be suffering from the termination of the charter of the late National Bank.

It is said that, of the thirty-five million capital, fifteen million was lost by the depreciation of fancy stocks, and five million by downright depredation. It is well known that the losses in Baltimore alone, in the first two years of the bank's existence, amounted to $3,500,000. It was stated in the first report of the stockholders' investigating committee that "there was a charge under date of June 30th, 1840, of $400,000 to 'Parent Bank notes account' which had not been explained to the satisfaction of the committee. It must also be mentioned that among the expenditures of the bank there are entered at various dates, commencing May 5, 1836, sums amounting in all to $618,640 15, as paid on the vouchers of 'Mr. N. Biddle,' of 'Mr. N. Biddle and J. Cowperthwaite,' and 'cashier's vouchers.' As the committee were unable to obtain satisfactory information upon the subject of these expenses from the books and officers of the bank, application was made by letter to Mr. N. Biddle and Mr. J. Cowperthwaite, from whom no reply was received." Such was the story told on the first report of the committee, and unhappily for the reputation of the officers of the bank, every fresh step brought them deeper into the mud. The fact remains undisputed, that $800,000 were spent for purposes of which the direction knew nothing, and which were glossed over by a series of false entries and intricate transpositions.*

* The subsequent reports of the committee place the matter in a much stronger light

The amount disbursed for purposes unexplained amounted, before March 29, 1839, to.................................... $350,241

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What so vast a sum was expended in will be inquired into at the close of this Article.

The brief limits before us will not allow anything more than a passing glance at what is among the most important of the results of the profligate management which the bank was under. In 1838, and 1839, when money was scarce and exchange on England high, the bank found it necessary to look about for securities which would meet with acceptance in the foreign market. Fancy stocks, no matter how respectable here, were of no reputation on the other side of the Atlantic. The individual credit of the bank was extremely low, and it became necessary for it to strain every nerve to prevent bankruptcy. The plan was seized on of getting hold of as much State stock as was possible, and sending it to Europe as a pledge for future advances. Machinery was at once put in motion for the purpose. The Morris Canal, at that time largely involved with the bank, took hold of the State of Michigan, and succeeded in negotiating with it a heavy loan, the certificates of which were at once sent to Europe and there hypothecated, but the instalments of which, as due from the canal to the state government, were never paid over. A similar arrangement was made with Mississippi, through the instrumentality of the Union Bank, by an agreement dated August 18, 1838. The circumstances of the Pennsylvania loan taken by the bank of the United States, by the means of which an immense amount of Pennsylvania bonds were locked up abroad, were of a similar character. Are not the operations thus carried on, to be connected with the melancholy insolvency of the States in question, the first two of which—wrongly, without doubt, but still under circumstances which shifted a large share of the blame on the bank—directly repudiated the debt thus incurred? In how great a degree the shameful prostitution of American credit and American capital is to be tracked home to the convulsive and profligate exertions of the Bank of the United States, future examinations will expose. In two instances, at least, it is clear, that the repudiated bonds had been obtained by the bank for its private purposes abroad, and had been paid for only to a small amount.

What then did the bank do for our business morality? The answer is as plain as it is melancholy. It stimulated a system of miserable and shallow speculation, which ate up our means and destroyed our credit. By a series of mammoth frauds it showed to the community how successfully the credulity of the many could be worked upon to satiate the lusts of the few. It achieved its mission—it succeeded in perverting in the business community those safe and ancient principles of morality which are the chief sinews of society—it contaminated everything that came within its touch—and then it exploded, to pour ruin on the heads of those who had trusted themselves to its shelter. It is the fashion to invoke on the head of Mr. Biddle the whole discredit arising from the fall of the bank he governed; but it is well to pause and inquire how far the blood of one man, however profligate, can wash off stains so permanent and deep. It is easy to point to him and say he was the man: but it would be well to inquire what made him the man. Is it clear that other men could have emerged from the bank, after fifteen years government, without being saturated by the atmosphere which surrounded it? Mr. Biddle's history, in fact, is a pregnant illustration of the incapacity of human nature, in its finest mould, to resist the operation of influences in themselves desolating and corrupt. Originally a federalist, and elected at a very early age to the Pennsylvania Senate, he distinguished himself when in that body by a report, as able as it was manly, on the subject of the Hartford Convention resolutions, then

To which must be added an item which, though entered in the books at subsequent periods, was expended before last date	66,323
And also amount already mentioned as charged on parent bank note account	400,000
Sums thus expended in the nineteen months succeeding March 29, 1836	191,065
Leaving the whole amount to be accounted for	$1,018,650

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submitted to the action of the different legislatures. Taken up at once by the republican party, he was nominated by it to represent the city of Philadelphia in the fifteenth Congress, but was defeated by Mr. John Sergeant, who some years after became one of his most active colleagues in the management of the bank. When the charter received the President's signature, Mr. Biddle, whose reputation for business ability, as well as literary accomplishments, had reached Washington, was appointed by Mr. Madison among the first government directors, and continued as such until his election as president. Possessed of unruffled self-confidence, of intimate acquaintance with the elements of human nature, never deficient in expedient, and always able to express himself in a style clear, elegant, and forcible, he was qualified under less trying circumstances to reflect credit on his country, and to draw honor to himself. When he went into the presidency, the bank, through the severe and active remedies pursued by Mr. Cheves, was recovering from the prostration it had experienced under Mr. Jones. It was then that Mr. Biddle committed his first error—an error springing so immediately from the position of the bank, that it is much easier to censure the fault, than to have escaped the contagion which influenced it. The stock, which Mr. Jones had puffed out and inflated to prodigious rotundity, and which had gradually, through the prudent dividends of Mr. Cheves, shrunk to its just dimensions, on the accession of Mr. Biddle scarcely obtained more than $60 or $65 a share. Something must be done to swell it out again, or the speculators who had taken up the investment would come out the worse for the adventure. Mr. Biddle had marched into the presidency with flying colors, and he felt that if the moment of his accession went by without a rise, the hopes which arose from it would be dashed. The temptation could not be resisted. First came a florid report, then an enormous dividend. The stock needed nothing more, and after a succession of rapid jumps, reached its old level. For ten years the game was kept up; great dividends came sprouting out, drawing off the sap and drying up the substance of the bank,—annual statements and occasional speeches were made, each one out-blazing its predecessor in the splendor of its congratulations and the glare of its promises—till it began to be discovered at Washington that corruption was at the core of the bank, and it began to be suspected at Philadelphia that the Government had found out the imposture. Mr. Biddle, always bold, and generally sagacious, saw that the General Administration must be crushed, or exposure would be inevitable; and forthwith commenced a conflict which has proved to the world that of all dangerous things the most dangerous is a moneyed power, injured and desperate, but not humbled. Secret service money ran from press to press—from patriot to patriot—till, in the medley, the great body of the people knew not where to look. False issues were made to alarm the timid, and to excuse the corrupt. Mr. Biddle rode bravely on the head of the wave, dispensing favors like a nabob, receiving the allegiance of the moneyed interests, and maintaining for two years an equal conflict with the President and the people. The Senate was drawn into the *mêlée*, and passed by a large majority the famous impeaching resolutions. Still, the bank was breaking. What it wanted was the breath of life, of which the President's veto had robbed it. By a struggle as daring as it was successful, the legislature of Pennsylvania was brought up, bellows in hand, to inflate the lungs of the expiring monster; and in June, 1836, tacked to the end of an omnibus bill, was passed the new charter of the Bank of the United States.

The stimulant, however, failed in renovating the frame of the bank. Mr. Biddle retired from its head, conscious of the ruin which would soon be exposed, tormented probably in retirement, by a sense of the immenseness of the loss which would ensue. The storm came, and on his head preëminently its fury burst. Criminal prosecutions and civil suits waited on him to his grave; and he died at last, unable to drag his reputation or his fortune from the ruins of that great edifice which he had for so long proudly governed. That he might have withstood the temptations of his position, or have stemmed the corruption of the times is possible; and yet, perhaps, his best excuse is that he fell the chief victim to the contagious touch of a system which has desolated

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the fortunes and the characters of multitudes. Is this theory? Was it theory when a great political economist as well as a most logical rhetorician, maintained that a great central banking system pollutes the moral energies of those with whom it has to do—that it weakens the principles, substitutes a new rule of right and wrong, and that that rule is money? Alas! the history of the bank shows it was not theory, but fact? Gambling speculations were started in every quarter, from Vicksburg to Bangor, and wherever they were started, the natural fruits—fraud, falsehood, corruption—sprang forth abundantly. Of those connected with the bank in its flood, who is there that has emerged with an unblemished reputation? It is for the plain and honest men of the country—the hard-thinking and hard-working men—who wish to return to the good old days of republican simplicity and republican integrity, to say whether once more, with full knowledge of the consequences, we shall call among us a curse which has destroyed our credit, and, what is far worse, has established among us a false standard of business morality which it will take years of patient and energetic effort to break down.

In conclusion, if a new Bank of the United States be chartered, is it probable that it will do otherwise than the late bank did? The fact is, that the seeds of the disease which broke down the bank in 1840, were inherent in its constitution. An institution with thirty-five millions capital, and with discounts to the amount of seventy millions, must necessarily, in the course of a few years, fall into similar difficulties. Were there no second-class banks, there might be less difficulty in finding good commercial paper enough at short dates to discount upon, but situated as a bank in this country must needs be, in the midst of a crowded market, it is impossible for the central government to procure a constant succession of good securities to the amount of $70,000,000. Local banks can do it, because they have small capitals and occupied districts; but when a single bank attempts to collect investments to the great sum which has just been mentioned, it will find that in the immensity of its sweep it will be obliged to gather into its garner chaff as well as wheat. What is to be done in the next six months, will be the constant inquiry. We have our dividend of one million to make, and we cannot suffer our capital to lie idle. Interest for our money we must get by hook or by crook; and if we cannot find commercial paper to discount, we will accept fancy stocks. Mr. Nicholas Biddle, in his fourth letter to Mr. Clayton, gave as a reason for the immense loans to several Philadelphia firms, that such was the only way that the bank could get rid of its money. Such being the case, does it not follow that in a country like ours, where there are banks in every village, each with its peculiar and appropriated field of action, a national bank would find it impossible to dispose of its eighty or one hundred millions of notes in ordinary and safe business operations, but would be forced either to stop paying dividends, or to loan money on stock security? It is such a necessity that keeps the Bank of England from discounting; and the same necessity should make us most careful how we incur again the disgrace and injury which the late bank brought upon us.*

II. What the Bank did for our Commercial Stability.

In an essay published by Mr. Biddle, in the National Gazette, on the 10th of April, 1828, occurs the following passage:—

"If a bank lends its money on mortgages or stocks, for long terms, and to persons careless of protests, it incurs this

* "Such consequences," says a shrewd observer, "are inseparable from the present system, and must not be ascribed to the faults in the men who manage it. Under another president and another board of directors, the Bank of the United States might not have committed precisely the same faults, but it might have committed faults which would have inflicted still greater evils on the community. A president and board of directors who would refuse to take measures necessary to raise the rate of dividends and the price of shares as high as possible would be very unpopular with the stockholders, and would probably soon be dismissed from their official stations."—*Gouge's History of Banking*, p. 400.

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great risk, that, on the one hand, its notes are payable on demand; while, on the other, its debts cannot be called in without great delay—a delay fatal to its credit and character. . . . A well-managed bank has its funds mainly in short loans to persons in business—the result of business transactions—payable on a day named."

Such a risk it was that the bank of the United States ran at two distinct eras in its history. When, on the 17th of January, 1817, it went into operation, it made no hesitation in offering its discounts, and issuing notes, upon almost every imaginable security, at the most protracted dates. Instead of $7,000,000 being paid in specie, as the charter required, little more than one-third that amount was received. But the day for the resumption of specie payments was drawing nigh, and the rapid expansion which marked its first year was succeeded by a still more rapid contraction. In eight months, between the 30th of July, 1818, and the 1st of April, 1819, loans were drawn in to the amount of $6,530,000. The bank found itself on the verge of bankruptcy, and only recovered itself by means which brought the mercantile interests to the dust. After pampering and indulging its debtors, renewing their notes when they became due, and increasing their loans when it was desired, it suddenly called in its dues, and, without a moment's grace, commenced a course of treatment as stringent as that which had preceded it was lax. Such was the secret of the great convulsion of 1818–19, by which credit was upset, and an amount of bankruptcy incurred which threw into the worst confusion our commercial relations.

Throwing out of the calculation the first four years of the bank's history, when its aberrations may be excused on the ground of the novelty of the experiment and the inexperience of those engaged in its management, there remain, from 1821 to 1836, fifteen years of corporate existence, ample enough and recent enough to enable us to discover, with some accuracy, how much, during so long a course of power, the bank did for the commercial community. It is here that we are able to go home to its own assumptions, and determine from fact, not from theory, how far they have been made good. Let it be inquired, briefly,

1st, How far it equalized the vicissitudes of trade;

2dly, How far it controlled the excesses of banking;

3dly, How far it levelled the inequalities of exchange.

Such, in fact, are the three great attributes which were claimed for it by its most eminent advocate; and, if it be shown that the bank, by its history, has negatived the claims which are thus made, it is difficult to see on what species of reasoning it can in future be supported.

1st. How far the bank equalized the vicissitudes of trade.

1821.—The severe contraction of 1818–19 beginning to give place to more genial measures, the speculating interests awoke from their torpor, and, on the strength of fresh issues and increased discounts from the bank, prices rose rapidly and fancy investments thickened.

1822.—A reaction began about May, and, during the whole year, the money market was tight and the business interests distressed.

1823.—The bank took a fresh start, and threw out on the world a vast quantity of notes—(so many, that the number at last was checked only from the physical inability of the officers to sign any more)—and discounted with great profuseness.

1824–5.—The mercantile interests were stimulated by the liberality of the bank, and engaged in a number of fresh enterprises, to meet which their paper was freely discounted. So great was the excitement among the moneyed interests, that, in one day (April 9, 1825), seven expresses arrived at Philadelphia from New York, with news of the rise of the Liverpool cotton market. The price of cotton rose one-third; sugar doubled; cotton goods rose sixty per cent.; and wages participated in the universal jump. Every day, according to the newspapers of the time, reports were to be heard of men, who, by one operation, had made, thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars. The Charleston Patriot, to show the state of feeling, mentioned that, in many cases, so great was the activity of the market, "the same parcel of cotton had changed owners six or seven times in a week,

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without leaving the hands of the factor." In May, 1824, the famous Pennsylvania bank bill was passed, which established, in the State, $15,000,000 banking capital. The fury spread over the whole country; in New York alone $52,000,000 of corporative capital were chartered, and not a State was exempt from the contagion.

In July, 1825, the bank, finding its notes were not paid, became alarmed, and began drawing in its accommodations. A general suspension of specie payments was threatened by the directors, not only of the local banks, but even, at one period, of the parent institution. Of four thousand weavers employed at Philadelphia in the beginning of 1825, only one thousand could find work at the same time in the following year.

1826.—In April, 1826, the Marble Manufacturing Company, one of the new banks, was bankrupt, and in its wake, with all imaginable rapidity, swam the Dundaff and New Hope banks of Pennsylvania, the Jersey City bank, and Paterson bank of New Jersey,—the Green County bank, the United States Lombard, the Franklin Manufacturing Company, and the New York Life Insurance Company, of New York; and, at a short time after, they were followed by a shoal of insurance and stock-jobbing companies, which had been spawned in the previous expansion, and had not strength to bear the first shock.

1827.—The bank, feeling a little more easy, and seeing that business was beginning to rally, crawled out of the shade, and determined gradually to relax the severe measures which the late revulsion had forced upon it. But so sensitive had the commercial system become, under the violent excesses to which it had been subjected, that the slight stimulant thus administered, and the increasing accommodations thus given, led to a great rise in prices and fresh attempts at speculation. The bank, a little more cautious than before, immediately shrunk in its circulation, and pared down its discounts.

1829.—About the beginning of 1828 the country gradually relapsed into the distress which had characterized 1825–6. At the north the pressure was extreme. The president of the bank, in a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated July 18th, 1829, says that the office at Portsmouth "last year was nearly prostrated in the general ruin which spread over that country. Out of $460,000 of loans, $148,000 were thrown under protest: still further protests were expected; and the actual loss sustained there will not be less than $112,000."

1830.—Money became more plentiful, and the bank, desirous of keeping up its dividends, discounted once again with liberality.

1831.—Another relapse, severe but transient, was experienced, and, after a short recoil, prices appeared to have found their true level, and labor its safe market.* It was about the close of 1831 that the bank opened a course of dealing the maddest and the most unjustifiable. The preceding lessons were forgotten. It forgot—or if it remembered it, it did so only to make use of its experience for mischief—how terribly its previous fluctuations had worked out upon the community, how its very *respiration*, the periodical inhaling and exhaling of its loans, had convulsed the continent; and, without justifying causes, it began an expansion unparalleled in history. An act of Congress had been obtained to authorize the president and cashier to appoint deputies for the purpose of signing notes, and the only check being thus removed, paper of all standards—pay-notes, post-notes, small notes, large notes, drafts, bills, kites, race-horses—were showered on the community. In October, 1829, the statements of the bank showed a total of loans of $39,960,052, and in May, 1832, of $70,428,070.

Who wonders at the mad speculation and the debasing luxury that followed? Who wonders at the deep disgrace and general ruin that ensued? And need we to go any further to determine how much it was that the bank did to equalize the vicissitudes of trade? Instead of remedying the mischief, it increased it. Instead of smoothing the waves, it agitated them still further.

* The preceding table is taken, in some measure, from a book already mentioned, but whose usefulness cannot be too often adverted to, *Gouge's History of Banking, &c.*

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We have been taunted with the reflection that we are theorists; we ask the thinking men and the recollecting men of the country to accompany the bank from its cradle to its grave, and to ask how our theory is borne out by facts.

Secondly, How far the bank controlled the excesses of banking.

It was one of the great recommendations of the bank, at the period of its charter, that it would check the State banks from over-issue, and prevent an undue extension of banking capital. How did the bank make good the promise? From 1820 to 1830, according to Mr. Gallatin, the bank notes in circulation increased from $44,000,000 to $61,000,000. In 1816, when the bank was chartered, the aggregate banking capital of the Union was $86,000,000; in 1830, it was $145,000,000. But far greater was the swell that arose in the three years from 1830 to 1834. There was no limit to the extension of bank issues, except the ability of the country to take them. The result was, at one era, excesses of the wildest order, at the next, suspension and bankruptcy. The National Bank, instead of checking and moderating, by its superior weight and experience, the motley band about it, led them forth to the dance. It was a dance of death to many; but it will have been productive at least of one benefit, if it shows what it was that the bank did to moderate excesses in the banking system.

Thirdly, How far the Bank levelled the inequalities of exchange.

To run over the extraordinary variations which were suffered by exchanges, domestic and foreign, during the bank's supremacy, would occupy a pamphlet by itself. The broker's index seems often to have run round and round the dial plate, and to have fixed within the shortest interval, upon rates of every pitch and character. Take, as a single illustration, the condition of exchanges between Philadelphia and New Orleans, in 1825, at a period when the Bank and its branches were at full blast. "New Orleans notes," says Mr. Gouge, "which were at two or three per cent. discount at Philadelphia in the spring, fell on the 21st of September to fifteen per cent., and were quoted on the 28th of the same month, at fifty-six per cent. below par. On the 4th of December, the same notes were quoted at only four per cent. discount."

The fact is—and the comparative equality of exchanges since the bank has been got rid of proves it to be so—that a National Bank is utterly useless, and often worse than useless, as an exchange regulator. Either the local banks pay specie, or they do not. If they do, the premium of exchange from one point to another, should be the price that it would take to transport specie over the given distance. If they do not, in addition to the price thus required, it will be necessary to take into calculation the premium to be paid on converting the local notes into specie. Such, in fact, is the natural difference in exchange, and it is very clear, that though a National Bank may, if it chooses, occasionally have the opportunity of selling drafts cheaper, yet on the long run, the average of its expenses will be that marked out by the necessary causes of trade. But a National Bank, by thrusting its hand too roughly into the delicate machinery, may embarrass and clog it; or for the sake of large profits, it may sell its drafts, whenever it monopolises the market, at exorbitant rates. Such, in fact, was the course of the late Bank, and such were the reasons of those great vicissitudes which convulsed our monetary system during the twenty years of its corporate existence.

III.—What the Bank did for our political purity.

That the Bank did but little in politics in the first few years of its career was because it found it had in that quarter nothing to do. Mr. Jones, it is true, once or twice, from mere waywardness, thrust his hand into the caldron, but he speedily withdrew it, not because political interference was unwise, but because it was unnecessary. Mr. Monroe's placid neutrality, and Mr Adams' zealous friendship, left the Bank at liberty to pursue its own schemes, and to indulge in its own extravagances, at one era with toleration, at the other with encouragement. But when in 1828, the republican party regained the ascendency, the bank awoke from its lethargy. General Jackson, in his first message, had intimated a doubt both as to its constitutionality and its expediency; and at once, as with the sound of a trumpet, the armed men arose. A

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rustling was heard in the armory, and in a moment, with alacrity and energy which exhibited the aptness and efficiency of the camp discipline, scouts and spies were sent out. It was no common campaign that was to open. It was to be the struggle of a mammoth moneyed interest, wounded but not crippled, for existence. It was a struggle on the part of those who governed it for name and fortune. In the security of calm they had laid out a system of corruption and depredation which, sooner or later, they knew, must explode, but the consummation of which they had expected to be delayed till the generation to which they belonged had descended, booty in hand, to that grave where the search of committees of investigation would be baffled. They felt that their good name, as well as the life of the Bank, rested on the result. Arouse, then, horse and foot! One day the Bank awoke to the danger, and the next day its operations were discoverable. In the last six months of 1829, the sum paid for stationery and printing amounted to $3,765. In the first six months of 1830, the account swelled to $7,131; and in the last six months to $6,950. At the same time $7,000 were paid for printing and distributing Mr. McDuffie's report, and Mr. Gallatin's pamphlet. On the 30th of November, 1830, it appears by the bank minutes, that "the President submitted to the board a copy of an article on banks and currency, just published in the American Quarterly Review, of this city, containing a favorable notice of this institution, and suggested the expediency of making the views of the author more extensively known to the public, than they can be by the subscription list,—whereupon it was, on motion, Resolved, that the President be authorized to take such measures, in regard to the circulation of the contents of the said article either in whole or in part, as he may deem most for the interests of the Bank." On the 11th of March, 1831, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, a similar suggestion appears from the minutes of the board to have been made by the president, and thereupon the board, finding it advisable to do the whole work at a jump, "Resolved, that the president is hereby authorized to cause to be prepared and circulated, such documents and papers as may communicate to the people information in regard to the nature and operations of the bank." Immediately, the sums paid for printing and stationery ran up, during the first half of 1831, to $29,979. The following loans, about the same time, were reported by the government directors:

The New York Inquirer . .	$52,000
Philadelphia Inquirer . . .	32,000
United States Telegraph .	20,000
National Intelligencer . . .	80,000

The government directors remonstrated—protested—but their protests and remonstrances were neglected or spurned. On the 16th of August, 1833, a resolution was offered by one of the number, representing that the stationery and printing charges, in two years, had reached eighty thousand dollars, and asking that the cashier be instructed to lay on the table the vouchers on which the money was paid, which had scarcely been read, when the following substitute was proposed, which was immediately adopted: "Resolved, that the board have confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the president, and in the propriety of the resolutions of the 30th of November and 11th of March, 1831, and entertain a full conviction of the necessity of a renewed attention to the object of those resolutions; and that the president be authorized and requested to continue his exertions, for the promotion of that object." To what extent the trust thus imposed was executed, the books of the bank do not show, for in such transactions the bank kept no books. Loose scraps of paper, scribbled over with sums of immense extent, and footed with the initials of some of the officers, extricated by a future administration from a mass of rubbish with which the chinks and crannies of the desks were filled, are now the only memorials of a course of expenditure which corrupted the press, bought over everything in politics which could be bought, and finally prostrated the Bank.

It is unnecessary here to go back and review the great contest which ended, at last, with the bank's discomfiture. It was a battle, without doubt, most perseveringly fought; and had it not been for the energy and wisdom of that great man whose sun is now setting behind the western mountains, the efforts of the bank would have proved successful. Driven, however, from the field of national politics, it took refuge,

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as a last resort, in the narrow enclosure marked out by the boundaries of Pennsylvania. Suddenly, without note or preparation, without the usual decent preliminaries of even fictitious meetings and sham petitions, a bill to give a State charter to the National Bank, was tacked on to an omnibus bill, driven through the House, and lifted over the Senate. The monster was swallowed, not by the usual process of deglutition—not by breaking its bones and softening its excrescences—but by one gigantic gulp; and when the task was over, and when the State sat down to digest its meal, it would have been hard for an observer to decide which of the two was to retain and impart its individuality to the other. The people stood by amazed. Little better was expected from the House of Representatives, which had slidden into power through the cleft opened at the preceding election in the ranks of the majority by the schism between Wolf and Muhlenberg; but for the Senate, a large majority of whom were considered to be sturdy republicans, some of whom had even distinguished themselves by running unnecessary tournaments against the monster after it was fairly crushed—for the Senate, pledged as it was, manacled as it was by every tie of honor and decency—to bow its knees, and receive the bill with obeisance, and softly and noiselessly to hurry it through into the Governor's lap, was a thing by which the people were shocked and dumb-founded. It is not for us to interrogate the consciences, and to scan the motives of those who left the republican party on that memorable occasion. A portion of the secret history of the session was adverted to some years after by a committee of the State House of Representatives, at whose head was a distinguished gentleman, who, though then connected by association with the whig party, was one of the boldest and most uncompromising in his efforts to signally punish the actors in the guilty scenes by which the Harrisburg operations of the bank were distinguished. In a report made in 1842, on the charges brought against the previous legislature of corrupt action on the resumption resolutions, the committee says:*

"In regard to the re-charter of the Bank of U. S., some evidence, however, was incidentally brought before the committee from which it would scarcely seem to be doubted, that the same means were attempted, if not actually employed, at that time, as during the session of 1840. The permanent expense account of that bank, before referred to, shows the following entries:

1836.	May	5	Receipt of N. Biddle, President	$20,575 00
"	"	7	" " " "	5,000 00
"	"	16	Voucher for incidental expenses at Harrisburg	1,311 00
"	"	23	Receipt of N. Biddle	8,697 50
"	"	"	J. B. W. (a member of the legislature), for professional services	10,000 00
"	"	"	J. M.	10,000 00
"	"	29	N. Biddle	10,000 00
"	June	13	" "	5,000 00
"	"	24	M. Wilson, & Co., Harrisburg, for expenses	3,468 50
"	"	10	N. Biddle	5,000 00
				$79,052 00

"How many more of the items of the same account entered as of a subsequent date refer back to the transaction in question, the committee cannot determine. They call attention, however, to the evidence of Jonathan Patterson, one of the tellers of the bank, who proves the use of the sum of $400,000 by the officers, at or about the very period of the re-charter; the withdrawal of which from the bank was attempted to be concealed by a false entry on the books. Both of the agents who appear to have been employed on this occasion are now deceased, and to have proceeded further in such an investigation, without having the time to prosecute it to its full extent, did not seem to be proper under the circumstances."

Such is what the bank did for the political purity of the country. It is a sad thing for an American to see how

* Journal Pa. House Representatives. 1842. App. 182.

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potently did the spell work, but still sadder is it for every Pennsylvanian to look back upon the fraud, the intrigue, and the dishonor, which has thus been brought upon the State to which he belongs. He cannot run his eye back ten years on the legislative journals, without seeing every volume polluted with the evidence of the energy with which the poison worked. There was the charter, obtained by what means is shown by the sudden tergiversations of politicians, and the extraordinary disbursements of the bank. And then, as a fit consummation, came the governor's election of 1837-8, with its scenes of violence and of fraud. There are to be found reports of legislative committees, exhibiting the fact, that at election after election, large sums of money were squandered at the polls from sources which no one could discover; and there also is the truth strongly illustrated, that when the moral principle once breaks down before an assault from one quarter, it readily yields to temptation from another. The men who received money for their individual votes, did not hesitate forcibly to tear open the ballot box, or fraudulently to stuff it with false votes. Is it to be said that if another bank were chartered it might steer clear of the political errors which made the last so fatal? The last bank did what its nature prompted it to do, it made use of the machinery it possessed for the accomplishment of its ends, and it made use of it without stint. Will not another bank, when it considers itself attacked—and into an attack will be tortured every rustle in the political atmosphere—make liberal use of those weapons of which its armory is so full? Is human nature so strong that it can be expected, when the time draws nigh, for it to surrender possession of its gains and its power without a struggle? Will not an expiring bank clutch at any instrument that might promise to procure for it an extension of its existence? Will not an existing bank adopt any means which will bid fair to obtain for it an extension of its privileges? If another bank be chartered, the same perils will be encountered as came near ruining the country under the auspices of the last.

The object of the preceding pages has been to point out what the bank did for our business morality, for our commercial stability, and for our political integrity. Let not the result of the inquiry be passed by unheeded. It may be thought a light thing that the old and rigorous maxims with which we began our national career, should give place to others more accommodating. One of the worst signs of the times is the callousness with which the reproach of dishonesty is borne, and the slightness with which the avenues of temptation are guarded. But be assured, that habits of business looseness, of reckless speculation, of private luxury, if once they eat into the republic, will bring it to the dust. Already the good name of three States has been soiled; but still there is time to stop the plague from going further. If we would check its progress, we must sit down gravely and earnestly to the work, determined that if necessary we will cut off our right hand, or pluck out our right eye. Call back the good old watch-words of former times, the days of our country's childhood, when our muscles were hardening, and our strength settling, and our shape moulding, and ask the wise and brave men of those better days, how it was they lived, and how it was they conquered. They will point to their simple homes, to their frugal habits, to their severe morals, to the cold, cushionless churches in which they worshipped God, and the unornamented brick court-houses where the early committees met, and from whence the revolution was guided, and then they will point us to Bunker Hill, to Princeton and to Yorktown. Let us bring home the moral they teach. To revenge no party grief, to secure no public spoils do we go out to the struggle. Arise, then, men and brethren, and for the sake of our own young and dear country, dishonored as it has been by those it nursed on the fatness of its bosom—for the sake of that past history, which, lose whatever else we may, will still be ours, but which will deepen our shame, should we be deaf to its teaching—for the sake of those about us, and those to come after us, arise, and let us gird ourselves and be ready. The issue is, bank or no bank, honesty or dishonesty, stability or instability, corruption or integrity. It is with such an issue that we can triumph with a good faith and clear conscience, or if it needs be, can patiently and bravely suffer.

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A DRAMA OF EXILE.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

(*Concluded from page 88.*)

LUCIFER *rises in the circle.*

Lucifer. Who talks here of a complement of grief?
Of expiation wrought by loss and fall?
Of hate subduable to pity? Eve?
Take counsel from thy counsellor the snake,
And boast no more in grief, nor hope from pain,
My docile Eve! I teach you to despond,
Who taught you disobedience. Look around;—
Earth-spirits and phantasms hear you talk, unmoved,
As if ye were red clay again, and talked!
What are your words to them? your griefs to them?
Your deaths, indeed, to them? Did the hand pause
For *their* sake, in the plucking of the fruit,
That they should pause for *you*, in hating you?
Or will your grief or death, as did your sin,
Bring change upon their final doom? Behold,
Your grief is but your sin in the rebound,
And cannot expiate for it.

Adam. It is true.

Lucifer. Ay, it is true. The clay-king testifies
To the snake's counsel—hear him!—very true.

Earth Spirits. I wail, I wail!

Lucifer. And certes, *that* is true.
Ye wail, ye all wail. Peradventure I
Could wail among you. O thou universe,
That holdest sin and wo—more room for wail!

Distant starry voice. Ai, ai, Heosphoros!

Earth Spirits. I wail, I wail!

Adam. Mark Lucifer. He changes awfully.

Eve. It seems as he looked from grief to God,
And could not see Him;—wretched Lucifer!

Adam. How he stands—yet an angel!

Earth Spirits. I wail—wail!

Lucifer. (*After a pause.*) Dost thou remember, Adam, when the curse
Took us in Eden? On a mountain-peak
Half-sheathed in primal woods, and glittering
In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour
A lion couched,—part raised upon his paws,
With his calm, massive face turned full on thine,
And his mane listening. When the ended curse
Left silence in the world,—right suddenly
He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,
As if the new reality of death
Were dashed against his eyes,—and roared so fierce
(Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear)—
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills
Such fast, keen echoes crumbling down the vales
To distant silence—that the forest beasts,
One after one, did mutter a response
In savage and in sorrowful complaint
Which trailed along the gorges. Then, at once,
He fell back, and rolled crashing from the height,
Hid by the dark-orbed pines.

Adam. It might have been.
I heard the curse alone.

Earth Spirits. I wail, I wail!

Lucifer. That lion is the type of what I am!
And as he fixed thee with his full-faced hate,
And roared, O Adam—comprehending doom;
So, gazing on the face of the Unseen,
I cry out here, between the Heavens and earth,
My conscience of this sin, this wo, this wrath,
Which damn me to this depth!

Earth Spirits. I wail, I wail!

Eve. I wail—O God!

Lucifer. I scorn you that ye wail,
Who use your petty griefs for pedestals
To stand on, beckoning pity from without,
And deal in pathos of antithesis
Of what ye *were* forsooth, and what ye are;—
I scorn you like an angel! Yet one cry,
I, too, would drive up, like a column erect,
Marble to marble, from my heart to Heaven,
A monument of anguish, to transpierce
And overtop your vapory complaints
Expressed from feeble woes!

Earth Spirits. I wail, I wail!

Lucifer. For, O ye Heavens, ye are my witnesses,

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That *I*, struck out from nature in a blot,
The outcast, and the mildew of things good,
The leper of angels, the excepted dust
Under the common rain of daily gifts,—
I the snake, I the tempter, I the cursed,—
To whom the highest and the lowest alike
Say, Go from us—we have no need of thee,—
Was made by God like others. Good and fair
He did create me!—ask Him, if not fair;
Ask, if I caught not fair and silverly
His blessing for chief angels, on my head,
Until it grew there, a crown crystallised!
Ask, if He never called me by my name,
Lucifer—kindly said as "Gabriel"—
Lucifer—soft as "Michael!" while serene
I, standing in the glory of the lamps,
Answered "my Father," innocent of shame
And of the sense of thunder. Ha! ye think,
White angels in your niches,—I repent,—
And would tread down my own offences, back
To service at the footstool? *That's* read wrong:
I cry as the beast did, that I may cry—
Expansive, not appealing! Fallen so deep
Against the sides of this prodigious pit,
I cry—cry—dashing out the hands of wail,
On each side, to meet anguish everywhere,
And to attest it in the ecstasy
And exaltation of a wo sustained
Because provoked and chosen.
Pass along
Your wilderness, vain mortals! Puny griefs,
In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed
To your own conscience, by the dread extremes
Of what I am and have been. If ye have fallen,
It is a step's fall,—the whole ground beneath
Strewn woolly soft with promise; if ye have sinned,
Your prayers tread high as angels! if ye have grieved,
Ye are too mortal to be pitiable,
And power to die disproveth right to grieve.
Go to! ye call this ruin. I half scorn
The ill I did you! Were ye wronged by me,
Hated and tempted, and undone of me,—
Still, what's your hurt to mine, of doing hurt,
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?
This sword's *hilt* is the sharpest, and cuts through
The hand that wields it.
Go—I curse you all.
Hate one another—feebly—as ye can;
I would not certes cut you short in hate—
Far be it from me! hate on as ye can!
I breathe into your faces, spirits of earth,
As wintry blast may breathe on wintry leaves,
And, lifting up their brownness, show beneath
The branches very bare. Beseech you, give
To Eve, who beggarly entreats your love
For her and Adam when they shall be dead,
An answer rather fitting to the sin
Than to the sorrow—as the Heavens, I trow,
For justice' sake, gave theirs.
I curse you both,
Adam and Eve! Say grace as after meat,
After my curses. May your tears fall hot
On all the hissing scorns o' the creatures here,—
And yet rejoice. Increase and multiply,
Ye and your generations, in all plagues,
Corruptions, melancholies, poverties,
And hideous forms of life and fears of death;
The thought of death being alway eminent
Immoveable and dreadful in your life,
And deafly and dumbly insignificant
Of any hope beyond,—as death itself,—
Whichever of you lieth dead the first,—
Shall seem to the survivor—yet rejoice!
My curse catch at you strongly, body and soul,
And HE find no redemption—nor the wing
Of seraph move your way—and yet rejoice!
Rejoice,—because ye have not set in you
This hate which shall pursue you—this fire-hate
Which glares without, because it burns within—
Which kills from ashes—this potential hate,
Wherein I, angel, in antagonism
To God and His reflex beatitudes,
Moan ever in the central universe,
With the great wo of striving against Love—
And gasp for space amid the Infinite—
And toss for rest amid the Desertness—
Self-orphaned by my will, and self-elect
To kingship of resistant agony
Toward the Good around me—hating good and love,
And willing to hate good and to hate love,
And willing to will on so evermore,
Scorning the Past, and damning the To Come—
Go and rejoice! I curse you!
[LUCIFER *vanishes*.

Earth Spirits.

And we scorn you! there's no pardon
Which can lean to you aright!

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When your bodies take the guerdon
Of the death-curse in our sight,
Then the bee that hummeth lowest shall transcend you.
Then ye shall not move an eyelid
Though the stars look down your eyes;
And the earth, which ye defiled,
She shall show you to the skies,—
"Lo! these kings of ours—who sought to comprehend you."

First Spirit.
And the elements shall boldly
All your dust to dust constrain;
Unresistedly and coldly,
I will smite you with my rain!
From the slowest of my frosts is no receding.

Second Spirit.
And my little worm, appointed
To assume a royal part,
He shall reign, crowned and anointed,
O'er the noble human heart!
Give him counsel against losing of that Eden!

Adam.
Do ye scorn us? Back your scorn
Toward your faces grey and lorn,
As the wind drives back the rain,
Thus I drive with passion-strife;
I who stand beneath God's sun,
Made like God, and, though undone,
Not unmade for love and life.
Lo! ye utter words in vain!
By my free will that chose sin,
By mine agony within
Round the passage of the fire;
By the pinings which disclose
That my native soul is higher
Than what it chose,—
We are yet too high, O spirits, for your disdain.

Eve.
Nay, beloved! If these be low,
We confront them with no height;
We stooped down to their level
In working them that evil;
And their scorn that meets our blow,
Scathes aright.
Amen. Let it be so.

Earth Spirits.
We shall triumph—triumph greatly,
When ye lie beneath the sward!
There my lily shall grow stately,
Though ye answer not a word—
And her fragrance shall be scornful of your silence!
While your throne ascending calmly,
We, in heirdom of your soul,
Flash the river, lift the palm tree,
The dilated ocean roll
With the thoughts that throbbed within you—round the islands.

Alp and torrent shall inherit
Your significance of will:
With the grandeur of your spirit,
Shall our broad savannahs fill—
In our winds, your exultations shall be springing.
Ev'n your parlance which inveigles,
By our rudeness, shall be won:
Hearts poetic in our eagles,
Shall beat up against the sun,
And pour downward, in articulate clear singing.

Your bold speeches, our Behemoth,
With his thunderous jaw, shall wield!
Your high fancies shall our Mammoth
Breathe sublimely up the shield
Of St. Michael, at God's throne, who waits to speed him;
Till the heavens' smooth-grooved thunder
Spinning back, shall leave them clear;
And the angels, smiling wonder,
With dropt looks from sphere to sphere,
Shall cry, "Ho, ye heirs of Adam! ye exceed him!"

Adam. Root out thine eyes, sweet, from the dreary ground.
Beloved, we may be overcome by God,
But not by *these*.
Eve. By God, perhaps, in *these*.
Adam. I think not so. Had God foredoomed despair,
He had not spoken hope. He may destroy,
Certes, but not deceive.
Eve. Behold this rose!
I plucked it in our bower of Paradise
This morning as I went forth; and my heart
Hath beat against its petals all the day.
I thought it would be always red and full,
As when I plucked it—*Is* it?—ye may see!
I cast it down to you that ye may see,
All of you!—count the petals lost of it—
And note the colors fainted! ye may see:
And I am as it is, who yesterday
Grew in the same place. O ye spirits of earth!
I almost, from my miserable heart,
Could here upbraid you for your cruel heart,
Which will not let me, down the slope of death,
Draw any of your pity after me,
Or lie still in the quiet of your looks,
As my flower, there, in mine.

A bleak wind, quickened with indistinct human voices, spins around the earth-zodiac; and filling the circle with its presence, and then wailing off into the east, carries the flower away with it. Eve falls upon her face. Adam stands erect.

Adam. So, verily,
The last departs.
Eve. So Memory follows Hope,

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And Life both. Love said to me, "Do not die,"
And I replied, "O Love, I will not die.
I exiled and I will not orphan Love."
But now it is no choice of mine to die—
My heart throbs from me.

Adam. Call it straightway back.
Death's consummation crowns completed life,
Or comes too early. Hope being set on thee
For others; if for others, then for thee,—
For thee and me.

The wind revolves from the east, and round again to the east, perfumed by the Eden-flower, and full of voices which sweep out into articulation as they pass.

Let thy soul shake its leaves,
To feel the mystic wind—Hark!

Eve. I hear life.

Infant voices passing in the wind.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we receive,
Is a warm thing and a new,
Which we softly bud into,
From the heart and from the brain,—
Something strange, that overmuch is
Of the sound and of the sight,
Flowing round in trickling touches,
In a sorrow and delight,—
Yet is it all in vain?
Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Youthful voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we achieve,
Is a loud thing and a bold,
Which, with pulses manifold,
Strikes the heart out full and fain—
Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to struggle, sure to conquer,—
Though the vessel's prow will quiver
At the lifting of the anchor:
Yet do we strive in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Poet voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we conceive,
Is a clear thing and a fair,
Which we set in crystal air,
That its beauty may be plain:
With a breathing and a flooding
Of the heaven-life on the whole,
While we hear the forests budding
To the music of the soul—
Yet is it tuned in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Philosophic voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we perceive,
Is a strong thing and a grave,
Which for others' use we have,
Duty-laden to remain.
We are helpers, fellow-creatures,
Of the right against the wrong,—
We are earnest-hearted teachers
Of the truth which maketh strong—
Yet do we teach in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Revel voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we reprieve,
Is a low thing and a light,
Which is jested out of sight,
And made worthy of disdain!
Strike with bold electric laughter
The high tops of things divine—
Turn thy head, my brother, after,
Lest thy tears fall in my wine;—
For is all laughed in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

Eve. I hear a sound of life—of life like ours—
Of laughter and of wailing,—of grave speech,
Of little plaintive voices innocent,—
Of life in separate courses flowing out
Like our four rivers to some outward main.
I hear life—life!

Adam. And, so, thy cheeks have snatched
Scarlet to paleness; and thine eyes drink fast
Of glory from full cups; and thy moist [lips
Seem trembling, both of them, with earnest doubts
Whether to utter words or only smile.

Eve Shall I be mother of the coming life?
Hear the steep generations; how they fall
Adown the visionary stairs of Time,
Like supernatural thunders—far yet near;
Sowing their fiery echoes through the hills.
Am I a cloud to these—mother to these?

Earth Spirits. And bringer of the curse upon all these.

[EVE *sinks down again.*

Poet voices passing.

O we live, O we live—
And this life that we believe,
Is a noble thing and high,
Which we climb up loftily,
To view God without a stain:
Till, recoiling where the shade is,
We retread our steps again,
And descend the gloomy Hades,
To taste man's mortal pain.
Shall it be climbed in vain?

Infant voices passing.

Rock us softly,
Lest it be all in vain.

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Love voices passing.
O we live, O we live—
And this life we would retrieve,
Is a faithful thing apart,
Which we love in, heart to heart,
Until one heart fitteth twain.
"Wilt thou be one with me?"
"I will be one with thee!"
"Ha, ha!—we love and live!"
Alas! ye love and die!
Shriek—who shall reply?
For is it not loved in vain?

Infant voices passing.
Rock us softly,
Though it be all in vain.

Old voices passing.
O we live, O we live—
And this life that we receive,
Is a gloomy thing and brief,
Which, consummated in grief,
Leaveth ashes for all gain,
Is it not *all* in vain?

Infant voices passing.
Rock us softly,
Though it be all in vain.
[*Voices die away.*

Earth Spirits. And bringer of the curse upon all these.

Eve. The voices of foreshown Humanity
Die off;—so let me die.

Adam. So let us die,
When God's will soundeth the right hour of death.

Earth Spirits. And bringer of the curse upon all these.

Eve. O spirits! by the gentleness ye use
In winds at night, and floating clouds at noon,—
In gliding waters under lily-leaves,—
In chirp of crickets, and the settling hush
A bird makes in her nest, with feet and wings,—
Fulfil your natures! Do not any more
Taunt us or mock us—let us die alone.

Earth Spirits.
Agreed; allowed!
We gather out our names like a cloud,
And thus fulfil their lightnings! Thus, and thus!
Hearken, O hearken to us!

First Spirit.
As the east wind blows bleakly in the norland,—
As the snow-wind beats blindly from the moorland,—
As the simoom drives wild across the desert,—
As the thunder roars deep in the Unmeasured,—
As the torrent tears an ocean-world to atoms,—
As the whirlpool grinds fathoms below fathoms,—
Thus,—and thus!

Second Spirit.
As the yellow toad, that spits its poison chilly,—
As the tiger, in the jungle, crouching stilly,—
As the wild boar, with ragged tusks of anger,—
As the wolf-dog, with teeth of glittering clangour,—
As the vultures that scream against the thunder,—
As the owlets that sit and moan asunder,—
Thus,—and thus!

Eve. Adam! God!

Adam. Ye cruel, cruel unrelenting spirits!
By the power in me of the sovran soul,
Whose thoughts keep pace yet with the angels' march,
I charge you into silence—trample you
Down to obedience.—I am king of you!

Earth Spirits.
Ha, ha! thou art king!
With a sin for a crown,
And a soul undone:
Thou, who antagonised,
Tortured and agonised,
Art held in the ring
Of the zodiac!
Now, king, beware!
We are many and strong,
Whom thou standest among,—
And we press on the air,
And we stifle thee back,
And we multiply where
Thou wouldst trample us down
From rights of our own,
To an utter wrong—
And, from under the feet of thy scorn,
O forlorn!
We shall spring up like corn,
And our stubble be strong.

Adam. God, there is power in Thee! I make appeal
Unto Thy kingship.

Eve There is pity in THEE,
O, sinned against, great God!—My seed, my seed,
There is hope set on THEE—I cry to thee,
Thou mystic seed that shalt be!—leave us not
In agony beyond what we can bear,
And in debasement below thunder-mark
For thine arch-image,—taunted and perplext
By all these creatures we ruled yesterday,
Whom thou, Lord, rulest alway. O my Seed,
Through the tempestuous years that rain so thick
Betwixt my ghostly vision and thy face,
Let me have token! for my soul is bruised
Before the serpent's head.

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A vision of CHRIST appears in the midst of the zodiac, which pales before the heavenly light. The Earth Spirits grow greyer and fainter.

CHRIST. Lo, I AM HERE!
Adam. This is God!—Curse us not, God, any more.
Eve. But gazing so—so— with omnific eyes,
Lift my soul upward till it touch thy feet!
Or lift it only,—not to seem too proud,—
To the low height of some good angel's feet,—
For such to tread on, when he walketh straight,
And thy lips praise him.
CHRIST. Spirits of the earth,
I meet you with rebuke for the reproach
And cruel and unmitigated blame
Ye cast upon your masters. True, they have sinned;
And true, their sin is reckoned into loss
For you the sinless. Yet your innocence
Which of you praises? since God made your acts
Inherent in your lives, and bound your hands
With instincts and imperious sanctities,
From self-defacement? Which of you disdains
These sinners, who, in falling, proved their height
Above you, by their liberty to fall?
And which of you complains of loss by them,
For whose delight and use ye have your life
And honor in creation? Ponder it!
This regent and sublime Humanity,
Though fallen, exceeds you! this shall film your sun,—
Shall hunt your lightning to its lair of cloud,—
Turn back your rivers, footpath all your seas,
Lay flat your forests, master with a look
Your lion at his fasting, and fetch down
Your eagle flying. Nay, without this rule
Of mandom, ye would perish,—beast by beast
Devouring; tree by tree, with strangling roots
And trunks set tuskwise. Ye would gaze on God
With imperceptive blankness up the stars
And mutter, "Why, God, hast thou made us thus?"
And pining to a sallow idiocy,
Stagger up blindly against the ends of life;
Then stagnate into rottenness, and drop
Heavily—poor, dead matter—piecemeal down
The abysmal spaces—like a little stone
Let fall to chaos. Therefore over you,
Accept this sceptre; therefore be content
To minister with voluntary grace
And melancholy pardon, every rite
And service in you, to this sceptred hand.
Be ye to man as angels be to God,
Servants in pleasure, singers of delight,
Suggesters to his soul of higher things
Than any of your highest. So, at last,
He shall look round on you, with lids too straight
To hold the grateful tears, and thank you well;
And bless you when he prays his secret prayers,
And praise you when he sings his open songs,
For the clear song-note he has learnt in you,
Of purifying sweetness; and extend
Across your head his golden fantasies,
Which glorify you into soul from sense!
Go, serve him for such price. That not in vain;
Nor yet ignobly ye shall serve, I place
My word here for an oath, mine oath for act
To be hereafter. In the name of which
Perfect redemption and perpetual grace,
I bless you through the hope and through the peace,
Which are mine,—to the Love, which is myself.
Eve. Speak on still, Christ. Albeit thou bless me not
In set words, I am blessed in hearkening thee—
Speak, Christ.
CHRIST. Speak, Adam. Bless the woman, man—
It is thine office.
Adam. Mother of the world,
Take heart before this Presence. Rise, aspire
Unto the calms and magnanimities,
The lofty uses, and the noble ends,
The sanctified devotion and full work,
To which thou art elect for evermore,
First woman, wife, and mother.
Eve. And first in sin.
Adam. And also the sole bearer of the Seed
Whereby sin dieth! Raise the majesties
Of thy disconsolate brows, O well-beloved,
And front with level eyelids the To-Come,
And all the dark o' the world. Behold my voice,
Which, naming erst the creatures, did express,—
God breathing through my breath,—the attributes
And instincts of each creature in its name;
Floats to the same afflatus,—floats and heaves
Like a water-weed that opens to a wave,—
A full-leaved prophesy affecting thee,
Out fairly and wide. Henceforward, woman, rise

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To thy peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill,—
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope,—
Rise with thy daughters! If sin came by thee,
And by sin, death,—the ransom-righteousness,
The heavenly life and compensated rest
Shall come by means of thee. If wo by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the wo thou didst achieve;
Found acceptable to the world instead
Of others of that name, of whose bright steps
Thy deed stripped bare the hills. Be satisfied;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin;
Some pang paid down for each new human life;
Some weariness in guarding such a life—
Some coldness from the guarded; some mistrust
From those thou hast too well served; from those beloved
Too loyally, some treason: feebleness
Within thy heart, and cruelty without;
And pressures of an alien tyranny,
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
And stronger sinews. But go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad:
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;
An old man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown
I set upon thy head,—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee clear
Of all reproach against the sin foregone,
From all the generations which succeed.
Thy hand which plucked the apple, I clasp close;
Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close,—
I bless thee in the name of Paradise,
And by the memory of Edenic joys
Forfeit and lost;—by that last cypress tree
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we came out;
And by the blessed nightingale, which threw
Its melancholy music after us;—
And by the flowers, whose spirits full of smells
Did follow softly, plucking us behind
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bowers
And fourfold river courses: by all these
I bless thee to the contraries of these;
I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,
To the elemental change and turbulence,
And to the roar of the estranged beasts,
And to the solemn dignities of grief,—
To each one of these ends,—and to this END
Of Death and the hereafter!

Eve. I accept
For me and for my daughters this high part,
Which lowly shall be counted. Noble work
Shall hold me in the place of garden-rest;
And in the place of Eden's lost delight,
Worthy endurance of permitted pain;
While on my longest patience there shall wait
Death's speechless angel, smiling in the east
Whence cometh the cold wind. I bow myself
Humbly henceforward on the ill I did,
That humbleness may keep it in the shade.
Shall it be so? Shall *I* smile, saying so?
O seed! O King! O God, who *shalt* be seed,—
What shall I say? As Eden's fountains swelled
Brightly betwixt their banks, so swells my soul
Betwixt thy love and power!
And, sweetest thoughts
Of foregone Eden! now, for the first time
Since God said "Adam," walking through the trees,
I dare to pluck you, as I plucked erewhile
The lily or pink, the rose or heliotrope,
So pluck I you—so largely—with both hands,—
And throw you forward on the outer earth
Wherein we are cast out, to sweeten it.

Adam. As thou, Christ, to illume it, holdest Heaven
Broadly above our heads.

The Christ is gradually transfigured during the following phrases of dialogue, into humanity and suffering.

Eve. O Saviour Christ,
Thou standest mute in glory, like the sun.

Adam. We worship in Thy silence, Saviour Christ.

Eve. Thy brows grow grander with a forecast wo,—
Diviner, with the possible of Death!
We worship in thy sorrow, Saviour Christ.

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Adam. How do thy clear, still eyes transpierce our souls,
As gazing *through* them toward the Father-throne,
In a pathetical full Deity,
Serenely as the stars gaze through the air
Straight on each other.

Eve. O pathetic Christ,
Thou standest mute in glory, like the moon.

CHRIST. Eternity stands always fronting God;
A stern colossal image, with blind eyes,
And grand dim lips, that murmur evermore
God, God, God! while the rush of life and death,
The roar of act and thought, of evil and good,—
The avalanches of the ruining worlds
Toiling down space,—the new worlds' genesis
Budding in fire,—the gradual humming growth
Of the ancient atoms, and first forms of earth,
The slow procession of the swathing seas
And firmamental waters,—and the noise
Of the broad, fluent strata of pure airs,—
All these flow onward in the intervals
Of that reiterant, solemn sound of—GOD!
Which WORD, innumerous angels straightway lift
High on celestial altitudes of song
And choral adoration, and then drop
The burden softly; shutting the last notes
Hushed up in silver wings! I' the noon of time,
Nathless, that mystic-lipped Eternity
Shall wax as silent-dumb as Death himself,
While a new voice beneath the spheres shall cry,
"God! why hast thou forsaken me, my God?"
And not a voice in Heaven shall answer it.

The transfiguration is complete in sadness.

Adam. Thy speech is of the Heavenly; yet, O Christ,
Awfully human are thy voice and face!

Eve. My nature overcomes me from thine eyes.

CHRIST. Then, in the noon of time, shall one from Heaven,
An angel fresh from looking upon God,
Descend before a woman, blessing her
With perfect benediction of pure love,
For all the world in all its elements;
For all the creatures of earth, air, and sea;
For all men in the body and in the soul,
Unto all ends of glory and sanctity.

Eve. O pale, pathetic Christ—I worship thee!
I thank thee for that woman!

CHRIST. For, at last,
I, wrapping round me your humanity,
Which, being sustained, shall neither break nor burn
Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread earth,
And ransom you and it, and set strong peace
Betwixt you and its creatures. With my pangs
I will confront your sins: and since your sins
Have sunken to all Nature's heart from yours,
The tears of my clean soul shall follow them,
And set a holy passion to work clear
Absolute consecration. In my brow
Of kingly whiteness, shall be crowned anew
Your discrowned human nature. Look on me!
As I shall be uplifted on a cross
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands,
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,
But life,—beyond the reach of guilt and grief,
The whole creation. Henceforth in my name
Take courage, O thou woman,—man, take hope!
Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's sward,
Beneath the step of your prospective thoughts;
And, one step past them, a new Eden-gate
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,
And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall
No more, within that Eden, nor pass out
Any more from it. In which hope, move on,
First sinners and first mourners. Live and love,—
Doing both nobly, because lowlily;
Live and work, strongly,—because patiently!
And, for the deed of death, trust it to God,
That it be well done, unrepented of,
And not to loss. And thence, with constant prayers
Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain!

The vision of CHRIST *vanishes.* ADAM *and* EVE *stand in an ecstacy. The earth-zodiac pales away shade by shade, as the stars, star by star, shine out in the sky; and the following chant from the two Earth Spirits (as they sweep back into the zodiac and disappear with it) accompanies the process of change.*

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Earth Spirits.

By the mighty word thus spoken
Both for living and for dying,
We, our homage-oath once broken,
Fasten back again in sighing;
And the creatures and the elements renew their covenanting.
Here, forgive us all our scorning;
Here we promise milder duty;
And the evening and the morning
Shall re-organize in beauty,
A sabbath day in sabbath joy, for universal chanting.
And if, still, this melancholy
May be strong to overcome us;
If this mortal and unholy,
We still fail to cast out from us,—
And we turn upon you, unaware, your own dark influences;
If ye tremble, when surrounded
By our forest pine and palm trees;
If we cannot cure the wounded
With our marjoram and balm trees;
And if your souls, all mournfully, sit down among your senses,—
Yet, O mortals, do not fear us,—
We are gentle in our languor;
And more good ye shall have near us,
Than any pain or anger;
And God's refracted blessing, in our blessing, shall be given!
By the desert's endless vigil,
We will solemnize your passions;
By the wheel of the black eagle
We will teach you exaltations,
When he sails against the wind, to the white spot up in Heaven.
Ye shall find us tender nurses
To your weariness of nature;
And our hands shall stroke the curse's
Dreary furrows from the creature,
Till your bodies shall lie smooth in death, and straight and slumberful:
Then, a couch we will provide you,
Where no summer heat shall dazzle;
Strewing on you and beside you
The thyme and sweet basil—
And the cypress shall grow overhead, to keep all safe and cool.
Till the Holy blood awaited
Shall be chrism around us running,
Whereby, newly-consecrated,
We shall leap up in God's sunning,
To join the spheric company, where the pure worlds assemble;
While, renewed by new evangels,
Soul-consummated, made glorious,
Ye shall brighten past the angels—
Ye shall kneel to Christ victorious;
And the rays around his feet, beneath your sobbing lips, shall tremble.

The phantastic vision has all passed; the earth-zodiac has broken like a belt, and dissolved from the desert. The earth-spirits vanish; and the stars shine out above, bright and mild.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE ANGELS,

While ADAM *and* EVE *advance into the desert, hand in hand.*

Hear our heavenly promise,
Through your mortal passion!
Love, ye shall have from us,
In a pure relation!
As a fish or bird
Swims or flies, if moving,
We, unseen, are heard
To live on by loving.
Far above the glances
Of your eager eyes,
Listen! we are loving!
Listen, through man's ignorances—
Listen, through God's mysteries—
Listen down the heart of things,
Ye shall hear our mystic wings
Rustle with our loving!
Through the opal door,
Listen evermore
How we live by loving.

First semichorus.

When your bodies, therefore,
Lie in grave or goal,
Softly will we care for
Each enfranchised soul!
Softly and unlothly,
Through the door of opal,
We will draw you soothly
Toward the Heavenly people.
Floated on a minor fine
Into the full chant divine,
We will draw you smoothly,—
While the human in the minor
Makes the harmony diviner:
Listen to our loving!

Second semichorus.

Then a sough of glory
Shall your entrance greet;
Ruffling, round the doorway,
The smooth radiance it shall meet.
From the Heavenly throned centre
Heavenly voices shall repeat—
"Souls redeemed and pardoned, enter;
For the chrism on you is sweet."
And every angel in the place
Lowlily shall bow his face,
Folded fair on softened sounds,
Because upon your hands and feet
He thinks he sees his Master's wounds:
Listen to our loving.

First semichorus.

So, in the universe's
Consummated undoing,
Our angels of white mercies
Shall hover round the ruin!
Their wings shall stream upon the flame,
As if incorporate of the same,
In elemental fusion;
And calm their faces shall burn out,
With a pale and mastering thought,
And a stedfast looking of desire,
From out between the clefts of fire,—

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' While they cry, in the Holy's name,
To the final Restitution!
Listen to our loving!

Second semichorus.

So, when the day of God is
To the thick graves accompted;
Awaking the dead bodies,
The angel of the trumpet
Shall split the charnel earth
To the roots of the grave,
Which never before were slackened;
And quicken the charnel birth,
With his blast so clear and brave;
Till the Dead all stand erect,—
And every face of the burial-place
Shall the awful, single look, reflect,
Wherewith he them awakened.
Listen to our loving!

First semichorus.

But wild is the horse of Death!
He will leap up wild at the clamor
Above and beneath;
And where is his Tamer
On that last day,
When he crieth, Ha, ha!
To the trumpet's evangel,
And paweth the earth's Aceldama?
When he tosseth his head,
The drear-white steed,
And champeth athwart the last moon-ray,—
Oh, where is the angel
Can lead him away,
That the living may rule for the Dead?

Second semichorus.

Yet a Tamer shall be found!
One more bright than seraphs crowned,
And more strong than cherub bold;
Elder, too, than angel old,
By his grey eternities,—
He shall master and surprise
The steed of Death,
For He is strong, and He is fain;
He shall quell him with a breath,
And shall lead him where He will,
With a whisper in the ear,
Which it alone can hear—
Full of fear—
And a hand upon the mane,
Grand and still.

First semichorus.

Through the flats of Hades, where the souls assemble,
He will guide the Death-steed, calm between their ranks;
While, like beaten dogs, they a little moan and tremble
To see the darkness curdle from the horse's glittering flanks.
Through the flats of Hades, where the dreary shade is,—
Up the steep of Heaven, will the Tamer guide the steed,—
Up the spheric circles—circle above circle,
We, who count the ages, shall count the tolling tread—
Every hoof-fall striking a blinder, blanker sparkle
From the stony orbs, which shall show as they were dead.

Second semichorus.

All the way the Death-steed, with muffled hoofs, shall travel,
Ashen grey the planets shall be motionless as stones;
Loosely shall the systems eject their parts coeval,—
Stagnant in the spaces shall float the pallid moons;
And suns that touch their apogees, reeling from their level,
Shall run back on their axles, in wild, low, broken tunes.

Chorus.

Up against the arches of the crystal ceiling,
Shall the horse's nostrils steam the blurting breath;
Up between the angels pale with silent feeling,
Will the Tamer, calmly, lead the horse of death.

Semichorus.

Cleaving all that silence, cleaving all that glory,
Will the Tamer lead him straightway to the Throne:
"Look out, O Jehovah, to this I bring before Thee,
With a hand nail-pierced,—I, who am thy Son."
Then the Eye Divinest, from the Deepest, flaming,
On the horse-eyes feeding, shall burn out their fire:
Blind the beast shall stagger, where It overcame him,—
Meek as lamb at pasture—bloodless i desire—
Down the beast shall shiver,—slain amid the taming,—
And by Life essential, the phantasm Death expire.

A Voice. Gabriel, thou Gabriel!

Another Voice. What wouldst *thou* with me?

First Voice. I heard thy voice sound in the angel's song;
And I would give thee question.

Second Voice. Question me.

First Voice. Why have I called thrice to my morning star
And had no answer? All the stars are out,
And round the earth, upon their silver lives,
Wheel out the music of the inner life,
And answer in their places. Only in vain
I cast my voice against the outer rays

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Of *my* star, shut in light behind the sun!
No more reply than from a breaking string,
Breaking when touched. Or is she *not* my star?
Where *is* my star, my star? Have ye cast down
Her glory like my glory? Has she waxed
Mortal, like Adam? Has she learnt to hate
Like any angel?

Second Voice. She is sad for thee:
All things grow sadder to thee, one by one.

Chorus. Live, work on, O Earthy!
By the Actual's tension,
Speed the arrow worthy
Of a pure ascension.
From the low earth round you,
Reach the heights above you;
From the stripes that wound you,
Seek the loves that love you!
God's divinest burneth plain
Through the crystal diaphane
Of our loves that love you.

First Voice. Gabriel, O Gabriel!

Second Voice. What wouldst *thou* with me?

First Voice. Is it true, O thou Gabriel, that the crown
Of sorrow which I claimed, another claims?
That He claims THAT too?

Second Voice. Lost one, it is true.

First Voice. That He will be an exile from His Heaven,
To lead those exiles homeward?

Second Voice. It is true.

First Voice. That He will be an exile by His will,
As I by mine election!

Second Voice. It is true.

First Voice. That *I* shall stand sole exile finally,—
Made desolate for fruition?

Second Voice. It is true.

First Voice. Gabriel!

Second Voice. I hearken.

First Voice. Is it true besides—
Aright true—that mine orient star will give
Her name of 'Bright and Morning-Star' to Him,—
And take the fairness of His virtue back,
To cover loss and sadness?

Second Voice. It is true.

First Voice. UNTRUE, UNTRUE! O morning-star! O MINE!
Who sittest secret in a veil of light,
Far up the starry spaces, say—*Untrue!*
Speak but so loud as doth a wasted moon
To Tyrrhene waters! I am Lucifer—

[*A pause. Silence in the stars.*

All things grow sadder to me, one by one.

Chorus. Exiled human creatures,
Let your hope grow larger!
Larger grows the vision
Of the new delight.
From this chain of Nature's
God is the Discharger;
And the Actual's prison
Opens to your sight.

Semichorus.
Calm the stars and golden,
In a light exceeding:
What their rays have measured,
Let your hearts fulfil!
These are stars beholden
By your eyes in Eden;
Yet, across the desert,
See them shining still.

Chorus. Future joy and far light
Working such relations,—
Hear us singing gently—
Exiled is not lost!
God, above the starlight,
God, above the patience,
Shall at last present ye
Guerdons worth the cost.
Patiently enduring,
Painfully surrounded,
Listen how we love you—
Hope the uttermost—
Waiting for that curing
Which exalts the wounded,
Hear us sing above you—
EXILED, BUT NOT LOST!

The stars shine on brightly, while ADAM *and* EVE *pursue their way into the far wilderness. There is a sound through the silence, as of the falling tears of an angel.*

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CRITICS AND CRITICISM OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

In the present sketch of the history of critics and criticism, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to those of British origin, and whose glories are the product of Edinburgh and London, including the borough of Westminster. Germany, France, and our own dear country, so rich in periodical literature, deserve much more than a mere passing notice, yet that is all we shall be enabled to give them, if only from a want of sufficient space, at present (reserving for a future opportunity a view of the state of criticism in this country), and for the sake of a continuous interest. Nor do we pretend to furnish a narrative strictly accurate or exact in all particulars, but rather aim to give a fair general view and a not illiberal estimate of some of the most distinguished critics of this critical age. In the present, avowedly an analytic age, in which criticism has flourished almost to rankness, it seems necessary to criticise occasionally the critics themselves, in order to learn where to fix our faith, whom to trust, and how far to credit any one of them.

The appearance of a new volume of Macaulay has led us to make selection of this subject, as a vehicle for that desultory melange of history and criticism, which is the most we can promise our readers at present. This latest volume of Macaulay's papers, collected, we believe, by the American publisher, includes some of his latest, with other of his earlier articles. The paper on Madame D'Arblay is, perhaps, the best in the volume: it presents a very agreeable account of her life and works, if indeed that can be called agreeable, which is occupied with some very unhappy details. The position of the authoress of Evelina, in the literary world, is accurately settled, and, as it seems to us, a very just estimate is rendered of her character and talents. The episode of Mr. Crisp furnishes a quite new and singular chapter in the history of the literary character; and may serve as a beacon to many. The contemporary literature and the greater contemporary statesmen, of the youth and middle age and declining years of this brilliant but yet unhappy woman, are described with all the habitual piquancy and grace of Macaulay's expressive pen. The hatefulness of the life led by court minions, would of itself be sufficient, we should imagine, to disgust all of those who have ever lived within the precincts of a palace, and were expected to hang on the smile or nod of a monarch. We should say, such a servitude would furnish the best antidote to the extravagant idolatry, with which the ignorant seem to regard a King. Majesty deprived of its externals, is truly called a jest: a bitter one in a case like this, which ought to pave the way for the love of and thirst for (at least) a more tolerant and manly government.

The article upon Addison, admirable in most respects, is distorted by a wanton disregard of justice towards the two most celebrated contemporary wits of the time of Addison—Pope and Steele. The latter writer, whom in the Tatler and Spectator, we agree with Hazlitt and Hunt in believing the superior in spirit and genius, to his more favored friend, yet not his equal, by any means, in careful finish, exact scholarship, or rigid moral propriety, is incessantly depreciated in the most unworthy manner. Of this disregard to historical truth no less than to fair criticism, the instances are too numerous to particularize at present, but deserve a fuller explanation hereafter. The critic's strictures upon Pope, too, are unsparingly censorious. A suspicion much better founded in the nature of the case than Macaulay allows, in the instance of a single eminent rival, is tortured into evidence of a malignity of disposition that accompanied the poet through life, despite the numerous instances in his life, letters and poetry, of great friendliness, charity, piety and filial affection. We hope at no distant period to make this clear.

The review of Satan Montgomery's abortions of the Muse, which have been almost incredibly popular, is most just, though at the same time most caustic, and as we are inclined to think necessarily so. A bad writer (however good a man), who will go on accumulating literary offences, deserves upon

* Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By T. Babington Macaulay. Vol. 5. Philadeldhia. Carey & Hart.

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his own head, the punishment he seems to court. False compassion may, in such cases, do great injury. For though it be true, that extreme justice is, of all things, the most unjust; yet extreme and inconsiderate pity may occasion (and often does) no little harm even to the one we would benefit by forbearance and merciful treatment.

The paper on Barère is more in the manner of Stephens (Macaulay's double) than of Macaulay himself: admirable as it would appear for any other writer, it is not one of the very best of Macaulay's later critiques. The same remark applies to the Essays on the utilitarian philosophy, which are a little dry and argumentative, coming often after the witty epigrams, the rich scholarship and the brilliant declamation of their author. Still, the style and manner of treatment is more appropriate and in accordance with the subject. The civil disabilities of the Jews are admirably refuted; and some of the means of testing truth by ridicule, in this satirical argument, are capital. The volume, as a whole, however, cannot maintain a fair equality with those that preceded it. There is nothing in it to be compared to the articles on Chatham, Bacon, or Clive.

Previously to the introduction of the school of criticism that has subsisted during the present century and which grew out of the tone adopted by the Edinburgh Reviewers; the prevailing fashion of judging was a blind following of the old, conventional, Anglo-Gallic principles of taste and opinions in matters of style and invention, introduced into England at the Restoration by Charles II. and the court Poets—men, who professedly copied the French writers in everything—their ingenuity, smartness, conventionalities and imitations of the classics: critics who followed Boileau, and tragedians who worshipped Racine. During the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, this taste became confirmed. Of the ancients, the Latin writers were universally studied and closely copied, while the noble old Greeks were comparatively little known. Classicality, or tasteful imitation of models, usurped the place of true genius: this false taste made the fortune of Cato, a correct and proper, but cold and tame, transcript of the Greek drama through the filtering of the French imitations of it, by Corneille and Racine. It was this same taste that led Voltaire afterwards to write of Shakspeare as a *Savage*; while Addison was crowned with all the honors of the Tragic Muse. It was this prevailing ignorance of a genuine philosophy of œsthetics, which was supplanted by a perverted code of taste, that inclined the readers and writers of that day to overlook the immensely superior claims of the great older writers in English literature, especially in the Drama and in the Pulpit, for witty, clever, smart epigrammatists and pithy writers of essays, letters and "*vers de societé*."

The age of Anne was undoubtedly a brilliant period, but it is thrown into comparative obscurity by the great ages of Elizabeth and James I. and the age of the commonwealth, that preceded it. It was the age of comedy, of periodical writing, of true satire, of manly and sensible political writing and preaching, but it was quite deficient in imagination, philosophy and the higher kinds of genius. The criticism of such an age was the counterpart of its original writing. It was just but tame, its prudence degenerated into mere caution, it was timid, nay almost servile. This school lasted through the reign of the first two Georges and continued down to the forty-second year of the reign of George III. During all this period the French criticism was dominant, and most of the tenets of this school were held, and most of its canons applied by that perfect embodiment of it, Dr. Blair—a writer of the same calibre and aim with those of the French critics; a sensible guide on the less abstruse questions of criticism and taste; and a clear, methodical teacher of Rhetoric. He has been followed by men of much greater reputation, especially among the Germans; and intrinsically, he is no contemptible writer.

At the commencement of the present century a new state of things appears: with the foundation of the Edinburgh Review (1802), arose a new style of criticism, fresh, original, independent: generally judicious and fair, sometimes a little malicious, rarely very unjust, although some few marked and eminent exceptions to this are well known (*vide* the glorious names, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelly, Hazlitt, Hunt, Lamb, and their disciples): the matter of these

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papers, accurate and full, sometimes erudite and profound; the manner, glancing, rapid, and popular in the highest degree, from a clear exposition smartly set forth, to the acutest logic and most brilliant rhetoric. We believe the history of the setting up of the Edinburgh Review is tolerably well known, from the preface to Sidney Smith's works, by himself. This might have been a little more circumstantial without doing anybody serious harm. It was characteristic of the age and of the spirit of its projectors. All of them young men, not long removed from the restraints of university discipline, and full of spirit and confidence. Most of them young lawyers (the study of law serves as a most excellent and natural introduction to polemics and criticism, by its general tendency to render the intellectual faculties clear, active, acute and witty, though it tends too much towards begetting a love for verbal criticism and "wit-combats," rather than purely just appreciation of excellence and honest sympathy with it), Jeffrey, Scott, Brougham, Mackintosh. Smith, we believe, was the sole parson among them. Hazlitt, Macaulay, Carlyle and Stephens, the most brilliant of the contributors, came in some time afterwards. Of these, as the chiefs of this new school, we will speak presently. No very long interval elapsed (about seven years) before the Quarterly was established, whose editor, Mr. Gifford, and his compeers are as well known, though by no means so favorably, as their Scotch rivals. Upon the characters of these writers we shall spend little time or attention. The perverse malignity and narrowness of the first editor stamp him as "a small critic" in every sense of the word. Literally and with justice might he have been considered, in the language of the old proverb, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. This old crab-apple was a cobbler to the *very last*—a word-catcher, a dove-tailer and joiner of sentences, a literary mechanic. Many clever compositors and proof-readers would have made as intelligent (and some more so) editors of old plays, while we trust none could have been less honest and unprejudiced. Yet though we shall not stop to analyze his pettinesses, his literalness and dull malice, which served to crush one of the noblest spirits that ever breathed, and heaped vile scandal and "most contemptible contempt" on other true poets and manly men and original thinkers: still, as the representative of a very large class of critics, the small critics, *par excellence*, we will not hesitate to draw a picture of them, which may indeed serve as a substitute for that of the cobbling editor of the Quarterly. The small critic is to the true, independent, thoroughly qualified judge what the *minute philosophers* are to Plato and Bacon. He is great in little things, and commonly little in great things. His genius is bent on investigating trifles; in correcting errors of punctuation or orthography, slips of the pen, and, in a word, verbal errors of all sorts. He is proof to irony or satire, mistaking both for downright condemnation of virtue or approval of vice. With him, a homily on hypocrisy passes for a scandal on religion, between which two he makes no distinction. Poetry, he judges in the most literal manner possible; regarding solely the mechanical part, the verse, rhythm, pauses and accents. He often spoils the beauty of a fine passage because he cannot see the delicacy of a picturesque epithet. He has no feeling for sentiment, no taste for fanciful extravagances, which appear to him utterly absurd. Correctness and clear expression are the very height of his ambition. He remarks how many lines of a poem end with a monosyllable, or with a similar termination, or how often the same word occurs in the same sentence or paragraph. He pretends to be skilful in metres and various readings, and, indeed, master of the art of poetry. By this he means the rules of Aristotle and Bossu: his models being Pope and Boileau. According to his standard, therefore, Hayley surpasses Wordsworth, and his own heroic couplets are superior to Coleridge's varied music. Of the sources of poetry, the heart, the passions, nature; of the masters of the Divine Science, he is quite ignorant. He may have read Shakspeare and Schiller, but he can never penetrate into their spirit. His understanding is purely verbal, and below the surface of language, into its hidden meaning, he never descends. Thus, from ignorance, misapprehension, want of sympathy, all inherent defects in himself, he misjudges the wisest spirits, perverts the wisest philosophy, seeks to degrade

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the finest imagination—yet in vain; it is an idle task to cry, "he will soon break down"—"this is all trash"—"this will never do," &c. These egregious blunders are soon discovered. The small critic is delighted with petty beauties and the minutest details. Hence some of the most eminent of this tribe have been great admirers of the Dutch school of painting, of the Denners, Ostades, and Vanhuysums. Rather than praise, however, he loves still more to carp at petty faults in a great man, and thinks he makes a fine discovery when he meets with a trivial flaw. He looks, as it were, through an inverted telescope, and to his eye great objects diminish. He makes great things appear small, and the little, less.

Originality puts him out; boldness, he styles extravagance, and acknowledges none but imitative excellence. All inventors he looks upon as arrogant interlopers. He is distrustful of novelty, and apprehends failure in every new scheme. He cannot distinguish between freshness of feeling and affectation. He has a horror of individuality, and will not allow the weight of personal impressions. Strong passion he accounts a weak prejudice, and the sincere convictions of a pure spirit, "idols of the cave." Indignation at meanness and a scorn of rascality, he estimates as "whim-wham and prejudice."

As he is a trite critic and stale theorist, so is he also a false logician. He is in fact a mere special pleader. He cavils at literal mistakes, and disputes terms rather than abstract truths: a newspaper Thomas Aquinas, or the Duns Scotus of a Monthly. Erudition is to him a great bug-bear,—as fearful of discovering his ignorance, he dares not discredit the claims of pedantry. His judgments are traditionary; his opinions hereditary. "He thinks by proxy and tattles by rote;" reads everything, and feels *nothing*.

But to leave this episode, and come more directly into the heart of our subject. Though the Quarterly had for its first editor, a most narrow, conventional, carping critic, without any feeling or perception for aught but the purely mechanical part of his mechanical art, still that Review has since had writers for it of a very efficient stamp, to be sure of the same political school, prejudices and all, yet men of a more liberal tone of mind in other respects. Yet though this journal was and is always well filled with agreeable and elaborate articles, still it has had no genuine critic connected with it comparable to the list of those that contributed to the Edinburgh. An evident reason for the inferiority of the writers in the London Quarterly may be found in the very nature of their position. They were party writers, they must defend a certain system at all hazards, and reject the claims of all who did not fight under the same banner. They fought too like feudal followers for a master—not like freemen, for freedom. They often contended for the wrong, knowingly; and hence not only perverted their moral sense, which insensibly weakens the intellect, but were sure of a defeat. For nothing can utterly withstand Truth and the Right—not power, nor eloquence, not even genius. Hence we find the fertile genius of Sir Walter, the rich acquisitions and descriptive powers of Southey, the brightness of many clever writers rebuked by the unerring decisions of justice, exposed as they are in various ways, but in none more powerful among men, than by Captain Pen. The old maxim was reversed—Might did *not* make Right, but Right made Might.

After these two leading Reviews came others, each devoted to some particular cause, or whose aim was directed to some particular purpose. The Westminster, the organ of the Utilitarians: the Retrospective, of the Antiquarian scholars: the British Critic, of the Churchmen. We shall not attempt to present a history of periodical literature; our endeavor is rather to hit off a series of portraits of the leading regular critics, not of the reviews only, to which we shall by no means restrict ourselves, but also of the magazines and newspapers. We must, in consequence, omit any further mention of particular journals (we have not enumerated one-third of the first class, even), and proceed at once to the business with which we set out.—William Hazlitt we regard, all things considered, as the first of the regular critics in this nineteenth century, surpassed by several in some one particular quality or acquisition, but superior to them all, in general force, originality and independence. With

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less scholarship considerably than Hunt or Southey, he has more substance than either: with less of Lamb's fineness and nothing of his subtle humor, he has a wider grasp and altogether a more manly cast of intellect. He has less liveliness and mere smartness than Jeffrey, but a far profounder insight into the mysteries of poesy, and apparently a more genial sympathy with common life. Then, too, what freshness in all his writings, "wild wit, invention ever new:" for although he disclaims having any imagination, he certainly possessed creative talent and fine ingenuity. Most of his essays are, as has been well remarked, "original creations," not mere homilies or didactic theses, so much as a new illustration from experience and observation of great truths colored and set off by all the brilliant aids of eloquence, fancy, and the choicest stores of accumulation. It is not our purpose, at present, to draw an elaborate portrait of this great critic. We have Bulwer's and Talfourd's fine critical sketches too much in our eye and memory, to feel quite sure that we should not unconsciously borrow criticisms so well thought and finely expressed as the critical opinions in their respective papers. We can only present a faint miniature of one who deserves to be painted in the same brilliant Titian hues, in which he himself depicted his early friends, the idols of his youthful admiration. As a literary critic, we think Hazlitt may be placed rather among the independent judges of original power, than among the trained critics of education and acquirements. He relies almost entirely on individual impressions and personal feeling, thus giving a charm to his writings, quite apart from, and independent of, their purely critical excellences. Though he has never published an autobiography,* yet all of his works are, in a certain sense, confessions. He pours out his feelings on a theme of interest to him, and treats the impulses of his heart and the movements of his mind as historical and philosophical data. Though he almost invariably trusts himself, he is almost as invariably in the right. For, as some are born póets, so he too was born a critic, with no small infusion of the poetic character. Analytic judgment (of the very finest and rarest kind) and poetic fancy, naturally rich, and rendered still more copious and brilliant by the golden associations of his life, early intercourse with honorable poets and a most appreciative sympathy with the master-pieces of poesy. Admirable as a general critic on books and men, of manners and character, of philosophical systems and theories of taste and art, yet he is more especially the genuine critic in his favorite walks of art and poesy; politics and the true literature of real life—the domestic novels, the drama and the belles lettres. We shall not now stop to enumerate in detail the distinctive traits of this master, beyond a mere mention of his most striking qualities as a writer. As a descriptive writer, in his best passages he ranks with Burke and Rousseau, in delineation of sentiment, and in a rich rhetorical vein, he has whole pages worthy of Taylor or Lord Bacon. There is nothing in Macaulay, for profound gorgeous declamation, superior to the character of Coleridge, or of Milton, or of Burke, or of a score of men of genius whose portraits he has painted with love and with power. In pure criticism, who has done so much for the novelists, the essayists, writers of comedy; for the old dramatists and elder poets? Lamb's fine notes are mere notes—Coleridge's improvised criticisms are merely fragmentary, while if Hazlitt has borrowed their opinions in some cases, he has made much more of them than they could have done themselves. Coleridge was a poet: Lamb, a theorist. To neither of these characters had Hazlitt any fair pretension, for with all his fancy he had a metaphysical understanding (a bad ground for the tender plant of poesy to flourish in) and to wit and humor he laid no claim, being too much in earnest to indulge in pleasantry and jesting—though he has satiric wit at will and the very keenest sarcasm. Many of his papers are prose satires, while in others there are to be found exquisite *jeux d'esprit*, delicate banter and the purest intellectual refinements upon works of wit and humor. In all, however, the criti-

* The Liber Amoris can hardly be called an exception.

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cal quality predominates, be the form that of essay, criticism, sketch, biography, or even travels.

To account for Hazlitt's comparative unpopularity, several causes are obvious. To say nothing of his strong political and personal prejudices, he is often too fair and just to be a zealous partizan, and has hence secured no political party of admirers. His egotism, to some so offensive, inasmuch as it mortifies their own weak vanity, is to us one of his most attractive qualities; at least it implies openness and strong sympathies. To inspire affection, to a certain extent the most disinterested man must be a self-lover. How or why else should he be so powerfully affected by the most stirring incidents of life and reality, if he himself, the centre of that real world (every man is such to himself)—if his mind, the axis upon which all turns that really concerns him, be quite indifferent to all surrounding phenomena? Can he be said to take an interest in anything who does not lend himself to the illusions of life? To express an interest in anything, is to make a personal revelation, and this is egotism—not to evince the highest regard for oneself, so much as to display the deep feeling one may entertain for any person, thing, doctrine or dogma.

Perhaps the unfortunate state of his private circumstances, in pecuniary matters as well as in his domestic relations—an unfortunate attachment, the rebuffs of half-friends, the ridicule of contemptible opponents, no less than an irritable temperament and an organization partaking more largely of the poet than the peasant, singly and united, should serve as ample apologies for the occasional waywardness of the writer and the imprudence of the man. Those who knew Hazlitt best spoke most highly of him, as his friends Hunt and Lamb, and his admirers, Talfourd, and Knowles and Bulwer. The influence of the critic, too, is clearly perceptible in the periodical literature of the day. The best critics now living in England and this country belong, emphatically, to the school of Hazlitt. Mr. Horne has unaccountably omitted the portrait of his master and favorite critic in his late gallery of portraits—an omission which we may attempt to supply in a future sketch.—Mackintosh (to return to the contemporaries of the first writers in the Edinburgh) was rather a critic of philosophical systems, especially in ethics and politics, than purely a critic of literature or of the characters of men. Yet, in none of these walks could he be called original. With the native acuteness and intellectual tenacity of a Scotchman, he had also their love for acquisition and respect for scholarship. He had talent, unquestionably, and very considerable stores of acquired research. In the history, not only of states and parties, but also of schools and opinions, he was entirely at home. Nor was he less familiar with the writings of theorists of all ages who have speculated on the deepest questions of political or of moral science. He was, in addition to all this, an accomplished general scholar. One quality he possessed in perfection, a liberal tone of mind and a fairness of judgment, the growth of a naturally benevolent, comprehensive, and enlightened intellect. Pure genius he had none, and consequently, perhaps, he relied too much on mere learning, both in others as well as in himself. But, excepting this one essential deficiency (a very great one, to be sure, but by no means to be implied as a voluntary sin), we have heard of no other defect, intellectual or moral, of this true philosopher and philosophic critic, but that upon which Sidney Smith lays some stress in his celebrated letter to the son of Sir James—a defect arising from an excess of liberality, that ran almost into laxity, in his favorable judgments expressed of rather doubtful characters, and of opinions of (at least) a mixed character. This epicurean tendency to generosity in criticism might, in some men, rise into positive licentiousness, but, in Sir James Mackintosh, it was a venial error—the fruit of benevolence and wisdom.

Mackintosh wrote largely for the Review, but he is best known by his dissertation and history. By neither of these is he to be fairly judged, since the last is a fragment and the first a sketch. Both of these, however, are conceived and executed in a most philosophical spirit; though, as mere compositions, we do not rate either of them as equal to his excellent life of Sir Thomas More, which has always appeared to us a model of biography. Compared with Hazlitt, Mackintosh

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was a mere scholastic man, beside a man of impulsive genius, though it must not be supposed we would depreciate the able lawyer and sagacious statesman while we confess his inferiority, as a writer and literary critic, to the bold and brilliant, but imprudent and paradoxical, author of "Table Talk" and the "Plain Speaker."

Lord Brougham may be considered as, in some respects, the rival, and, in another point of view, the very antipodes, of Mackintosh. Yet, between both there existed a sufficient resemblance, of circumstances and pursuits, to warrant a partial parallel. Both were men of study, hard-working and active; both general students, able and busy lawyers, and political characters of eminence. Here the likeness ends —Brougham was an active, Mackintosh chiefly a speculative, reformer. The former effected the most practical good to the public, while the latter infused a better spirit into all with whom he came in social contact. The temper of Mackintosh was amiable and moderate, while Brougham is said to exhibit all the virulence of his sarcastic venom. Mackintosh was the better writer and deeper thinker: Brougham's head is filled with facts in natural science and legal reforms. Yet both have done their share—the former as thinker and writer, the latter as reformer and politician. The friends of Sir James may expatiate more generally on the private virtues of the man, while the admirers of Baron Vaux will point to his public services and untiring efforts in behalf of the public good.

Jeffrey is the last remaining link between the old and the present school of English (or Scotch) criticism—the last of the band that started the Edinburgh (Sidney Smith, though living, we believe has long since ceased to write for it). Like his early coadjutors, he was a lawyer; and, like some of them, enjoys high regard and an elevated position. Unlike the two writers just noticed, he was always more of the lawyer than the statesman; rather ingenious than profound, acute rather than comprehensive; a logician rather than a philosopher, and more of an advocate than a judge. He defends rather than charges home: he fights in the ranks instead of commanding at the head of a battalion. He cannot cast off his nativity, as a serpent his skin. With all his ingenuity, his activity, his cunning fence of argument, his liveliness of illustration, he is yet a Scotchman all over. His ease, playfulness, piquancy, are equally characteristic and equally French; for, as we have stated, the criticism of the last century was Anglo-Gallic, and the shrewd barrister commenced writing with his principles of criticism already settled, some of which he never lost sight of. For these reasons Mr. Jeffrey never became (for it was not in his nature) a poetical critic of any authority, for some of the greatest blunders in modern criticism, with regard to poets, occurred in his own Review, and under his own eye. For certain of these egregious mistakes he is himself personally responsible. We speak thus moderately of his treatment of Byron, Wordsworth, and their compeers, from no ill-judged temperance, but a sense of fairness. For although Jeffrey, from want of sympathy and deficiency of imagination, could see nothing in Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb and Hunt, still it was from no malicious perversion of the truth, from no mean desire to depreciate genius. The fault lay in the lawyer, not in the man; in proof of which, take notice how warmly he praised the verses of Crabbe and the rhymes of Sir Walter, which he could understand.

Evidently, Jeffrey has little of the poet in him; he has wit, logic, acuteness, a sense of fairness, a hatred of imposture, a manly contempt of affectation; he is a clever man—a man of bright talent, but not an original or a great man. He prefers Pope, we should suspect, to Pope's masters. Yet, strangely, in his later age, he conceived an unaccountable fondness for the poetry of Keats, a writer, one would think, quite out of the sphere of his literary sympathies. Educated in the school of French criticism, a classical scholar, taught to regard the imitators of the ancients as the best modern writers, it is but natural that Jeffrey should regard, with a certain fastidious apprehension, the rather violent outbursts of strong genius in the nineteenth century. Probably, induced to believe that true poetry had become extinct in the island of Great Britain, he considered it his duty to put down any juvenile attempts towards reviving it. With a not unjust dread of new reputations, boastful and premature,

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that, for the time being, would seek to displace the great names of the "great heirs of memory," he wished to nip in the bud blossoms that he honestly thought would never be likely to flower in perfect beauty. This we judge to be the secret of his harsh treatment of genuine poets; and, all circumstances considered, he is not without some tolerable apology.

On most subjects of prose criticism he is quite at home. With his clear, shrewd, professional eye he detects, at once, sophisms, absurdities, quackeries, of all sorts. His paper, for instance, on phrenology, and on similar subjects, furnishes an excellent example of his common sense way of handling the novelties of the day. Oh! for a similar exposition from his cutting pen of the abortive projects and crazy impostures of the day, in religion, morals, medicine, and politics.

Activity, acuteness, and a certain amiable temper of mind, seem to us the leading characteristics of Jeffrey. His intellect is lively and "forgetive," yet no less steady and industrious. It is said that a large proportion of the articles, for several years, came from his own pen. We believe that, for a long period, he furnished about half the matter of each number of the Review; yet this hard work (often amounting to drudgery) did not appear to blunt his wit, or dull his feeling of pleasurable excitement. The public need a correct index to the Edinburgh, when they may be enabled to estimate the force, vivacity, resources and temper of this pioneer of the periodical literature of this century.

Of Carlyle, Macaulay and Stephens, of whom we have written so lately (July number of Democratic Review), we shall add nothing, unless we place a fourth name in conjunction with theirs, that of the most brilliant writer in the British Critic (discontinued not long since), Professor Sewall. There is a large body of very clever reviewers at this moment in England, Ireland and Scotland, whose names have never reached us, for which reason we must be silent, or return only general thanks and undistinguishing praise, when we would incline to discriminate the excellence and dwell on the individual merits of separate writers.

The criticism of the day, though it finds its most prominent place in purely critical journals, the Reviews, is not restricted to them. Some of the finest critical writers have furnished their contributions either solely to magazines, or else, if they have written for quarterlies, they are best known as writers in monthly journals.

In this class, a very large one, of critics of every grade, from the ingenious and bright, up to the eloquent and profound, we will enumerate the names of only the most remarkable—Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Landor, Lamb, Bulwer and Talfourd. The first four of these names now rank among classical writers, *i. e.*, writers who have gained a permanent and enviable position in a walk of literature worthy of their powers. Criticism is the forte *par excellence* of them all; for although, in prose, Hunt is also an agreeable narrator and a sketcher, with fine descriptive tact, still he has written more in the way of literary criticism than almost anything else. Hazlitt wrote in all forms, yet always with the critical spirit uppermost. A similar criticism may be passed with equal justice on the prose poet, Landor, and the fine humorist, Lamb. But for the Monthly Magazine we should, probably, have had little or no prose from Elia. His fine lucubrations would have been lost in a long review-article, and yet are too substantial for newspaper paragraphs. Hazlitt wrote in reviews, magazines and newspapers. His best critical powers are shown in his Lectures, and, next to those, in his Table Talks; for his long articles are almost indistinguishable, partly because not his best, since written hastily, and as much from the want of a stamp of individuality. Bulwer and Talfourd, as palpable imitators of Hazlitt, demand no particular notice.

The newspapers, also, have their critics, and capital ones, too. Hazlitt and Hunt wrote theatrical notices that are sufficient, had they written nothing else, to have given them a classic reputation. Foster, of the Examiner, the critic of the Spectator, and writers in the Athenæum, Atlas, &c., approach them quite nearly.

At the outset we promised only a passing notice of criticism on the Continent, which should be more fully treated by an able scholar.

Germany, the fountain-head, has produced a noble array of fine critics,

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æsthetic, historical and philosophic. On the general principles and theory of taste, there are Winkleman and Lessing; and, in poetry and art, Wieland, Schiller and Goethe. The writer who new-named the old philosophy of taste, by the more attractive title, æsthetics, Baumgarten, we believe was not celebrated for much beside his talent of naming. In history, they have the profoundest critics, Niebuhr and Schlosser and Heeren and Müller. Always sensible, they are often much more. What a model of a critic is Goethe, the prince of modern authors! No dictatorial, swaggering bully: no word-catcher, no Egyptian task-master, requiring impossibilities, and condemning Keats because he is not Milton, and Lowell because he is not Wordsworth. No pedant, though a most accurate and thorough scholar; a poet without extravagance, a writer of sentiment without weakness, who utterly discarded his own "Werther." Equally able to appreciate the most opposite qualities and the most various styles, all of which he could himself so admirably exemplify, as he so often has done.

Happy the true author who fell into his hands; as for pretenders, he took the best way with them—passed them silently over.

Among the historical critics, we most admire Heeren, whom Mr. Bancroft has translated with such clearness and fidelity. He is all he professes to be, a lucid, methodical critic; his compends are syllabuses rather than abridgments, and, as we think, rightly; for it is possible to indicate the periods and epochs of universal ancient and modern history in a volume or two, but quite useless to crowd all the important facts of history into that short space.

In France, they have a multitude of critics among the feuilletonists; but only one literary critic is known as of distinguished merit, Villemain, and he is a literary orator rather than a scholastic lecturer. History and philosophy attract the most brilliant men, the Cousins, the Guizots, Jouffroys, and Thierrys, with a host beside. A body of men, bright, learned, showy, yet French to the core,—perhaps more showy than solid. Dumas, for instance, represents the majority of them—brilliant, paradoxical, ingenious—writing everything, dramas, tales, travels, histories; doing nothing in a complete way, yet throwing off a multitude of fine things in this vain attempt at immortality.

And, now, here in these glorious United States of ours, how fares the art of criticism? But weakly! It is yet a very tender plant, almost a sensitive plant. With abundance of good writers, nice reasoners, ingenious thinkers, we have little reliable criticism on the whole. There are, to be sure, certain judicious and some graceful writers on criticism, and a few really fine critics scattered up and down the country, but no concentered, well-taught public literary tribunal: no master-critic or band of associated reviewers, just, true, able and learned.

We want independency, honesty, temperance and learning; we do not wish the erudition of commentators, but judgments well formed by being well instructed. The curse of puffing, of paid criticism, has been but too rife; and though we have an Emerson and a Dewey in philosophy, a Bancroft in history, and the whole intellectual clergy of the Unitarian sect, the most accomplished and scholastic clergy, we believe, in the world, and who can furnish a dozen as able critics as are to be found anywhere; though we have, here and there, an editor who really does his work fairly, here and there a retired student who cherishes delicacy of taste and sound judgment, yet, take the body of writers and readers in the country (one that lives on periodical literature), and see how little true, honest, and sincere criticism there is. While upon this subject, it may do no harm to express ourselves a little more copiously on the subject of newspaper criticism. The common vice of newspaper criticism consists in its extravagance; it is either a eulogium or a libel, both dictated, too often, by personal feeling of like or dislike—abusive or complimentary. If an author is a favorite, he is certain to be overrated; and, even where this arises from personal affection, it is plainly wrong, and, in the end, hurts the object of the critic's admiration, for it inevitably tends to depress him. The fact of belonging to the some town, having graduated at the same college, is sufficient to procure a man a favorable notice.

There is more danger, however, in the field of censure. When one considers how little dispraise arises from a sheer conviction of the writer's deficiency, and how much springs from

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pique or personal dislike, or a hundred other disturbing causes of bias, it is very hard to assign the motive of justice to severity in criticism.

Newspaper criticism, in this country at least, and the tendency of it is the same abroad, though by no means to the same extent or in an equal degree, owing to the much higher condition of the press of Europe, discovers the very lowest phase of the art of criticism. It is indeed a perversion of the term to apply it to the paragraphs of alternate praise and blame, alike indiscriminating and exaggerated, which pass under that name. It is likewise no easy matter to criticise a class of writing, confined and brief as this is, in a page or two; yet as the newspaper critics are a class of authors desultory and various, we may be excused for a series of remarks upon them, equally general and disconnected.

They are the least of the small critics; the most microscopic of the minute philosophers: their judgments are purely fragmentary and as detached, if not as deep, as the maxims of the old Gnomic philosophers, or the more modern Orphic (transcendental) sayings.—Criticism is an art, and has its rules: hence even criticism itself may be criticised. Brought to a close inspection and compared with high standards, we know not how these Aristarchusus and Zoiluses would dare to show themselves. Nor indeed should they court a critical notice. Perhaps it may be thought unwise and unnecessary to devote any considerable space to ephemeral scribblers, but any one who knows the vast influence the daily press exerts upon public opinion, will not think a little earnest remonstrance against the vices of this kind of writing (which may be brought to a high pitch of perfection, and for that reason deserves the more reprehension because so egregiously abused) and the evils it occasions, thrown away or ill judged.

We are aware, that it is thought useless to remonstrate against the abuses of criticism: in time, to be sure, all comes right, but meanwhile an honest man and a good writer may suffer. Extended and detailed critical analysis cannot of course be expected in a newspaper, but justice, discrimination and sympathy should enter even into a paragraph. It may be that narrative or descriptive criticism is preferred, that tells the plan and contents of a book, without passing an opinion upon it, or that depicts the class to which the volume belongs: or discusses the subject of it, without reference to the author himself. Sometimes it is allowable by an oblique compliment to hint a defect: though this is but an evasive sórt of criticism we have little liking for. Invariably, however, sincerity and fair judgment should be cherished and exercised, else criticism becomes compliment, or descends into satire. The common idea of honest criticism coincides with satire or sarcasm, a state of feeling and public judgment that cannot be too warmly deprecated. Good critics are needed, if only to disabuse the public mind of this and similar unfounded errors.

The true position of the genuine critic is not yet acquired. In the republic of letters, he sits just below the poet. Wanting his invention, with less imagination, less fancy, he is still his equal in honest enthusiasm; in independence, perhaps superior; in a love of the beautiful, only lower, because he has less poetic power; in a reverence for the good and true, a faithful brother; of an accurate perception, clear judgment, and yet a lively sensibility, all working in an atmosphere of the purest candor and liberality, the critic is the advocate of the poet, the exponent of the feelings of the people towards him, the middleman between the two. His office is judicial, and should be held in respect.

If he soar not so high as the poet, if his authority be less divine than that of the moral teacher: yet it is a noble office notwithstanding. It is his province to administer, in the first place, impartial justice, and to extract from the good and beautiful and noble and manly, whatever is excellent and true: and mercifully to conceal those petty defects, from which humanity in its highest forms is not exempt. Equally with this generous duty—it is his office—a most ungrateful task—to strip off the disguises of imposture, to reduce the bloated swaggerer to his original proportions, and utterly to discard all those patches of art and disguises of custom, that would endeavor to make the world believe genius existed, when indeed not a particle of it was to be found.

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THE DRAPER'S DAUGHTER.—A TALE.*

I.—THE ADVENTURES OF A DAY.

At the period of the minority of Louis XIII. in the old, narrow and obscure street of la Tixeranderie, not far from the Hotel de Ville, stood a much frequented shop, which was the scene of the principal events of this history. The house was of that antique fashion usual with the middle classes of the middle ages, with its gable end upon the street, the second floor projecting considerably over, while on its front were visible the crossed beams comprising the frame-work. The roof was surmounted with leaden spouts which in rainy weather never failed to shower down most liberal torrents on the heads of all who might pass beneath. For protection from these inundations, the merchants of that day erected broad wooden sheds in front of their shops. On the top of the huge and dilapidated structure of this kind in the present instance, a plate of iron was fixed, at a suitable height, on which was represented a knight in full armor dividing his cloak with a half-naked beggar; and around this magnificent piece of painting was written in large characters: "At the Grand-Saint-Martin, *Nicholas Poliveau vends Cloth and Velvet.*" Such was the sign in all its antique simplicity.

No glazed window opposed the free entrance of the air into the shop; two thick oaken shutters folded back upon the outer walls, forming a huge yawning opening. On each side stood little tables of antique forms, loaded with pyramids of cloths or velvets, over the safety of which, from the perils of thieves and beggars, an apprentice was always watching. Beyond this movable scaffolding, the eye penetrated into the depths of the shop, the walls of which were covered from top to bottom with shelves loaded with pieces of merchandize; while a counter extended its whole length, for the display of the goods,—though it was so dark within that the wary customer was rarely willing to buy without bringing the article out to the light of the street beneath the protecting shed. At the end, rose a winding staircase, massive and old, leading to the upper stories of the house.

Humble as may seem the arrangements of this ancient shop in comparison with the magnificent establishments of our day, yet certain it is that about the year 1612 it enjoyed a wonderful run. Nicholas Poliveau, its proprietor, was a tradesman of the old style, upright, honorable, and incapable of deceiving a customer in the quality of a cloth, or of overcharging him in its price. Personally, moreover, the worthy draper of the Grand-Saint-Martin belonged to the aristocracy of the bourgeoisie, so to speak. He had been president of the guild of the drapers, and had figured in that capacity at the entrance of Marie de Medicis into Paris; he had even for several years filled the office of échevin in the municipality of the city, which, by the terms of the edict of Henri III. had bestowed upon him the privilege of nobility, in which the good man secretly cherished no little pride, though he would never confess it. In consequence of these civic honors, his shop was the resort of the richest lords and the noblest ladies. The street was often blocked up with the emblazoned coaches of duchesses, the mules of prelates, and the jennets of gentlemen; a legion of pages and lackeys grumbled in the foul depths of its mud; and the neighbors who saw all these sumptuous equipages stopping at the door of the honest draper were well nigh bursting with jealousy.

We must, however, confess that all this popularity was not entirely due to the honorable repute enjoyed by the worthy ex-échevin, and the superior quality of his fabrics of silk or wool; it is but proper to allow her just proportion of this tide of custom to a young and pretty personage, Mademoiselle Rosette Poliveau, his only daughter, who usually sat enthroned like a queen

* Varied and adapted from the French of Elie Berthet.

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behind the paternal counter. Rosette was a little brunette, with an arch and mischievous countenance, and fully equipped with all those fascinating graces still peculiar to the *marchandes* of Paris. She had that exact refinement of coquetry which stimulates and secures its object, without committing the fair employer. She was irresistible, especially for the men, when she would exhibit to advantage the color or the quality of a cloth or a velvet; and the young nobles would come from the furthest end of Paris to buy the material for a doublet chosen by little Rosette, or the beautiful Draper's Daughter. It was all the fashion at the Louvre to have made one's purchases from her; and the usual answer of a petit-maitre, to any criticism upon the tint of his cloak, was that he had found nothing finer at the pretty Poliveau's.

It is scarcely to be supposed that our sweet little Rosette was not somewhat touched with vanity at finding herself so bewilderingly the rage; and that the thought had never crossed her mind of exchanging her cloth hood for one of velvet, as the saying was,—in other words, of marrying some one of these handsome young lords who were for ever flirting round her, and several of whom loved her to distraction. But whatever levity or vanity there might be in her composition, Rosette was at heart a good girl, and repaid the adoration of her old father with the tenderest affection. Nor had slander ever found in her the slightest opening in which to fasten its envenomed tooth; and all the Rue de la Tixeranderie was loud in praise of her virtuous discretion.

Such were the elements of success of the establishment we have described, which had been in the Poliveau family for two centuries, from father to son,—in all respects, both without and within, the same; except, of course, in the possession of our pretty Rosette.

Unhappily every medal has its reversed side, and after having related the causes of the rise and greatness of the house of Poliveau, we must fain to allude to the sinister rumors that were abroad of its approaching decay, at about the period at which our narrative commences. It was whispered that the ambition of Poliveau might perhaps cause his fall. While the échevin had devoted his time at the Hotel de Ville to the business of the municipality, he had neglected his own; nor had the beautiful eyes or the pretty prattle of Rosette availed to prevent some most disastrous variations in the prices of silks and woollens. Moreover, the grand folks of the court who frequented the shop of the good draper were not the most punctual customers in the payment of their bills; and it was even said that Poliveau had received more than one rough rebuff for having been a little too pressing with this one or that one among his noble customers. Airs of compassion, countenances of hypocritical sympathy, were already assumed towards him; and some of his kind and charitable friends would even go so far as to hint in private corners that the poor échevin might soon find himself reduced to the necessity of bankruptcy — that he might soon be compelled to put on the green bonnet, which would certainly be a very melancholy event for the corporation of drapers and for his friends, &c., &c.

One summer morning, before the usual hour of the more wealthy customers, Rosette was already at her post in the paternal shop. The master was abroad, and the daughter, aided by the two apprentices, who kept moving about her with a very busy air, undertook to supply his place to the best of her ability. Mademoiselle Poliveau was dressed as a simple bourgeoise, obeying at once the rules of modesty and the sumptuary laws yet in force; but her attire, though exclusively of woollen stuff, had an air of neatness and elegance that any fine dame might well have envied. She was in her usual seat behind one of the showcases which obstructed the broad entrance of the shop; where she could elude the too eager curiosity of the passer-by, with, at the same time, ample opportunity to indulge her own; for, through the heaps of merchandize, the quick and mischievous eyes of the little watcher could observe at her leisure all that passed in the street, while her pretty fingers were dexterously knitting an ample woollen stocking destined for a gift to Master Poliveau on St. Nicholas's day. On this particular occasion she appeared to be watching the passers-by with an unusual degree of attention. Her looks ranged eagerly to one of the extremities of the street; and as the morning ad-

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vanced, her gay and sparkling countenance became clouded with an expression of impatience and disappointment.

The extraordinary preoccupation of their young mistress did not escape the eyes of the two apprentices, who exchanged glances of intelligence as they observed her. The elder of the two was a tall young man of twenty-five, whose doublet and hose, though of simple brown cloth, were always of the latest cut, and whose perruque was always curled with a peculiar nicety. He was active, intelligent, and possessed of insinuating manners which made him very popular with the customers. Giles Ponselot—such was the apprentice's name—was said moreover to be a proud fellow, with ideas above his business, which had drawn down many a lecture upon his head from Master Poliveau. There were people who even declared that on Sundays, when the shop was shut, Giles used to dress up as a cavalier, with plumed hat and sword on thigh, and play the gentleman at the Queen's-Court, in the neighborhood of the Louvre; but this was a matter too serious to be credited on slight evidence, and his master had not yet sifted it to the bottom.

The other apprentice, by way of contrast, was short, thick, heavy, and taciturn; as careless in his attire as his colleague was particular. Guillaume Leroux spoke but rarely, and then very laconically; but he was a man of action, and at the first provocation he would fall upon his adversary, with an enormous pair of fists which would have felled an ox.

Such as they were, the two young men worked admirably together; there was a sort of partnership between them, to which the one contributed his intelligence and the other his muscular strength. They were united moreover by the instinct of a common sentiment. Each in secret, and after his own fashion, loved his young mistress, and this sentiment which might naturally have alienated them, had only served to draw them the closer together. Seeing Rosette always surrounded by young and gallant lords of the court, who exercised the right of saying to her, lightly and laughingly, all that neither of them dared to utter, and convinced that their fair mistress, with her head turned by these brilliant coxcombs, would never deign to cast a glance on her two poor and obscure adorers, they had conceived a common hatred against the nobility.

Rosette's patience was fairly exhausted when the chime of a neighboring church struck nine. The fair draper's daughter let fall her ball of worsted, and with an air of vexation, perhaps unconsciously, murmured,

"Mon Dieu! he will never come!"

"Courage, mademoiselle!" said Giles Ponselot, who had been hovering near her, and now sprang forward to pick up the ball. "Corbleu! you need not be so alarmed. The master cannot be much longer gone, and we must hope that he will return with the ten thousand crowns made up which he has to pay to-morrow morning at this hour to that outrageous usurer, Jacomeny."

Rosette looked at him abstractedly, as if she had not understood the meaning of his words; she then resumed her work, saying in a careless tone:

"Yes, yes, Master Giles, I am not uneasy—all that will be easily arranged, I am sure."

The apprentice in his turn looked at her with surprise. "What, demoiselle," he asked in a lower voice, "are you not aware that if that sum is not paid to Jacomeny before noon to-morrow, we must —— indeed I dare not say what would happen to us all!"

Rosette made a pretty little face of saucy impatience. "Go to your work, Master Giles," she said, rather imperiously; "you are as melancholy as a knell. One would suppose, to hear you, that the shop of the Grand St. Martin is to be shut up to-morrow, and that my father has already all the bailiffs and officers of the Chatelet at his heels. Go to your work; this is the hour of business, and the customers will soon be here."

"I did not mean to offend, demoiselle," said he, with deference; "and since it is not the absence of the master that causes your uneasiness ——"

"And why should my father's absence disquiet me more to-day than any other day?" said Rosette, with her tone of mingled levity and impatience. "He has gone to ask for money from some of our rich debtors, and he will no doubt bring back presently more than he has any need of. Monsieur le Maréchal alone owes, for himself and his household, more than

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three thousand crowns, and the Duchess de Liche ——"

"It is not on these great lords and noble ladies that the master must rely for the repayment of Jacomeny," cried the apprentice, with bitterness. "No, no, do not believe it, demoiselle! Fortunately I know that he means to call also as he passes, on his comrade Gandillet, the fat draper of the Rue Guernetat, and that is what reassures me."

Ponselot sighed, and resumed his work in silence, at the other end of the shop. As for Rosette, she seemed immediately to forget this conversation, which doubtless had not entirely diverted her from her dominant thought, and she continued to cast furtive glances along the street, still plying her needles as dexterously as before. A few moments elapsed. Suddenly the maiden started, and leaning towards the door, as if to have a better view of some one approaching, she murmured inaudibly:—"Here he is at last!"

But presently she resumed aloud, with a tone of impatience, "No, it's the Count de Manle, that lord who is always followed by a regiment of pages and lackeys. Come, messieurs, prepare to receive him —— a chair for Monsieur the Count."

"He is coming, perhaps, to bring the hundred and thirty livres for the piece of velvet which he took six months ago," said the incorrigible Giles, with a look to his mistress.

The personage who now entered, leaning on the shoulders of a secretary and a valet, and followed by several lackeys, was a man of from forty to forty-five, well made, though a little inclined to obesity, with a complexion still fresh, and a well waxed moustache yet entirely free from tinge of grey. He was attired in all the elegance of an accomplished courtier; while at his side was suspended a large duelling sword, and long golden spurs jingled at his heels, though he had come on foot.

The Count de Manle was plunged in a state of dejection so extreme, that after being deposited in the fauteuil prepared for his accommodation, it was some time before he recovered his consciousness of where he was, sufficiently to address to our pretty little friend any of the customary compliments of which his speech was usually lavish. In the meantime it was only from his attendants that the inmates of the shop learned the cause of the unhappy affliction which had reduced him to this state. From one of his numerous estates in the country, he had yesterday received the intelligence of the death of a favorite tame deer, Diane, of which he had been fond to distraction! and the purpose for which he had now come, was to purchase a hundred yards of black cloth, to put his household in due mourning on the melancholy occasion—all which he must have of the richest and costliest. On learning that the master was absent, he expressed some vexation at the necessity of his returning, but Rosette hastened to assure him that that circumstance was immaterial, and that if he would have the kindness to make his selection of the stuffs, all that he needed should be sent without delay, to the hotel he should designate. The count very gallantly and graciously left the selection to the pretty mistress of the shop, who expressed her hope that she might be able to satisfy him, and directed the apprentices by a sign, to bring forth the desired commodities. With a considerate regard to her convenience, he said that as he wanted it that very day, he would send some of his people within a couple of hours to carry it home.

At the moment when the young maiden was about to accept with gratitude this kind offer, Giles Ponselot started forward to the front, and said to her with an unusual vivacity:

"Take care, Rosette, what you promise!"

"What do you mean, Master Giles?"

"I have positive knowledge, that this fine lord is a ——"

"What does this fellow mean?" said the count insolently, and without turning his head towards the young apprentice; "and why does he intrude himself upon our conversation?"

"I say," resumed the young man, growing pale with rage, "that a prudent person ought to hesitate before giving credit for a hundred yards of cloth, to an habitual frequenter of the gambling house of the Golden Apple, especially when he has been seen to play with loaded dice!"

A flash of angry surprise shot from the countenance of the Count de Manle; his fellows had their eyes on him to divine his thought, and to obey his least signal. On the other hand, Giles

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had summoned by a sign his friend Guillaume, who placed himself by his side, armed with his formidable shears. But the count, after casting a keen and scrutinizing glance upon the apprentice, cast himself back upon the fauteuil, and burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Tête-Dieu!" he exclaimed; "here is a funny fellow, to be sure! I would swear that the beggar dresses himself up sometimes as a gentleman, and goes to risk his pistole at the Golden Apple, like a man of quality. And now I do remember," he continued, with redoubled laughter and mockery, "this is the fine cavalier I plumed last Sunday; and with all his airs I suspected he was no gentleman, if only from the tie of his ruff, and the way he would entangle his sword between his legs—Pardieu! this will be a capital joke to tell!"

"Is this true, Master Giles?" said Rosette, with severity. "Have you really dared to slip yourself in among gentlemen, and ——"

"Well, then, yes, demoiselle," replied the apprentice, with a courageous effort, and raising himself erect. "I confess it, a foolish curiosity and desire to catch the tone and manners of these people of quality whom you fancy so much, have led me two or three times to an ordinary said to be frequented by the young lords of the court. You will tell the master, and I know that I shall be expelled with disgrace from the shop, but I prefer to receive the treatment I merit, to allowing the good master, whose bread I have eaten for five years, to be the dupe of a swindler. I therefore declare that this gentleman, with all his grand airs, is well known at the Golden Apple as a blackleg well skilled in all the tricks of cheating. I learned these details from a poor devil who had been a witness to my mishap under his hands, and who had before been a similar victim to this fine gentleman's dexterity. He told me too, that though he did associate with some persons of real distinction, the Count de Manle was suspected of living on the profits of his gambling—that no one knew anything of his lands or revenues, nor for most of the time of his dwelling place. He told me too, that his pretended valets —— but I hold my tongue. You know enough now to look twice before you leap, into giving so large a credit as a hundred yards of cloth to an intriguing swindler. Such a loss at this moment would be fatal to our good master."

What might have been the issue of this extraordinary scene, we cannot tell. In extreme distress and perplexity, Rosette, who had often seen the Count de Manle on a footing of perfect equality in the company of the most honorable persons, was turning her eyes frequently into the street during this harangue, as if she expected to see her father make his appearance, who alone was competent to all the difficulties of the case.

At this moment a new personage appeared on the threshold of the door, and Rosette started quickly up with a slight cry of surprise and joy. Her eyes shone with a heightened brilliancy,—and yet it was not her father who caused her so lively a sensation.

The new comer was a young cavalier of seventeen or eighteen at the outside, whose upper lip was barely shadowed by a nascent moustache, and whose blue eye had a charming sweetness of expression. He was dressed with as much richness as the Count de Manle, but with better taste, entirely free from the ridiculous affectation of the fashion of the day. He therefore wore no perruque, and his beautiful light hair fell in long ringlets upon his shoulders. His satin doublet and his hose were of excellent style, and his cloak of velvet embroidered with gold, hung loosely over his left shoulder, with a light and graceful effect. Notwithstanding his extreme youth and his timidity, he affected a pretty little air of aristocratic impertinence, which became him delightfully, and he made the lackeys of the count, who were about the door, withdraw to give him room, with a haughty gesture worthy of a man long accustomed to command.

His looks were first directed to Rosette, who blushed, and lowered her eyes. The elegant youth raised his plumed hat, and bent gracefully before her, and without even perceiving the presence of other persons, was about to address his salutations to her, when, suddenly, the Count de Manle rose from his seat, and hastened towards him with open arms.

"Ah! by my faith, it is that dear Marquis de Villenègre!" he exclaimed

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with an exaggerated joy. "Upon my life, I must indeed embrace you!"

The Marquis de Villenègre did not manifest any extraordinary pleasure in the meeting, as soon as he perceived who his friend was. However, he put a good face on the matter, and though casting a glance of regret towards Rosette, he yielded to the importunate civilities of the Count de Manle.

"And what have you been doing with yourself for this age?" retaining the hand of the young man who was greatly embarrassed by his demonstrations. "And that dear Duke de Villenègre, your father, and that best of duchesses, your mother, how are they? Are not they going to die pretty soon and leave you that charming duchy of Villenègre, where they say there is such capital hunting? You are never to be seen now either in the cabinet of the King, nor at the Queen's-Court, nor at church; and pity it is, for you are just made to make your way with the women. I'll bet a hundred pistoles you are in love!"

The marquis blushed and hung his head, while his blush was reflected from the face of Rosette. The count was quick to perceive such a symptom, and as if enjoying their confusion, proceeded in a tone of raillery:

"I have taken a fancy, marquis, that it is not with any great lady you are in love, but some sweet, fresh, delicious, little bourgeoise—that is the way we always begin. Ah," he continued, in reply to the young man's disclaimer, "you mean to play the discreet, eh? All right, all right, my young friend. It's my own way too. But tell me, eh, does the beauty share your flame?"

"Indeed," said Villenègre, forgetting himself perhaps, and casting a secret side glance at Rosette, "for two months I have not been able to obtain the favor of a word with her without witnesses."

The count burst into a fresh explosion of laughter, till the marquis scarcely knew whether to participate in his mirth or to resent it.

"Oh, the famous paladin of the Round Table!" exclaimed De Manle. "How well I recognize there my own beginning! And so the cruel one torments that poor little heart. She'll mend, she'll mend, the barbarian! I take to witness this very charming and honorable Mademoiselle Rosette de Poliveau" (and as he spoke the count had taken the young marquis by the hand, and placed him face to face with the blushing maiden, whose confusion was vastly increased by this impudent act),—"look at that beautiful face," he exclaimed, pointing to the noble and pure brow of the youth; "look at those eyes gleaming like diamonds, that complexion of lilies and roses, that pretty moustache, and tell me, I pray you, have you ever seen a more charming cavalier?"

This absurd interrogation completed the confusion with which the young people were overwhelmed.

"My lord," at last Rosette stammered out, twisting a corner of her apron, "without wishing to deny the merits of Monsieur the Marquis, you know it does not belong to a young maiden like me to——"

"But that is all nothing yet," resumed the imperturbable panegyrist; "my dearest of friends, Villenègre, has moreover wit, birth, and they say the duchy he is one day to have is well worth a hundred thousand crowns. And then, too, he is brave, a gallant player, and all the ladies of the court would be mad with love of him if he would but deign to cast on them one single little glance of compassion. So tell me, now, ought not the mischievous little puss who is tormenting him, to be proud of having so accomplished a gallant?"

"Mercy, mercy, my dear De Manle!" exclaimed the marquis; "do you not see that you put mademoiselle to the torture, in attempting to force upon her an esteem for my person which she does not entertain?"

"Monsieur the marquis cannot suppose——" timidly interposed poor Rosette.

"I bet at least," resumed the count with his imperturbable sang-froid, "that Mademoiselle Rosette, severe and ferocious as she may be, cannot help approving one thing done by my young friend here. A few days ago, Polastron had said at table that the marquis was in love with a little bourgeoise, and that she had accepted him for her lover. This bourgeoise was an honorable and excellent young maiden whose name I will not mention——"

"Count," abruptly interrupted Villenègre, "how could you know——"

"Do not fear, I will say nothing indiscreet. This is what ensued. The marquis goes and finds Polastron, in good

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society, and says to him: "Sir cavalier, you have said that I was the favorite of a certain virtuous demoiselle; you were mistaken; you must retract." Polastron retorts that he will do no such thing. They go out, and Polastron receives a ferocious thrust in the shoulder, from which he is still in his bed: and so the honor of the demoiselle is saved."

During this narrative Rosette had experienced a lively emotion; she had no difficulty in guessing who was the young bourgeoise for whom the marquis had fought, and fixing on him an eye swimming in tears:

"You have done that, Monsieur de Villenègre?" said she, impetuously. "You have defended the honor of an humble maiden, of inferior rank to your own, and you have fought for her sake? Oh! that was noble, and I thank you—for her whom you caused to be respected!"

As she spoke she extended her hand to Villenègre, who raised it to his lips, and slipped into it a little billet. At any other moment Rosette would perhaps have refused to receive such a missive, but her imagination was still powerfully influenced by the recital of the count, and the paper passed rapidly from the young maiden's hand to the pocket of her apron. One person alone perceived this movement—it was Giles Ponselot.

A short time only elapsed after this before a new personage was seen to turn rapidly the corner of the next street, and to advance swiftly toward the shop. The apprentices allowed a gesture of satisfaction to escape them, and Rosette rose quickly to meet him. At the same moment Master Poliveau entered, preceded by two stout fellows carrying on their backs leathern bags which appeared to be full of silver.

Poliveau was a stout little man, with an honest red face which presented yet but few wrinkles, though he was past sixty. A large great-coat of brown linsey-woolsey, black woollen stockings, and a high and broad-brimmed hat completed a costume of extreme simplicity and tolerable age.

Everything in the appearance of the ex-échevin recalled one of those tradesmen of the olden time, who thought more about honoring their commercial engagements than about dazzling the eyes of their customers by a showy exterior.

Perceiving the gentlemen who had established themselves in his shop, a slight expression of dissatisfaction crossed his face. He saluted them, however, politely though coolly, while they were both eager in a more courteous address to him than was exactly required by the etiquette of rank. The draper's first care was to dispose of the sacks of money, which he delivered over to his apprentices to be deposited in the strong box in his cabinet in the rear of the shop. The Count appeared to regard them with astonishment as they lay piled on the counter.

"By my faith!" he said at length, "these messieurs citizens have as much money as we gentlemen! Why, there are as many crowns there as my county of Manle yields me in three months!"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the draper, with some ill humor, seating himself on a wooden stool by the side of his daughter, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "but your money, you great personages, is destined to be squandered in follies, in gambling and trinketing and fine equipages; ours, we poor traders, is destined to pay our debts."

"Yes, I have indeed heard," said the count with an air of indifference, "that among traders receipts and acknowledgments were given, and that when the day arrives they must be paid—it is very wonderful!"

"And when the gentlemen, who take our wares on credit, refuse to pay," continued Poliveau, with a tone of much bitterness, "we must feel ourselves very much embarrassed."

"You seem fatigued, father," said Rosette; "you have been obliged perhaps to importune your noble customers to make up the sum you required?"

"To the devil our noble customers!" replied Poliveau abruptly. With little regard to his two noble auditors, the worthy man then proceeded to give pretty free vent to the feelings excited by his morning's adventures. From the hotels of all the great lords where he had been to solicit payment of part of his dues, he had either been repulsed with insult, or despatched with barren fine speeches; and the friendship of his worthy friend of his own class, Gandillot, had alone rescued him from the ruin imminent over his head on the morrow. The attention of the Count de

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Manle was chiefly occupied in observing the transportation of the sacks of silver by the apprentices into the adjoining cabinet. Villenègre ventured a few words, respectfully and kindly, in defence of his class. De Manle interposed at length with great insolence, being very vehement in maintaining especially the honorable character of himself and his friend.

"One wants to rob him of his cloth, and the other of his daughter!" muttered Ponselot, at the rear of the shop, to his fellow apprentice.

Matters were fast proceeding from bad to worse. The old draper, with much more frankness than civility, gave a distinct intimation to Villenègre, that he was but little pleased with the frequency of his attentions at his shop, and at the reports to which they naturally gave rise in the neighborhood; and expressed his hope on behalf of himself and his daughter, that they might hereafter be relieved from his honorable company. The young man was only restrained from an expression of his indignation at this, by a quick motion of Rosette, who passed close by him, to withdraw to the rear of the shop, addressing to him a glance and gesture of supplication as she did so. The Count informed the angry draper that he had come with the gracious purpose of buying a hundred yards of cloth, but that he had now changed his mind—a loss of custom to which the latter had little difficulty in reconciling himself very contentedly.

"Will you come, count?" at last said Villenègre. "Suppose we dine together at the Golden Apple?"

"With all my heart, marquis; but do you know an amusing idea that crosses my mind?"

"What is it?"

"Why, simply to make my fellows give a gentle drubbing to our dear friend Poliveau here;" and he burst into a laugh as though the fancy struck him as an excellent joke.

Poliveau's ruling passion was not courage, and he believed De Manle very capable of following his threat by its immediate execution. He shrank back a few steps, and turned pale with alarm.

"Fear nothing, master Poliveau," said Villenègre coolly, with a gesture full of dignity, "I have not for a moment conceived the idea of chastising your impoliteness. You are under the protection of a young demoiselle whom I respect and honor, and I will suffer no harm to be done to you."

"Nor would it be very prudent to attempt the contrary!" said Giles Ponselot, suddenly making his appearance behind his master, armed with a thick yard stick, and supported by Guillaume, brandishing his shears.

The marquis answered this bravado only by a glance of contempt, and the count by a burst of laughter; and the two gentlemen left the shop arm in arm before the merchant had recovered from the terror into which he had been thrown by this unexpected scene.

They had scarcely gone twenty steps when De Manle, suddenly ceasing his laughter, said to the young marquis, who was still much agitated by what had just passed:

"Look you now, Villenègre, I have guessed the truth: you love the little thing and the little thing loves you. You are a child, and do not yet know how to manage these matters. I am disposed to aid you, that we may both take our revenge upon that old clown of a tradesman. To-night she shall be yours."

"To-night!" repeated the marquis, quite bewildered, and opening his eyes to their utmost width.

"To-night. But wait for me a moment. I must dismiss these fellows here, who would only encumber us, till the moment arrives when we shall want them;" and then turning back his steps at the same moment, he spoke a few words to his followers who immediately dispersed. He then rejoined the young man, who waited for him with much anxiety.

"Have the cards and dice left you a few pistoles in your pocket?" he asked him.

"I have a few crowns by me," was the reply.

"You will lend them to me—I will return them to-morrow—for to-morrow I am to touch a pretty sum—ten thousand crowns!"

"Willingly—but could you not tell me——"

"Nothing. Come along to the Golden Apple; and provided you let me act out my own plans, I promise you that this very night we shall take our full satisfaction out of all this low bourgeoisie."

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II. The Adventures of a Night.

At the epoch of this history, Paris was not inundated with light as it is in our time. At the close of the day, therefore, there was a sudden cessation of all noise and movement; the churches and theatres were closed, and the citizens retired to their dwellings; the circulation was everywhere suspended, except in one or two privileged quarters. After nightfall, the city became the prey of the thieves, robbers, and assassins who infested it; and if a peaceful tradesman ventured abroad, it was only on some indispensable business, and well furnished with a weapon for defence, and a lantern for light.

On the present evening the shop of master Poliveau was closed at its usual hour of dusk, and the family of the good draper assembled round the table for the evening meal, in the large apartment on the second floor. The seat of Giles Ponselot was the only one vacant, Rosette giving for him the apology with which he had entrusted her, that he had withdrawn to his room to dress himself, an explanation little satisfactory or intelligible to his master. She was very careful to make no allusion to the confession which had fallen from him in the morning, as to his occasional habits and haunts. Master Poliveau recounted at full length, all the vexatious adventures of the day, which had worked him up to such a pitch of irritation against the whole nobility, that he had taken out his vengeance on the first of the class he had happened to meet. He had no regrets for his treatment of De Manle, whom he more than suspected to be a worthless adventurer who had intrigued and bullied his way into honorable society by dint of knavery and pretension. As for Villenègre, though he knew but little of him, he took Rosette rather sharply to task for allowing him to hang so much around her, and wound up by peremptorily forbidding her to hold any further intercourse with him.

The supper was nearly concluded, when the door opened, and by the light of the lamp which the old serving woman had just placed on the table, Giles Ponselot was seen to enter the apartment, though scarcely indeed to be recognized in the complete transformation which had taken place in his appearance. Instead of his usual plain and humble attire as an apprentice, he had now a plumed hat, a doublet and hose of dark green, with blue satin aiguillettes, and boots with gilt spurs; a large black baldrick sustained his rapier, and a cloak of the same color as his doublet hung from one shoulder.

We need not describe the storm of indignation which burst on the devoted head of poor Giles, as he advanced irresolutely, with his hat in his hand, towards his master. He waited submissively until it had somewhat spent itself, when he stated that this costume was necessary for an excursion which he designed to make that evening. A full avowal necessarily ensued of the former occasions on which he had enacted a similar masquerade, which, indeed, he had supposed already known, and for the concealment of which, he cast a look of gratitude to Rosette and Guillaume. After a severe reprimand, however, and contrary to his expectation, his master declared his pardon for these past offences, on the condition of his for ever forswearing all similar follies, and on the consideration of his being an orphan, destitute of other friends in Paris than his master, to whom he had come recommended by a miserly old uncle from the country. Overjoyed at this clemency, and overflowing with gratitude, Giles Ponselot eagerly promised what was demanded of him.

"Oh, I promise you, indeed, I renounce for ever these foolish notions of pride! I see too well that I must despair of ever in this way finding favor in the eyes of one who ——But," he proceeded, interrupting himself with an air of resolution, "your very goodness stimulates me to carry out the project I have conceived. Permit me to go abroad this once to-night, and tomorrow I swear to obey you in all you may command."

"And where do you want to go to-night?"

"I entreat you not to question me. Perhaps this very night I may have an opportunity of proving to you all my gratitude for your past kindness, and your present indulgence."

But the master was inflexible. He would understand none of such nonsense. He fancied it the proper occasion to exert and maintain all the antique dignity of the domestic discipline, and he took his position accord-

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ingly. If he went forth that night, it should be to return no more. It was in vain that Giles entreated. Explanations he would not or could not give, that would appear other than vague and frivolous. He did not exactly know his own mind, only he was fully impressed with the idea that some great misfortune menaced his master and his household, which in some mysterious way he hoped to find the means to counteract. All was in vain; in vain the entreaties of Rosette to Giles, assuring him of her affection for him as for a brother, to yield to her father's now inflexible will; in vain the honest grief of Guillaume; in vain even the insinuations of his master, that it was a mere pretext to abandon a house which he believed to be on the eve of ruin. It was a sore and severe trial, but in the midst of his own grief his resolution was unshaken—and he was gone.

A melancholy parting that evening dispersed the family to their respective places of rest. The old man affected an indifference at the loss of his favorite apprentice which he was far from feeling. To conceal his real emotions he sent them earlier to bed than usual.

"We must be up betimes to-morrow, and since this fop of an apprentice has chosen to quit us, we shall all have so much the more to do. Geneviève, bring the lights. Kiss me, Rosette, and God grant thee a good night."

Rosette's chamber was on the first floor, by the side of the common hall, last mentioned; and its single window, decorated with a modest wooden balcony, opened on the street, a little higher than the old shed which projected from the front of the shop. She quickly dismissed the old servant, and after locking the door, cast herself upon a large fauteuil near the bed, and after all the fatigues, emotions and sufferings of the day, yielded to a brief period of repose. But she presently started up, and approaching the lamp, drew from her pocket the billet of the marquis, which, though she had already before found a moment for a glance into its contents, she proceeded to read again with an attention which proved all the interest she felt in its contents.

The letter, though couched in the inflated style of the time, was nevertheless most tender and respectful. The marquis implored only a single word of answer, and declared that he would be at the height of his aspirations, if the adorable Rosette would but let fall a glance of pity on her poor slave. This language, contrasting as it did with the audacious and trenchant style of the gallants who usually addressed her, was precisely the one calculated to make the most impression on a young girl who, while discreet and honorable, was not free from a little vanity. And so the fair draper's daughter hung with an infinite delight over these lines, in which she believed that she saw mirrored a soul as pure and candid as her own. She weighed every expression, smiling over it, and measuring its full bearings. At that moment all the events of the day faded from her memory; she thought no more of Giles, nor of the prohibition imposed on her against ever more seeing the marquis; she was wholly absorbed in this first letter of love, which she read and re-read with still increasing happiness.

Reflection, however, after a time, seemed to change into bitterness the charm of this occupation. Rosette's head drooped upon her breast; the letter fell from her hands, with no attempt to pick it up again, and two tears coursed silently down her cheeks.

"Oh, yes," she murmured at last, in broken accents, and leaning her forehead upon the bed; "my father is right. It is madness for a poor girl like me to soar so high in her aims. What am I by the side of him? He is young, beautiful, rich, lovely; he will one day be a duke—he will have carriages, castles, hotels, and as for me—oh God! oh God!"

And she prostrated herself before the waxen image of the Madonna which surmounted the mantel, all bedecked with tinsel and glitter, and addressed to it a short prayer. She then advanced to close the window, which from the warmth of the season had been left open behind the curtain.

It was at that moment about eleven o'clock, and the most profound silence reigned throughout that quarter of the city. All the lights had long since been extinguished, and the narrow street of la Tixeranderie was plunged in a total darkness. Nevertheless, at the moment when the fair draper's daughter was about to close the window, she fancied that she heard a slight sound without, underneath the balcony.

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She paused in terror, and bent her ear eagerly to listen, but the sound was so slight that she supposed she had been mistaken. Quite reassured, she was just in the act of raising her hand to draw forward the thick serge curtain before the window, when the two folding sashes opened gently, and a man enveloped in a cloak, appeared erect on the balcony.

Rosette shrank back, pale, silent, and panic-stricken, as at the sight of a spectre; this apparition was so strange, so unexpected, that all the young maiden's blood froze in her veins. Her presence of mind, however, immediately returned, and persuaded that it could only be a robber who would thus introduce himself into her abode, she was about to call for help, when the stranger sprang lightly forward into the chamber, casting off his cloak, and murmuring in a stifled voice:

"Pardon, pardon, mademoiselle! But I had no other means of reaching you!"

It was the young Marquis de Villenègre. Rosette, on recognizing him, appeared neither less surprised nor less alarmed than before, and the affection she secretly cherished for him did not seem at all to diminish her resentment at the effrontery of this step. She sprang back with a light bound to the opposite extremity of the room, and said in a tone of authority:

"Do not advance a step, sir, nor make the slightest movement to approach me, or I call my father who is in the adjoining room. Your conduct is base and unworthy of a gentleman!"

It must, however, be acknowledged that the youth's countenance was hardly such as to justify this terror. He stood motionless, trembling, and with downcast eyes. He might have been taken for a schoolboy surprised by a severe master in the very act of some flagrant piece of mischief, so awkward and embarrassed was he.

"Mademoiselle," he stammered, "I have no other excuse, I confess, than the power of the love you have inspired me with."

"Begone, sir,—begone immediately," resumed the agitated Rosette. "Do you not perceive that your presence in my chamber at this hour of the night may dishonor me, may ruin me! Begone on the instant, and I may perhaps yet believe that in coming here you have but listened to the evil counsels of others."

"Oh, that is true!" cried the young man vehemently. "I never felt till now all the cruelty of such a proceeding. I was deceived—bewitched. I—will go—I go—but in mercy, mademoiselle, suffer me to hope that you will not despise me for having wished to introduce myself here."

This submission and repentance were well calculated to disarm Rosette's anger; so there was less severity in her tone as she replied:

"I will not, I ought not to promise anything. In the admission you have made I recognize the justice of the fears I have heard expressed in regard to you. Beware of the Count de Manle; he is a vile wretch, who will ruin you if you follow his counsels. But we may be surprised. In the name of God, begone at once, and perhaps I may yet be able to preserve some esteem for you."

Villenègre cast a glance behind him. "Mademoiselle," he said, with a little more assurance, "be not alarmed. A ladder is applied to the wall, and the poor count of whom you entertain so bad an opinion, is watching for me in the street, with some faithful servants, and in a moment I can rejoin them, without the least danger for either you or me. Let me then before I go at least say——"

"Not a word," said the maiden, severely. "I ought not to listen to you. Mon Dieu! Was this what I had to expect after your letter, so timid, so respectful! I thought you good, loyal, generous——"

"Well, Rosette," interrupted the marquis, "tell me only that you do not hate me, and I am gone."

"Why thus place me under compulsion to speak what might not be true. Begone without conditions."

"I stay then," said the marquis resolutely, seating himself in a fauteuil.

After the hesitation he had at first exhibited, Rosette doubtless had not counted on so bold a determination.

"What is to be done! Oh, God, what is to be done! He has no mercy. Well, I will call for aid, and rouse the house."

"Very well," said Henri. "I have no objection."

"My father will come—he is violent—he will kill you."

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"Or he will force me to marry you, and that is all I ask."

"Marry me!—you, monsieur the marquis?" said Rosette, with an involuntary softness of tone.

"Why not? I love you."

"But your father—your mother?"

"They will be made to listen to reason; and besides I shall be master myself one of these days."

"But your fortune, your rank——"

"At the sight of you all will be excused."

Rosette reflected a few moments. "This determination is insane," she resumed, with much emotion. "The distance between you and me is too wide ever to be crossed. Go, Monsieur de Villenègre, your persevering to remain here can have no other result than to compromise my honor, and nothing can bridge the abyss that separates us. Begone—once again, sir, I implore you, in the name of all that is holiest!"

Henri de Villenègre was shaken by the solemnity of this appeal, and he rose.

"Tell me then," said he passionately, "tell me that you love me!"

Rosette was about to answer, and perhaps might the confession so eagerly desired have fallen from her lips, when piercing cries were heard without.

The two young persons remained motionless and listening. The noise appeared to proceed from the extremity of the street, and a powerful voice was crying out:

"Alarm! Alarm! Murder! Robbers!"

The cries proceeded as from a person in violent struggle with several assailants, and the sounds of such a strife were distinctly audible. Rosette thought that she recognized in them the voice of Giles Ponselot.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, pale with the terror that froze her to the spot, "what is taking place? For mercy's sake, monsieur," perceiving that the cries, which were at first energetic, subsided gradually till they more resembled groans, "hasten to the aid of that unfortunate sufferer!"

"I will go and see," said Villenègre, advancing towards the balcony. Deeming it some common affair of street robbery, he had not before felt much concern about it.

At that moment a new sound was heard at a short distance, the clatter of a number of horses at full gallop on the pavement, a rattling of arms, and a confused sound of voices approaching. This time the marquis himself exhibited some uneasiness.

"Hang the scoundrel!" he remarked. "That cowardly knave's cries have attracted the patrol. We are lost if the soldiers perceive the ladder and those who are watching it."

Rosette had no power to utter a cry, and a violent effort of will alone saved her from fainting. Her heart scarcely beat, as the clatter of the horses approached the house. Both remained erect, face to face, pale, trembling, and with suspended breath.

There was for some moments a great movement of going and coming before the house; orders were heard given in under-tones, and stifled oaths; there seemed to be even a sort of skirmish beneath the windows, for the clashing of steel was heard; then precipitate steps sounded in different directions, and the galloping of horses indicated the pursuit of the fugitives by the soldiers; at last the noise was entirely extinguished, and that quarter of the city became as calm and silent as before.

"They are gone!" said the marquis, after a few moments' pause, "and they have doubtless discovered nothing. God is my witness that in this danger I have trembled only for you."

"They may return!" said the maiden, with feverish agitation. "Profit by this moment to fly. The noise of this disturbance has no doubt awakened my father—and wo to you and to me if he should encounter you here!"

"I go, Rosette: but at least will you not say——"

"I will say that every word you utter at this moment is a crime!" interrupted the young draper's daughter, quite beside herself. "Your culpable madness has already perhaps caused the death of several persons, and perhaps my reputation is already for ever ruined. Is not that enough to satisfy you, monsieur the marquis?"

Villenègre could no longer resist this anger at once so noble and so rightful.

"If I have committed a fault, I will repair it as a gentleman," he said in an accent of penitence. "I obey you, mademoiselle, and I hope that you will not forget it. Adieu!"

"Adieu! adieu!" she murmured.

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Villenègre threw his cloak round him and sprang lightly to the window. The maiden followed him anxiously with her eyes, and when he had disappeared in the obscurity of the balcony, she believed herself saved; but almost at the same instant the marquis again put aside the serge curtain and exhibited his face pale with consternation.

"The ladder is gone!—either the patrol or my friends have no doubt carried it off with them!"

This news revived all the anguish of the fair draper's daughter.

"All is lost!" she cried in an agony of sobs. "God has cursed me for having been too vain and proud. I need never more expect either peace or pity!"

The sight of this grief, of which he alone was the cause, made a strong impression on the young gentleman.

"I implore you, mademoiselle, do not thus torment yourself. The Count de Maule who accompanied me, and some of his servants, know the situation in which I am left, and they will certainly soon return to my relief. I even think I heard a slight whispering under the window when I went to the balcony, and if I had not been afraid of awaking the house by calling—— But at any rate," he continued resolutely, seeing that Rosette's tears did not cease to flow, "I am strong and active, and to save the honor of a woman I love and respect, I can very well risk a leap of twenty-five feet."

He at the same moment made a step towards the window, to accomplish this desperate project; but Rosette ran to him and held him by the arm.

"You shall not—I forbid you!" she said in a tone of terror. "Can you think of such a thing! You will kill yourself! I would rather wait for the wretches you call your friends, and who have impelled you to this fatal proceeding from motives doubtless of their own."

The marquis was about to persevere, when further action was again arrested by the return of the cavalry, which rapidly approached the house, cutting off the chance of flight in that direction; at the same time suddenly the voice of Poliveau was heard in a neighboring room, and reëchoing through the house:

"Holà! Guillaume! Giles!" he cried, forgetting that one of his two apprentices could no more answer to his call. "Quick, quick! Robbers have broken into the shop! Robbers! Help! help!"

There was immediately a great tumult on the ground floor; the door of the shop was thrown violently open, and several persons set off to run down the street. The soldiers of the patrol, seeing suspicious persons issue from a house and fly at full speed, sprang after them in pursuit, and the more eagerly as the voice already heard by Rosette at the first alarm, and which she had taken for that of Giles Ponselot, cried feebly:

"That's them! Upon them, upon them, Messieurs of the guard! Those are the miscreants I told you of!"

During this tumult without and within, Rosette was trembling and entirely beside herself, but the marquis displayed a presence of mind of which the young girl was incapable at that moment.

"The house will be searched, and I will not have myself found here," he said rapidly. "The door of the shop is still open, and I may escape under cover of the darkness. Tell me the way to descend."

"The stairs are at the other end of the hall, and you have only to traverse the shop."

"Very well," and he opened the door of the chamber.

"But, monsieur the marquis," she stammered, at the moment he was going, "you forget! They will perhaps confound you with those wretches who have been robbing my father!"

Without replying, the marquis sprang forward into the hall, and she presently heard the sound of his steps on the floor. For a moment she thought him saved, but her hope was of no long duration. The voice she had already heard, and which she now recognized certainly as that of Giles Ponselot, was again heard below:

"Help! gentlemen of the patrol!" he cried. "Here is one of the scoundrels! Help, help, or he will escape me!"

Several soldiers dismounted and hastened into the shop. Then followed a violent struggle of a few moments, as if a desperate defence was made by the person attacked.

All this passed in a state of profound darkness, and the people of the patrol called loudly for lights. At last

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Poliveau issued half-dressed from his room, holding in one hand a lamp which he had succeeded in lighting, and in the other an old pike, the only offensive weapon he possessed, and descended rapidly into the shop. The moment he appeared, the tumult rose still louder, and exclamations, oaths, complaints poured forth together so as to disturb the repose of the whole neighborhood.

Rosette felt crushed to the earth; the still renewed distresses of the last few hours had completely exhausted her powers. Nevertheless, when she distinguished in the midst of the noise and confusion the proud and haughty voice of the marquis, when she heard the heart-rending cries of her father, she could not resist the desire of seeing for herself the reality of the disasters she anticipated. All trembling she rushed towards the staircase, from the top of which a strange spectacle presented itself.

The utmost disorder pervaded the shop; the tables were upset, the goods were scattered over the floor. The feeble light of a lamp revealed imperfectly the different groups which filled the whole space. In the centre was Giles Ponselot, the ex-apprentice, seated on a fauteuil, his clothes torn, and his doublet open, exhibiting on his breast his shirt covered with blood, as from a recent wound. In front of him stood a personage dressed in black, with a short cloak, whom Rosette immediately recognized as Master Defunctis, the Lieutenant of the Criminal Police, already celebrated at that day for his exploits against the evil-doers with which Paris was infested. He was interrogating the wounded man, who appeared to deliver every reply with extreme difficulty and pain. At the foot of the stairs, by the entrance of the little cabinet in which the strong-box was kept, was Poliveau in a state of desperation before his plundered coffers, from which had been carried off the ten thousand crowns which he had that morning made up. At the other extremity, near the door, was the Marquis de Villenègre, his clothes in shreds, his hands bound, held by two soldiers, but erect and preserving his habitual disdainful air. The horsemen of the patrol, with their cuirasses and casques of browned steel, blocked up the door, and from the darkness beyond in the street was heard the stamping of their horses.

At this spectacle Rosette saved herself from falling only by leaning upon the banister of the stairs; she felt her limbs sink beneath her. She did not however yet fully comprehend all that was passing, and she listened mechanically to the words of Giles Ponselot.

The latter related how his suspicions had been excited by the looks cast by the Count de Manle on the treasure, and on the localities of the shop. His companion was an object of suspicion to him on other grounds, though he had considered him to be of too high birth to be the associate of robbers, as his presence here seemed to prove him. He heard their appointment to dine together, and resolved to watch them; though he was only able to obtain the chance of doing so at the cost of his discharge. He found the two gentlemen at the appointed place, already in very plain dresses, very different from those of the morning, and he saw the lackeys of the pretended Count de Manle arrive in similar disguise. He observed much that strengthened his suspicions. The night was dark—they all went forth —and he followed them. In the obscurity he missed them, but confident that they were engaged in some plot against his master's house, he hastened in that direction.

"As I turned the corner of the street," he proceeded, "a short distance from here, I was accosted by two men enveloped in cloaks, who appeared stationed on the watch, and whom I recognized as the secretary and valet of the count. They requested me civilly enough to take another road, and gave me to understand that a gentleman of their company was on an affair of gallantry in that direction. I had no idea of retracing my steps, and when I perceived a ladder applied to the wall of this house, and several persons standing motionless under the shed, I hesitated no longer to utter cries of alarm. The scoundrels who were on the watch threw themselves upon me, and endeavored to prevent me from crying out. I drew my sword and fought with them, still shouting for help, when one of those under the shed, whom I recognized as the Count de Manle, rapidly approached, and struck me a

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severe stab in the breast. I fell without consciousness. The patrol arrived that moment, and seeing that I gave some signs of life, carried me to your own house, Monsieur the Lieutenant, that you might receive the revelation I should have to make. I thank you for the prompt relief you extended to me, and you perceive how effectual it has been. When I came to myself, and learned that none of the criminals had been arrested, I begged you to send the patrol again in this direction, for fear that the thieves might return; and notwithstanding my weakness I begged to accompany you, to direct your researches. My apprehensions did not deceive me, since the arrival of the guard again put them to flight."

The wounded man sank back in a state of too great exhaustion to admit of further interrogation.

Master Defunctis was himself in a condition of no small embarrassment. On the one side were the power and rank of the great family whose heir apparent stood before him as the culprit under accusation; on the other was the heinous magnitude of the offence, together with the flagrancy of the detection—a shop broken open, an apprentice nearly murdered, an amount of ten thousand crowns robbed. The young man replied to his interrogations with a haughty disdain which refused explanations or denials, and only threatened vengeance. The magistrate stood firm beneath these somewhat insolent menaces, and declared that justice should have its course, be the consequences what they might. He was nevertheless extremely anxious to find some other explanation of the case than the presumption of his being an accomplice in the robbery. He even sought an escape at the expense of poor Rosette. Giles Ponselot at his examination at the lieutenant's house had dropped something about one of the persons suspected by him being in love with his master's beautiful daughter; and was now by pressing inquiries compelled to admit that he had reason to believe that this feeling was not unreciprocated; and that one of his principal motives for his anxiety and for the proceedings it had led him to take, had been jealousy of the designs of his more fortunate rival.

The lieutenant of police caught eagerly at this solution.

"And so," said he, "it is not impossible that there may have been a secret intrigue between ——"

"Giles Ponselot," cried the distracted old father violently, "in spite of all the services he has rendered me this night, has lied like a scoundrel if he has dared to make any such insinuation! Is it not enough that I have lost, this fatal night, fortune, credit, character—must I be attacked, too, in what I hold the dearest of all, the honor of my child?"

Defunctis imposed silence on the unhappy draper, and was about pressing Giles with further questions, when the prisoner advanced impetuously into the midst of the assemblage.

"It is useless to open any discussion on that subject," he said, with that easy tone which contrasted strongly with his timidity with Rosette; "they may do what they like with me, but I will never consent to save my honor as a gentleman at the expense of that of a pure and irreproachable young maiden. Enough of this—since I have been found in the company of those who have robbed Master Poliveau, I must needs be taken as their accomplice. I thank Monsieur the Lieutenant for his good will towards me, but can never seek my escape from a danger by an act of such baseness."

The magistrate had made a gesture of disappointment as he perceived Villenègre thus turn disdainfully from the means of escape he had offered him.

"A foolish generosity blinds you, perhaps, Monsieur the Marquis," he resumed affectionately. "Reflect, I entreat you, upon the affliction this affair must cause Monsieur the Duke your father, and Madame the Duchess your mother, whose idol you are. I invite you, before it is too late, to retract the acknowledgment you have just made."

Villenègre was still silent; perhaps the remembrance of his family thus invoked by the magistrate had excited too deep an emotion to admit of his speaking without betraying it by the trembling of his voice. But Defunctis guessed it, and continued in a lower tone:

"Reflect, for heaven's sake, Monsieur the Marquis, on what awaits you

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if you persist in not defending yourself. You will be tried and condemned; your escutcheon will be publicly broken by the hand of the executioner, your sword and spurs will be struck from you as a man unworthy to wear them, and you will have to drag out in the king's galleys the rest of a life which might have been so brilliant. Your family has powerful friends, I know, but powerful enemies too, and among them Madame la Maréchale. Nothing can save you. Remember Beaumanoir, remember the Baron de Beauveau, and so many others! I entreat you to reflect that the reputation of a little bourgeoise coquette is not worth the honor of an ancient and illustrious family!"

Rosette, who had remained in the shadow of her position, had heard everything, and had anxiously followed the movements of young Villenègre. She saw him droop his head, and pass his hand across his forehead, which was covered with a cold sweat. She supposed that he hesitated, and she shuddered. But Villenègre immediately raised himself erect, and said in a firm voice:

"I will meet my judges. I have nothing more to add."

"Monsieur the sergeant of the patrol," said the magistrate with a deep sigh, "conduct this gentleman to prison. His fault fall on his own head!"

This order set the whole assemblage in movement. The lieutenant, after giving a few orders for the further protection of the premises, prepared to take his departure. The soldiers advanced to seize the prisoner, and already was heard in the street the clatter of arms, and the horses' hoofs in motion on the pavement, announcing that they were about to set forth on their march. Rosette, by an unexpected and spontaneous movement, sprang forward, and rushed to the door at the moment the marquis was about to cross the threshold with his friend, and in a firm voice she said to the lieutenant of the criminal police:

"A moment more, monsieur the judge; you do not know the whole truth; it is I who will have the courage to declare it."

The sudden apparition of Rosette, her excited air, her authoritative gesture, struck all present with astonishment. Poliveau and the marquis, as they recognized her, made a movement of surprise. The magistrate expected some important revelation.

"Stop!" he cried to the guard who were bearing off the prisoner.

"What business have you here, my child?" said Poliveau. "Must you come here to witness the greatest calamity that has stricken me since the death of your poor mother?"

"I came to prevent an act of injustice," she replied. "My father, we will weep bye and bye over your misfortunes; at this moment my conscience compels me to render homage to truth."

"Mon Dieu! What is she about to say?" cried Ponselot, raising himself up, and fixing on her his haggard eyes.

Poliveau remained stupified with astonishment.

"Speak, mademoiselle," said the magistrate. "What do you know?"

Rosette was silent, as if the violence of her emotions prevented her opening her lips.

"What is the use of this detention?" cried the Marquis de Villenègre, with a motion to proceed. "Let us begone—do you not perceive, monsieur the lieutenant, that the melancholy events of this night have turned this poor young girl's head?"

"No, no, monsieur—hear me!" cried Rosette vehemently, seizing the judge's cloak as though she feared he would escape her. "I know—I have a positive certainty—that Monsieur de Villenègre has taken no part in the robbery which has been committed."

"Are you quite sure of that, mademoiselle?" asked the magistrate. "Where then was Monsieur the Marquis when your father's shop was forced open?"

"He was," stammered the fair draper's daughter—"he was—he was—in my chamber."

The most profound silence reigned for a moment in the assembly. Suddenly the old merchant rushed to Rosette, and seized her rudely by the arm, exclaiming violently:

"She lies! Do not believe her! She loves this young man, and she wishes to save him! And for that she does not shrink from dishonoring her father, from dishonoring herself! She lies, I swear it! Come, go in, go in!" he added, seeking to drag his daughter toward the staircase, "you have utter-

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ed nonsense enough to-day! And you, Messire Defunctis, you were once my comrade and my friend—forget what this little fool has said. When young girls undertake to meddle in serious matters, they speak all at sixes and sevens. Think no more of this; I will punish her as she deserves, I promise you."

"I am sorry to oppose you, sire Poliveau," replied the lieutenant, "but you must suffer your daughter to speak before me with entire freedom."

"But I swear to you she lies!" cried the draper, in a paroxysm of grief and rage. "She does not know what is the matter—she does not know what she says! A man concealed in her chamber!—if that were so would I not already have killed her? She, so good and dutiful, receive a young gentleman into her chamber—and that while robbers are pillaging my house, wounding my servants, and reducing me to beggary, to bankruptcy, to infamy—is that possible?—is not that absurd? I tell you it is a lie that she invents to save a coxcomb who has sometimes poured gallantries into her ear in frequenting the shop. Tell her to give you proof of what she advances. I defy her to give you proof!"

And he set to laughing with an idiot laughter which drew tears from several of the spectators. But Defunctis subdued his emotion to pursue his interrogations.

"Giles Ponselot," he said to the wounded man, whose despair was little short of Poliveau's own, "what do you think of this young girl's confession?"

"Alas!" answered the apprentice, "she can speak nothing but the truth, and what I dreaded most has come to pass!"

"But the proof—the proof!" raved the merchant. "Ask her for the proof!"

"My father," cried the draper's daughter, "be not hasty to accuse me. I swear to you before God that I am innocent of all crime, and therefore it is that I thus obey the impulses of my conscience. You have said to the Marquis de Villenègre," she continued, turning toward the magistrate, "that the honor of a poor and obscure bourgeoise maiden was not worth that of an illustrious family; but Monsieur de Villenègre, on a sentiment of generosity which I appreciate, has preferred the reputation of the poor bourgeoise to the pride of the spotless escutcheon of his ancestors. He has wished to sacrifice for me his name, his rank, his liberty, perhaps his life—I do not accept the sacrifice. I declare, therefore, that this night the gentleman here present introduced himself by means of a ladder into my chamber, against my will, and that he remained there the whole time in which the robbers were engaged in committing the robbery. The ladder having been removed at the first alarm, he had no other means of escape than at the moment the robbers quitted the house; and if proofs are wanted of what I advance, the marks of Monsieur de Villenègre's feet will be found on the window of my chamber, and his cloak is still on a chair near the chimney."

Gradually as she spoke her father's face assumed an expression more and more terrible; but when she came to the evidences which were to prove so conclusively the truth of her testimony, he was seized with so furious a transport of rage, that he rushed upon her to annihilate her.

"And she did not cry out! She did not call for help!" said he, gnashing his teeth—"miserable creature!"

The soldiers seized him to prevent his doing himself any injury. He continued in a state of frantic madness.

"Father! father!" cried Rosette, dragging herself on her knees before him; "for the sake of mercy, do not curse me! Father, father! I am not guilty!"

But the old man would not hearken to her, and continued to utter frightful ravings, struggling violently in the midst of the powerful men who held him. Villenègre approached her and said with deep emotion:

"Unhappy girl! What have you done? It was I alone who had sinned, was it for you to bear the punishment? Was it not better to abandon me to my fate? I was sure that with powerful friends—"

"Leave me, monsieur," replied the young girl, repulsing him with a gesture full of dignity. "I have not chosen to accept the sacrifice you were making to me of your honor, and I have sacrificed myself. We now owe each other nothing; I know you no more.

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I now belong wholly to this wretched old man whose last days you have poisoned."

"The truth is established," said Defunctis aloud, after receiving the report of his sergeant, who had proceeded to verify the declarations of Rosette in her apartment. "It was from delicacy and generosity that Monsieur de Villenègre declared himself an accomplice in the robbery. The true culprits—that is, the pretended Count de Maule and his servants—shall be pursued and punished, depend upon that. In the meantime," he continued, bowing before the young gentleman, and himself unfastening the cord which bound his hands, "you are free, and I hope you will mention to your parents the zeal and good will——"

But Villenègre did not listen to him. His liberty appeared to engage his thoughts much less than the tears shed by the young girl, who was still sobbing on her knees before her father. As soon as his hands were released, he advanced towards Poliveau, and said to him with profound respect:

"I implore you, monsieur, moderate your anger, and do not curse your unhappy child! I declare to you on my honor as a gentleman, and on my conscience, that Mademoiselle Rosette has done nothing to forfeit your respect—that she is as worthy as ever of your affection and esteem. I penetrated to her chamber by surprise, and, overcome by her entreaties, I was in the act of departing, when the noises in the street and the disappearance of the ladder frustrated the execution of that intention."

But these explanations only exasperated still further the outraged father.

"Do you hear him," he cried, with a poignant irony, "the gentle cavalier, the chivalrous knight, the defender of afflicted beauties? He gives me his word as a gentleman! Oh! cursed be all that has ever borne that execrable title, for the shame and misfortune of honest people! While one was robbing me of my money in my shop, the other was robbing me of my daughter in her chamber! They had made a fair division of the spoils of the poor merchant—the one was breaking in at the door, the other at the window—the one was carrying off the gold, the other the honor! Wretches! wretches! And you believe, because you have, to deceive me, consented to pass for a thief, that I will not accuse you of being a perjured villain when you affirm that she is innocent? No, no; your presence here has blighted her with dishonor—she is yours—take her! Demon, bear off the soul you have damned! What should I do with this guilty thing by my bed of death? I will see her no more; Begone all—carry her away or I shall kill her!"

"Father, dearest father!" cried Rosette, still dragging herself at his feet; "do not overwhelm me with your wrath and your scorn! Do not turn from me—do not drive me from you! I swear by the Holy Virgin, and by the memory of my mother whom you loved so well, I do not deserve your censure!"

The insane father repulsed her with his foot, with a gloomy and fierce determination. There was that in his eye and bearing which attested the danger of his executing his raving menace if she were left in his power, and the lieutenant of the police determined to take her away with him, to place her under the charge of his wife; to be thence consigned to the protection of the convent of the Ave-Maria, the superior of which was a relation of his own. Against this resolve she contended vehemently, refusing to leave her father, and willing to brave any fate with him or at his hands.

"I will not leave him!" cried the poor child, violently; "I will not leave him when so many calamities conspire to overwhelm him! Who would sustain him, who would console him, who love him?"

"I will!" interrupted Giles Ponselot, with a feeble voice.

Villenègre approached the young maiden to join his entreaties to those of the magistrate, but she repulsed him with a gesture of anger and disdain.

"And by what right, monsieur," she asked, "do you come to give me your counsels? Is it because I bear the punishment of your dastardly baseness, that you claim over me an authority which I disavow?"

The young man raised himself erect with a noble air. "You ask me by what right?" he cried, so as to be heard by all present. "By the right of the guilty to repent and to expiate

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their faults—by the right of the imprudent to repair the mischief they have done; and, if that is not enough, by the right of a husband to watch over his wife, for I call to witness all here present, on my faith as a gentleman and on my honor, I swear to have no other wife than this unhappy girl whom I have compromised by an inconsiderate proceeding."

As he listened to this solemn promise, the magistrate shook his head slightly, in token of doubt, while Poliveau burst into a fit of mocking laughter.

"Come, sir," continued the marquis, addressing himself to Defunctis, "carry into effect your laudable intention; and do not forget that it is the Marchoiness de Villenègre who is henceforth committed to your paternal care!"

The lieutenant of police bowed, and wished to conduct Rosette away, but she resisted with all her strength.

"Never! never!" she cried, in piercing accents.

"Ah! ah! she will not be a marchioness!" said Poliveau, with his maniac laugh; "she wishes to be forced to it, the good and gentle creature! Come, the rest of you, take hold of her—she will reward you when she becomes a duchess, and I will thank you."

"Father! father!" cried poor Rosette, while Defunctis was dragging her away in spite of her resistance; "have you indeed so cast me off!"

She was about to disappear with the lieutenant and Villenègre. The soldiers of the guard were already mounted.

"Sire Poliveau," said Defunctis, pausing on the threshold, "when your heart of a father shall awake again you will come and ask me for your daughter back."

"Never! never!" cried the old man, in a voice of thunder, and raising himself erect and extending his hand towards her, "May all the flames of hell ——"

But he did not finish the curse, for he fell senseless the moment his beloved child disappeared from his sight.

End of Part First.—Part Second, the conclusion, in our next.

CROWNED RHYMES.

[When it was the fashion, in literature, to indulge in verbal and literal artifices, such as acrostics and set rhymes (*bouts rimes*) the *crowned rhyme* was with some a favorite. This was a repetition, at the end of the line, of one or more syllables, in different words, so contrived as to keep up the sense of the passage. To accomplish this, some inversion and quaintness, in the construction and language, became, in a manner, necessary. This was, indeed, literary trifling; but not worse than the fashionable conceits of the day, such as

"Lakes of dark light, beneath long lashes hid."

"Dawn lights the east—the circumpolar bear
Steals, growling, to his cave——"—*et id genus omne.*

We give below a brief specimen of such crowned rhymes. The subject sufficiently indicates itself.]

Morn now on orient hills made fair her light alight;
Of fresh and dew-bright scenes 'gan bounteous store restore;
The hunter-youth then put his arrowy flight in flight,
When tow'rd him, wild with rage, right onward bore a boar.

Him could nor strength nor arms against that fiend defend,
Nor skill the rushing brute, with spear at rest, arrest.
Then to him flew his love, quick to befriend her friend;
In death he struggling lay, though to her prest, opprest.

His blood flowed from his wound, and thence arose a rose;
A sweet bird sweetly sung, her grief to allay, a lay;
The flower yields to the wind, and as it blows, it blows;
The song steals on the wind, its airy way, away.

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THE WEST, THE PARADISE OF THE POOR.

BY W. KIRKLAND.

"In listening to a Western speaker," says some newspaper historian with great apparent gravity, "every one has felt that the orator was struggling to impart some impressions too mighty or too unique to be transferred by one speech to an Eastern audience." This idea has in it something ludicrous—that the grandeur of our lakes and forests should so affect our mode of speech as to make us unintelligible to common mortals who have seen no river longer than the Connecticut, and sailed on none more majestic than the Hudson. Perhaps the writer intended to convey a covert satire (not wholly undeserved,) on a certain grandiloquence to which we are a little prone, and to recommend a less ambitious mode of communicating our thoughts. This censure, if censure be meant, we shall try to avoid, by limiting ourselves to a single branch of those considerations which naturally spring up before the mind of one who makes the West, in its various aspects and relations, the subject of his thoughts. Still further warned by the remarks of the critic, whether friendly or otherwise, we shall not say one word about our lakes and rivers,—our boundless territory—our political importance—our exuberant soil and our swelling population. We know, and we conclude that all the ends of the earth know by this time, that "Westward the star of Empire takes its way." We feel it, and with all due pride; but at present we have nothing to do with the star of Empire. An humbler theme—a plain, practical theme, though a Western one, employs our pen, and we shall endeavor to treat it in a true Western—which we shall beg leave to interpret a plain, practical manner, without "struggling to impart some impression, too mighty or too unique for words."

The impression we wish to convey respects the poor man—the really poor man; not him who with fifty thousand dollars is poor because he has not five hundred thousand; nor even him who with a thousand a year is poor because his neighbor has twice as much. These poor men are out of our limit. They are beyond our horizon; in fact, we have left them behind. Their conventional poverty is, no doubt, very trying, and it is in our heart to console them, if we knew how. Leaving their sorrows untouched, therefore, we turn to the man whose poverty is not conventional—whose capital lies in his hands, and whose income is just what those hands can procure him, employed in the roughest service which mother Earth exacts of her rudest sons. For such a man the Western wilderness is a blooming field, and though there may be poetry, there is no fiction, in calling the West his Home.

The first aim of a poor man of this class must of course be the necessaries of life. Here he finds them at first cost. He pays, for most of them, a profit to nobody; not to the farmer, for if he chooses, he may dig for himself and plough for himself, since he can hire both ground and oxen if he has not money to buy them, paying the hire in a portion of the fruits raised. He pays nothing to the carrier, for articles of the first necessity are at hand; nor to the wholesale or retail dealer, for what his own hands do not procure directly he obtains by barter for their labor. In the new country the earth grants a free supply to all those who have strength and courage to take it from her bosom.

Our poor man knows no exacting landlord. There are for him no *calendæ tristes*—no heavy quarter-days when his rent must be forthcoming. If he needs a house he builds one, finding the materials in the forest. He cuts into proper lengths the ancient trunks which stand ready at his hand, shapes them at the ends, and gets ready the beams and rafters, all with his own trusty axe. When these are drawn or rolled together, he is ready for the raising, which is accomplished in one afternoon by the willing aid of a dozen or a score of neighbors, each of whom has known what it was to need the

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same service. Here is a house half finished, and for completing it little is required beyond the owner's own labor—and behold our poor man a householder.

Fuel, the supply of which furnishes elsewhere so painful a contrast between the comforts of the laboring class and their employers, is here to be had for the cutting. Our poor man does not sit cowering over a handful of coals or a couple of brands, forced to see his half dozen little ones changing places to get scantily warm by turns. His cabin is rude, but there is no freezing spot in it. That luxury of luxuries in our northern winters—a blazing wood-fire—gives him no cause to fear lest the current of life should turn to ice in the veins of those he loves. Whatever other evils beset him, he knows not the cold hearthstone.

Shelter and fuel being thus readily provided, let us consider what further advantage our poor man finds in a new country. Is it none to have at his very door large unenclosed tracts—pasture-land which, whether owned by Government, by the non-resident, or by the settler who has not found means to fence in the whole territory which calls him master, forms an important part of his available means? His cow and pig have unlimited privilege in these broad savannas, and their appearance shows that wild grass and acorns make excellent living. But the reader may say that we promised him a notice of the absolutely poor man, and that we have no right to allow him a cow and pig. If this be an error, it is on the other side. We were led into it by thinking of the poorest man we know, and he has not one cow but two—not one pig, but half a dozen. He owns, too, a frame house, filled in with brick and warmed by a stove. He has a small chest of carpenter's tools, and calls himself a carpenter, but we allow him the title only by courtesy; and this is the poorest man we know or have known during six years' residence in the woods. He is the only man in the town who has received public charity in that time, and we are not likely to speak too favorably of him, for the man who asks public aid is not likely to be very popular among us. We give freely enough sometimes, but we do not like to give on compulsion. There is not much respect here, where the means of living are so easily secured, for the man who allows himself to "come upon the town." *Our* poor man is almost too lazy to talk; but even he would have found a way to live if his wife had not been bedridden.

Not only do the cow and pigs of the so-called poor man live on the public, but all our cows and pigs do the same for most of the year, and if they are good foragers they pick up a pretty good living too. Instead, therefore, of wondering that the poor man should keep these useful animals, the wonder would be should he do without them. Only the rich man can afford that. And the wide meadows furnish not only the summer's grass but the winter's hay—bountiful provision for the new settler, and equally open to the poor and the rich.

The poor man in the new country has one aid not dreamed of in the older settlements—his children. These are elsewhere a subject of dread to those who depend on the day's labor for the day's food, and not always as welcome as they should be to some people who have plenty to eat. Here, "the more the merrier," and the better off, too. For six months of the year hats and shoes are out of fashion, and drapery of an almost classical simplicity is quite sufficient for the younger children. So the "outward" is easily provided for; while the inner man is solaced with bread and milk half a dozen times a-day, and asks for little else. At seven or eight years old these bread and milk urchins begin to be useful; to "do chores," to run on errands, and even to drive oxen and feed calves. I have seen one of these functionaries, hatless and shoeless, harrowing, with a great pair of oxen, and issuing his haws and gees with all the authority of three-score, while his head reached scarcely half way up the sides of the team he was driving. From this they become more and more useful, until they reach their teens, when he must be a poor block indeed who does not pay back into the common treasury more than he takes from it. "A son and daughter are the rich man's blessing," saith the proverb, framed, no doubt, by some one who valued the riches more than son and daughter both; but our poor man is more fortunate, for he counts each one of his half-

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dozen, or half-score, a blessing. Instead of population pressing on the means of subsistence, our granaries are full to overflowing, and stout hands and active heads are the very things we need to turn our abundance to the best account.

But sickness! what is to be done in sickness? No doctor near—no nurse to be hired—no rich people at hand to aid, with heart and purse, the suffering poor. Spare thy fears, amiable inquirer! My life on it, in your crowded thoroughfares, hired nurses are scarce enough where there is no money, and medical aid is scarcely more plenty when fees are wanting; and as for charity, the rich do nothing for the poor in comparison with what the poor do for each other in extremity. For true charity there must be sympathy, and for effective sympathy there must be some similarity of condition. Accordingly, we find the aid furnished by the wealthy on these occasions is, for the most part, cold and stinted, while the poor give more freely of what they have, more understandingly as respects the wants of the sufferers, and with a warmth and heartiness of manner which doubles the value of the gift. "We do a great deal more for each other than the rich do for us," said a shrewd member of the fraternity to me once, and added, drily enough, "and we don't think nothing of it neither." Free-will nursing is universal, and unpaid medical aid is as often accorded as in the older settlements, and "infallible" remedies, not found in any *materia medica*, are as plenty, too.

But, then, there is the ague season! True; and when you have determined how many complaints unwholesome air, spare diet and shivering limbs bring on the poor who live in cities, we shall be enabled to strike the balance understandingly. It *may* be against the ague, but I doubt it. And, then, as a friend once consolingly remarked to me, "the ague does not last always;" and this is to be put in the other side of the scale. Perpetuity goes much towards aggravation, in the estimate of human ills, even after making all due allowance for the power of habit.

The chief and last resource of the poor man among us which we shall mention at present, is one which we have not seen laid down in any work on political, nor even on domestic, economy; nay, it is even eschewed by thrifty managers elsewhere, but here too generally practised to be omitted in our budget of ways and means. It is the system—we speak advisedly—we mean system, not practice—of borrowing. Its importance to the well-doing of him who comes into the woods with nothing, is seen at a glance. Every neighborhood is, by this plan, turned into a joint-stock association, the goods of each and every member being, in some sense, common property. It differs from other joint-stock companies in this: that the less any one puts in the more he takes out. No fee is required for admission into this general loan company; mere residence confers its privileges, as it does those of citizenship. The new-comer is occasionally troubled with a little bashfulness about using his freedom, but he soon shakes it off, and becomes as perfect in the art of borrowing as those to whom it has become second nature. It requires but a short time to get the run of needful articles, so as to know pretty nearly where to find them when wanted, and then the work is done. Elsewhere the rich give—sometimes, but they never lend. The poor cannot give much, but they are bounteous lenders of all that they possess. We find it convenient to consider all as poor, and, consequently, all as lenders. Or, if there be degrees among us, the rich man is he who has most to lend. Horace says, of the rich men of his day, *prosunt furibus*, they are a resource to pilferers, *i. e.*, can be plundered without feeling it. Our rich man is rather a resource for borrowers —one who can lend and never flinch. Now, borrowing is more respectable than begging; it is less trouble, and it saves the feelings, too. As the benefit received is to be repaid only by a contra loan, and as, by the principles of our company, one is required only to lend what he has, it is plain that the utterly poor man is doing a good business.

Scarcely any article is more frequently borrowed than a pair of hands, and sometimes a dozen pair at once. You pass by a stack of wheat, near which a threshing machine is planted, around which you will see some twelve or twenty men and boys busily employed. The owner would seem to be a sort of rural nabob, to be able to com-

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mand the services of so many active people; but so far from this being the fact, he may be the poorest of the group, since poverty is no obstacle to the early threshing of the wheat. He is to pay each of his co-laborers a day's work when called upon; and, so far as getting out his grain is concerned, he is no worse off than the richest man in the neighborhood. This arrangement tells plainly for the benefit of him whose hands are his all.

And these hands well used, will soon place him above even this creditable resource of poverty, or enable him to exchange at par. Nowhere within the limits of our observation, does so large a share of the returns of labor go to the pay of the laborer. The employed has nearly as much command of the necessaries and conveniences of life as the employer. Improved land, horses, cattle, farming implements, have a much smaller relative value than the labor which makes them available to the owner. Aside from the cost of getting produce to market, the owner of an hundred acres of improved land, with everything to correspond, is much less rich than one who owns an equally large, well stocked and fertile farm in Western New York. Wages, nominally higher here, are, relatively, very much higher. The services which a bushel of wheat would buy anywhere east of Lake Erie, could not here be procured for less than a bushel and a half, and as to every other article of domestic production, the ratio would be still higher. This is owing, in part, to the extreme cheapness of land, and in part to the scantiness of our working population compared with the quantity of land under cultivation. The hired laborer is then essentially on a par with his employer, which is the case nowhere else that we know of.

A constant approximation is accordingly observable in the condition of those who dwell long together. The relatively poor get rich (that is comparatively) much faster than the relatively rich get richer. In the great value of labor as compared with that of the products of labor, property tends rapidly to equalization. Mere bodily vigor commands a competence—an ample, well-stocked farm gives scarcely more.

It is not only the farmer to whom our remarks apply, but to those who undertake the lower grades of mechanical labor. Nowhere is the third or fourth-rate carpenter or blacksmith better paid, estimating his pay by what it will buy of the necessaries of life. A saw and plane, with a few etceteras, in addition to the line and plummet, which are far from bringing about a perpendicular always, secure to their owner a pretty good living. Many a son of Vulcan fattens here, whose bungling awkwardness would not be tolerated in any respectable smithy elsewhere. In fact, no mechanic of any grade, nor his wife, nor his children, need go hungry in this teeming Western world. The employer is obliged, in some cases, to teach the trade, and at his own proper cost too.

The plenty enjoyed by this class is of course limited mostly to articles of home growth. Foreign productions pay quite too heavy a tax into the national exchequer, besides the cost of long and expensive transportation, to be obtained quite so easily.

Nevertheless, nowhere can the really inferior mechanic make himself a comfortable home with so little difficulty.

Nor is our working man or mechanic pained with any violent contrast between the fruit of his own labor, and that of those whose work is more nearly, though not altogether, that of the head. We do not approve of puffing up the pride of these last by extravagant pay. Why should a man be better paid, say we, who stays quietly in the house, than he who toils in the burning sun? Accordingly, the Justice who sits from morning till midnight listening to the *pros* and *cons* of a tiresome lawsuit, gets but his fifty cents; and the schoolmaster spends his day in a still more tiresome employment, for even *less* money. The clergyman is rather worse off than either, being often expected to "work for nothing and find himself." This levelling principle operates to the sole advantage of those whose means place them at the bottom of the scale. If they cannot work up with such circumstances in their favor, it must be their own fault.

What we have here said of the demand for cheap mechanical labor, and of large pay for poor work, has no reference to our more considerable

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towns and villages, where effective skill in any species of handicraft is duly appreciated and well rewarded. The peculiarities of real Western life are scarcely seen in these minor foci of new country intelligence and activity. They are but copies, of which the East furnishes the prototypes, and we must say, they show sometimes an improvement on the original. Here is no lack of reward, in the substantial sense, for skill and merit of almost any kind, least of all for that displayed in the mechanic arts. The advantage to skilful mechanics is, not that they rise higher than they would in the older settlements—for such people are sure to rise anywhere—but that they rise sooner. We were merely showing, in connection with our main subject, that he whose skill was too small to command the ordinary comforts of life anywhere else might be sure of finding them in the new country.

We have presented the case of the common class of laborers—of those who, laboring with their hands only, regard work as their business, well-satisfied if they have enough of it to do, and are well paid for it when done. This is, of course, our most numerous class; but there are, even in this sober phalanx, some erratic members—irregulars, we may call them—who, far from regarding work as their proper business, are never so well satisfied as when they can support life without working at all. This taste is not peculiar to them, we know; but the desire for a certain degree of household comfort operates,—in most cases, among civilized people, to overcome the idleness which seems but too natural to us all. These persons have a settled antipathy to continuous labor, and if they were obliged to spend ten hours each day in regular exertion, would as soon do it in prison as out. They can work only when the fit comes on and while it lasts; and it must be after their own fashion too. They are of the genus loafer—a race not entirely unknown in the older settlements; but ours have the distinctive marks, owing to difference of position.

Our forest loafer is a very independent and high-minded personage. His services are well known not to be regularly in the market, and no one thinks of applying to him on ordinary occasions. In a hurried time when all are busy, or in cases where the job is such as some are not willing to undertake, Jack is occasionally called on. He understands his advantage, and drives a sharp bargain. Not being hired often, he has no fixed price for his work, but makes his demands, to borrow an expression of his own, just as he "can light o' chaps." If the "chap" *must* have his work done, and has anything to pay with, Jack gets perhaps what will allow him to smoke his pipe in the corner for a week, while his wife fries pork and makes hot bread three times every day. This, to our loafer of the woods, is elysium.

But it is short, after all. The game is not all his own. "Chaps" are not always to be found, and Jack not unfrequently gets what he calls "down in the mouth." This happens only when he cannot by any contrivance find enough to eat without having recourse to the desperate expedient of looking for work. Now the tables are turned. If he seeks employment, the thing is understood at once, and the employer gets him at half price. It is not, however, without due higgling, for one of Jack's maxims is, "If you don't ask it, you won't get it." So he asks the very highest possible price, and contests every inch of the descent. We have known him begin with demanding twelve shillings for a particular service; fall to six—he was looking for a job; then come down to four—he must have it. A looker-on—a kindred spirit, by the bye—observed, "Why, Jack, such another fall would break your neck!" Jack probably consoled himself with the thought that his turn would come again.

But work, however well paid, is not the thing for Jack. It is only an accident of life. The true business is something that stirs the blood—something that smacks of "chance" and "luck" (Jack's household gods—) to put him on his mettle. If such offer, he gathers himself up, shakes off his lethargy, and assumes such a port and bearing that he seems hardly the same being. How eagerly he joins a fishing party for a night on one of our clear, tranquil lakes, where, with a flaming torch illuminating the transparent depths, and reflected far on the glassy surface—a sight full of beauty—he passes the hours which the tired laborer must devote to sleep. Still more

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eagerly does he make one at the wolf hunt, and ten to one Jack fires the successful shot.

But "business before pleasure!" says he, so he watches, day after day, for deer. This is "loafing" to perfection. Thirty deer in half a year! It is almost enough to tempt us all from regular industry. But we could not expect Jack's luck. He was born to the business. With what a swelling air he brings home his game, his hat cocked on one side, and his hands in his pockets, though one holds the bridle of the shaggy pony that bears the carcase. At this glorious moment how heartily he despises the dull fellows whom he sees soberly at work. To provide for tomorrow seems to him to be a work of supererogation.

As may be supposed, our forest loafer, like his more refined prototype, is generally out at elbows and out at pocket too. The latter is of little moment, for it is only when his pocket is empty that he is of the least use to himself or anybody else. He is none the richer a month after for any good job or lucky hit. His thirty deer are all gone but a few skins which he is pretending to dress, and not a ham is laid up in salt or smoke for a hungry day. While it lasted, everything about him fared well, even to his dog and cat. His wife has a gay new dress too, though she generally goes barefoot, and always without stockings. He has "swapped" away his rifle, giving a large proportion of his deer dollars to boot; not that the new one is any better, but it has more brass inlaying about the stock, and besides, "anything for a trade!" The wood-pile is no larger, and the potatoe-bin is empty. But Jack looks to "luck," and in fact neighbor A.'s well has just caved in, and Jack is in request to take out the stone and relay it.

The wild West is evidently the place for Jack. Where could he so well practise his favorite maxim, "Live today and die to-morrow!" Where so freely indulge his unconquerable propensity for reversing the natural order of things—turning day into night, eating now six meals a-day, now one in twenty-four hours—making his work a play or else working not at all?

Though Jack deserves the first place in our corps of irregulars, he does not stand alone. We have our jack-at-all-trades, and for him too, the wild woods have some advantages. The first is the absence of competition, which in closer quarters he finds so bitter an enemy. Competition drives him to despair, for who goes to the cobbler when he can have a shoemaker? But in the woods the universal genius has no rival in several of his vocations. He new-flags old chairs—puts new handles into maimed household or farming utensils—coaxes into activity superannuated wooden-clocks—cures all horses and cows that have nothing particular the matter with them—mends, when he does not mar, more things than can be named—and is, in fact, a very useful person—or would be if he did any one thing well. As it is, we hardly know what we should do without him, so many are the calls that we make upon him in default of somebody better to call upon.

The universal genius has one peculiarity. He is ever shifting his place, but without going further than the next town, or at the utmost, the adjoining county. There is good reason for both—the migrations and the inconsiderable distance to which they extend. In counting his chances he has full faith that almost any change would better his lot, since it could scarcely be worse; and, as to going far, that is out of the question, since, though his movements are few and light, his pocket is lighter still. He flits often, therefore, and we hardly know whether to be glad or sorry.

But these two classes form but an inconsiderable fraction of our population. They are among us, but hardly of us. If we own them it is with a difference—a kind of saving clause—that we are not to be held responsible for their short-comings or their overt acts. Our community is chiefly made up of workers, who handle the axe and the plough much better than they do the rifle or the fishing-rod, and whose principal holidays are those prescribed by law or irrefragable custom—Independence, Election, Thanksgiving and New Year. In the backwoods, therefore, where work is everything and everything is work, though loafers and universal geniuses need not starve, yet no one who is not a worker must expect to stand very high in the public regard. We see so much that is the fruit of labor —bodily labor—that we are prone to think

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it can accomplish everything desirable, and, by a natural inference, to conclude that whatever it cannot accomplish is not desirable. This inference, though not exactly logical, has a very important bearing on the condition of the working man. It throws everything into the back ground but manual labor, which occupies, in fact, nearly the whole field of view. One man may be a better scholar than another—that is, may have pushed his literary ambition beyond the spelling-book, writing legibly, and the first four rules of arithmetic—but accomplishments beyond these modest flights have very little influence in procuring honor, office or income. The score or two of Town offices fall as often to the man whose two hands are his all, as to him who has a head on his shoulders and knows how to use it. The working man will find a home, with or without a head. If he be ambitious, he need not despair of reaching a seat on the justice-bench, or perhaps the stand of overseer of highways, or, at the very least, the Inspectorship of Schools.

That interpretation of the levelling principle which reduces all to the standard of work or its products, must be considered as prescribing a very narrow limit for the efforts of any class of people. The promotion of physical comfort and advantage—the multiplication, *ad infinitum*, of the means of subsistence ; the mere solicitude about things that " perish in the using," are certainly poor matters to fill the souls and satisfy the wishes of rational creatures, even in these beginnings of society. It would seem that something more should be accomplished or at least attempted : that the seeds of mental cultivation, elevated moral feeling and correct taste, should be sown, even simultaneously with the first grain, by a people who boast so loudly of general intelligence as we do. Can this be expected, where no other standard of excellence or superiority is admitted save that which refers to manual labor ? Will not the young admire and prize that which they see admired and prized by their natural guardians and directors ? If they see farms and stock and barns the chief objects of interest, and the power of acquiring these things considered the proper aim of every effort, will they not be apt to conclude that good farms, good barns, and good stock, are nearly all the good things in life ? If superiority in mind and manners command no respect ; if no reverence be felt for intellectual attainments or the higher moral endowments, can any improvement in these be expected ? And in systematically placing out of sight out of mind the things on which, if at all, the inner man must thrive, do we not pay a high price for strict social equality—so strict as to interfere even with private domestic arrangements, based on a wide difference in habits and feelings ? The consequence of the actual state of things, even in regions where much advance has been made in the means of life, is what might be expected. Of the half-dozen families within the circle of our observation who came to the wilds with a larger share of intelligence and refinement than is possessed by the settlers generally, there is not one that is not degenerating in manners and mental habits ; not one (we say it with sorrow) where the children are not inferior to the parents, or in fact, where they are materially above the uninstructed mass around them. The very atmosphere of society is averse to mental culture, and all refinement is so systematically as well as practically decried, as to have fallen into absolute discredit. To account for this is no part of our present purpose. It is enough to state it as the obvious result of the principle which recognizes none but physical distinctions, and is actually opposed to the habits and practices which arise from a different view of mental and moral culture. There is nothing in the fact to deter the poor man from making the West his home. It is so gratifying to feel ourselves "as good as the best," and to stand on a level with the highest—supposing that better and higher had place in our vocabulary —that few will be frightened by the reflection that there is no "lower place" for them to occupy.

However problematical this advantage may be, no one can doubt the real benefit and satisfaction of living where, externally at least, all around is rapidly improving. The gain of every season manifests itself to the eye, and every person makes a part of the improvement which he witnesses. The impulse of progress communicates itself to all. Every additional piece of ground that is broken up for tilling,

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every good fence, every new barn, is a theme of conversation and interest, and not unfrequently of emulation, to a whole neighborhood. So strong is the impulse from this source, that these improvements seem to be made in concert; and, among twenty or thirty farmers who have made out to dispense with barns for four or five years, half will perhaps build them in one season. If A. has a nice large barn, B., though not half so able to build one as A., will not be easy until he has a barn too, though it may be necessarily far inferior to the former.

The regular, Old World agriculturalist may wonder how any farmer can do without a barn; but it is one of the consolations of our poor man that he soon learns how, at the West.

Notwithstanding many hardships and discouragements, this feature of new-country existence—perpetual and manifest progress—is very animating. It naturally inspires hope and confidence. Hard labor, poor crops, meager fare, and unaccustomed and tedious illness, may overcloud the whole face of the present, but the future is ever bright with promise. The elastic feeling, incident to a new and growing country, communicates itself to all; and nowhere does the tiller of the soil so speedily recover himself from the effect of untoward circumstances. The power of self-adaptation seems inherent in the settler. He learns even to make present difficulties conduce to future prosperity, by means of the habits of economy and management which would have been learned with far less rapidity and certainty under easier circumstances.

We have mentioned the high price of labor as one of the poor man's advantages. It may not be amiss to advert to the causes of this. The scantiness of the population has been alluded to as the main cause, but this needs explanation, for it is evident that a scattered population is far from being always a favorable circumstance to the laboring classes. On the contrary, nowhere is their condition worse than in some widely-extended and thinly peopled countries, such as Turkey and Russia. But the small amount of labor in the market, which is the cause of its commanding so high a price, is owing to the extreme cheapness of the land. This cheapness leads every man to cultivate for himself, either at once, or after a short period shall have put him in possession of the means of doing so. The blessedness of him

"Who serveth not another's will,"

is nowhere more keenly appreciated; and hard labor, poor accommodations, and plain fare, are always preferred, if accompanied with entire independence, to far more luxurious quarters as the hireling of another.

A second cause of the high price of labor, is the great proportionate amount of labor required. In an old settled country, labor is chiefly in demand for continuing cultivation; in the comparative wilderness, on the other hand, it is required for subduing the earth, as well as for cultivating tracts already brought under the plough. This forms a great additional source of employment for the laborer. In a new country the surplus which is created by labor is from year to year invested in improvements, which create further demand for labor. In this way, every new improvement furnishes the means for new outlay, by which the laborer is the first to profit. For a series of years the course is to break up more land to raise wheat in order to break up more land. Labor can never have so great comparative value as when the country is in its transition state from wild to cultivated.

This condition of things, which, after allowing for all the hardships and disadvantages connected with it, we may truly call blessed, in reference to the masses who are benefited by it, has its ultimate origin in the fact that the Government transfers the right of property in the soil for a consideration scarce greater than the price of the title-deeds. The nation virtually bestows upon each of its poor citizens as much land as he can cultivate. What other nation has the power of conferring such a boon upon the poor? We say upon the *poor*, for experience has shown that none others can profit by it. Only to the poor man, who wishes to occupy and improve the land, is it a benefit; and to him it is invaluable. It forms a practical corrective of the evils caused by the tendency of property to accumulate in large masses. It is the aim of a good government to lessen these evils without encroaching

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upon the rights of individuals. Our happy position enables us to strike at the root of the difficulty, and by the virtual gift of a freehold to every poor man who is disposed to take possession of it, to prevent that excessive inequality of property which, in the countries of the Old World, is the worst enemy alike of individual happiness and national prosperity. It is surely no inconsiderable step towards maintaining something like an equilibrium, to bestow on the poor a possession which the labor of his own hands will render ample for his support. We, in fact, secure independence to all who are able and willing to work. No man here need continue long in the service of others; and therefore, those who desire such services are obliged to bid high for them, in order to induce the strong-armed to defer for a while the satisfaction of working for themselves as masters, with that feeling of independence which is to the American as the breath of his nostrils.

In order to be impartial, we ought, perhaps, to set forth on the other side the complaints of the Western settler that what the Government gives him with one hand it labors to take away with the other, by levying an enormous duty on the manufactured articles for which he may wish to barter the fruits of the soil. The agriculturist within reach of manufacturing establishments, has a compensation for the extra prices he is compelled to pay, in the corresponding price which he receives for his productions. To the Western farmer the burthen is without an equivalent, and he feels it to be most oppressive. But to touch upon this would lead us to the vexed question of the Tariff, in which wise heads labor as in a treadmill, to which we have no desire to follow them. Our simple judgment is, that Providence clearly points to the unrestricted intercourse of man with man, the world over, as a good to which our common humanity has an indisputable right; but we trust that the manifold advantages enjoyed by the Western settler, will enable him to overcome this difficulty, great though it be. One consequence is natural and evident—an enforced simplicity of living, which, perhaps, after all, will prove a benefit instead of an injury to the farmer and his rising family.

We insist, as we have before hinted, that the real lack of the Western farmer concerns the inner and not the outer man.

"The air of Heaven
Visits no freshlier the rich man's brow;
He has his portion of each silver star
Sent to his eye as freely; and the light
Of the blest sun pours on his book as clear
As on the golden missal of a king."

And we hope yet to be able to borrow still further the words of the poet—

"Next to the works of God,
His friends are the rapt sages of old time,
And they impart their wisdom to his soul
In lavish fulness, when and where he will.
He sits in his mean dwelling, and communes
With Socrates and Plato, and the shades
Of all great men and holy; and the words
Written in fire by Milton, and the king
Of Israel, and the troop of glorious bards,
Ravish and steal his soul up to the sky;
And what is 't to him, if these come in
And visit him, that at his humble door
There are no pillars and rich capitals,
Or walls of curious workmanship within?"

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A WELL-KNOWN DOCUMENT, VERY SLIGHTLY PARAPHRASED.

BY WILLIAM YOUNG.

When, in their course, human events compel
One people to dissolve the social bands,
That linked them with another, and to take
Among the powers of the Earth that station,
Equal, and separate, to which the laws
Of Nature and of Nature's God, by right,
Entitle them—respect to the opinions
Of fellow men calls on them to declare
The causes, which have rendered necessary
Such separation.
We, then, hold these truths
To be self-evident—That all mankind
Are equal, and endowed, by their Creator
With certain unalienable rights—
That amongst these are Life, and Liberty,
And the Pursuit of Happiness—That men,
To make these rights available and safe,
Have instituted Governments, deriving
Their lawful power from the free consent
Of those they govern—That when any form
Of Government is proved to be destructive
Of these their ends, it is the People's right
To alter, or abolish it, and found
A Government anew, with principles
So laid for its foundation, and with powers
In such form organized, as shall to them
Seem most conducive to their happiness
And safety.
Prudence will, indeed, dictate,
That long-established Governments should not
Be changed for any light or transient cause;
And all experience, accordingly,
Hath shown that men are more disposed to suffer,
So long as evils are endurable,
Than to assert their rights, and throw aside
Their customary forms. But, when abuses,
And usurpations, in a lengthened train,
Pursue one object steadfastly, evincing
A firm design to bow them down beneath
Absolute despotism, it is their right,
It is their bounden duty, to throw off
Such Government, and to provide new guards
For their security in future.
Such
Has been the patient sufferance of these
Our Colonies, and such is now the need,
That forces them to change their present systems
Of Government. Great Britain's present King
Hath made his history the history
Of usurpations, and of injuries,
Often repeated, and directly tending
To the establishment of Tyranny
Over these States—to prove this, let the World
In candor listen to undoubted facts.

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He has refused to give assent to laws,
Wholesome, and needful for the public good.
He has denied his Governors the power
To sanction laws of pressing urgency,
Unless suspended in their operation,
'Till his assent should be obtained; and when
Suspended thus, he has failed wilfully
To give them further thought. He has refused
To sanction other laws, deemed advantageous
To districts thickly peopled, unless they,
Who dwelt therein, would basely throw away
Their right to representatives—a right
Inestimable to themselves, and only
To Tyrants formidable. In the hope
To weary them into a weak compliance
With his obnoxious measures, he has summoned
The Legislative Bodies to assemble
At places inconvenient, and unusual,
And whence their public records were remote.
He has repeatedly dissolved the Houses
Of Representatives for interfering
With manly firmness, when he has invaded
The People's rights. Long time he has refused,
After such dissolutions, to convene
Others in lieu of them; whereby, the powers
Of Legislation, since they might not be
Annihilated, have for exercise
Been forced upon the body of the people;
Leaving, meanwhile, the unprotected State
To dangers of invasion from without,
And inward anarchy. He has endeavored
To check the population of these States,
Thwarting the laws for naturalisation
Of foreigners, withholding his assent
From other laws, that might encourage them
In immigrating hither, and enhancing
The price of new allotments of the soil.
He has obstructed the administration
Of Justice, by his veto on the laws
Establishing judiciary powers.
He has made Judges on his will alone
Dependent, for the tenure of their office,
For the amount, and for the proper payment
Of their emoluments. He has erected
New offices in multitudes, and sent
Swarms of his officers to harass us,
And to eat out our substance. He has kept,
In times of peace, among us, standing armies,
Without the sanction of our Legislatures.
His aim has been to place the military
Above the civil power, and beyond
Its just control. He has combined with others
To make us subject to a jurisdiction,
In spirit foreign to our Constitution,
And unacknowledged by our laws; assenting
To acts, that they have passed with semblance only
Of legislation—acts—For quartering
Among us bodies of armed troops—For shielding,
By a mock trial, these their instruments
From punishment for any murders done
On our inhabitants—For cutting off

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Our trade with every quarter of the world—
For laying on us taxes not approved
By our consent—For oft-times robbing us
Of any benefit that might attend
Trial by jury—For transporting us
Beyond the seas, to answer for offences
Imputed to us—For abolishing,
Within a neighboring province, the free system
Of English laws; establishing therein
An arbitrary power; and enlarging
Its boundaries, to render it at once
The fit example, and the instrument
For bringing into these our Colonies
The same despotic rule—For taking from us
Our Charters; and abolishing our laws
Most valued; changing thus, in principle,
Our forms of Government—And for suspending
Our Legislatures, with the declaration
That they, themselves, in each and every case,
Were vested with supreme authority
To legislate for us.
He has laid down
His sway, by holding us without the pale
Of his protection, and by waging war
Against us—He has plundered on our seas—
Ravaged our coasts—our cities burnt—and taken
Our people's lives. He is transporting hither
Armies composed of foreign mercenaries,
To end the works of death, and desolation,
And tyranny, begun with circumstances
Of cruelty and perfidy unequalled
In the most barbarous ages, and unworthy
The Ruler of a nation civilized.
He has constrained our fellow-citizens,
On the high seas made captives, to bear arms
Against their country, and of friends and brothers
To be the executioners, or fall
Beneath his creatures' hands. He has excited
Amongst ourselves domestic insurrection;
And sought to bring on the inhabitants
Of our frontier the savage Indian,
Whose code of warfare, merciless, and sure,
Spares not, in undistinguished massacre,
Age, sex, condition.
We, in every stage
Of these oppressions, have in humblest terms
Petitioned for redress. To our petitions,
Though oft repeated, there has been one answer—
Repeated injury.
A Prince, whose life
And conduct thus are marked by every act
That may define a Tyrant, is unfit
To rule o'er Freemen.
Neither have we failed
In due attention to our British brethren.
From time to time, we have admonished them
Of efforts, by their Legislature made,
Unwarrantably to extend to us
Their jurisdiction. How we emigrated,
And settled here, we have reminded them.
We to their native justice have appealed

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And magnanimity; and have conjured them,
By common kindred ties, to disavow
These usurpations, which, inevitably,
Would mar our intercourse and friendship. They
Have also turned a deaf ear to the voice
Of Justice and of Consanguinity.
So must we yield to the necessity,
Which forces us to separate—and hold them,
As we do hold the rest of human-kind,—
Our enemies in War—in Peace, our friends.
We, therefore, who are here to represent
The States United of America,
In General Congress met, for rectitude
Of our intentions to the Judge Supreme
Of all things here in confidence appealing,
Do, in the name, and by authority
Of the good people of these colonies,
Solemnly publish and declare, that these
United Colonies are, and of right
Ought to be, Free and Independent States.
That from allegiance to the British Crown
They are absolved—That all connecting ties
Of Policy between them and Great Britain
Are, as they should be, totally dissolved:—
And, that as Free and Independent States,
They have full power to levy war, conclude
Peace, and contract alliances—establish
Commerce, and do all other acts and things
Which Independent States of right may do.
This is our Declaration—to support it,
With firm reliance on Divine protection,
We to each other mutually pledge
Our lives, our fortunes, and our Sacred Honor.

INSUFFICIENCY.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

When I attain to utter forth in verse
Some inward thought, my soul throbs audibly
Along my pulses, yearning to be free,
And something farther, fuller, higher, rehearse,
To the individual, true, and the universe,
In consummation of right harmony!
But, like a dreary wind against a tree,
We are blown against for ever by the curse
Which breathes through nature. Oh, the world is weak—
The effluence of each is false to all;
And what we best conceive, we fail to speak.
Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall!
And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
Fit peroration, without let or thrall.

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THE LAW OF PROGRESS OF THE RACE.*

On the 16th of last August, the Alumni of Williams' College, Massachusetts, assembled at Williamstown, to commemorate the fiftieth year from the foundation of the institution. On that day, one of the most beautiful of the last beautiful summer, in as charming a valley as Massachusetts can boast, under the eye of the vast pile of mountains which overlook the spot, several hundreds of the graduates of the college met on the old grounds, to take each other by the hand, to commemorate their former sojourn there, and to cheer their Alma Mater, in her career now so prosperous and honorable. They had come from all parts of the land. Far and wide had they been scattered in their various pilgrimages. Some had been unfortunate, and fewer prosperous. All had found life a different thing from what they dreamed of it when they were students in that valley of seclusion

These reunions of the graduates of colleges serve many useful purposes. They bring together, after long absences, those who began life together, and who meet to compare accounts of their subsequent wanderings. They keep alive the love of study and respect for scholars. They lead to greater familiarity with literary institutions, better knowledge of literary pursuits, greater sympathy with literary men, and more interest in the progress and diffusion of knowledge. It is but a few years since they were begun, and they have already become frequent. From a little spark has a fire been kindled that seems likely to burn on and to give much light.

On the particular occasion of which we speak, the Alumni were greeted with an address from Dr. Hopkins, the President of the college and one of its Alumni. The principal subject was THE LAW OF PROGRESS OF THE RACE.

Any person acquainted with Dr. Hopkins would have foretold, that his address would be original and able. He was never an utterer of other men's thoughts. Strong by nature, disciplined by laborious study, accustomed to patient and persevering attention, his mind is capable of grasping any subject. The old commonwealth, which numbers him among her ornaments, and which has been always fruitful of great men, has few who do her more honor.

On this occasion his mind was naturally exerted to do the honors of the college to the Alumni who had gathered at her festival, and to speak to them of a subject and in a manner worthy of himself and them, and the time, the place, and its associations. The performance was worthy of all these, and was equal to the reputation of the speaker and the expectations of his audience.

The leading idea may be best explained in the speaker's own words. After welcoming the Alumni, and alluding in fit and touching terms to the principal incidents of the college history, he proceeds thus :

"The simple question is whether there is, inwrought into the constitution of things, a law of progress of the race, or a tendency towards it, which we may hope to see realized.

"The idea of such a law has arisen, not only from the view which I have mentioned, but in connection with a remarkable change in the views and habits of thought of the community respecting the point to which they were to look for improvement. There was a time when the antiquity of the world was associated with the wisdom of old age, and when it was supposed that all wisdom was to be found in the records, and all excellence in the models of the past. But when the human mind was aroused as it was by the Reformation and the invention of the art of printing; when Columbus discovered new continents on the earth, and Galileo new worlds in the heavens; when Bacon introduced his new method, and Newton weighed the planets and decomposed the sunbeam, it was impossible that the same reverence for antiquity should continue; and, as was natural, an opposite feeling took its place. Instead of supposing that mankind had already attained all the perfection of which they were capable, and that nothing remained but to carry modern degeneracy up to the heights of ancient achievement, it was said that the ancient world was really the infant world,

* "An Address delivered before The Society of Alumni of Williams' College, at the celebration of the semi-centennial Anniversary, August 16, 1843, by Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of the College.—Published by request of the Society."

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and that to us moderns belonged the honor of the hoary head in the life of the race. Hence arose an impression that all the arts, and science, and philosophy, and institutions of the ancients were imperfect, from the simple fact that they were ancient, and therefore the product of an immature age of the world; and the eyes of men were turned from the past to the future, and to those ideal models, dim and shadowy, which were sketched quite as often by the imagination as by the judgment. Then, as literary, and scientific, and commercial intercourse increased, the great idea arose that there was a community, instead of an opposition of interest among nations, till at length, when the figure and extent of the earth, and the condition of its inhabitants became known, and facilities of intercourse were increased, there was originated the idea of a reciprocal influence, a common bond of interest, and a law of progress for all; till now, there is scarcely a periodical, or a lecture, or a literary address, in which this law is not spoken of as familiarly and as confidently as the law of gravitation itself.

"As was to be expected, an idea so exciting to the imagination has been carried too far, and has given rise to something of extravagance, and to something of cant. With this for their watchword, and probably honestly believing themselves under its influence, egotistical and unquiet and ambitious men, and men of one idea, have attacked without scruple or discrimination, everything that was old; have eagerly adopted new systems of thought, or those supposed to be new; have originated impracticable schemes, and have been zealous in introducing them, little regarding their congruity with the existing state of things. When all this has produced its natural consequences, division and confusion, they have cried out—*progress;* thus mistaking the commotion caused in the vitals of society by the crudities with which they have drugged it, for the excitement of healthy action. Even the Bible has been supposed to have grown obselete, and to need to be adapted to the progress of the age.

"What then is the true idea of progress? And here I observe, that the idea of progress presupposes a definite object to be attained, and a movement towards that object. It is not the tossing of a vessel on the waves without a rudder or a compass; it implies that there is a port, and that the ship is tending towards it. Unless there is some definite idea, towards the realisation of which society is moving, there can be no progress. There may be, as there now is, and has long been in many parts of America, excitement, agitation, confusion; society may be broken into fragments, there may be collisions of local and individual interests, but all may be chaotic; the movement may be without direction, the agitation without result. In such a state of things there can be no progress till society becomes organized, and begins to move forward towards some definite object. Let this take place, let any idea become the prominent and governing idea in the community, and it will be supposed there is progress when men are in the process of realizing that idea. Is war and conquest, as it has often been, the prominent idea? Then there is progress when the science, the instruments and the art of war are becoming more perfect. Is luxury and sensual gratification the leading idea? Then there is progress when a new dish is invented, and when, as in ancient Corcyra, the cocks are prevented from crowing in the morning. Is wealth the leading idea? There is progress when the country is becoming rich. Is it the power of man over external nature? or liberty? or equality? or the perfection of the fine arts? There will be supposed to be progress when there is an approximation to the attainment of these. Would there then be a true progress in the advancement of society towards any or all of these ends? Yes, on condition, and only on condition that society would thus attain a true end and not a means.

"The true idea of progress, then, is not that of movement, or simply of progression towards the realisation of an idea; but it involves a recognition of the true end of man as a social being, and an approach towards that. This end I suppose to be, the upbuilding and perfection of the individual man in everything that makes him truly man. I hold, that the germ of all political and social well-being is to be found in the progress of the individual towards the true and highest end for which he was made. And here we have an instance of that incidental accomplishment of subordinate ends in the attainment of one that is higher, that is everywhere so conspicuous in the works of God. Is it the end of the processes of vegetation to perfect the seed? It is only when those processes move on to the successful accomplishment of that, that we can have the beauty and fragrance of the flower, or the shade and freshness of the green leaves. So here, we find that social good can be wrought out, and social ends be attained, only as individuals are perfected in their character; and that the beauty and fragrance and broad shade

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of a perfect society would grow, without effort or contrivance, from the progress of the individuals of society towards their true perfection and end. Thus, and thus only, can we have that state of ideal perfection in which perfect liberty would be combined with perfect security, and with all the advantages of the social state. If this be so, then political organizations, which are merely means to an end, are most perfect when they so combine protection with freedom as to give the most favorable theatre for the growth, and enjoyment, and perfection of the individual man; and that society itself is most perfect, whatever its form may be, in which the greatest number of individuals recognize and pursue this end. It cannot be too often repeated, that the ends of society are not realized when there are great aggregate results, magnificent public works, great accumulations of wealth and of the means of sensual and sensitive enjoyment, with the degradation, or without the growth of individuals; and that all changes in the forms of institutions and the direction of active industry, must be futile, which do not originate in, or draw after them an improvement in the character of individuals. But it is self-evident that society can furnish a free arena for individual growth, only as the principles of justice and benevolence are recognized—only as the spirit of that great precept of doing to others as we would that they should do unto us, pervades the mass. The fundamental condition, then, of any progress that can be permanent, and solid, and universal, is a *moral* condition. Let this exist, and there will come in as accessories, progress in science and in arts and in wealth; but without this, whatever progress may be made in physical improvements, there will be constant agitatieu and restlessness; and through every change of form, society will continue to be like that stick of which most of us have heard, which was so crooked that it could not lie still.

"If then there be a law of progress for the race, it must be one by which society advances towards a state of things such as has just been described. And that there is such a law, is affirmed on three distinct grounds: The first is, that such a law is required for the vindication of the wisdom of Divine Providence. It is supposed that the world would be a failure unless it should manifest the evolution of a regular plan, whose parts should succeed each other like the five acts of a drama, and form by themselves, when time was over, a completed whole. But it is far safer and more becoming, to ascertain what Divine Providence has done, and then presume it to be wise, rather than first to assert what would be wise and then presume that Divine Providence has done it. It may be so. It would be in accordance with the analogy of God's works in which we so often find, as in the vision of the Prophet, a wheel within a wheel. But it may also be, that this world holds in the plans of God, the same relation that the nursery holds to the fields of transplanted trees, and that its end lies entirely beyond itself. If society had always remained in a patriarchal or nomadic state, without anything of what we call progress, and there had simply come up such men as Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, to spend here 'the days of the years of their pilgrimage' and then go up higher, who would say that the world had been a failure? This question man cannot decide without a wider survey of the plans of God than falls within our present vision, and hence we cannot rely upon any argument for such a law, drawn from this source.

"The second ground on which the existence of this law has been argued, is to be found in the fact that the product of the human mind is not mere sensations that perish as they arise, but that we inherit the experience and knowledge of all who have gone before us. This *is* a great fact, and on it the capacity of the race for improvement is based. It gives a tendency to improvement, and that tendency would become a law if there were nothing to counteract it. Former generations have labored, and we have entered into their labors. They were as the prophets of old, 'unto whom it was revealed that not unto themselves did they minister, but unto us upon whom these ends of the world are come.' Ours are all their conquests over physical nature, all their accumulations of wealth, all their machines and inventions in the arts, all their literature and science, and all the political and social experience of the world. Ours are their observations on individual facts and beings, ours their arrangement of those facts and their generalizations, and ours those grand ideas and methods which have come to the scientific seers of the race, not so much from what is called induction, as suddenly, and like a direct revelation from the suggestion of a single fact. And rich as are these golden sands that have been brought down by the river of time, there is every reason to believe that those will be richer yet which shall be borne still further on. In the progress of the race, not less than of the individual, the great principle applies, that to him that hath, shall be given. Every day shows that there is open before us the

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path of a limitless progression, and that science has but just begun to be applied to the purpose of subjugating nature to man, and of causing the elements to minister to his happiness. No one, for example, unacquainted with what has been done by the application of chemistry to agriculture, by an investigation of the laws of vegetable life, and of the nutriment and stimulants of vegetables, can conceive what prospects are opening in respect to the cheapness and abundance of the products of the earth, the multitude of inhabitants it may consequently support, and the leisure they may have for rational culture and enjoyment. And what is thus true of the products of the earth, is also true of the means of transporting them, and not only so, but of communicating to the whole race any invention or discovery, and of binding them together as one in the bonds of interest and of sympathy.

"We fully admit, then, the great fact on which the possibility of this law is based; we admit the tendency to progress under certain conditions; but how far this compels us to admit the law, will be best seen by passing on as we now do to the history of the race—the third ground on which the existence of such a law is asserted. The advocates of this law do not permit themselves to doubt, as indeed they cannot consistently, that every succeeding generation has, on the whole, been wiser and happier than the preceding. But can this view be sustained by the history of the past? Or does not this history rather show that while there is a tendency to progress in the race, yet that this tendency can take effect and become a law only on certain conditions, both physical and moral?

"On the physical obstacles to progress, I need not enlarge, because they have not in fact been *the* obstacles to man. It is obvious, however, that life may be, and sometimes has been, such a mere struggle for existence, as to preclude all idea or hope of individual or general culture. But is it a fact that tribes, that nations, that continents, in which no physical condition of progress was wanting, have always made such progress? How was it with the tribes of this country, when they were discovered? Were they making progress? Or were they going on towards extinction? How was it with the race, comparatively civilized, that preceded them? What voice do the ruined cities and the remains of ancient art and civilisation, scattered over this continent, utter respecting the progress of man? To what point of elevation have those many generations attained, who have lived, and raised themselves upon the shoulders of their predecessors, and perished throughout all the islands of the Pacific? How has it been with Africa? Has Egypt, once so mighty, but now so long the basest of kingdoms, made progress? Has Carthage? Or Numidia? Or have the unnumbered millions in its central and southern regions? Has Asia made progress? Has there been any progress for a thousand years in India, or in China? Has there in Tartary, or Persia, or Arabia, or Turkey? Do not the Chinese and the Hindoos now use astronomical tables, of the principles of whose construction they know nothing? So far have the principal nations of Asia been from making progress within the last thousand years, that it would be hazarding nothing to assert that they have deteriorated. Their movement has spent its force, their civilisation has become effete. And if this is so, what becomes of the law of progress of the race, when such vast masses are not acted upon by that law? Does not the law become a law of deterioration, and progress the exception? I do not understand by what right it is, that in considering the history of the race, the larger portion of it is accounted by the advocates of this law as nothing.

"But tracing the line of movement and of civilisation from its reputed origin, whether in India or in Egypt, first to Greece, then to Rome, and then to modern times, do we find any indications of a law of progress?

"It is doubted by some whether we are really in advance of the ancient civilisation. It cannot be pretended that we have greater individual men. Grander specimens of man will probably never exist than are to be found among those of old time. Many of their arts, it is well known, are lost, and many others, at one time supposed to be solely of modern discovery, are now known to have been in use among them; and any one who will read attentively the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, may doubt whether we are before them in what pertains to the luxuries and refinements of life.

"But if we are in advance of them, is our civilisation a continuation of theirs? Is the course of civilisation and improvement properly represented by a river flowing on and expanding? Or may we not rather compare what has been done, to the formation in the stream of separate islands of sand, where we may see one now accumulating, and enlarging, and giving promise of permanence, but at length undermined and washed away by the waters, and its materials dispersed, or floated down till they reach a new point of

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aggregation? The latter seems to me to be the more accurate representation, and if many, and perhaps the more valuable, materials have been saved in the general confusion connected with the transfer of the seats of power and of civilisation, much also has been lost. Indeed, till modern civilisation began to extend its arms, and to give indications that it would ultimately embrace the globe, this alternation of growth and decay was supposed to be the law of the race. Thus Peter the Great says, in his will, 'I look upon the invasion of the countries of the East and West by the North, as periodical movements determined by the designs of Providence, who thus regenerated the Roman empire by the invasion of barbarians. The emigrations of the Polar races are like the flow of the Nile, which, at certain periods, is sent to fertilise the impoverished land of Egypt.' This *is* the lesson which history alone, separated from the movements and prospects of modern civilisation, teaches.

"What then is this civilisation which thus erects itself to the survey of the whole earth? It is Christian civilisation—one whose roots are watered by the life-giving springs, and upon whose leaves descend the dews of the religion of Christ—a civilisation preserved, and kept from putrefaction by that salt of the earth. It is a civilisation, not like those of old, in one great mass, but pervading all Christian nations, and everywhere manifesting the same great characteristics. It springs from the principle of individual growth, manifesting itself in accordance with the fundamental fact that the true growth and well-being of one is not opposed to that of any other, but must be coincident with the well-being of all. So an impartial God has ordained it, and we might as well expect a body to rest before it finds its centre of gravity, as to expect society to be at rest till this great principle is recognized and acted upon. In connection with this religion and with this principle there has been progress, and nowhere else. In connection with this, we can trace an expanding stream from the fountain head of the race. We see it at first, winding its solitary and threadlike way in the patriarchal and Jewish dispensations, till at length it burst forth from the hills of Judea and became a mighty river, whose current is to-day flowing on and becoming deeper and broader. The ancient forms of civilisation fell to pieces by their own weight, nor is there any evidence that the fragments of their wreck would have been caught and preserved, if Christianity had not come in with the influence of its pure precepts, and the weight of its eternal sanctions, and formed new points of aggregation. No instance is known in which, without this, civilisation has rekindled its fires upon altars where they have once gone out. That portion of the race which is the most hopeless, which it is most difficult to impregnate with intellectual and moral vitality, is the residuum of an extinct civilisation. There is no evidence that anything except Christianity could have amalgamated materials so discordant as the northern barbarian and the effeminate Roman, nor any reason to suppose that without it Europe could have been freed from the curse of domestic slavery, and of feudal institutions. Barbarians, have, indeed, been said to regenerate decayed civilisation, but it was because there was at work an element mightier than that of civilisation, amalgamating and fusing masses that would never have become one by any other power. There has not been upon the earth for the last thousand years, there is not now, any true progress except in connection with Christianity. On the contrary, all other systems of religion, and all other types of civilisation, are falling to decay, and man is deteriorating individually and socially under their influence. It is then for Christendom, if at all, and for the race only as it may be embraced within the expanding limits of Christendom, that history indicates a law of progress."

Our readers will not regret the length of this extract. We preferred giving the whole to any abridgment of our own, thinking that the orator's views would be explained best in his own words. In the main, we agree with the doctrines of the discourse, although there are some things in it which we cannot assent to. But it is pleasant to meet an original thinker, even if you do not always agree with him. The subject is interesting and we will pursue it a little further.

But let us first explain what he means by the Progress of the Race. Some persons talk flippantly about it, and of the law which they suppose governs it, who, we dare say, have no very distinct notions of either. Progress is something different from movement. A ship may be fast drifting with the tide, and appear to the unknowing to be making great progress, while the skilful mariner knows all the time that she is driving hard on the sands.

Change is not necessarily a good; nor is motion always in the right direction. The only progress worth think-

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ing of is progress towards some good. Out of all the stir and motion that the world has seen, has there been a movement towards a good end?

But there may be particular ends more or less good. Any one of them may be good, when connected with the rest, and quite useless, or a positive evil, by itself. Wealth, for instance, is a good, if in proper hands and well applied; in bad hands, or ill applied, it had better not have been given. Increased wealth, therefore, is not necessarily a better condition. The condition of society is the result of numerous elements. The advance towards the realization of one idea may or may not be an advance towards a better condition. That depends on the value of the idea. Indeed, it is not the realization of any simple idea that satisfies our notions of a progess, but rather the complex idea of the great end for which man was created and society established. Progress towards that or, in other words, TOWARDS THE TRUE END OF LIFE, is the only true progress.

The question then arises, what is the true end of life? Mr. Hopkins explains, that the true end of man, as a social being, is "the up-building and perfection of the individual man, in everything that makes him truly man." This definition does not satisfy us. It strikes us as too inexact for a philosophical writer. We should prefer to say that *the true end of life is the cultivation of man's moral nature.* Everything appears to us to point to that. The reason and all the faculties of the mind; the body and its various functions; the frame of society, families, states, governments; all social and political institutions, laws and constitutions, are all but parts of a vast scheme tending to develope and exercise the moral faculties, with which the Almighty hath endowed the human race. Without this key to its mysteries, life is an inexplicable enigma.

From this position we are able to survey the ground, and perhaps to answer satisfactorily the questions whether there has been progress, and, if so, whether the phenomena attending it indicate a law. These two things are quite distinct, and require a separate examination.

First. Has there been a progress of the race? Before answering this question, let us look at the subject from certain points of view, from which it has generally been examined. Most persons, overlooking the general view, have taken a partial one from a particular point of observation. For example, some have taken the heroic virtues, as the tests of excellence, and then have answered the question by comparing the ancient and modern civilisation in the cultivation of these virtues. Others have taken the mechanic arts, and seeing the great superiority of modern science, have pronounced the modern world far in advance of the old. Now, as we have already mentioned, it is quite necessary to distinguish between the particular ends, however good in themselves, and the general end, which we have considered the true end of life. This distinction will enable us to clear away most of the difficulties which hang around the subject. For if you take the imperfect tests, which we have been speaking of, you may receive as many different answers as there are tests. Will you take literature? manners? the fine arts? heroic achievements? knowledge? power over external nature? If you take literature, we deny that there has been any progress. The literature of the best Athenian age was better than the literature of the nineteenth century. Will you take manners? Are our manners more graceful than the Roman? Or the fine arts? There the ancients were our masters. Or heroic achievements? Where have they been seen as they were in the ancient commonwealths? But if you mean power over the external world, we have outstripped everything that the world has known before us. Or, if you speak of knowledge, certainly no previous age has amassed so much.

It will not do, therefore, to take a view narrower than the one we began with; and with that before us, we think the question capable of satisfactory answer. Has there been a progress of the race in the sense in which we have explained it? In other words, is the race now nearer the true end, to which it should ever tend, than it has been in any previous age?

The progress *of the race;* this is one thing; that of the individual is another. The latter is very much dependent on the former; but they must not be confounded. The race is made up of individuals. Their lives are short. Their qualities are personal to

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themselves, incapable of transfer. It is the aggregation of all these individuals. If the visible progress of the individual stops with his life, in what sense can there be a progress of the race?

The race never dies. All the individuals that compose it do not die at the same time. When one dies, the survivors retain the opinions, the practices, the habitudes, the laws, the customs, the wealth, the learning that belonged to the race whilst he lived. The acquisitions of one generation do not die with them; they are committed to language and preserved. While the individuals perish like leaves, the race of man, that mysterious aggregation of persons, flourishes, as if it felt no loss. The great human tide swells and recedes, as if there had been no change in the particles which compose it.

There is a sense in which an individual may be said to possess what others have left, who have died before him, and to start from the point where they stopped. A person born into the world comes into a community more or less educated. Their civilisation affects him. He inherits the writings of previous generations, and the wealth, the arts, the contrivances to increase man's power, which his predecessors had made. With the aid of these he starts in life. Thus the progress of the race affects the progress of the individual.

At this moment, there is a certain amount of intelligence and virtue in the world. Comparing it with the amount in any former period, is there more or less than there was then? To this question we seek an answer.

But here again it is necessary to discriminate. Suppose a greater amount in the aggregate, while at the same time the population of the world has increased in a still greater proportion, so that in fact the amount relative to population is less. Would there then have been a progress?

The comparison to be just should include the two elements, amount and numbers. The question then would come to this. Is the sum of intelligence and virtue, compared with the population, greater now than it has been. Perhaps, indeed, yet another element should be added. Will you take a single nation, or the whole world? There may be a manifest progress in one nation, but a retrogression in others more numerous, so that, in fact, the race has gone backward. Look, for instance, at modern Europe. Italy has retrograded during the last five centuries. So has Spain. Germany, on the other hand, has advanced—France has advanced further—England further still.

Perhaps, however, the result will be the most satisfactory if we confine ourselves to the most civilized portions of the earth, and compare the highest civilisation at one period with the highest at another. No other comparison will furnish results so likely to be useful. None, indeed, will approximate so near to absolute truth, for the more civilized portions of the world always act most efficiently on the rest, dragging the more barbarous after them, and a comparison of the highest civilisation will serve as a parrallel to the lower.

Taking then the highest civilisation as the only subject of comparison at different periods of the world, what is the result of a dispassionate inquiry? Is the civilisation of the most cultivated portion of Christendom at this moment, considered in relation to the true ends of man's life as we have explained them, superior to that of any other part of the world at any previous time? We think it is, and we will explain in few words wherein we think it so.

It is not the mass of knowledge treasured up in books that influences our judgment, although the libraries of the world now contain more knowledge than was ever before amassed. It is not this, because we know that knowledge may be buried in books, doing nothing for the living world. The Chinese have the philosophy of Zoroaster. The Hindoos the philosophy of the Bramins. To the people they are sealed books. In the middle ages, there were copies of the best works of the ancients, lying in the libraries of the monasteries unread and almost unknown. For any influence on the world then, they might almost as well not have been written. Nor is it the knowledge or virtue of a few remarkable men, rich as has been this age in them. Such existed in the corrupt ages of Rome, and in the darkest nights of the world. They exist now

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in countries that are far from the centre of civilisation; in Italy; in Russia; in the East; men, who could stand side by side with the best and greatest of any age or land. Modern civilisation is not in advance of the ancient, in the production of noble men; nor in literature; nor in the fine arts; nor in taste; nor in heroism. But it is in advance of it in knowledge diffused; in enlarged philanthropy; in material comforts, arising chiefly from the equalisation of property and conditions; in control over external nature; in forms of government; and in the knowledge and maintenance of human rights. In these respects, no previous age of the world has seen what we see.

Now, these are things which enter into the formation of man's moral life; which either fashion it, or leave it free to be fashioned by good influences. It is in this that the progress of the race towards the true end, we have spoken of, is manifest. The points of superiority of the ancients, related less to the moral, and more to the beautiful and heroic.

Take a single example. Until modern days, the rights of man as man have been little understood. In the old commonwealths, man was nothing; the state was everything. He had no rights; that had all. It might do what it liked. He was its instrument and victim. In our days man is invested with a certain sanctity. His rights are older than the laws, older than the state. He is the equal of any other man, and of all other men, and he is hedged about with a divinity, better than that of kings. He has rights too sacred for man to touch, born with him, and inalienable. This great truth is the distinction of the modern world, its patent of precedence.

In the other respects that we have mentioned, the superiority of the present will, we have no doubt, be readily admitted. The health, comforts and morality of the masses, were never so great as they are now. He who doubts it must have read the past with convictions different from our own. So the general diffusion of knowledge surpasses all former example. Books are multiplied by millions of presses, with a rapidity that mocks all counting, and are offered to the poorest at a price within his means. Man's dominion over matter is a thousand-fold multiplied. There seems no limit to the power he has now taken to his aid. He makes the elements do his work, and new combinations of elements. There has been nothing like it in the world before.

Now, although evil has not been driven out from amongst us; although the crime and the wretchedness of the world are frightful still, we hold that these are real ameliorations. We have undoubting trust that they are all measures for good to man. They are advances, not towards an object of unsubstantial good, but towards a real good; a true end. They are the proof and the effect of a real progress of the race.

It is not our purpose at the present time to go into any discussion of the causes of this progress. Our object is accomplished, when we have satisfied our readers of the fact.

Nor, indeed, have we touched on what we regard as a most important element of the question—the moral preparation for *future* progress developed by the past, and its most encouraging sign. Who can cast a single glance over even the surface of society without perceiving, in every direction, the evidence of this truth? Who can look upon the fermentation of the spirit of reform and reorganisation, visible everywhere, in one mode of action or another, without perceiving that the age is already under the impulse of a force such as no period of the world's history has before known? More or less wisely, more or less sincerely, more or less earnestly, almost every man appears to feel himself under the inspiration and sway of some one idea or other of improvement to be toiled for, spoken for, written for—if need be, died for—for the good of his kind and of the world.

This spirit is that of Christianity; and, divine in its origin, divine in its power, divine in its aims and tendencies, who shall presume to set limits to its work of regeneration?

Our article has expanded itself so far, that we must reserve to another number what we have written upon the remaining branch of the inquiry—the question of the existence of a law, according to which the progress of the race takes place.

D. D. F.

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NATURE'S LYRE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

"Is there no hand to wake my ancient lyre?"
So, through the solemn hush of midnight, came
Late to my soul a tone, that seemed, like fire,
Within my heart to light its early flame.
Far from on high it flowed, and to my ear
Bore through the dark profound the song of holiest sphere.

"Is there no hand to tune my harp again,
As once it rung on Zion's sacred hills,
Whence borne by airs from heaven o'er vale and plain,
The desert smiled, the sea was smooth and still—
Is there no voice to swell that lofty lay
Up to the golden gates of never-ending day?

"Will none awake again the heroic string,
Such as Olympus heard 'mid sky-crowned snows?
The bounding accents leap; responsive ring
Struck swords on brazen shield that burnished glows.
Will no proud youth take up the epic song,
And 'mid triumphal halls its wondrous charm prolong?

"Is there no lip can fill the pastoral flute,
And pour its sweetness on the vernal air;
To the blest time of loves and blossoms suit
The strain that breathes alone the soft and fair?
Is there no joyous heart to give once more
The festal hymn that rose by myrtle-tufted shore?

"Who shall the lyric trumpet from its sleep
Start to new life, as when of old it blew
Summons to patriot-souls, and stirred them deep,
That to the joy of fight, like herns, they flew,
Whether on Ilium's glory-lighted coast,
Or where the Baltic rolls 'mid Valhall's realms of frost!

"And who is there can lead the fairy dance,
To ever-changeful notes, from citterns borne
Through the wild tangled shadows of Romance,
Oft startled by the clang of elfin horn—
Is there a voice can render, full and free,
That song of tenderest love, and gayest revelry!

"And dare one touch the lyre of many tones,
That spake the all-meaning language of a world,
So clear and true, the song each passion owns,
Hope's swelling lip, and pride's in anger curled—
Will none that fullest harmony display,
And lead it with strong hand careering on its way?

"Have ye, then, all forgot my ancient lyre,
To Nature's pure and simple music strung?—
Have poor conceits subdued its native fire,
And a false art cold fetters round it flung?
True art is perfect nature—wake, and give
New motion to its chords, and know, thy song shall live!"

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O'CONNELL.

"You complain that we have the name of O'Connell always on our lips, and that we direct all our efforts to ruin one single individual; it is because that individual is a *power*."—*Wellington's reply to the Ministers in the House of Lords*, 1836.

"Mobilitate vigens—powerful from mobility, he is body and soul in a state of permanent agitation."—*Sheil on O'Connell.*

One day—perhaps the very same—rose, side by side, two islands from the bosom of the ocean. Both gifted by heaven with the same verdant dress, the same natural resources, the same rich and fertile soil; separated by a channel a few leagues wide, inhabited by populations of different origins and manners, strangers to each other for centuries, these two islands lived happily, till Norman adventurers, having seized the first, came to take possession of the second, and the countries were soon united under one sceptre. Dating from this moment, their destinies offer only an odious contrast.

Here the conquering race mingled gradually with the conquered. An aristocracy, powerful, enlightened, and benevolent, arose, who opposed themselves to royalty, constituted themselves patrons of the people, and united themselves with them in a strict community of language, religion, interests, ideas and prejudices. Placed at the head of a commercial and industrious society, this aristocracy comprehended its wants, and soon, from its impulsion, a secondary aristocracy, born of labor and wealth, came to place itself beneath it, and form an uninterrupted chain which connected and harmonized all parts of the social edifice from the base to the summit. Thus organized, thus *hierarchized*, this island, in spite of the impetuous storm of democracy which roars round it, presents, even yet, to the world the spectacle of a nation, powerful and comparatively free, in the midst of the most complete inequality.

What if now from this island we pass to the other? What a difference! There the conquerors, far from uniting themselves with the natives, labor incessantly to perpetuate the violences of the conquest. Recruited by bands of pillagers which the mother country sends each day, they carry everywhere devastation and death. During three centuries they renewed themselves upon the land, disclaiming to establish themselves permanently, and quitting it loaded with spoils. When they established themselves, not content with claiming all the soil, they attributed to themselves all the right, raising eternal and insurmountable barriers between them and the vanquished, whom they trampled under foot, despising their language, violating their customs, and degrading their life. When, in the sixteenth century, the mother country changed its religion, they changed with her, and were astonished that a people who had nothing but the faith of their fathers refused to abandon the sole property they had left. Then commenced against the native race an atrocious persecution. The mother country sent soldiers, cannon and executioners. The saints of Cromwell lighted like vultures on this unhappy land; blood flowed for more than a century, and when, at last, the conquerors were tired of a war that only gave birth to martyrs, persecution resolved itself into a vast system of helotism and legal oppression, which lasted yet a hundred years. Two great revolutions, those of America and France, struck the first blows at this system, and Providence has raised up a powerful man who will now achieve its destruction.

Still, if the instruments of a tyranny of seven centuries are nearly destroyed, the effects of this tyranny still subsist, and the contrast presents itself still under its most hideous aspect. Of these two islands, born with equal rights to the same destinies, the one, Great Britain, displays itself happy, opulent, proud of its vessels which cover the sea—of the gold it seeks in all parts of the world—of its old, decrepid institutions, for they have, for a long time, been the cause of its prosperity and glory. The other, Ireland, complains,

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agitates, multiplies,—naked, miserable, starved,—without commerce, without manufactures, without other resources than the soil which it covers with its sweat, that a selfish and abhorred aristocracy may reap the fruits and squander it abroad; Ireland, now politically free but socially enslaved, execrating the institutions, which have never been but murderous weapons in the hands of its oppressors, and claiming the first, the most imperious, of all rights, that of living by labor. Such are the two countries which are called (no doubt in derision) the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

It is upon this Ireland, so favored by nature and so maltreated by man, that a great drama is developing itself in the face of the world; looked upon with a fearful eye by the English aristocracy, and the dénouement of which will be terrible, for it will loosen from its base the old edifice of the British Constitution. In this drama there are four principal actors—Protestant Ireland, Catholic Ireland, the English Government, and O'Connell. Let us briefly establish the position and part of each of these. The Irish population is divided into two parties, well separated without any intermediate parties, which form two nations into one. There are the Anglo-Irish, Orangemen, aristocrats and rich, who are all the same; a race planted by the Conquest, secured by violence, and enriched by spoliation. According to the statistics of 1834, this fraction of the population amounted to only 800,000. Then comes the Milesian Irish, race indigenous, Catholic, democratic and poor—a race conquered and despoiled. This national party, to which are now joined the Presbyterians of the North and other Protestant dissenters opposed to the aristocracy, amount to nearly 7,000,000.

In the first party, the fortunes vary from £50,000 to £2500 a year; in the second, with the exception of some few individuals engaged in commerce and manufactures, some privileged ones eat potatoes three times a day; others, less favored, twice, and those in a state of indigence only once; and, finally, some still more destitute, remain one and sometimes even two days without any nourishment. Here then there is no middling class forming a graduated scale from the millionaire to the laborer, preserving one from the contact and aggression of the other; one hundred palaces to a thousand huts of mud; a million of beggars to one hundred like Lucullus—such is Ireland. It can be conceived that reduced to these simple terms, the question would have been long since settled, if the Irish aristocracy had not at its service the artillery, the red coats, and the policemen of its sister, the English aristocracy. This latter better inspired at home, but pushed here by religious fanaticism and by an inexplicable antipathy of race, which seems innate between these two people; by a love badly understood of commercial gain, and by the charm of the common benefits of a common oppression, and finally by that spirit of cohesion which unites all aristocracies, has for seven centuries ordered, directed, authorized or sanctioned all the measures which have brought Ireland to the state in which we now see her.

The loss of their American colonies, in opening their eyes, brought them better sentiments. The great democratic movement in Europe that commenced with France frightened them. They commenced by conceding with one hand, and punishing and chaining with the other. The abolition of several penal laws, the merciless suppression of the insurrection of '98 and the act of Union, 1800, are almost simultaneous. Since then, the English aristocracy has been forced to alleviate more and more the tyranny that weighed upon Ireland. Now, it is at the end of its concessions; from being political, the question tends day by day to become social. It is not only political liberty that Ireland wishes—it is bread and fee simple in the soil—it is the abolition of the ruinous tithe it pays to ministers of a religion it detests; of those municipal corporations which crush and of that *farming system* which exhausts it: it is, in fact, the possibility of acquiring that soil of which she has been despoiled, which it fertilizes with its hands, and upon which it dies with hunger. In a word, the English aristocracy cannot free itself from this phantom. which constantly rises before it, but by reforming the Irish aristocracy, the municipalities and the church—that is to say, by striking at the constitutional principles of its own existence. However different may be the state of the two countries, would not such a mea-

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sure be a sort of suicide for the English aristocracy, and will they be generous enough to accomplish it?

This brings us, at last, after several digressions which appeared indispensable for clear understanding of what follows, to approach certainly not the most elevated, but the most extraordinary historical type of our times. Imagine a man who is neither soldier, magistrate nor priest, and whose actions and countenance partake of all of them; a man possessing no other power than his eloquence, who has succeeded—in an organized society, amid a labyrinth of repressive laws—in founding an *extra-legal* government of which he is the supreme and absolute head; a power which, seated on the fragile base of popularity, has endured twenty years and increases every day; a power such as never existed, which extends everywhere though its laws are nowhere written, which is exercised in the light of day without other means of action than praise and blame, which has its civil list paid before the legal impost, collects taxes, gives with the finger and eye advice that is more powerful than laws—so to speak—to seven millions of people. Enter for an instant into the position of this interested mediator between England and Ireland,—that is to say, between the slave impatient of the yoke and always ready to revolt, and the master weary of yielding, pushed by irritation to violence. Between these two opposing passions, of which one is more impetuous than powerful, and the other more powerful than impetuous, observe this man, who teaches the slave how he should supply force by cunning, threaten always, but never attack, *agitate pacifically*, and keep upon the extreme limit which separates legal resistance from insurrection; who at one time frightens the master with the thunder of his voice, at another sings his praises, gesticulates like a madman in the public square, then dressed like a courtier goes to pay his court, chicanes like a lawyer and thunders like the public orator, allies in enormous proportions the most opposite qualities and failings—craft and frankness—prudence and violence—energy and subtility—dignity and coarseness—the most elevated ideas and the most vulgar declamation, and all this mixed, united, fused into a sentiment that never changes—love for his native land—wholly incarnated in the strange, grand and complex organization that is called Daniel O'Connell.

The *Agitator*, as he is denominated by the whigs; the *Beggar King* according to the tories; or, the *Liberator*, as he is called by the Irish, was born at Cashen, in the southwest of Ireland, in the County of Kerry, a wild and mountainous part of the province of Munster, in 1774, one of the worst years for Ireland that has never had any which were good. The legal tyranny was then in full force. The penal laws enclosed the Catholics in a band of iron. Misery forced men to brigandage: armed bands under the name of white boys, or black boys, a kind of outlaws bearing some resemblance to those of Ivanhoe, ravaged the country and avenged themselves by crime on the despotism of the laws. Two years later the American revolution gave the first and most vigorous shock to Ireland.

Daniel's family, of Milesian origin, had taken a great part in the bloody contests of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The Agitator has inherited the energies and hates of his forefathers, chiefs of the clan of Iverrarah, who, to avail myself of the expression of Hanmer, the old chronicler of the Conquest, "received the gallant chevaliers of Britain sword in hand, valiant men, brave on foot and horseback." The last descendant of this race, the father of Daniel, Morgan O'Connell, cultivated the lands of his ancestors under the title of farmer to the Protestant College of Dublin; he has not the less left his son, the oldest of the family, a handsome fortune, which, joined to that of an uncle still more rich, placed O'Connell from the first in a fine position for a Catholic. The early education of the young Daniel was confided to the care of those enthusiastic, austere priests, ardent patriots, with whom Ireland abounds, and whose type Sheil has so well reproduced in the portrait of Father Murphy of Carofin. It appears that he was first destined for the Church. The Anglican intolerance was then in full vigor. The Catholic colleges were prohibited in the three kingdoms, and all the youths of Ireland were placed between ignorance, abjuration, or a voyage beyond the sea. The father of O'Connell chose the latter. He sent him first to the Dominican fathers at Louvain, and from there

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to the Jesuits at St. Omer's, where he passed two years, and showed himself more vigorous with the fist than the pen, and made but middling progress in his studies. "I do not know," says Sheil, "what changed the destination of O'Connell; probably he felt that he had too much flesh and blood in him to become a monk, and the novelty of the legal career tempted him. The bar had just then been opened to Catholics. He left St. Omer's, its masses, its vespers and its fasts; and having swallowed the necessary number of legs of mutton at the middle temple, was received in the Irish bar at the Easter term of 1798." Another fatal and bloody year for Ireland, where the young advocate, in stepping on the shores of his native country, found it rebellious, conquered, chastised without mercy under the blows of an atrocious martial law, and jostled from the first against English bayonets, gibbets and corpses.

The history of the great republican movement led by the association of United Irishmen, is pretty generally known; how, under the influence of the French revolution of '89, the plebeian Protestants and Catholics of Ireland united themselves, for a moment, to break the English dominion; how the horrors committed in Paris in '93 disunited and weakened their association; how the French expedition, conducted by Gen. Hoche at the close of '96, returned without having effected a landing; how a second French army, under Gen. Humbert, came too late to sustain it, and yet soon enough to find itself surrounded by superior forces and obliged to surrender; how England, having Ireland under her feet conquered and exhausted, repented of the concessions made before the struggle and profited by its weakness to fasten upon it an absolute yoke; how, in spite of the eloquent adjurations of Grattan, the Demosthenes of the Irish parliament, one hundred and eighteen men were found base enough to sell, for valuable considerations, their political existence; how, finally, the Irish Parliament committed suicide by the aid of a vote which cost Pitt a million and a half sterling; all these facts belong to Irish history, and we will not dwell upon them. Let us be contented in saying that at an assembly of the lawyers of Dublin, convoked to protest against the *Act of Union*, a young man who spoke several times, and was distinguished by the rough vehemence of his sallies against the new rigors of England and the legal destruction of the independence of his country, was Daniel O'Connell.

From 1798 to 1810 the life of O'Connell was passed in the exercise of his profession, and soon, in spite of the obstacles which were attached to his quality of Catholic, he raised himself to the first rank at the bar, concentrated upon himself the eyes of his co-religionists, and laid the foundation of his political power. Declared unworthy of all civil, administrative or military function, deprived of all rights save that of paying enormous imposts, the Catholics, so to speak, did not exist as citizens. O'Connell resolved to break, one by one, these fetters with the sole instrument that had been left him, eloquence; his reputation at the bar in making him the born defender of all Catholics, in civil as well as criminal processes, served him marvellously in his ambition as liberator.

We may here say a few words upon the changing and busy physiognomy of lawyer and political leader, which marked O'Connell during thirty years, and which he has despoiled of one of its distinctive traits, now that he has left the bar. Sheil has painted this period of his life in a portrait where English humor is mingled with a fancy entirely French, which reminds us of the best pages of Timon; it is there we must see the barrister in his fashionable house, Merrion square, Dublin; at first a severe recluse, up before the sun, absorbed in the study of numerous briefs which lie around him; then, some hours later, arriving at the Four Courts, the Dublin hall of justice, brilliant with life and health and carrying pressed against his breast a bag so filled that his robust arm can scarcely sustain it; a living palisade of clients surround him with out-stretched neck, ears and mouth open, endeavoring to catch flying some opinion which they may chance to extort gratis from the Counsellor by wheedling him; bursting with laughter at the copiousness of his joyous and familiar pleasantries, or trembling when in a more severe and higher tone he stands as a prophet to announce to them that the redemption of Ireland is near. But the Court opens;

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the counsellor runs from hall to hall, performs alone the work of twenty lawyers, interlards every cause in the Assize Court or Court of Sessions with an oration upon the act of Union or the English tyranny, personifies entire Ireland in the most obscure of his clients, and pockets the fees with the air of a man who devotes himself to his country. At three the Court adjourns; O'Connell, covered with sweat, hastens to a meeting assembled in the next tavern, where he directs the storm of popular debate with such force of lungs, so much energy, that one would say he had just commenced the labors of the day. At seven a banquet waits, where he is a joyous guest, delivers half a dozen discourses in praise of Ireland, retires at a late hour, and gathers strength from a short sleep to re-commence on the morrow. In another place, Sheil has drawn the counsellor at the levee of the Lord Lieutenant, sword on thigh in the ranks of the oppressors, like them haughty and servile; or at another time going with great ceremony, a branch of laurel in his hand, to receive with bended knee his majesty George IV. upon the shore of Dunleary. And that nothing should be wanting to the incongruous colors of this portrait, here is now O'Connell, whom a Dublin jury, *skilfully chosen*, would condemn at sight, as guilty of constructive high treason—so much all his gestures and appearance are impressed with this national sentiment, the independence of Ireland, or the combustion of the world. His figure is athletic, his countenance happy and pleasing, his features both soft and manly, the ruddy tint of health and a sanguine temperament glows in his countenance, which radiates with patriotic emotions. In his simulation of Spartacus he shoulders his umbrella like a pike, throws one seditious foot before another, as if, already breaking his chains, he drove before him the protestant supremacy, while from time to time the movement of his large bust and democratic shoulders seems an effort to throw to a distance the oppression of seven hundred years. Now turn the page; and here is the democrat who passes like lightning in his brilliant and revolutionary equipage, his green carriage and liveries, his foaming popish coursers, galloping gaily over the protestant pavement to the grief and prejudice of the Protestant pedestrians.

This sketch suffices to give an idea of the strange and devouring life of O'Connell until the Clare election. One incident, however, merits particular mention, the more so as many accounts have falsified it in the relation. In 1815, at a meeting in Dublin, O'Connell, in attacking with his ordinary violence the municipal corporation of that city, called it a *beggarly corporation;* a lawyer, named D'Esterre, descended from a family of Protestant French refugees, regarded it as a personal insult and sent a challenge to O'Connell, who refused to accept it, denying at the same time all intention of personal insult; his adversary threatened him with a blow. The friends of O'Connell decided that the duel should take place: the weapon chosen was the pistol and the aggressor was killed. O'Connell, struck with horror at his victory, repaired with his own and D'Esterre's seconds to church, swore solemnly that he would never fight again, and offered the widow of his adversary a pension equal to the annual income earned by her husband. The corporation of Dublin decided that the offer should not be accepted, and voted from its own funds the sum promised by O'Connell.

The Agitator has since been often reproached with entrenching himself behind this vow, to insult with impunity. The reproach is not well founded. The personal courage of the impetuous Irishman cannot be doubted; but it is certain that he has often wanted dignity, and has not well understood that in the exceptional position in which he has placed himself, decency in attack was the most imperious of duties. We even believe that latterly some of his sons or nephews have been obliged to fight for him.

We finally arrive at the most brilliant period in the life of O'Connell, and as it is better known than the others, we shall be more brief.

To the Association of United Irishmen had succeeded the Catholic Committee. A silk merchant of Dublin, named John Keogh, a man of capacity superior to his birth and education, had formed, sustained and directed its operations. At his death the Association lost nearly all its power and force, and the liberal promises of King George

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succeeded in dissolving it. These promises were eluded, and in 1823 the Catholics found themselves destitute of all principle of unity and centre of action, when O'Connell and Sheil, until then strangers to one another and even enemies, met at the house of a common friend in the mountains of Wicklow, and formed the project of raising the Catholic party from the abject state to which it was reduced. Some months after, twenty individuals assembled at the Dempsey tavern in Dublin, and formed the nucleus of that immense Catholic Association which, six years later, in 1829, embraced all Ireland, supported its decrees with the voices of seven millions of men, and forced from the Wellington and Peel administration, the memorable act of *Emancipation*.

A word on the organization of the *Catholic Association;* the *extra-legal* government of which we spoke in the commencement, which had its budget, its treasury, its lawyers, its proctors, its journalists, which in one day could raise all Ireland, which constituted itself the defender of the people, and the indefatigable controller of the acts of the English government, and which, by the influence of an entirely moral authority—and therefore the more powerful—succeeded in bringing order from disorder itself. A Central Committee sitting at Dublin, and composed of members whose mode of election varies according to circumstances, represented the Society and took all measures judged useful for the common cause. This Committee was regularly assembled, examined all the laws proposed to Parliament, discussed them, censured the acts of power and its agents, made resolutions, published them by means of its journals; in a word, acted as a regular Parliament of which it only wanted the power to make laws obligatory for all. The mode of raising the tax, which in 1825 was one penny, had undergone several transformations to escape the action of the English Parliament. Dissolved time and again as unconstitutional, the Association always renews itself, reforms itself under another name and with other forms, but the foundation is always the same. Thus in 1829, it was called the *Catholic Association;* in 1837, the *General Association* of Ireland; in 1839, the *Precursor Society*. It afterwards took the name of *National Association*. To enumerate the acts of this singular government, is to write the history of O'Connell; for the Association led Ireland, and he led the Association.

The first election of O'Connell was, without contradiction, one of the most audacious attempts of this power. The law, in imposing on all Catholics the obligation of swearing to uphold the Protestant supremacy, was by the act itself a genuine law of proscription, and no Catholic had ever offered himself as a candidate, when the association resolved to brave the law. The member from Ennis, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, of the Protestant religion, but Catholic in politics—that is, an honest man, in the language of the Irish—having accepted a place in the ministry, was obliged to submit to a new election; and it was then, in 1828, the Association decided that O'Connell should be his competitor, and that he, a Catholic, should present himself for the suffrages of the electors of Clare. O'Connell accepted this great mission, and an elective contest was opened which will be long remembered in Ireland, for it was there that it acquired the sentiment of its power.

On one side, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, accompanied by all the aristocracy of the country,—on the other, the Agitator, followed by an immense crowd of freeholders, preceded by priests, banners, and bagpipes, and making the air resound with its shouts: upon the hustings the two rivals addressed the populace. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald spoke of all the services rendered by his ancestors, of his own services, and of those of his old father, venerated in the county, and at that moment on the bed of death, and whose sufferings rendered the remembrance more touching. The crowd responded to the tears of the orator with tears of sympathy; but soon the voice of O'Connell was heard—that great voice which penetrates to the hearts of the masses, by turns, soft, vibrating, energetic, ironic, pathetic, coarse, and pitiless. Huzzas for O'Connell were heard from all sides, and the success of his election was certain. It is related, in reference to this subject—as an example of the power of the Association upon Ireland—that the Committee forbad this immense multitude to drink whiskey during the election, and that not a single man rebelled against the

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imposed obligation; a remarkable fact, when we take into consideration the propensity to drunkenness, which, before the advent of Father Mathew, so eminently distinguished the Irish peasant.

Six months after, the English government, frightened by so much audacity, determined to yield, and the emancipation bill was passed; and O'Connell did not fear to present himself at Westminster to claim his seat as deputy from Clare, invoking the benefit of a law passed after his election. On he 15th May, 1829, he made his first appearance in Parliament. England had already seen the Agitator, when, in 1825, he came at the head of a deputation charged to expose the wrongs of the Irish people. He had been received with applause by the people; and these same people, curious to see again the man who had filled Ireland with the sound of his name, lined the avenues which led to the houses of Parliament. O'Connell entered; the hall was crowded, and upon his refusal to take the old oath, the Speaker stated that the law of emancipation could not have an *ex post facto* action, and desired him to retire. He did so; and his election, after being subjected to a lively discussion, was finally annulled. After some days consecrated to festivities, given to him by the Radicals in the London Tavern, O'Connell started to demand again the suffrages of the electors of Clare. His progress through Ireland was one long, immense triumph; forty thousand persons constantly surrounded the open carriage, from which the Agitator addressed them. At last he arrived at Clare, at one o'clock in the day, where he made a solemn entry, followed by the whole population of the county, in the midst of flowers, wreaths, torches, to the sound of noisy huzzas and the acclamations of the women, who waved their handkerchiefs and threw him boquets. Such triumphs worthily recompense great orators, and great defenders of nations.

The political physiognomy of O'Connell is rarely calmly appreciated. To the tories he is a *shameless mountebank*, an *impudent beggar*, a *snarling dog* that *deserves the rope*, &c. &c.; to the whigs he is a venal and dangerous man whom it is necessary to endeavor to purchase; to the radicals a friend not very sincere, of whom they should be upon their guard; to the majority of the foreign radicals O'Connell is narrow-minded, without scope, furnished with magnificent organs, a head imbued with old sectarian prejudices, a sort of Circe, half lawyer half priest, the worst species of alliance and association; to the Irish, O'Connell is more than a man; he is almost a god.

All these different modes of estimation are conceivable and explained by O'Connell's mobility, a mobility the cause and justification of which must be sought in the mixed position he has taken between legality and insurrection. O'Connell is neither a man of pure parliamentary opposition, nor of revolution; he is both by turns according to the case, for with him everything consists in obeying and resisting with discernment. O'Connell is not a humanitarian philosopher, because above all he is the man of his country, and Ireland has too may ills of its own to think of dissertating synthetically upon the ills of the human species. O'Connell is a Catholic first because he is an Irishman, and then because he speaks to Irishmen and for Irishmen. O'Connell has not caused his country to revolt, and though he could do so with a gesture he will not do it, for he does not think England sufficiently divided nor Ireland sufficiently strong to risk the initiative. Think of all the previous attempts where God has suffered the blood of the oppressed to flow in vain, think of the frightful responsibility which weighs upon the head of a single man, see this man who feels that the time draws near, but who recoils before the sacrifice of a whole generation, who hopes to die before the hour of battle, and comprehend the secret anguish of O'Connell.

If O'Connell has not given happiness and social life to Ireland, he has at least given it the sentiment of *strength in union*, and whatever may be the issue in the struggle to come, this sentiment will not perish. But O'Connell has done yet more, he has carried to England that which we unhesitatingly call the *contagion of Ireland*. The English aristocracy will be punished where they have sinned. They have had two weights and two measures; they have governed England in a good spirit although it was selfish, but they have reduced all Ireland to the same level of

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misery, and by that means have created at their side the most redoubtable of all democracies, that of *rags*, and democracy is an epidemic by nature and *rags* are not wanted even in England. If it is really true, that generations are accountable in blood for one another; if it is really true as a noble and harmonious thinker has said, that humanity always marches on a road placarded with these three words, "*Forfeiture, Expiation* and *Restoration*;" if it is really true that the crimes of castes, like those of nations and individuals, are free; but that the punishment of these crimes be it ever so slow, is fatal; if it is really true that for seven hundred years the English aristocracy have sent tyranny to Ireland, will they then have a right to complain when Ireland in exchange shall have sent them a Revolution?

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The markets continue to present the anomalous appearances consequent upon the artificial influence of government enactments on the course of trade. For the first time in the history of commerce money seems to have lost its power. It continues very abundant, and is eagerly loaned at cheap rates; notwithstanding which, the great staple products of the country not only are heavy at prices lower than ever before, but evince a constant tendency to fall still lower. Cheap as money is, it cannot be obtained for the labor of the farmer or the agriculturalist. On the other hand, all other descriptions of industry are receiving a remuneration far beyond what they have been accustomed to in the last four years. Stocks and domestic and imported goods command very high prices, and evince a disposition still further to rise. The uniform operation of a full currency is to cause a general advance in the money prices of exchangeable values; in fact, that advance in values is only another indication that the currency is full. When, however, we find the uniformity of that action broken in upon, and that a great number of articles, constituting a class, are lower and falling in value, while another large collection, forming another class, are high and rising, we have before us the proof that the natural action of trade and commerce is interfered with, and its operations deranged, through the agency of an arbitrary and artificial cause, which, seeking to benefit one set of men, necessarily inflicts a corresponding injury upon another and an antagonist set. This, in fact, is the declared object of the tariff now in operation. It is expressly declared that its intention is to "protect and encourage" manufacturers as a body. The meaning of "encouragement" is, undoubtedly, to give them, by the operation of law, benefits and profits which they could not derive through the exercise of their own skill and industry. It follows that the benefits and profits so conferred upon them are derived at the expense of those who have only their own industry and skill to depend upon, and a part of the proceeds of their energy and enterprise is thus taken from them to encourage a more fortunate branch of industry. When the tariff first went into operation, and for the six succeeding months, this effect was not very apparent in the range of prices. The only visible effect of the tariff was the great falling-off in trade, and the decline in the government revenues. Money continued to accumulate in great abundance, causing, gradually, an advance in the taxed articles; and, the exports remaining at a low figure, allowed stocks of produce to accumulate on the Atlantic border, thereby sinking prices. In our number for July, 1843, we gave a table of prices of produce in the New York market; we will now add to that table the present prices of the same articles, and the comparison will evince in how great a degree the agricultural interests have suffered.

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PRICES OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.

	June, 1840.	Dec., 1841.	July, 1842.	June, 1843.	July 15, 1844.
Ashes. per cwt.					
Pots,	4 50 a — —	6 — a — —	5 12 a 5 25	4 56 a — —	4 — a 4 6¼
Pearls,	5 50 a — —	5 50 a — —	5 50 a — —	5 50 a — —	4 50 a — —
Beeswax. per lb.					
White,	— 45 a — 48	— 50 a — 55	— 48 a — 56	— 38 a — 40	— — a — 48
Yellow,	— 27 a — 28	— 28 a — 30	— 28 a — 30	— 29 a — 30	— — a — 29½
Fish.					
Dry Cod, per cwt.	2 — a 2 12½	2 12½a 2 25	2 25 a 2 65	2 72 a 2 75	2 75 a 2 81¼
Smok'd Salmon, lb.	— 14 a — 16	— — a — —	— 14 a — 16	— 10 a — 12	— 9 a — 10
Mack'l, No. 1, bbl.	11 — a 11 25	12 25 a 12 50	11 50 a 12 —	9 — a — —	9 50 a 9 71
" No. 2,	9 — a 9 25	10 25 a 10 50	8 — a 9 —	7 — a — —	8 50 a — —
" No. 3,	4 — a 4 25	— — a 6 —	4 50 a 4 75	5 75 a — —	5 37½a — —
Shad, Conn., mess,	12 — a 14 —	12 50 a 13 —	6 — a 6 25	5 — a — —	— — a — —
Tar, per bbl.	1 50 a 1 56	1 62 a 1 87	1 50 a 1 62	1 25 a 1 31	1 44 a 1 50
Pitch,	— — a 2 —	— — a 1 62	1 25 a 1 37	1 25 a 1 31	1 12½a 1 25
Rosin, Shipping,	1 50 a 1 62½	1 18¾a 1 56¼	1 06 a 1 50	— 72 a — 87	— 58 a — 75
Turpentine.					
Wilm., Soft,	2 50 a — —	— — a 3 37½	2 50 a 2 68	2 25 a 2 50	2 37½a — —
Cotton, Upland, fair,	— 9 a — 9¼	— 9 a — 9¼	— 8 a — 9	— 7¼a — 7½	— 7⅜a — 7⅞
Lead. per lb.					
Pig,	— 3⅞a — 4⅛	— 4⅛a — 4½	— 3⅜a — —	— 3⅜a — —	3 35 a 3 40
Bar,	— 6 a — —	— 5¾a — —	— 5 a — —	— 4⅞a — —	4 — a 4 25
Sheet,	— 5¾a — 6	— 5¾a — —	— 5 a — —	— 4⅞a — —	4 50 a — —
Beef. per bbl.					
Mess,	14 — a 14 25	7 50 a 8 25	7 — a 7 50	7 50 a 8 —	5 — a 5 50
Prime,	9 75 a 10 —	4 50 a 5 25	2 50 a 3 50	5 50 a 6 —	3 — a 3 25
Pork. Mess,	14 75 a 15 25	9 25 a 10 —	7 75 a 9 —	9 25 a 10 50	8 62½a — —
Prime,	13 — a 13 50	7 — a 8 —	5 25 a 6 50	7 50 a 7 62	6 62½a — —
Lard, per lb.	— 10 a — 10½	— 6½a — 8	— 6¼a — 7¼	— 5¾a — 6	— 5¼a — 6
Butter.					
Prime Dairy,	— — a — 15	— 15 a — 17	— 10 a — 11	— 7 a — 9	— 8 a — 10
Ordinary,	— 7 a — 10	— 10 a — 14	— 6 a — 7	— 5 a — 6	— 7 a — 7½
Cheese, Amer., (new)	— 6 a — 6½	— 6½a — 7½	— 6¼a — 7½	— 5 a — 6	— 5 a — 5½
Hams, smoked,	— 10 a — 11	— 6 a — 9	— 4 a — 5	— 6 a — 7	— 3 a — 7
Flour, per bbl.					
Western Canal,	4 50 a 4 62½	6 25 a — —	5 94 a 6 —	4 75 a 4 81	4 37½a — —
Ohio and Michigan,	4 25 a 4 37½	6 12 a 6 25	3 75 a 5 88	4 62 a 4 69	4 12½a 4 18¾
Baltimore, How.-st.	4 87½a 5 —	6 50 a 6 62	6 — a — —	4 44 a — —	4 50 a — —
Georgetown,	4 87½a — —	6 50 a 6 68	6 — a 6 12	4 44 a 4 50	4 50 a 4 62½
Rye Flour,	— — a 2 50	— — a 4 25	3 50 a 3 75	2 81 a 3 12	2 75 a 3 —
Indian Meal,	— — a 2 87½	3 12 a 3 25	2 81 a 3 —	2 75 a 3 —	2 50 a 2 62
Wheat, per bush.	— 95 a 1 —	1 20 a 1 35	1 25 a 1 28	— 90 a — 95	— 85 a — 90
Rye, Northern,	— 51 a — 52	— 80 a — 82	— 67 a — 63	— 58 a — 60	— — a — 61
Corn.					
Yellow Northern,	— 53 a — 55	— 68 a — 70	— 53 a — 60	— 53 a — 55	— 48 a — 50
Oats,	— 25 a — 35	— 43 a — 50	— 29 a — 35	— 26 a — 28	— 24 a — 25
Oil, per gall.					
Linseed, American,	— 62 a — 65	— 90 a — 93	— 83 a — 88	— 80 a — 85	— 74 a — 75
Whale,	— 30 a — 31	— 39 a — —	— 32 a — —	— 32½a — 33	— 37½a — —
Sperm, crude,	— 95 a — —	— 90 a — 92	— 62½a — 65	— 55 a — 56	— 90 a — —
Wool, per lb.					
Am. Saxony, fleece,	— 32 a — 33	— 42 a — 45	— 35 a — 45	— 30 a — 37	— 40 a — 42
Am. fullblood Meri.	— 30 a — 33	— 35 a — 38	— 28 a — 37	— 27 a — 30	— 35 a — 40
Am. ½ and ¾ "	— 25 a — 30	— 30 a — 33	— 25 a — 33	— 22 a — 26	— 34 a — 36
Am. Native & ¼ "	— 20 a — 23	— 20 a — 24	— 18 a — 25	— 18 a — 22	— 27 a — 29
Am. No. 1, pulled,	— 28 a — 30	— 32 a — 35	— 25 a — 32	— 22 a — 25	— 31 a — 32
Am. No. 2, "	— 18 a — 20	— 25 a — 27	— 12½a — 25	— 18 a — 20	— 24 a — 25
Tobacco, per lb.					
Kentucky,	— 4 a — 10	— 5 a — 9	— 3 a — 6½	— 2½a — 5	— 2½a — 6
Manufact'd, No. 1,	— 11 a — 15	— 12 a — 15	— 12 a — 16	— 10 a — 12	— 10 a — 15
" No. 2,	— 8 a — 11	— 10 a — 11	— 6 a — 10	— 5 a — 10	— 8 a — 7
Rice, per tierce,	3 — a 3 31¼	3 25 a 3 37	2 50 a 3 —	2 12 a 3 —	3 12½ a 3 37½
Molasses, N. O., gall.	— 23 a — 25	— 20 a — 28	— 16 a — 17	— 20 a — 22	— 28 a — 30
Sugar, N. O., per lb.	— 4½a — 6	— 4½a — 7	— 3 a — 5	— 4¾a — 5¾	— 5¼ a — 7

An index to the large quantities of produce which come this year to market is found in the tolls collected on the large channels of internal trade. The tolls of the Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania canals, this year and last, from the opening of navigation to July 1, have been as follows:—

	1843.	1844.	Increase.
New York canals, .	719,570	877,879	158,309
Pennsylvania " .	466,359	597,706	131,347
Ohio " .	138,175	228,593	90,618
Total	$1,324,104	$1,704,178	$380,274

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The rates of tolls this year have generally been reduced, hence the revenue describes a larger proportion in quantity, and it is observable that the largest proportion is derivable from produce coming to the market, rather than on merchandize going into the interior.

The rate for money continues low, and may be quoted at 4 *a* 4½ per cent. for regular discounts, or on stocks "at call." The state of business in the city is generally good, and the amount of mercantile paper created by no means so large as formerly for the same amount of business done. Therefore the demand for discounts from that source is small. The rate of foreign bills has declined to some extent, consequent upon the increased supply and the limited demand for remittances by the packet. The stocks of cotton have also greatly diminished within three or four weeks, and a large sum of money has been realized from that source, as well as from the payment of the July dividends by the Federal Government, the States of New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the dividends of corporate companies; also the payment on the part of New York of the loan due in July, 1845. The money for this purpose has been for some time on hand, and the comptroller, in consequence, advertised to redeem the stock by paying 2 per cent. premium on the 5 per cents, and 3 per cent. on the 6's, until after 1st July, 1844, when the premium would be diminished in proportion to the time to elapse between the offer for redemption and the maturity of the stock. This offer, by most holders, was accepted. From these sources the amount of money on the market has been sensibly increased, causing a fair demand for the sound stocks at firm prices. In the "fancy" or non-dividend-paying stocks, the speculation has subsided, accompanied by a considerable fall in their values. The money coming upon the market, mostly from stock investments, in the six months succeeding July, 1844, may be summed up as follows:

New York State debt of 1845	$1,500,000
" " State interest, semi-annual	600,000
Federal Government " "	650,000
Several Western States " "	900,000
Banks and Companies, New York and neighborhood	600,000
Total,	$4,250,000
Shipment 350,000 bales cotton	14,000,000
Debt of Federal Government, due Jan. 1844	5,562,000
Total supply	$23,812,000

The stock of cotton on hand in the summer months of this year, has been much in excess of last year, and has required an unusual sum of money to hold it. That cotton is now going forward with great rapidity. Another means of absorbing large sums of money from commerce, has been the enormous duties, which, upon a comparatively small amount of trade, have drawn from the merchants large sums, which lie idle in the banks or are employed by them in fostering stock speculations to their own profit. The amount of money thus lying idle on the 4th June, was, according to the Treasurer's report, as follows:

UNITED STATES PUBLIC DEPOSITES, JUNE 24, 1844.

	On deposit.	Subject to drafts outstanding.	Subject to be drawn for.
Merchants' Bank, Boston,	1,516,585 11	64,600 61	1,451,984 50
Bank of Commerce, New York,	1,870,472 23	448,194 24	1,422,278 09
Bank of America, "	1,327,519 05	79,372 66	1,248,146 39
Amer. Exchange Bank, "	119,280 52		119,280 52
Merchants' Bank, "	1,066,890 02	43,346 54	1,023,543 48
Philadelphia Bank,	688,843 09	122,164 23	566,678 86
Total three cities,	6,589,590 02	757,678 18	5,831,711 84
Elsewhere,	2,157,853 95	310,374 29	1,882,618 40
Total deposites,	$8,747,443 97	1,068,052 47	7,714,330 24

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These immense sums lying in the vaults of the banks have produced, in a great measure, those speculations in fancy stocks which have ended in such disastrous failures, within the last few weeks. The constant drain of this money from mercantile pursuits has had a great influence in preventing a movement in produce, and consequently has powerfully contributed to the low range of prices which it presents. Of the $7,714,330 now on hand, the amount due in January, 1844, on the Government debt, will be paid into the hands of those capitalists who subscribed it, and it will probably find re-employment, permanently, in some of the best State securities instead of, as now, temporarily at call on fancy stocks. It is no doubt mostly to be ascribed to the paralysing influences of these burdensome taxes upon commerce that no greater enterprise is manifest in the shipment of produce at their present low prices. Of the capital employed in commerce, 36 per cent. is constantly advanced to Government for the customs duties. Where $50,000,000 of imports are made, $18,000,000 of actual cost are immediately drawn from the capital employed and locked up by the Government in its deposite banks, until gradually paid out in all sections of the country for Government expenses and the payment of its debts. The outlay of the merchants is only slowly returned to them from the sale of their goods at advanced prices. The operation in this country where actual capital is inadequate to the wants of business, is to restrain operations in produce within the actual orders from abroad, or to the demand for remittance in return for the goods imported. On the other hand, if the level of duties was low and commerce enjoyed privileges of warehousing, not only would the capital employed in commerce be unimpaired by the exactions of Government, but the latter would receive cash duties for the goods admitted to consumption without the merchant coming under any advance for that purpose. The enterprising merchant would then have the means for purchasing United States produce for shipments abroad to an extent much greater than is now the case, a state of affairs which must necessarily have a great influence upon prices.

In our last number we remarked upon the new Bank bill of the British government tending to restore the currency to a specie level. The march of events in that country is such that every succeeding packet brings some important news in relation to the progress of liberal commercial principles. The government of Sir Robert Peel has been marked for its liberality and the concessions which it has made to the cause of commercial freedom; yet even he has not kept pace with public opinion, and his ministry sustained a defeat on the question of the duties on sugar—the reduction he proposed not being sufficient to meet the views of the House. On the 14th June, a resolution was submitted to the effect, that after the 10th November, 1844, the duty on sugar of British possessions should be 20s. or $4 84 per cwt., and 30s. or $7 26 per cwt. on foreign free labor sugar. On the division on this proposition 462 votes were cast; 241 for it and 221 against it, being a majority of 20 against the government, which had proposed a duty of 34s. or $8 26 per cwt. on free labor sugar, instead of the old duty of 63s. or $15 32 per cwt. This result was most unexpected, and the minister very distinctly threatened to resign if the vote was persisted in. On the following Monday, the Premier proposed an amendment to the resolution of Mr. Miles, viz: that the duty be raised to 24s. or $5 32 per cwt. instead of 20s. on British sugar, being a concession on the part of the government. The vote being taken on this proposition, it appeared that 488 members were present, and the division stood 255 for the minister and 233 against him. Thus there were 26 more members present than on the previous vote, and eight members only changed their vote, after so large a concession on the part of the government. The most extraordinary exertions were used to sustain the ministry, and the result showed that special privileges and close monopolies have had their day, or, as expressed by Mr. Goulburn, the chancellor of the exchequer, in his remarks on the resolution of Mr. Miles:

"The feeling of Great Britain is too strong to be resisted, and the time had arrived when private interests *must give way to the general benefit of the community.*"

This is a most extraordinary admission for an English minister, and evinces the fact that Britain will now act on the true principles of commercial

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freedom, and remove the burdens upon her own citizens, regardless of the oppression which other governments impose upon theirs. It is humiliating to know, that, while monarchical England is thus rapidly advancing the cause of popular freedom, republican America is suffering under burdens more grievous than those of any government of Europe.

The basis of the new sugar bill is of a singular character, inasmuch as it strives to make a distinction between sugar the growth of slave labor and of free labor. The existing treaties, however, between England and the United States forbid any distinction of this nature. Sugar, the growth of Louisiana, the produce of slave labor, has the right of admission on terms as low as the produce of the most "favored nation," and with the Empire of the Brazils a similar treaty exists, which, however, will expire before the new bill goes into operation. To meet the difficulty in regard to the United States, the new bill provides that sugar, the growth of any foreign country between which and Great Britain there exists a treaty embracing the favored nation clause, shall be admitted at the duty of 34s. per cwt., instead of the former duty of 63s., only upon the production of the sworn certificate of the shipper of the sugar, that it is the *bonâ fide* production of this country. This is intended for a guard against the export of Cuba and West India sugar to England, *via* this country, as the product of the United States. In the United States, a duty of $2 62½ per cwt. has been laid upon foreign sugar for the protection of the Louisiana planter. The production of sugar in that State is near 125,000,000 lbs., and about an equal quantity is imported from other countries, mostly Cuba. The new law of England would open to the Southern planter a market for his whole produce at high prices, were it not for the bar, interposed by this supposed protection, to the introduction of foreign sugar for consumption here. The English duty on Brazil and Cuba sugar is 63s. or $15 27 per cwt.: on Louisiana sugar it is 34s. or $8 24 per cwt.—a discrimination in favor of this country of $7 03 per cwt. The United States duty of $2 62 per cwt. operates as a bar to the substitution of foreign sugar for that of home growth, which might otherwise go to England, to an amount equal to $6,000,000 per annum, while the import of a corresponding amount would be paid for in domestic manufactures. An arrangement to that effect could easily be entered into with Cuba and the Brazils; which countries could the more readily be induced to discriminate against English goods, inasmuch as that country has cut off their produce from going into England. The import of cotton goods into Cuba and the Brazils, for 1842, was as follows:

	U. States.	France.	England.	Other places.	Total.
Cuba,	$80,905	245,046	631,944	547,529	1,505,415
Brazils,	558,300	941,156	9,614,668	614,435	11,728,559
Total,	639,205	1,186,202	10,246,612	1,161,964	$13,233,974

The export of cotton goods from the United States to the Brazils has nearly doubled in the last ten years. This is the effect of the descending scale of the compromise act in this country up to 1842, affording to manufacturers the sound encouragement of improved trade, and the strengthening of the channel of intercourse between the two countries through the free admission of coffee into this country. This latter circumstance has powerfully contributed to the supplanting of British goods in the Brazilian Empire with those of American production. The new movement of the English government simultaneously with the re-adjustment of the Brazilian tariff, affords a most favorable opportunity for the strengthening of the commercial intercourse between that country and this, widening the market for domestic manufactures as well as for flour and other agricultural produce, but unfortunately for all parties, by the imposition of an exorbitant duty on sugar, the United States had placed themselves in a hostile position to the Brazils, and the new tariff there has raised the duties as well upon American goods as upon those of all other countries. Thus this ceaseless and senseless war of material interests is kept up between nations whose welfare depends upon the harmony of their mutual intercourse.

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MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Our gleanings in the fields of literary enterprise the present month will be found rather inconsiderable; such as they are, however, we present them to our readers. Mr. Bancroft's fourth volume of his "History of the United States," comprising the American Revolution, based upon original and valuable materials never before used—including some highly interesting State documents, &c., is, we learn, preparing for speedy publication: also, "The Chronicles of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," by Alex. Young, in one volume 8vo., uniform with the author's History of the Colony of Plymouth.

An interesting volume has just appeared from the press of Wiley and Putnam, by Professor Fownes of London, entitled "Chemistry as exemplifying the wisdom and beneficence of God." This admirable essay received the prize of one hundred guineas from the Actonian bequest by the hands of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

H. G. Langley is about to publish in one elegant volume, the exquisite Poems of Mrs. Barrett—simultaneously with the London edition. A certain critic describes the poetical writings of this author as being of empyrean order—eminently ethereal and beautiful.

A new tale, illustrative of Western life, is on the eve of appearing, entitled "Ellen Woodville:" it doubtless will find its way to numerous readers whose knowledge of domestic life in the far-west is almost as limited in the Atlantic cities of our own land, as it is in Europe itself. It is written in a felicitous style, and few works will prove more generally acceptable at the summer watering places, where our reading selections are specially made with reference to amusement.

Mr. Simms's long promised life of General Marion is now printed; the illustrations, which will render the volume very ornate and attractive, are nearly finished, so that the work will certainly be published during the present month. Few characters have stood out more boldly on our Revolutionary Annals, who have supplied more interesting and exciting materials for the historian, than that of General Marion: and it is not saying too much to claim for the work before us, no less the merit of accredited historical truth, than the most stirring and absorbing attributes of high-wrought fiction.

The first edition—a large one, too—has been already sold of "Corinne:"—a proof of the still existing favoritism with which the reading public regard this exquisite romance of Madame de Stael.

M. W. Dodd has just issued a very beautifully executed edition in 8vo. of the collected works of Charlotte Elizabeth: the first volume comprises half a dozen of her popular books, and is preceded by a critical introduction by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and accompanied by an engraved likeness of the author. The marked indications of favor with which the voluminous productions of this useful writer have been received, form a sure guarantee for the permanent success and value of this new and collected edition by Mr. Dodd.

Wiley & Putnam have the following works in press: "Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology." By James F. W. Johnston, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Part IV., completing the work, will be published in a few days. "Oracles from the Poets." By Mrs. Caroline Gilman. A fanciful diversion for the Drawing-room. 1 vol. 12mo. "Prayers for Children." 1 vol. With engravings, printed in a large clear type. Will be ready shortly. Rev. Mr. Cheever's "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of John Bunyan." Nos. XI. to XIV., which will complete the work. "Water-Cure for Ladies:" a popular work on the health, diet, and regimen of Females and Children, and the prevention and cure of diseases; with a full account of the processes of Water-Cure; illustrated with various Cases. By Mrs. M. L. Shew, revised by Joel Shew, M.D., Practitioner of Water-Cure. 1 vol. 12mo.

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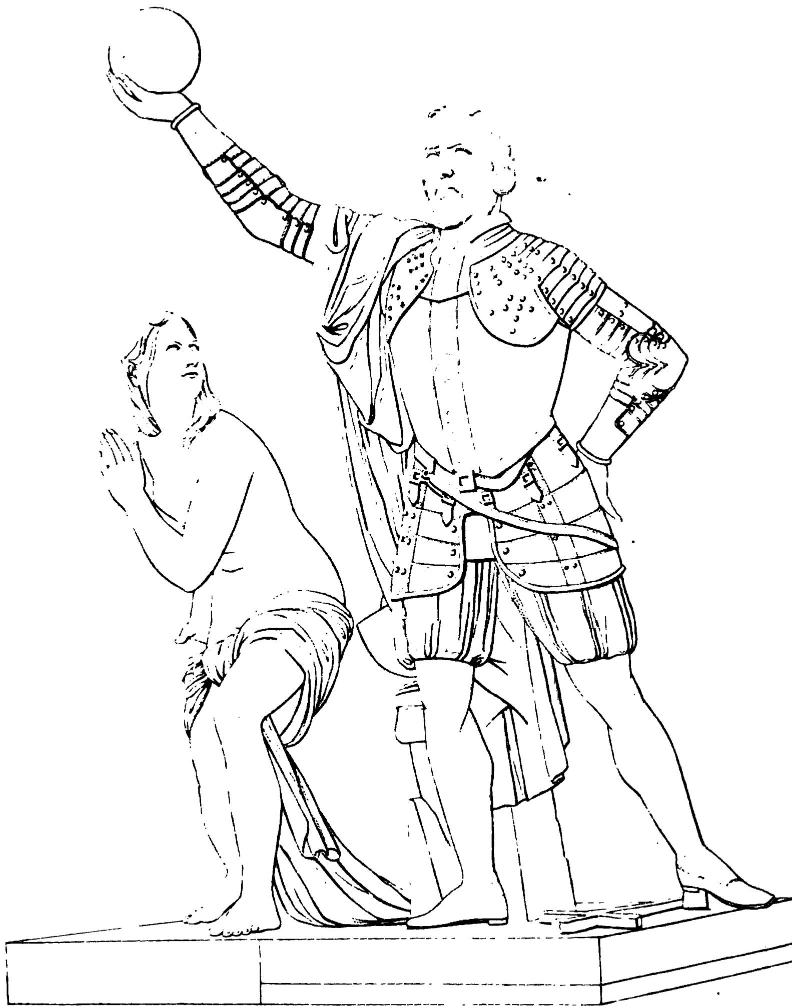

PERSICO'S COLUMBUS

(THE GROUP RECENTLY PLACED ON THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.)

Engraved for the Democratic Review by J.B.Forrest

Henry G. Langley 8 Astor House New York.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1844. No. LXXV.

TRUE THEORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF OUR SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.

The questions which arise out of the distribution of power, between the different branches of every regularly organized government, have always been amongst the most exciting, important, and dangerous. The stability, efficiency, and beneficence of every well-ordered government, depend upon the proper distribution of its powers; and the wise regulation of this question is the highest task of the statesman. In each country there are peculiar circumstances which modify the question in that particular case, and its difficulty increases with the extent of country and the diversity in interest of the people for whom a government is to be constituted. In our complicated system, which embraces so many great and various interests, this question presents increased difficulties, and assumes magnitude and importance to a degree perhaps unknown to any people who have preceded us. Whether we look at the actual requirements of the instrument under which we are associated, or to the wants of our people, in whatever bearing we may view it, this subject presents itself as the most important which can engage the attention of the American statesman; and yet it has never commanded that degree of general consideration which its importance merited. It has been too much the habit to consider the question as entirely theoretic, and to overlook its general importance to the whole confederacy, under the idea that the interest in it was confined to a small and peculiar political school. Unfortunately, the practical issues in relation to the division of power between the General and State Governments, have for the most part presented the rights of the States as obstacles to measures which many at the time believed to be expedient; and thus the very bulwarks which are indispensable for the preservation of popular supremacy in our system of government, have been too often mistaken for obstacles to the popular will. The importance of defending the inheritance from waste has been overlooked when the limitations in the deed necessary for that purpose have stood in the way of some temporary desire, which could only be gratified by making important sacrifices of popular rights and power. It is, however, cheering to perceive, that the importance of the constitutional division of power in our own system, to the whole confederacy, is beginning to be more generally appreciated. The day, perhaps, has passed, when any man, pretending to the character of an American statesman, can hope by a sneer to excuse or cover his ignorance of the first and most important stages in the inquiry, which are necessary to a complete understanding of our system. He would be considered as a little more than arrogant, who should now seek to direct the machinery, when he professed entire ignorance of the mode in which power is applied and distributed amongst its parts. The impression is daily becoming more prevalent amongst the friends of popular supremacy in our government, that the democratic strongholds lie behind those very bulwarks which our fathers reared to protect the rights of the States. That party which seeks to transfer power from the many to the few, seems, from the first, to have perceived that the de-

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fences of the rights of the States and the people were, to a great extent, the same; and they have ever acted as if they believed that they could not destroy the democratic principle which pervades our institutions, until they had robbed the States of their sovereignty, and of the powers reposed in them under our system of government. Why it is that those who desire to destroy the democratic tendency of our institutions, should seek their object through the consolidation of all power in one General Government, we shall hereafter endeavor to explain; but for the evidences of the fact, we refer to the history of all the great questions which have divided the Republican and Federal parties, from the adoption of the constitution up to this time. Upon all these occasions, we have seen that the Federal party, in order to attain their ends, found it necessary to increase the powers of the General Government at the expense of the just rights of the States, by constructions of the constitution which (as we believe) were false, and calculated to pervert the true objects of that instrument. Their whole theory of our government has been conformed, not to the constitution, but the secret objects of their pursuit. They maintain that there is one consolidated American people, whose sovereignty is represented by the General Government, which, as they assert, is constituted, through some or all of its departments, the supreme and final judge of its own rights and powers. To secure this position, they deny that our constitution is a compact, or that there now exist separate parties to it. They deny that there is any separate sovereignty in the people of the different States, or that there exists any right of resistance, or countervailing legislation, in the States, no matter how palpable might be the violations of the constitution; but each individual is remitted for relief to the General Government against its own aggressions, or else to his original right of rebellion (if right it can be called), and such separate means of resistance as his own ingenuity may devise. If they can thus make the Federal Government, through some or all of its departments, the supreme judge of its own rights and acts, and sweep from its path the only parties able and competent to resist it, they accomplish their main object in securing its undisputed approach to unlimited power. For the rest, it would be wonderful, if the even necessary ambiguities of every written instrument would not enable them to make some show of claiming under the constitution powers which were really usurped, when there existed no parties on the other side who were competent to refer the dispute for adjustment to any tribunal, other than the very government which was accused of usurpation. These first steps in their progress are to them the objects of the most real and practical importance, and, accordingly, it is upon this debateable land, that most of the battles between the States Rights party and themselves have been fought. It is here, then, as to the origin and source of the powers of the State and Federal Governments, that our investigation should commence.

For ourselves, we maintain that there has existed before and since the adoption of the present constitution, a separate sovereignty in the people of each of the States; that this constitution was established by a compact between these distinct sovereignties, who ratified and adopted it in separate conventions, which represented their several sovereignties; that the States are the only parties to this compact, who agreed each with the others to exercise jointly with them certain specified powers, through a common agency, or General Government, without prejudice to their rights to use their other powers of sovereignty through their own special and separate agents; that this General Government was thus made by the adoption of each distinct sovereignty the government of that State to the extent of its express authority, and no further, to which it stands in the relation of a joint agent, and not as a party or judge under the compact; and that it is the government of all, because it is the government of each, and not the government of each because it is a part of the whole; in other words, that it derives its powers not from an aggregate, but from separate and distinct sources. The authority of the General Government (as we hold) over the citizens of the States, rests upon two foundations. First, to the extent of the granted powers, it has within the State the authority of the simple social compact which binds the members of a particular society, for it was adopted by a convention represent-

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ing the entire sovereignty of the State. Next, and to the same extent, its authority has the additional sanction of an international treaty between the separate States, which agreed to exercise a portion of their sovereign powers jointly and through its agency. Should a citizen of any State resist, in his individual capacity, any authorized act of the General Government, he violates not only the obligation of his social contract to the people of his own State who adopted this government, but he also violates the obligations of a treaty between his own and other States, which is binding upon him. Should a State, through a convention, and in its sovereign capacity, resist an authorized act of the General Government, it violates its obligations to the co-States, with whom it entered into a compact to sustain such acts, and a case is raised to be determined by the principles of national and natural law. But to the General Government it is not responsible for this violation, for that government was no party to the compact, but, on the contrary, its creature, and might be rightfully destroyed by the State its creator, if it were not for the obligation to the co-States to maintain it, according to the terms of the constitution. But, in that case, the individual responsibility of the citizen to the General Government has ceased, for he has been absolved by his sovereign from the social obligation to obey it, and the violation of the obligation between the States is a question between those States, and not between him and any State but his own.

That there was a separate sovereignty in the people of each of the States, before the adoption of the present constitution, ought never to have been doubted. The separate settlement of the colonies under different and distinct charters—the separate colonial governments—their separate action during the revolution until the first act of confederation—the character of that confederated government itself, which was a mere agent of the State governments upon whom it acted, and not upon individuals—the address of Congress to the States, when the plan for a confederacy was agreed upon, which asserts that our continent was "divided into so many sovereign and independent communities"—and above all the 2d Article of Confederation, which declares that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence, and every power, jurisdiction and right, which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled"—and, indeed, the general nature of these articles would seem to place the question beyond a doubt. Should any remain incredulous after such proofs, the mode of ratifying the present Constitution ought to be conclusive, for it was adopted, not by a Convention from the whole American people, but by separate Conventions from the people of each particular State; nor is our conclusion from this fact to be avoided, by supposing that the sense of the people was thus taken for convenience, as parts of one whole. If that had been the case, a majority of the States, or of the people counted by States, could have established the Constitution for the whole; and yet we know that no dissenting State was bound by it, and that the Constitution expressly declared, that if nine States ratified the Constitution, it should be binding between those States, from which the inference is clear, that those dissenting were not considered as bound. If the States then were separate, and the only sovereign parties existing, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, how was that instrument established, except by a compact, whose terms it describes? All governments are established either by force or compact, and ours was, notoriously; not established by force, it must then owe its origin to a compact, to which the separate people of the several States were the only possible and competent parties. That these were the views of the Conventions in the States, at the time, is evident from the acts of ratification. Massachusetts and New Hampshire expressly declare, that by their ratification of the Constitution, the States entered into a solemn compact with each other, and nearly all the States assented to the Constitution "in the name and on behalf" of their own separate people. The State of Virginia, in particular, declares that she assents, in the name and behalf of the people of Virginia, and by that assent, makes the Constitution binding upon "the said people." She thus makes it, not the government of the whole, but of her own particular people. It is clear, then, that the Constitution was established by a compact between the States, as

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separate and sovereign parties. Was there anything in that compact, which merged their sovereignties, and consolidated their several communities, into one American people, for all, or a part even, of the purposes of government? We think not. The sovereign is the supreme power in the State. The American idea on this subject, which lies at the foundation of all our institutions, is, that this supreme power rests not in any government, but in *the people*. This is too notorious to require demonstration, although the evidence is at hand, and easily accessible. It follows also, as a necessary consequence, that this supreme authority must be competent to the establishment of a complete government. Now the State Rights theory conforms not only to these ideas, which are considered as fundamental truths by every American mind, but also to the Constitution, and the history of the times. According to that theory, the people of each State are sovereign within its limits, and they have divided, not their sovereignty (which is impossible), but the exercise of its powers, between the joint agent of all the States, and its own special agent, or separate State government. From this sovereignty has emanated a system of complete government for the State, each branch deriving its authority within the State, from the same source, and each being paramount within its own sphere.

But the Federal theory of one American people, when taken in all its parts, is inconsistent with truth, and with all our American ideas in relation to popular power. The rights of this one consolidated American people, if they exist, are limited to the powers of the General Government. Now, if there was no other government in the State of New York, for example, it would be manifestly incomplete for the wants of the people. The civil and criminal jurisdictions would be so defective, that they would suffer under the worst evils of anarchy. How is the want to be supplied? Not from the one American people, for all admit that they would have no authority upon these subjects. The necessary government could only be supplied by the people of New York themselves, which is admitting, that to this extent at least they constitute the supreme and sovereign authority in the State. If this be true, then they constitute the only authority in the State, for sovereignty implies supremacy, and there cannot be two who are supreme; for if there were two equal authorities, neither could be supreme, and there could be no single people who were sovereign, and competent to the establishment of a complete government—which would be contrary to the long established American ideas upon the subject. So evident is the impossibility of dividing sovereignty, that Burlamaqui, and other eminent authorities upon national law, have put the case of a sovereignty which agreed to exercise a portion of its powers, jointly with others, and decided that its sovereignty was neither destroyed nor impaired, by such an agreement. But this theory of our American people, which is a people for some purposes, and not for others, of a people in effect without sovereignty, represented by a Government, which it did not create, and cannot amend or change, is as much opposed to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, as it is to the American sentiment in relation to the legitimate basis of government. The fundamental conception, upon which this instrument was based, seems to be, that ours is a union, not of individuals, but of States, who are subsisting and sovereign parties to a compact, described therein, which is to be jointly executed by them, for their common benefit. The very preamble, which has been relied on, as evidence of the contrary theory, seems to us to support the foregoing supposition. It does not countenance the idea of a union of people, but of States; it does not say, *we the united people of the States*, as would have been the accurate mode of expressing the first idea, but "we the people of the United States," is the phrase, which clearly contemplates the union of States. To make this clear, it has described the people whom it contemplated as those who "do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Now it is known, that the people who established it, were the separate people of the several States, represented in distinct Conventions, and it is remarkable that this very preamble declares it to be a Constitution, not for the united people, or even the people, but simply for the *United States*. The word people, was probably used in this connexion, to mark the difference between the Constitution, which was sanctioned by the

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people of the States, and the old articles of Confederation, which were only sanctioned by the Government of the States,—a distinction which the framers of that instrument were likely to note. Nor is this theory of the united people to be sustained in opposition to the general spirit, and express terms of the Constitution, because the Federal Government operates upon individuals,—a foundation much too slender for such a superstructure, even were it a fact, which the State Rights theory could not explain. But in truth, it is perfectly consistent with that theory, and a result to which it would naturally have led.

The general government, as we have before explained, is as much the government of a particular State, New York for example, as the State government itself; the authority of each in that State is derived from the same source, and each is a part of a complete government for its people. The general government is as much the government of the people of New York, to the extent of its powers, as the State government itself, and there is an equal consistency and propriety in its operating upon its individual citizens. Take away these slender foundations for the doctrine of a united people, and nothing remains in the constitution to give it plausibility. On the contrary, the separate, and, as we think, the sovereign existence of the people of the different States is everywhere recognized by the constitution. From them as sovereignties, it derived its being; by them alone it can be changed; upon them, as States, its obligations are expressly imposed; and for their benefit and satisfaction it is to be executed. That the constitution was established by the several States in their sovereign capacities, most candid minds must admit. That it can only be amended by the States, as separate communities, is so clearly expressed in the constitution that none have denied it. The constitution thus clearly recognizes its creating power, not only for the past but the future, as residing in the people of the separate States; and by attributing to them the highest possible political power, admits in the most satisfactory manner their supremacy or sovereignty. That the obligations of the constitution are imposed upon the States, as States, and not upon individuals, or upon any one consolidated people, is clearly to be inferred from the 7th article, which declares that "the ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this constitution between the States, as ratifying the same." The nine States were thus bound to each other, as States, to maintain the constitution, and no such obligation on the part of any State to the general government, or of any individual to any State but his own, is referred to, nor can it be implied. The obligation to maintain the constitution, on the part of the individual citizen, is to his own State, which bound him in its convention; most of the States so expressed it, in the very act by which they ratified the constitution. There are also certain provisions in the constitution which must be regarded as treaty stipulations between the States, whose obligations can only be performed by their separate action, and cannot possibly be enforced or redeemed by the general government,—such as the 10th section of the 1st article, and the 2d section of the 4th, which contain some provisions that must be construed in this light, and readily present to the mind cases in which the remedy can only be found, in the faithful performance of their mutual obligations, by the separate States themselves. The existence of such a class of stipulations would seem to be enough to prove the subsisting and separate sovereignty of the States, who are thus bound to each other. We ought to be still more strongly confirmed in this view, if we shall find, upon further investigation, that the general government can only maintain its existence through the separate action of the States in their corporate capacities, and that the provisions of the constitution are such as seem to look exclusively to the States as the parties to the compact, for whose benefit it is to be executed. And yet, such must inevitably be the results of that investigation. Without State legislatures there could be no federal senate, for it is by those bodies that its members must be elected. The regulation of the manner of electing the President is also exclusively confided to the State governments. In the distribution of power, the States are the parties guarded against the encroachments of the general government. All powers not expressly granted to that government, are reserved to the separate States, and these reserved powers are

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amongst the highest which pertain to sovereignty. They include the right of preserving public morals and protecting private property within the State, and to a great extent the power of developing its physical and intellectual resources. Now, the reservation of rights as against the grantee in the deed, and the annihilation of the separate parties who were to enjoy them, is an absurdity hardly to be imputed to the wise men who framed our constitution. Especially when we see that the compromises of which it is full all relate to State interests, and not to those of individuals or classes. "The duties, imposts and excises are to be uniform throughout the United States;" and "no preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another." The power, too, of controlling the joint agent or federal government, is also distributed in reference to the States as parties, and without any regard to the idea of a consolidated American people. The constitution declares that "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned amongst"—whom? The whole people? No; but "amongst the several States." This apportionment is thus made according to a certain arbitrary standard, agreed upon as a just measure of the strength of the several States in the federal government. This standard assumes neither wealth nor absolute numbers as the test, but a mixed rule, which the States agreed upon as the measure of their relative federal strength. In assigning to each State its portion of representatives, an unrepresented fraction is almost always left, and the sum of these fractions would always constitute a mass too considerable to be left without representation, if our government had, in truth, been established to represent a consolidated American people. In the senate, the distribution of power is still more clearly made between the States, as the principals for whom the joint agency is established. In that body the States are represented equally, upon the principle of a simple confederation. The mode of electing a President evidently refers to the same parties as principals. "*Each State shall appoint*, in such manner as the legislature thereof shall direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators to which the *State may be entitled* in congress." The power of controlling this election is distributed amongst the States, as States, and according to a standard fixed by compromise and contract. The assent of all these three departments is necessary to a law of the United States, and in this process, the sense of the States as such is at least once distinctly taken, and the concurrence of a majority of them made necessary for the action of the federal government. In making treaties and appointments, they have also a share of power, through the senate, in which they are equally represented. Now this whole distribution is manifestly irreconcilable with the idea of a consolidated people, who stand towards the general government as a principal to an agent; but it harmonizes precisely with that theory which we have been supporting. The power of selecting and thus controlling the action of the federal government is clearly distributed amongst the States, which is the highest possible proof that there exists between them the relation of principal and agent.

If we have been successful in our previous efforts, we have proved: that the States were separate and sovereign parties, who framed this constitution by compact; that there is nothing in that instrument to annihilate, but much to confirm their character as sovereigns; that the obligation of a State to maintain it, is not to the General Government, but to the co-States with which it contracted; that the only parties to the compact contemplated throughout the constitution, are the separate States in their corporate capacities; and that the General Government has almost every feature which could characterize it as the joint agent of the States, as principals. In sustaining these positions we have not relied upon the contemporaneous expositions of the constitution made by high authority, although many such were readily accessible. Amongst these, the celebrated resolutions of the Virginia and Kentucky legislatures in 1798–99, are perhaps the most celebrated To have entered fully upon this branch of our proof, would have extended this essay too far beyond its proper limits. We have chosen rather to prove the truth of our theory, by showing that it harmonized our position, not only with the leading American conception as to the sovereignty of the people, and the only legitimate basis of government, but also with the whole constitution, in its gene-

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ral spirit and intentions, and in all its provisions. We endeavored to demonstrate the absurdity of the opposite theory, by showing that it was grossly inconsistent with the general spirit and particular provisions of the constitution, and that, in effect, it annihilated the idea of sovereignty in the people. For, according to this theory, there exists no one people who are supreme, and therefore sovereign, within the bounds of any State, and consequently, that there is no one people to whom a citizen of a State can look as supreme and sovereign, in relation to all the powers of a complete government.

If our positions have been truly taken, it follows, as a consequence, that the authority of the General Government within a particular State, is wholly derived from the separate act of its sovereign people, whose agent it is to the extent of its delegated powers. To that extent, it is the Government of the State of New York, made so by the high authority of the people of New York. Should that people interpose through a convention, in their sovereign capacity, to revoke that agency, the revocation of that power is complete, so far as the individual citizen of the State is concerned; for a principal may, at any time, revoke a naked power, and the assent is now withheld, through which alone the individual was originally bound. So far as the agent is concerned, there is no obligation involved by the State; for a naked power may, at any time, be revoked; and it is the precise case of a State Government, altered or changed by a convention of the people of that State; nor is there any obligation to that agent, violated by the individual citizen, who was only bound through the State. But in the revocation of this joint agency by the State, its obligations to the co-States may be violated, and for their violation it may become responsible to them, not as united, but several States. There are cases between States to be settled upon the principles of national law, and the usages of nations; unless, indeed, there be some common arbiter, mutually agreed upon between them. Now, for such cases as these, no such arbiter has been appointed by the constitution; for, although the contrary has been asserted, there is nothing which constitutes the Supreme Court the arbiter in such controversies. That court is a part of this very agency which has been revoked, and whose existence and authority are in dispute. If its authority exists within the State which has revoked it, there is an end to the question, for upon that very fact was the issue to be tried From the very nature of the controversy it might, and often would be itself a party to the case. We know that this view has been stoutly contested, and that there are many who maintain that the Federal Judiciary is the supreme judge of the powers of the Federal and State Governments, upon the authority of the clauses of the constitution creating that department, and upon the 2d sec. of the 6th article, which declares that "this constitution, and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land." But these provisions are to be construed in reference to the whole spirit and meaning of the constitution, and not to the destruction of that general spirit, for the attainment of a particular purpose. Nor is it to be supposed that these clauses could have designed to give it jurisdiction, in cases in which it was itself the author, or at least a party in the wrong complained of. We may readily admit, that the constitution and laws *made in pursuance thereof*, are the supreme law of the land, and yet assert, that laws made in opposition thereto are actually void. The laws made in pursuance of the constitution are supreme within the State of New York, for example, because, in relation to the granted powers, that government is the only government of the people of New York, and was made so by their own act. But it is equally true, that the laws of the State Government made in pursuance of the reserved powers, are also the supreme law of that State. Each is supreme in its own sphere, in part, but not in the whole. But to assert that either is supreme, in a dispute as to the boundary of their powers and jurisdiction, is to enable one to overwhelm the other, and to destroy all the land-marks between them. Accordingly, this construction was long ago repudiated by the Republican party, and Mr. Madison's argument on this subject, in his celebrated report of 1799, may perhaps be considered unanswerable. It has been justly argued, that such a con-

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struction would destroy the very essence and spirit of the constitution, which was founded on the idea of a division of power between the State and Federal Governments, that could not be maintained, if a branch of the latter were the supreme judge between the two. It has been shown, too, that the powers of this judiciary itself were limited, and that the reservations to the States of powers not granted, were reservations against the General Government, in all its departments, legislative, executive, and judicial. It has been pointed out as a clear result that this constitution would nullify all the limitations upon the power of the Supreme Court itself, as it was thus made the supreme and final judge of its own rights and jurisdiction. In this way, we should erect a tribunal, perhaps as despotic as any people have ever known, and defeat the highest ends of the constitution itself.

The only plausible mode of accounting for so immense and improvident a grant of power, was the supposed desire to provide an arbiter for the peaceful adjustment of disputes between the States or individuals, which might arise under the constitution. But it has been repeatedly shown, that most important cases of violations of constitutional obligations might occur, which could not be reached by the Federal Courts, according to the opinions of all, even of some of its own judges. A case must be presented in some judicial form, before that court can take cognizance of it, and yet there may be many cases of important violations of the constitution, which cannot be made to assume such a form. The constitution forbids the States to enter into agreements or compacts with each other, to grant titles of nobility, to keep standing armies, to lay impost duties, &c., without the consent of Congress. "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." Now it is easy to conceive of violations by the States of all these obligations, in modes which would not present a judicial case for the Federal courts. The general government is prohibited from the exercise of any power not granted by the constitution, and yet it might expend money in an unconstitutional mode, to the manifest loss and injury of some of the States, and yet present no case which could possibly be reached by the Federal judiciary. Now, these are cases of violation of the constitution of the most important and exciting character, which are confessedly without the reach of the Federal jurisdiction. It is not therefore to be supposed, that the framers of the constitution designed to make this judiciary supreme as against the sovereignty of a State, for if such had been their design, they would not have left the most dangerous cases in which the rights of a State might be invaded beyond the sphere of its jurisdiction. Neither is it to be supposed that this institution was so paramount as to induce them to risk or sacrifice for it, the great object of a division of power between the State and Federal governments, for, in that case, they could not have left the means for attaining this purpose, so incomplete.

The most that can be claimed for the Federal Court, with any degree of plausibility, is its supreme right to judge so far as the parties to the case are concerned, so long as its jurisdiction is not contested by a rival judiciary, deriving its authority from the same source, or whilst it is not contested by a State in its sovereign capacity. The framers of the constitution did not make the absurd attempt to settle disputes between equals by giving to one of them supreme authority to adjust the difference. Those wise men well know, that between equal and coördinate authorities, and especially between confederated sovereignties, cases would occasionally arise, in which a spirit of compromise, if made necessary, would prove the true conservator of peace and justice. Nor did they contemplate the idea of a government or a single branch of that government which should have more authority within a State, than the sovereign people who created it; such an idea would have been as inconsistent with their system, as it is with the true conception of popular sovereignty. The whole authority of the Federal judiciary, within a State, is derived from the assent of its people in their sovereign capacity, and when that is withheld, the individual citizen is absolved from the obligation to obey it To have attempted to arm that judiciary with the power to confine its decrees in such cases, would have invested it with the power of war, confided to Congress in the case of foreign nations, and not contemplated as between the States. This attempt would have led to far

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more evil, than it would have cured, and accordingly, it has not been made.

Should difference unhappily occur between the sovereignties which are too deep or bitter to be healed by that spirit of compromise in which our constitution had its being, it is not by the Federal Court that they can be settled. What their ultimate remedies ought to be, it is not our province now to inquire. We dismiss that unpleasant subject, because its further investigation is unnecessary here, and we trust that it can never again assume the shape of a practical question. It is enough for us to excite the vigilance of those who stand to guard the sanctuaries of popular power from profane intrusion, for in them will be found the chief elements of strength and security for our system.

Having investigated to some extent the origin of the constitution, and the obligations which it imposes between the States, we turn now to the instrument itself, to ascertain the nature of the government which it creates, and the leading ends which it proposes. It is founded, as is manifest to all, upon the idea of a division of the powers, necessary for a complete government, between the State and Federal authorities. The powers of the latter government are expressly confined to those granted in the constitution, and it presents every feature of a limited agency. To it are confided the relations of the States with foreign nations. The powers of peace and war, of concluding treaties, and of regulating commerce with foreign nations, are exclusively entrusted to it.

The States are expressly prohibited from making treaties with foreign nations, or indeed with each other. Each enjoys the protection of the combined strength of all in its foreign relations, and each shares equally in the benefits or mischiefs of common treaties, and common regulations, which are imposed upon their intercourse with foreign nations, by their common government or agent. The dangers to the peace and welfare of the States, which would invariably arise out of their separate action with foreign powers, are thus removed, by all the means within the reach of human wisdom, and this perhaps formed the highest and leading inducement to the adoption of the present constitution. For this purpose, the power of raising armies and navies, and of imposing taxes, was confided to this common agent, which was so constituted and limited as to afford every practicable guaranty that it would distribute the burthen necessary for its objects, equitably among the States. As we said before, the whole end of this class of powers was, *to ensure our system of States the advantages of their combined strength in their foreign relations, and to place them upon equal terms in sharing the consequences of that intercourse.*

But there was also another object, of perhaps as much importance, and sought with nearly equal care by the provisions of the constitution. Experience had shown that the States, in their separate legislation upon the subject of commerce, might often be brought into errors and dangerous collisions. The selfish attempts of some to secure indirectly an undue share of the benefits of mutual intercourse, or to tax the commerce of others, might lead to a war of restrictions or unjust discriminations, which would be alike destructive to all. The interior States openly expressed their fears, that those on the Atlantic border would endeavor to tax or regulate their foreign trade; and it was apprehended that these collisions might result in opposing serious obstacles to the free exchanges of commerce. To remove these dangers the power of regulating commerce, not only with foreign nations, but between the States, was given to the General Government. The States were prohibited from laying duties either upon exports or imports, without the consent of Congress; from impairing the obligations of contracts, or from making anything but specie a legal tender; and it was especially provided that the citizens of every State shall have in each State the privileges of its own citizens. *Trade was thus made perfectly free throughout the Confederacy, and the States were placed upon equal terms both as to Foreign and Domestic commerce.* To secure this object still more effectually, the general government or joint agent was invested with power over the subject of bankruptcy, and the power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures. A common standard of weight and common measure of quantity and value were thus provided for, regulating the commerce which was to be free, and common to all within the

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Confederacy. There is scarcely an express grant of power to the general government which does not relate immediately to one or the other of the two leading objects which we have ascribed to the constitution.

Foreign intrigues and interference, which had proved so baneful to all former confederacies, were thus debarred an entrance into ours, so far, at least, as human wisdom could effect that purpose. Still more baneful, if possible, had been the consequences of the attempts made by individual States to build up their own prosperity, at the expense of their confederates. This, too, was prevented by those wise provisions, which, if faithfully observed, will require each State so to use its own rights as not to injure the equal rights of another. A joint government and compact which attains these ends, will secure the States against foreign aggression, and maintain peace and justice in their relations with each other, as far as it is possible to effect these objects. Under all the circumstances of their condition, it is difficult to conceive any objects but these for which it would have been wise in the States to have agreed to exercise their powers through a joint agent. To have gone beyond the necessary objects of the confederacy would have hazarded the whole, and the fewer sacrifices of local feeling and interest which were required to maintain it, the more likely it was to endure. But this arrangement, which left important powers to the separate States, and reposed in them the trust of developing their own resources according to the particular circumstances of their own people, did not satisfy the federalists then, or since. They clearly perceived that each State government was left a sort of citadel of popular power, and would increase the difficulties of supplanting it. They accordingly sought all the opportunities of construction which every written instrument affords, to enlarge the powers of the general government beyond their true limits. They first seized the 1st clause 8th section of the 1st article of the constitution for that purpose, and maintained that it endowed Congress with the substantive and specific power of providing for the common defence and general welfare of the United States, by all the means which could conduce to such ends. A phrase, which was obviously designed to limit and explain the ends of the taxing power, was construed as an absolute grant of power. It was easily shown that such a construction would annihilate the great ends of the constitution itself, and defeat its avowed purpose of restricting the powers of the general government, and of reserving to the States all that was not granted. The result of the issue thus presented to the people, was such as to drive the party from that ground, and since then they have relied mainly upon the clause which provides that Congress shall "make all laws which shall be necessary and proper, for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof." The powers intended to be granted by this clause were unfortunately incapable of a precise enumeration, and any general description, however aptly expressed, must have afforded room for wide differences of opinion. The federalists, who believe it politic and expedient to consolidate as far as possible, all the powers of government in the general branch, have endeavored to effect their object by an enlarged and latitudinous construction of this clause, which grants what are called the implied powers. By seizing upon all the powers which were even remotely connected with those expressly granted, they would be able in the end to strip the States of their most important attributes, and consummate their most cherished purpose of consolidating all power in a great central government. To trace some connection between a power which they desired to exercise, and some other expressly granted power, and then to use that power for other ends than those contemplated in the grant of the specified power, has long been a favorite device. On the other hand, the republican party have always maintained that no power can be fairly implied, if such a mode of construction would have the effect of destroying what were manifestly the leading objects of the constitution itself. An implication of power that would enable the general government by similar reasoning just as well to exercise all the important functions reserved by the States, or which would destroy its character as a limited agent, must manifestly be a false construction, as it would defeat the very plan of the constitution,

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and make nugatory the great mass of its provisions. So we may, perhaps, add that no power is to be implied as an incident when it is as important or more important in its character than its supposed principal, for then it is to be supposed that it would have been expressed, as there was as much or more reason for specifying the former than the latter, if it was intended that it should be exercised by the federal government. But all admit that powers which are necessary or proper for the use of a specified power, may be implied, if that construction harmonizes with the great and acknowledged objects of the constitution. The limitation, therefore, which is imposed by the Republican creed upon the implied powers is, that this construction must harmonize with the whole instrument and its general intention. The power, when thus fairly implied, must be used bonâ fide, for the single purpose of exercising the principal of which it is an incident, and not for other objects, which are foreign to that purpose, however desirable in themselves.

The powers thus derived by implication must be both necessary and proper; and "proper" here is manifestly a word of limitation. The exercise of this implied power must be proper in view of all the considerations of the constitution, its clearly expressed grants and limitations, and its general spirit and intention. It must be "proper," too, in reference to all the parties to the compact, and their constitutional position in relation to each other. To these considerations this word "proper" points as the boundaries within which Congress must exercise its sound discretion, in the selection of the means which shall give the Federal Government the full use of its own specified powers, without impairing the rights clearly reserved to the States. To show that this strict mode (as it has been termed) of construing the clause giving the implied powers, would enable the General Government to attain fully its two leading objects, as heretofore explained, would take us beyond the proper limits of this essay, and into the history of the practical issues between the parties of the past and present time. But although that inquiry is impossible here, we willingly trust to the sentence which any impartial and accurate examiner will pronounce, after he has made the scrutiny for himself. If this strict construction should be found to arm the General Government with all the means necessary to accomplish the ends of the Confederacy, it must be admitted to add to the stability of the Union, as it requires fewer sacrifices of local sentiment and interests to maintain it. But, unfortunately, these differences of opinion in relation to the powers of the General Government are not to be settled by the establishment of fair and rational rules for the construction of the constitution. If the objects of inquiry with both parties were confined to the discovery of these rules, their differences might be easily adjusted, but, unhappily, the real grounds of separation between them have a much deeper foundation. They differ in their views as to the nature of the government which it would be most proper to establish. And as a man inclines to the government of the few or the many, he is perhaps too apt to lean to a broad or strict construction of the constitution, in relation to the powers of the General Government, for in this, as in other cases, the wish is often father to the thought. That those who distrust popular government have always inclined to this latitudinarian construction is a fact fully proved by our past political history, and that the limitations upon the trust confided to this joint agent were designed for the very purposes of rendering this form of government consistent with the rights of the people, and the protection, peace and harmony of the States, may be easily made obvious.

Any attempt, when our constitution was formed, to have embraced so many various interests, and so great a population and extent of territory, under one popular government, concentrating within itself all the powers of a complete government, would have been manifestly absurd. There was nothing in past experience, or in sound political theory, to have warranted such an experiment. The first condition of a popular government is, that those who are to be affected by a law shall control it either mediately or immediately. Now in such a government as that supposed, it is manifest that laws would often be enacted which would affect a part only, whilst they were controlled by the whole, most of whom had no knowledge of the circumstances which should have governed, and could have

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no share in the sufferings which they might occasion. The only idea upon which popular governments are founded would thus be violated. To attain this end it is also necessary that those who enact a law should be responsible only to the people whom that law affects, which is impossible when the whole controls what affects only a part. To maintain popular sovereignty in a government it is essential that the people should exercise an intelligent and superintending care over their representatives, for without such vigilance they are constantly liable to deception, and the laws are not emanations from their will. Now this species of superintendence would have been manifestly impossible in a government embracing interests so vast and complicated as that just supposed. The people of all the States would often pass upon subjects which affected only one, and they would either act carelessly and ignorantly on that regard, or else, to discharge their duties properly, they would be forced to study as many subjects as would afford ample occupation for the entire attention of a statesman, wholly devoted to such pursuits. The essential limitation upon the capacity of a people for self-government is, that they should be homogeneous, or nearly so, in relation to all the national interests confided to the government which they are about to direct,—a consideration which effectually forbade the experiment of a single consolidated government for the confederated States. To make popular government practicable, under such circumstances, and to conform the various interests of our social system to the considerations just mentioned, was the arduous undertaking of our forefathers.

Their mode of solving this difficult problem resulted from the highest conceptions of the statesman, and may truly be said to belong to the diviner part of his art. They applied to our political system that principle of analysis, which had already wrought so much in physics, and accomplished results as wonderful as they were profound. They classified the various interests of the States. separating those that were peculiar to each, from those which were general and common to the whole; When the interests were common to all, all were jointly associated in their direction; and when they were peculiar or separate, they were confided to the States, whose people were homogeneous in relation to them, and when separate and exclusive management of them was likely to be the best, at the same time that it was rendered compatible with the just rights of the other States, by certain limitations upon the separate governments, imposed on the constitution itself. To the extent that our system of government classified the joint action of the people according to their homogeneous interests, the principle of self-interest was made to enforce the rule of doing as they would be done by, in their relations with each other, which is the highest achievement in practical government. By this contrivance, the people of New York, whilst they shared, through the general government, in the just control of interest common to all the States, which were simple and few, would find it necessary to consider only the separate interests of their particular State, which they alone could direct and of which they had a peculiar knowledge; with the separate interests of the other States, they were not embarrassed, as they would have been under one great consolidated government. The division of labor was thus made to accomplish as much in the political as in the material workshop. The whole direction of all the functions of a complete government could in this mode be intelligibly submitted to the people, and acting by parts, they promoted all the interests of the whole. A system of government was thus formed, which was capable of extending with the progress of the Anglo-American population, without jar or injury to the machinery, and with an increase of its strength, without the least diminution of its efficiency.

To say that they had fully accomplished all their objects, would be to claim for them an entire exemption from the fallibility of human agency. But we may safely say, that they have attained them to a wonderful and unprecedented extent, if the principles of the State Rights party should hereafter govern in the construction of the Constitution. That the popular supremacy in our whole system could only have been introduced by the division of power between the Federal and State Governments, is obvious on the least consideration; and it follows of course, that it is only to be preserved by guarding that distribution with religious care.

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But these were not the only ends which were necessary to be attained by this distribution of power.

Dr. Franklin, early in the session of the Federal Convention, endeavored to strike at an evil which he feared might ultimately lead us to monarchy, and which he said had been the universal attendant of all governments. "As all history informs us, there has been in every state and kingdom, a constant kind of warfare between the governing and governed, the one striving to obtain more for its support, and the other to pay less. And this has alone occasioned great convulsions, actual civil wars, ending either in dethroning the princes or enslaving the people. Generally indeed, the ruling power carries its point, the revenues of princes constantly increasing, and we see that they are never satisfied, but always in want of more. The more the people are discontented with the oppression of taxes, the greater need the prince has of money to distribute among his partizans, and pay the troops that are to suppress all resistance, and enable him to plunder at pleasure." We will not here attempt to decide upon the cure which he proposed, but there is certainly profound wisdom in his view of the evil. Mr. Madison, in the same Convention, often adverted to the difference in national interests, as the source of the greatest danger to the Confederacy. Both were right in their views to a great extent, and a palliation, if not a remedy for these evils, was indispensably necessary as a safe-guard to our institutions. There exists in every government, no matter how constituted, whether representative or not, a difference of interests between the *governing* and the *governed*—or as a high living authority has more amply described it, there exists in all governments, "a tax-paying and a tax-consuming party"—the latter deriving more from the taxes than they contribute towards it, and the former paying more than they receive in return in the shape of money.

It is the interest of the tax-consumer to increase the taxes upon which he lives—it is the interest of the tax-payer to diminish them to the sum indispensable for the establishments which are necessary to secure the moral advantages of government, which is the only consideration that he receives. The tax-payers being the most numerous, and entitled to most power in a popular government, it would seem to be easy to prevent the spoliations of the few. But the tax-consumers administer the government chiefly, enjoy greater opportunities for combination, and are animated by a keener interest in the object of pursuit. They can calculate upon the assistance of that party, always existing to some extent, who prefer the government of the few to that of the many. They can enlist, too, one portion of the people to plunder another, and they increase their mercenary corps by every unequal law which confers on some favored class a peculiar privilege, or more than they pay in return. Here is the great source of conflict under which all governments have suffered, and from which most of them have decayed. Whenever the tax-consuming party acquires the supremacy in a government, its period of decline commences, and will terminate in utter ruin, unless force intervenes to prevent it. In popular governments, these conflicts are especially dangerous. The objects of these governments are first defeated, and then the popular powers perish with them, either through the direct usurpation of the few, or the anxiety of the people to take refuge, even in monarchy, against the evils of such an oligarchy. Our government is particularly exposed to this danger, from those differences between its sectional interests, which excited Mr. Madison's apprehensions. The tax-consuming party readily seize upon these differences, to enlist whole sections of the confederacy under their banner, by affording them a share of the plunder, under the specious pretexts which are used to disguise unequal and unjust legislation. The patronage, the powers, the spoils of the splendid government which they direct, are dispensed to buy off the leaders, or divide the popular party itself. These stakes may become so splendid that parties will play for them alone, and divide no longer upon moral and political considerations which relate only to the common good. Once disturb the equilibrium which equal laws maintain in a society, and its institutions, if popular in their form, decline from that moment; and, although its first stages may be easy, and nearly insensible, yet, if not arrested in the beginning, they will continue to accumulate velocity, until they are precipitated in ruins. These evils, so clearly

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foreseen by the framers of the constitution, were guarded against in that instrument, and we have in it every security against them which human wisdom could devise, if we will only adhere to it faithfully. These remedies consist in the distribution of power between the States and General Government. To guard against these combinations in the latter, when, alone, they could be extensively injurious, the field of operations is limited, as far as was possible. That government was confined to a few great and leading objects, in relation to which the people of all the States were nearly homogeneous. The opportunities for unequal legislation, and the chances for sectional disputes, were thus diminished. A strict responsibility of the representative to the people, was, in a great measure, secured by confining him to objects, in which his own immediate constituents had a direct interest in his legislation, and in his legislating justly. The work of supervising the representatives, was made easy to the people by dividing the labor, and giving to those of each State the exclusive guardianship of their own separate interests, which they best understood. To diminish temptations to a selfish ambition, the General Government was stripped of all unnecessary patronage, and as far as was consistent with the two great ends of the association, heretofore described, the distribution of honors and office was left to the States, that they might have something with which to reward their own favorites and especial friends. Every provision which could be inserted in the constitution to diminish the chances of unequal legislation, it contains; and the organic structure of the General Government itself is such as to distribute its influence upon just terms amongst the States, and to prevent the enactment of any law which does not combine a majority of the people, and of the States of the confederacy. Above all, the people of each State are organized with a separate government, to guard its peculiar interests, and to warn its people of any breach of trust in the joint agency, or of any other danger which may threaten them. It is this division of the functions of a complete government between two, which has effected the wonders of our political system. The tax-consuming parties in the State and Federal governments are thus divided, and in the same degree rivals and sentinels upon each other; the chances for unequal legislation in the branch where there is most danger of the government of the few, are diminished as far as possible by the limitations upon its powers; the labor of superintending the whole operations of government is thus facilitated, by dividing it amongst the people who act together or by parts, according to the extent of their homogeneous interests, and a citadel ready garrisoned is furnished in each State for the defence of popular rights generally, and of its own separate and peculiar interests. It is no longer surprising, that those who prefer the government of the few, should oppose a system which preserves a popular stronghold in each State. They cannot change the form or spirit of our government, except through the tax-consuming party, and therefore, they desire by construction to remove all the obstacles to unequal legislation in the general government, and to strengthen particular classes or interests, through whom they may carry on a social war with the masses. Above all, it is indispensable to their ends to destroy, as far as possible, the power and importance of the State governments, of the separate States; for they are, whilst maintained, the impregnable fortresses of popular power, ready for legal and organized resistance to usurpation, come from what quarter it may. The democratic party, on the other hand, who desire the government of the many, have the strongest inducements to maintain the just and constitutional division of power between the Federal and State governments, and to require both to be administered upon fair and equal principles.

It is in unequal legislation that the tax-consuming party lives, and moves, and has its being; and whether that legislation operates unequally upon sections, classes, or individuals, its effect, although different in its degree, is the same in its nature. The man who chiefly desires to preserve the rights of the States, and he whose interests are concentrated in perpetuating the rule of the many, must, under our political system, use the same means to attain their ends. There is a necessary connection between the two, and a house is divided against itself, when they are

[*Concluded on page 320. In the passage of this Number through the press, this space was left, to be filled in with this article; but overrunning the space reserved for it, and not admitting of curtailment, it has been deemed best to ransfer the concluding page to the end of the Number.*]

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THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country. We had seen
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnepiseogee; and had gone,
With sunrise breezes, round the leafy isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off water-falls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Resting its bases on the abutting crags,
Sprung its light arch, sun-gilded and serene,
Across the deep abysm. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and, bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agioochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills—the far sea of Casco
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain-range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken
By the perpetual beating of the falls
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

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* Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in the style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connexion of the newly-wedded pair.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

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There were five souls of us whom travel's chance
Had thrown together in these wild north hills:—
A city lawyer, for a month escaping
From his dull office, where the weary eye
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged streets—
Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take
Its chances all as God sends; and his brother,
Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining
The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,
Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed
By dust of theologic strife, or breath
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;
Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking
The hue and image of o'er-leaning flowers,
Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,
Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,
And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in truth, a study,
To mark his spirit, alternating between
A decent and professional gravity
And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often
Laughed in the face of his divinity,
Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined
The oracle, and for the pattern priest
Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,
To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,
Giving the latest news of city stocks
And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning
Than the great presence of the awful mountains
Glorified by the sunset;—and his daughter,
A delicate flower on whom had blown too long
Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice
And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,
Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts' bay,
With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening leaves
And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,
Poisoning our sea-side atmosphere.

It chanced
That as we turned upon our homeward way,
A drear north-eastern storm came howling up
The valley of the Saco; and that girl
Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,
Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled
In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams
Which lave that giant's feet; whose laugh was heard
Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green islands,
Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly drooped
Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn
Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the north,
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home;
And while the mist hung over dripping hills,
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops all day long
Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm
Went angling down the Saco, and returning,

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Recounted his adventures and mishaps;
Gave us the history of his scaly clients
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations
Of barbarous law latin, passages
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh
As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire
Where under aged trees, the south-west wind
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin white hair
Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,
Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,
His commentaries, articles and creeds
For the fair page of human loveliness—
The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text
Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.
He sang the songs she loved; and in his low,
Deep earnest voice, recited many a page
Of poetry—the holiest, tenderest lines
Of the sad bard of Olney—the sweet songs,
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,
Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing
From the green hills, immortal in his lays.
And for myself, obedient to her wish,
I searched our landlord's proffered library:
A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures
Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them—
Watts' unmelodious psalms—Astrology's
Last home, a musty file of Almanacs,
And an old chronicle of border wars
And Indian history. And, as I read
A story of the marriage of the Chief
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,
Daughter of Passaconaway who dwelt
In the old time upon the Merrimack,
Our fair one, in the playful exercise
Of her prerogative—the right divine
Of youth and beauty, bade us versify
The legend, and with ready pencil sketched
Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning
To each his part, and barring our excuses
With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers
Whose voices still are heard in the Romance
Of silver-tongued Boccacio, on the banks
Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling
The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled
From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes
To their fair auditor, and shared by turns
Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone
To the fair setting of their circumstances—
The associations of time, scene and audience—
Their place among the pictures which fill up
The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust
That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,
Pilgrims of Romance, o'er the olden world,
That our broad land—our sea-like lakes, and mountains
Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung
By forests which have known no other change
For ages, than the budding and the fall
Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those

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Which the old poets sang of—should but figure
On the apocryphal chart of speculation
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,
Rights and appurtenances which make up
A Yankee Paradise—unsung, unknown,
To beautiful tradition; even their names,
Whose melody yet lingers like the last
Vibration of the red man's requiem,
Exchanged for syllables significant
Of cotton-mill and rail-car,—will look kindly
Upon this effort to call up the ghost
Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear
To the responses of the questioned Shade:

I.—The Merrimack.

Oh, child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,
Leaping grey walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze:
No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shadowed, by Amoskeag's fall
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood
The bark-builded wigwams of Pennacook stood,
There glided the corn-dance—the Council fire shone,
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung;
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets, and bright wampum braid.

Oh, Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

II.—The Bashaba.*

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And turning from familiar sight and sound,

* This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance.

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Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
 A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,
Led by the few pale lights, which glimmering round,
 That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;
And that which history gives not to the eye,
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush, supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,
Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,
Tracing many a golden line
 On the ample floor within;
Where upon that earth-floor stark,
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
 And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,
Woven of the willow white,
Sent a dimly-chequered light.
 And the night-stars glimmered down,
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
Slowly through an opening broke,
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
 Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,
By the solemn pine-wood made;
Through the rugged palisade,
 In the open fore-ground planted,
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,
Stir of leaves and wild flowers blowing,
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,
 In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba,
Held his long-unquestioned sway,
From the White Hills, far away,
 To the great sea's sounding shore;
Chief of chiefs—his regal word
All the river Sachems heard,
At his call the war-dance stirred,
 Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,
 Lay beside his axe and bow;
And adown the roof-pole hung,
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung
 Grimly to and fro.

Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook.—*Mass. His. Col.*, vol. iii., pp. 21–2. "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, &c. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdome, and to these the Devill appeareth more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation.*

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Nightly down the river going,
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
  O'er the waters still and red;
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As, with quicker step and lighter,
  From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,
And a Panisee's dark will,
Over powers of good and ill,
  Powers which bless and powers which ban—
Wizard lord of Pennacook,
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,
When they met the steady look
  Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the grey squaw told,
When the winter night-wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
  And the fire burned low and small,
Till the very child a-bed,
Drew its bear-skin over head,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
  On the darkening wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding
Under earth or wave, abiding
In the caverned rock, or riding
  Misty cloud or morning breeze;
Every dark intelligence,
Secret soul, and influence
Of all things which outward sense
  Feels, or hears or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,
At his bidding banned or blessed,
Stormful woke or lulled to rest
  Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;
Burned for him the drifted snow,
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
And the leaves of summer grow
  Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old!
Now, as then, the wise and bold
All the powers of Nature hold
  Subject to their kingly will;
From the wondering crowds ashore,
Treading Life's wild waters o'er,
As upon a marble floor,
  Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements,
With their sterner laws dispense,
And the chain of consequence
  Broken in their pathway lies;
Time and change their vassals making,
Flowers from icy pillows waking,
Tresses of the sunrise shaking
  Over midnight skies.

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Still, to earnest souls, the sun
Rests on towered Gibeon,
And the moon of Ajalon
  Lights the battle-grounds of life;
To his aid the strong reverses
Hidden powers and giant forces,
And the high stars in their courses
  Mingle in his strife!

III.—THE DAUGHTER.

The soot-black brows of men—the yell
  Of women thronging round the bed—
The tinkling charm of ring and shell—
  The Powah whispering o'er the dead!—
All these the Sachem's home had known,
  When, on her journey long and wild
To the dim World of Souls, alone,
In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling
  They laid her in the walnut shade,
Where a green hillock gently swelling
  Her fitting mound of burial made.
There trailed the vine in Summer hours—
  The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell—
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold—
  It closes darkly o'er its care,
And, formed in Nature's sternest mould,
  Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,
  Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,
And, still in battle or in chase,
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his foremost tread.

Yet, when her name was heard no more,
  And when the robe her mother gave,
And small, light moccasin she wore,
  Had slowly wasted on her grave,
Unmarked of him the dark maids sped
  Their sunset dance and moon-lit play;
No other shared his lonely bed,
No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes
  The tempest-smitten tree receives
From one small root the sap which climbs
  Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,
So from his child the Sachem drew
  A life of Love and Hope, and felt
His cold and rugged nature through
The softness and the warmth of her young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang
  Bemocking April's gladdest bird—
A light and graceful form which sprang
  To meet him when his step was heard—

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Eyes by his lodge-fire large and dark,
Small fingers stringing bead and shell
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—
With these the household-god* had graced his wigwam well.

Child of the Forest!—strong and free;
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,
Or struck the flying bird in air.
O'er the heaped drifts of Winter's moon
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way;
And dazzling in the Summer noon
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of spray!

Unknown to her the rigid rule,
The dull restraint, the chiding frown,
The weary torture of the school,
The taming of wild nature down.
Her only lore, the legends told
Around the hunter's fire at night;
Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,
Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill
With which the artist-eye can trace
In rock and tree and lake and hill
The outlines of divinest grace;
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest
Which sees, admires, yet yearns alway;
Too closely on her mother's breast
To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be
Of common, natural things a part,
To feel with bird and stream and tree
The pulses of the same great heart;
But we, from Nature long exiled
In our cold homes of Art and Thought,
Grieve like the stranger-tended child,
Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air,
To cloud the light of Fashion's room
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweet-briar on the hill-side shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose!

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo
Their mingling shades of joy and ill
The instincts of her nature threw,—
The savage was a woman still.
Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,
Heart-colored auguries of life,
Rose on the ground of her young dreams
The light of a new home—the lover and the wife!

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* "The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit who presides over the household."

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CRITICISM IN AMERICA.

By W. A. Jones.

Periodical literature certainly flourishes in this country, if no other kind of writing may be said to be in vogue. Newspaper literature forms a chief, if not the most important educational element in our national civilisation, and forms the staple reading of our people. Magazine literature also attracts a large body of the more educated classes, to whom it is more particularly addressed; while the Quarterly Reviews find considerably the best encouragement of the three, from their size, rare appearance, superior pretensions, and air of scholarship. For our own part, we love each and all of these: from the paragraph in the daily journal up to the elaborate and exhaustive analysis of the Quarterlies. As the Press is, then, so powerful an engine—one so available in every cause, and to be rendered so effective on any side—we consider it not an useless task to mark certain of its peculiarities, and not altogether to conceal certain of its equally obvious defects.

It is too late in the day to talk after the fashion of scientific discovery, of the critical character of the age. The fact is well known, arising, too, from a natural cause. In its present refined period of literary advancement, the world can afford (for a season) to repose on its former glories. It is by no means necessary to invent, when we have so much of real excellence already on our hands. The dramatist and the poet, the writer of fiction and the moral theorist, may well remain silent, since they cannot hope to surpass their predecessors in the same line. For history there is ever need, and no less for criticism: the one to record, and the other to judge. And for the minor kinds of literature, the occasion is perpetual in our Magazine writing, peculiarly adapted as that is to the taste of the present day. Articles have, in a measure, superseded books, as critics have, in a great degree, taken the place of book makers. There is and must be ever, according to Bacon, much "reading by deputy," and hence the necessity of good Reviews. Some books must be "tasted," according to the same profound authority, and by whom more skilfully than by the professed literary tasters—the regular critics? An able scholar will condense into an attractive essay, the subject matter of a long, and probably dull, treatise: for the reviewers, as a general rule, understand the art of composition much better than most of the authors they undertake to criticise. Macaulay, for instance, will give in an elaborate article much more than the essence of the book he is reviewing. He will tranfer to his close, compact and brilliant pages, the manners and customs, the characters and events, of the period, and in fine present a striking if not a grand historical picture.

We say that we have enough of poetry and the drama—we mean, of course, for the present. Let us master what we have; how very few have done that or ever will. Before calling for more new plays and poems, let us read and re-read the old standard works in this department of writing. Of this much we may be sure, that we have already classic models existing; can we be equally certain that contemporary authors will give us as good? We would be far from underrating true genius because it happens to be modern. It cannot be depressed. But we refer rather to the vain attempts of clever men, who may not be allowed to rival the great old masters of Art and Letters. Yet more especially do we refer to the unjust and querulous complaints of those who expect a new race of great writers in each succeeding age, whatever be its character, or whatever other channels there may be opened for conveying the energies of genius into different provinces of intellectual endeavor. The above we take to be a fair argument for the cultivation of periodical criticism; whose peculiar object, viewed in this light, should be to place the merits of old authors (many excellent ones are almost obsolete), in the best and truest light; to give proper credit to what is genuine in later writers, and not to fail, in particular, to exercise all the severity of critical justice against pretenders and presumptuous interlopers in the realms of literature. A certain false leniency, that

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eventually injures more than it assists, is too prevalent. Not that we can approve of the slashing style of mere satirists, who cut to wound: but the healthful counsel of the wise chirurgeon, who probes to heal.

In the present Article, we mean to attempt a sketch of the popular organs of opinion in this country, and with brief notices of the leading writers; in which estimate, we aim at pure justice and good faith, tempered by good feeling. Previously, however, we must allow ourselves the privilege of prefacing a few words, on the inexhaustible subject of criticism itself. Now-a-days, every other person we meet, reader or writer, often little of either, or something of the first, with nothing of the last, sets himself up as critic. In this great conflict of contrary, ignorant and prejudiced judgments, the public at large, unacquainted with the sure marks of the true judge of literary excellence, are as apt to follow the impostors in letters, as the authorized teachers. It hence becomes a serious question, how are the latter to be known and distinguished? By these several signs; a thorough knowledge of the subjects, periods, characters, books, upon which they write; a mastery of the genuine spirit of the age—its needs, its aims, its faults, its tendencies; by a good, if not an elevated, standard of criticism—(some topics and classes of writing do not require a lofty standard); by generous justice, by genuine feeling, not mawkishness nor sentimentality, but sincere feeling—for a critic should have a heart as well as a head, a fact too often overlooked or forgotten; by a knowledge of rules, but no lack of the fit spirit to guide in the use or adaptation of them; by experience and skill in the art of writing. The true critic is as much fitted by nature and education for his office, as the poet is for his. With him, too, he must have a cordial sympathy, and a heart open to all the impulses of goodness and beauty. Truth and justice should be his leading guides, not pleasure or fancy; yet to express the noblest truth he must be much more than an exact didactic writer; a clear critic of Locke will form an indifferent judge of Milton (Locke himself made sad havoc when he attempted poetical criticism). To be truly fair, the critic must have an intimate sympathy with his author; Lamb only could write cordially of Donne and Burton. Hazlitt is the best expounder of Abraham Tucker and John Buncle, the old moralists and the periodical essayists. Hunt is best in writing on Chaucer and Milton's minor poems, &c. An interminable list of similar instances might be given, if necessary, but the point seems sufficiently clear. This matter of criticism is strangely misunderstood; people have singular notions of it, ideas very false and very foolish; with very many it signifies only severe judgment, and generally implies censure—a view, in point of fact, most egregiously one-sided.

What is public opinion? Is it formed by the critics themselves, or do they merely represent it? The reply to this question would seem to divide all critics into the two classes of representatives of the public opinion and original judges. Abstractedly and practically, the question is a nice one: how the popular judgment acts, and is in turn acted upon. The soundest thinkers hold the mass of their ordinary sentiments in common with the majority of sensible thinkers, and based on similar grounds. Into refined criticism more of individual feeling must enter, and the enlightened bias of liberal accomplishment. Yet even the boldest censor or most frank eulogist, does, after all, in a measure, reflect the opinions of others. Common opinion, like the common air, seems to color with an undistinguishing hue, the popular opinion. Like the atmosphere, the purest opinion is held by the best; while vicious sentiments certainly taint most readily the most depraved.

Happy, then, the critic, who, if he represents any beside himself, reflects the censure of the wise, the love of the sincere, the praise of the honest!—else his work will be evidently marred by hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Apart from these two classes of critics, there is a third popular class of fine writers on criticism, who are not properly to be styled critics. Writers of this description produce agreeable and even profound articles on the texts they select, rather than criticisms. They run a race of rivalry with the original author, and generally surpass him in his own field. Yet, as mere judges, they prove often quite unsafe, looking too much from their own point of view, influenced too deeply by per-

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sonal feeling, and misled by the prejudice of education or early prepossessions. We conclude, then, that there are almost as few judicious critics as there are good original writers, and we agree heartily with Pope, that—

"Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss."

One class of critics we have not yet described—the irregular critics (we use the term in opposition to the phrase "regular critics")—the self-elected critics of conversation, without the slightest possible pretension to the name.

A man of letters of the most limited experience cannot fail to have met specimens of this race—a most hateful, yet common, description of hangers-on of the literary republic. To the honor of the profession itself, we candidly admit, we have never met a true scholar with anything of this defect about him. He might be paradoxical, petulant, nay rude, but not palpably unjust nor ignorantly vindictive. Much of this false criticism springs from pique or personal malice. People who can do nothing else, can at least carp and censure. Those are notoriously the loudest in their abuse, who are the least able to do anything of themselves. We have several such cases in our eye, at present, and had drawn their portraits in the first rough draught of this Article; but the fact is, that these very sketches would fit so many people, that we apprehend a malicious reader would endeavour to construe plain speaking into downright libel. One only *thing* of the sort will we preserve: this specimen of the critical tribe is a functionary in one of our city institutions, notorious for his grumbling and discourteous manner, always reviling merit of every kind out of his own party. He professes (though an American citizen) to be in heart a British Tory; and, from a similar respect for authority, pretends a vast attachment for High Church principles and a strong government. His praise is just the opposite of his hatred; and his capricious judgments, like the fickle affection of tyrants, are of a piece with the whims of the man. This impudent Thersites is ever throwing dirt upon such men as Bancroft, Emerson, and Webster. Who, then, is his idol?—why, a respectable Knickerbocker, without enough brains to animate his heavy carcase—a man of wealth, of standing, of *respectability*, forsooth. To him, and such as he, this blustering braggart will defer, like a literary lacquey as he is; or, rather, like a literary eunuch—to borrow D'Israeli's illustration—who cannot enjoy the beauties (books) of which he has the charge. There is also (we may as well add, while we are about it) another of the same type, the son of a distinguished politician now dead, a man who lives on his father's reputation and on his wife's money, sneering at everybody who surpasses him, and we honestly know not his equal in all the characteristics of the mean bully; running about town to get certain family documents published, while he neglects to pay any regard to the only clever writer with whom he has any connection. This paltry fellow buys every new work (good, bad, or indifferent), while he declares himself to be too poor to subscribe to a magazine for which an acquaintance writes, whose rivalry he dreads. Old women (we mean real elderly ladies, and not such old women as those we have been describing), who are deficient in education, are very savage critics. We have heard one of them remark, that Webster was not superior to a well-known judge of one of our local courts; that Irving's "Astoria" (a delightful narrative) was unreadable; with a number of similar crude opinions. To say nothing disrespectful of really clever educated gentlewomen, who are above the reach of ridicule, we must still add, that the curse of bluestocking-ism has done not a little to hurt sound public opinion. At *conversaziones* and literary *soirées*, how much caballing and scandal exist, every person who has ever been present at an 'æsthetic tea,' must very well know. At such meetings, what a cockering up of small reputations, and what a dandling of infant geniuses! These small circles appear to enclose, for the evening, a world of wit and elegance—a perfect parterre of all the choicest flowers of eloquence and fancy.

In our last paper (Critics and Criticism of the Nineteenth Century), we glanced at the state of our current newspaper criticism: a notice not to be limited to the daily press, but applicable in a great degree to the larger critical organs of the country. This is by no means so much the fault of the Editors as of the public, who heretofore would

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not adequately sustain good criticism. The instances of the New York Review, the Corsair, the Plaindealer, and the Pathfinder (by far the best political journals), Arcturus, and the Boston Miscellany, ought to satisfy any doubt on this head. All fell through, certainly not for want of excellent matter and the purest writing, but solely for sheer want of a just proportion of public support. Magazines without a tythe of their merit, and especially devoid of the finer attributes of ingenuity, delicacy or grace (the object seems to be to find how thin a soil will answer for the production of magazine flowers), by mere dint of external circumstances (the accidents of the business), plates of the fashions (fit only for a tailor's monthly or La Belle Assemblée), and the most zealous puffing, have grown and flourished to rankness. Besides, the public taste is not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate the variety of talent requisite to fill agreeably the pages of a monthly journal. Neither is the public money directed as it should be, to reform this. Obviously, there should be an equitable division of labor, by means of which each writer might himself perform his own work well, instead of an editor doing it all ill. It is no credit for a magazine editor to turn out a monthly all of his own composition—tales, verses, criticisms, politics, satire, gossip, morality and religion. What a hodge-podge it must be! Such a fact proves only that the magazine cannot or will not pay proper contributors. A Review may be thus written, but not a magazine—which professes to be various enough to catch the desultory taste, especially of indolent readers in this hot midsummer weather.

In our present rapid view of contemporary periodical American literature, we shall commence with the Reviews and conclude with the daily papers. The North American Review furnishes the commonly received standard of our quarterly criticism; our Edinburgh and Quarterly combined, without the bad qualities of the latter. It is the oldest journal of the kind, now existing in the United States. It has been edited by certain of our foremost men, and can point among its contributors to many of our ablest scholars and best writers, at different periods in its history: the Everetts, Professors Palfrey and Sparks have presided over its fortunes and directed its course. Among their contributors, Dana, McVickar, Longfellow, and a number of our cleverest men, lawyers, statesmen, divines and professed scholars, are to be enumerated. At present the Review is in the hands of Mr. Bowen, a writer and scholar whose claims to scholarship and metaphysical ablity are well represented in a volume of his collected articles published not long since.—What is the tendency of this quarterly, its general character? To answer these queries, we must offer a criticism. The defect of the North American (to commence by stating its defect, is to end very soon all the complaint we have to bring against it and to allow ourselves leisure to praise with justice), has been its *literary toryism*, by which we would convey our impression of its apparent dislike to innovation and new writers. Its policy is a little too cautious: it lacks the one quality of boldness, hardly less essential in vigorous criticism than in oratory itself; an infusion of a happy audacity would bring out all its other elements intrinsically so valuable, into a more prominent light, solely by the force of contrast. We are far from meaning, by counselling boldness, to advocate the coarse vituperation of Gifford, the indiscriminate abuse of Cobbett, the foul libels of such sheets as the Satirist and the Age, or their imitators on this side of the water. But we would express a need of something more hearty and direct in its manner. To this general criticism, we must make some exceptions: still, the tone of the Review has been in general too mild, amounting almost to indifference. Its influence, for this reason, is by no means what it should be as the leading quarterly of the country: nor what it deserves for its really great merit; for the best style is to be found in it; the manner is invariably neat and elegant: the scholarship is as usually accurate and pervaded by a spirit of liberality and a spirit of humanity. Without a volume of the Review by us, we still have many capital papers in our eye and in our mind. To particularize only a few, there are the various critical miscellanies and learned digests of our vigorous, versatile and accomplished countryman, President Everett: a

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thorough scholar, able statesman, and fine writer. There are, too, the fewer yet equally elegant, if not so vigorous and comprehensive, papers of his brother, our classic Minister to England. Two papers of Dana's in particular, we recollect, on Moore and on Hazlitt's Lectures on the English poets; the latter a little harsh, yet both specimens of manly criticism. Two, also, of Longfellow's occur to us, a most appreciative notice of Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales, and a very brilliant paper on *Tegner*, the author of Frithioff's Saga. It must be confessed a bolder tone is visible in the later critical speculations of this periodical, which appears to prognosticate a revolution in its management. With a little more fire, the elegance, the scholarship, the integrity of this Review would be more favorably contrasted. Some of our cleverest pens are never to be met there, and we could name at least half a dozen to the Editor, who would add brilliancy even to the formidable body of the best writers for this quarterly, that are among the boast of our young but growing literature. The Boston Quarterly and Christian Examiner, originally one in spirit, though they have since diverged so widely, have never held the same position as the North American, except in the consideration of a single sect. Yet they have had writers and articles that rank even with the best foreign critics and criticising. Channing and Brownson, alone, are a host in themselves, and though unsupported, would have gained a first-rate reputation for any periodical in which they chose to write. We have had no review articles comparable to those of Channing, and no writer, who, *in his best phases*, surpasses Mr. Brownson in vigor and copiousness. We cannot say as much for the subtlety, fineness and discrimination (at least in literary criticism) of this latter writer. He writes too much, always to write well, or even satisfactorily to himself. He would not shift his ground so often, did he exercise a more deliberate judgment before making up his opinions. The political and personal integrity of this gentleman, we believe to be of the purest dye; yet from a constitutional restlessness of temperament and great logical acuteness (like Chillingworth) he reasons himself out of and into almost every conceivable creed and system. We by no means attribute this vacillation of purpose to mere fickleness of disposition, so much as to excessive intellectual activity, and great fairness of mind, which, detecting some good in every party and doctrine, is fearful of not doing ample justice to all. We must confess, that we shall be nowise surprised to hear of a hearty recantation of his present opinions, strongly as they are now advocated. For speculation and luminous criticism, we look upon the Christian Examiner as truly admirable. Many articles, like those on Cudworth, Henry More, and Spinoza, have appeared in its pages; and whenever we look for a clear, penetrating view on any metaphysical system or question of theoretical ethics, we are not disappointed. Of the purely religious journals we cannot be expected to speak for that very reason. A Review, partly such at first, though from the very first its literary character strongly predominated, contained in its early volumes a few really able articles, though eventually it fell into a heavy and slovenly manner, losing its original editors and its best early contributors, by whom it was resigned to an inefficient substitute and inferior writers. The first four numbers, in particular, contained papers from the pen of E. A. Duyckinck, Esq., on Crabbe, Mrs. Hemans, George Herbert, Goldsmith, and Giles Fletcher, in their peculiar view of graceful sentiment and *descriptive* criticism (rather than *analytic*) of a character never surpassed in any American periodical, and perhaps equalled only in the papers before mentioned of a somewhat similar cast, by Professor Longfellow. The easy manner, gracious amenity, delicate fancy, choice taste and subtle humor, of this our most tasteful poetical critic and classical essayist, are perfectly fresh and unstudied, and hence perfectly delightful. This fine writer requires but the stimulus of necessity, of which, unfortunately for us, though happily for him, he is free, to put forth powers at once elegant and manly, in the fields of periodical writing, to secure a position in that select list, which includes the names of Hunt, Hazlitt, Elia, and Campbell.

Of the Southern Reviews, we know too little to speak of them with any certainty: for which reasons we preserve a prudent silence.

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Our Magazine Literature is, has been, and, as we suspect, ever will be, much richer and more original than the literature of our quarterly journals. The causes for this superiority are plain. Much greater variety of style and sentiment, and a wider variety of classes of writing are requisite in a miscellaneous monthly journal than in a purely didactic and critical quarterly. Invention, wit, humor, fancy, imagination; tales, sketches, characters, criticism, poetry and politics, find their appropriate niches in a Magazine; while the Review admits only of essay and criticism, historical sketches and philosophic discussion. A good Magazine, like a well furnished arsenal, "all ranged with order and disposed with grace" (the mere disposition of its contents is a matter requiring no little tact and judgment), should represent almost every class of writing and style; all compacted together by one spirit, and pitched upon the same key. This unity of sentiment admits of the widest diversity of manner. A first-rate number of the "Democratic," for instance, would have its poems by Bryant, Lowell and Whittier; its romances by Hawthorne; finished translations of German romance, or light sketches of manners from the French; criticism by Godwin, or Bigelow, or Duyckinck; and politics by Mr. Editor (to which, however, he is by no means restricted, as we have tracked him through the windings of fictitious narrative, the distinctions of a critique, statistical calculations, political argument and enlightened legislation), or Mr. Everett, perhaps his ablest literary vizier. The London Magazine, in its best day, had its Elia, Hood, Hazlitt, Proctor, and Opium Eater—without any extravagant boast, our good Maga can approach it very nearly, with its strongest forces.

Invariably a lighter character and vein is expected in Magazine writing, than in periodicals of greater pretension. Even its gravest disquisitions should be eminently readable. This is the prime requisite. Though the style should be quick and glancing, yet even levity is not precisely the thing; a little of it is sufficient. But there should be much condensed force and a brilliant style. Foppishness does not hit the mark: a mere string of conceits is as bad. Topics need not be as airy as soap bubbles, and as unsubstantial. Hazlitt wrote on the deepest themes for magazines, yet it is no labor, but the most delightful of tasks, to read his papers. One thing must be shunned, heaviness, dullness, prolixity. One should write in magazines or papers, only on what he is master of: in reviews, occasional cramming is not so blameable, and may be necessary to eke out an article. Poetical quotation and long prose extracts make up some review articles, which stuffed up in this way always remind us of turkeys prepared for grand dinners or suppers, without a bone in their bodies, but filled with oysters and condiments. In the space that remains, of the present essay, we shall attempt a history in miniature of our magazine literature, thus far.

Since the days of the "Portfolio," edited by Dennie, and the "Analectic Magazine," which contains the elegant short biographies by Irving, the Magazine literature of the country has advanced wonderfully. The earliest monthly journals were, in fact, mélanges of selected literature rather than original magazines. The reprint of review articles and adversaria, with occasional short lives and occasional paragraphs, made up the contents of the volume. Dennie's prose papers, so highly lauded at the time as models of Addisonian prose, are now surpassed daily by contributors to the penny press. Not to go very deeply into the exact chronology of a portion of our literary history, that still remains not as clear as it should be, we can but deplore in the end of a paragraph the ill fate of so many of our clever periodicals. In England similar literary talent would not be so sadly at a discount. In this list we shall select only the best: as, the joint production of Bryant and Dana, so full of admirable prose and verse: the magazine of Sands, full of his humor, shrewdness, and scholarship; the "New England Magazine," and its successor (we believe), the "American Monthly," in which we first imp'd our wing in juvenile critical flights; and last of all, the two best magazines that have yet appeared (the "Democratic" *only* excepted), "Arcturus" and the "Boston Miscellany," to both of which we had the gratification of being enrolled as constant contributor, and whose editors we rank among our choicest literary acquaintances.

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The "American Monthly" had good writers, some capital ones, Hawthorne, and Hoffman, and Felix Merry, and was not badly edited. We retain a regard for it; but "Arcturus" and the "Miscellany" were magazines of a different stamp. The criticism and essay writing, of the "New York Monthly," the best of it, were the products of the same fine mind, whose effusions in the "New York Review," we have already noticed; while the humorous satire of the senior editor fully sustained his department of the magazine. Mr. Auld was much the strongest of the occasional contributors, and he has furnished some of the best things in the work. A selection from the three volumes, would make an excellent octavo. Its Boston rival was conducted during its short career, by a manly scholar, a fair critic, and an honest man, Nathan Hale, who, assisted by Lowell, Willis, Hawthorne, his accomplished uncles, and a capital translator of German tales and sketches, has enjoyed the felicity of conducting the most classic magazine of New England. How happens it, that that refined community cannot support a great magazine? The "Dial," by the way, has lately stopped, in which have appeared some of the choicest morceaus of Emerson and kindred minds.

Of the ladies' magazines, we might say a great deal more than we shall; they deserve, in fact, very slight attention. They have had first-rate names on the covers, but the contents are hardly answerable. The author of the "Spy" and the "Pilot," for instance, has furnished the "Autobiography of a Handkerchief," which is a miracle of prolixity and—but let the reader try to wade through it, and he can easily finish the sentence. After a great trumpeting of Mr. Dana's name, at last appears, what? Why, a trifle of a love song—the least characteristic of anything of his, we have seen. And so of other writers. The mass of the matter is inanity itself and the veriest nonsense. Such they will probably continue, until they are edited by proper writers. Booksellers and publishers cannot be expected to have had the literary training that fits a man for the office of editor. They cannot be expected to place a just estimate on the value of literary labor, to appreciate the requisite skill, or to ascertain the precise claims and standing of a writer. Few publishers resemble Murray and Moxon, Chambers and Constable. The foolish notion of prefixing plates of the fashions, to a literary periodical where they are entirely out of place, and the abortions of prints in place of good engravings, tend to damn this class of publications still more effectually. It appears to us, that the only fit ornament of the sort to be admitted into a monthly journal, is, the head of a celebrated man of letters or public character, or occasionally, as a study and by way of an education for the eye, a drawing from the antique. The Southern magazines, like most Southern writing, are very flashy: with great pretension, they exhibit very meager performance. The same general criticism would apply to college magazines and any other of the class we may have possibly omitted. Magazines pay much better than Reviews, but nothing like so well as the daily press. It is something, however, to find good paying literature of any sort, in this country of starved authors and poor scholars. In our boast of the universal diffusion of knowledge, we neglect individual cases of learning and scholastic ability.

Of local magazines, we have but two now existing, worth the name, the "Knickerbocker" and the "Democratic Review." We shall endeavor to speak of both of these with fairness and without prejudice, though we may be pardoned for seeing what is best, in our favorite monthly. The "Knickerbocker" (if we are not misinformed) is the oldest: one of its first editors, if not indeed its very first, was Charles Hoffman, one of the cleverest descriptive writers in elegant prose we can name, and the author of numerous copies of lively, sparkling verse, beside. The original feature of this monthly was, that of a New York Magazine, as its name implied; but that individuality has since been merged in a more general and cosmopolitan character. Among its writers are to be numbered our very best, Bryant, Longfellow, Irving; Elia-sketches of Mr. Carey, the witty descriptions of Prof. Sanderson, the humorous pictures of Harry Franco, and the finished paintings of Mr. Street. Many other clever writers have contributed, from time to time, whose names we cannot now recall, writing merely from memory. The "Knickerbocker" is more truly a Miscellany than a Maga-

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zine; *i. e.*, its contents are more various and separate, and less in agreement with each other, while in the "Democratic Review," there is a prevailing tone of sentiment and an unanimity of spirit existing between all the writers for it.

The concluding niche, we reserve for our Magazine, as the best critics, both in and out of the country, of both parties, freely allow: and as we have not judicious Mr. Editor by our side, to expunge anything which may offend a genuine modesty (the accompaniment of as true worth and ability), of which we trust he will not curtail us should he see this ebullition of personality before it is irrevocably in print (half of the time he can't make out our scrawl, so we shall hope to escape his eye this time, as we have done before). The Democratic can not only boast of the strongest writers, but also, in many instances, of the best writings from their pens: the poems of Lowell and Whittier: the criticism of the critics of Lucian, Shelley, and Sydney Smith: the allegories of Hawthorne, the polished paraphrastic versions of Everett, with his keen and elegant pen: the Indian researches of Mr. Schoolcraft: the antiquarianism of Mr. Saunders: spirited translations from French and German; the occasional lucubrations of Butler, Bancroft, and indeed, almost every clever writer of the great Democratic party; to say nothing of the various and skilful labors of the Palinurus of the bark. If with this array of names and articles worthy of them, this Monthly does not deserve (as it indeed holds) the first place, we know not the journal among American Magazines that does.

We shall offer nothing further in condemnation of too much of the current newspaper criticism beyond our strictures of last month. We are, however, aware that much may be honestly said in palliation of its defects. The Editor, in most cases, has too much work put upon him: very seldom, is there anything like a fair division of labor. Too often, politics, news, city gossip, theatrical criticism, notices of new books come from the same hand which indites paragraphs on pictures, the streets, and the health of the city. Museums, music, merchandize, mechanic's institutes, medical reforms and medicine, church history—to exemplify the motley topics of a single sheet—come under his eye. Then, too, everybody expects praise of course, and so much private influence is made for a complimentary sentence, that if the plain truth is told but once in ten times, the poor critic must make at least one enemy.—Unfortunately, too, the situation of parties, the bias of partizan feeling, can hardly fail to influence even literary criticism, though they fall into this sin to a much less extent in this country than in England. There the government press has found itself, year after year, the foulest party tool.

American Editors, as a class, form a body of shrewd, sensible, active thinkers and writers, with a dash of humor, a fund of ready pleasantry, and include, among the better ranks, some of the finest minds and most gentlemanly men, in this or any other country. Newspapers bring together all the floating talent in the professions, no less than the most intelligent traders and men of business, as well as a few professed scholars. Many a writer here, must become an editor to obtain literary caste, since our only two distinctly recognized literary classes (not included in the three learned professions) are editors of journals and professors in colleges. Editors of books, the world over, are generally a scrubby race, writing their names and titles on the title page quite conspicuously, and throwing the author of the volume entirely in the shade. This kind of editor plumes himself on a preface and notes, more highly than the original writer did on the body of his work. As a class, the journalists are considerably in advance of the professors: uniting the opposite characters of scholars and men of the world: both readers and writers; authors and critics; at the same time, men of action and speculative observers of the great Drama of Life going on before them. A full list of the genuine working editors of the country would comprise almost every name of any note or mark in our literature. Very few are the American writers, who have not at some one period or another of their career played the part of editor, associate or subaltern. To mention names is superfluous: from our first poets down to the humblest weekly theatrical critic, the instances are abundant. The causes of inefficient editing or partial criticism or weakness in discussion, which must

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sometimes occur, have their foundation in the proper want of training and intellectual requisites for success. Most editors commence the pursuit too early: just after leaving college or graduating as attorneys: without much experience of life, little knowledge of party politics, much ignorance of our political history and foreign relations; with no experience in the art of criticism, very little general (contemporary) literature, though otherwise fair scholars. With such slight preparations, how is a writer to be able, almost extemporaneously, to form opinions on questions of political economy or national law—to judge accurately and describe vividly the characters of leading public men or popular writers—to discriminate merit in a new author? How can a puritanical New Englander manage to convey his impression of a theatrical performance, distinguish the meshes of a plot, or analyze the incidents of a ballet? With what an untutored eye he will regard paintings! and a thousand things quite new to him, but which he should know everything about, if he ever expects to become a clear critic. Much general acquirement, knowledge of life and character, dabbling in science and the arts, thorough knowledge of history, and (at least) American politics and economy, with good sense and good feeling, honesty, tact, taste, judgment, and a style, clear, readable and attractive—these are necessary for all. In the first class of the profession, more is expected: distinguished logical powers, a pure tone of elevated popular eloquence, and that delightful turn for pleasantry that enlivens a paper, as a cheerful disposition enlivens life itself.

We have thus glanced at the principal topics of our subject, without by any means exhausting it. Good criticism, despite the sincere praise of the almost universal cleverness of our writers, is still comparatively rare. The public taste requires, however, much more education, than the private judgment of journalists, who know what is needed, but who find good criticism too often inefficient.

Pure literary criticism, no less than a high moral standard of right, must exert a most salutary influence upon the public mind. The moralist and the critic, may indeed go hand in hand in the work of popular reformation. The French novelists furnish an instance in point, where the duties of the two coincide, and require mutual aid. Many similar questions daily arise as to the tendency and aim, no less than as to the intrinsic merit, of a book or an author, a play or an opera, a picture or a sermon. Hence we look for a better, a purer, a more enlightened and liberal school of criticism than has yet subsisted here. The materials for it are profusely scattered over the broad territory of these States; the spirit is not wanting in individual scholars; only an union and harmony of effort are requisite to establish a tone of thought and a standard of appeal, most especially necessary in the freest of modern states, where personal independence should be based on the wisest conscientiousness, to preserve liberty from degenerating into licentiousness, and democracy from falling into popular disorder.

WORK.

By Elizabeth B. Barrett.

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

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THE TEXAS QUESTION.

A LETTER FROM ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—You request me to communicate to you, for publication, my views upon the question of the Annexation of Texas. I cheerfully comply with this request, although I can hardly hope that I shall be able to throw any new light upon the subject, after the long and careful discussion which it has already undergone.

It is one upon which, at first blush, it would hardly be supposed that there could be two opinions; nor would there, probably, have been much division of sentiment about it, had it not been arbitrarily connected with party controversies growing out of other questions. The political advantages of the acquisition of this territory are, in fact, too obvious to escape the attention of any one. A vast region, including from three to four hundred thousand square miles of the most productive land in the world—enjoying a delightful climate—communicating by a number of noble rivers and by a long line of coast with our great Western Mediterranean—contiguous to our territory—peopled in a great measure by our citizens, the flower of our gallant Southern and Western chivalry—that such a domain, so situated, should be regarded by all as a most desirable acquisition, seems to be a matter of course. It was, in fact, so regarded by all until very recently. Even now the opponents of the annexation—with perhaps some unimportant individual or sectional exceptions—acknowledge the immense advantages that would result from this measure, and are only prevented from giving it their support by conscientious difficulties which operate upon their minds as objections. That scruples of this kind—assuming, as in courtesy and charity we are bound to do, that they are entirely sincere, should have been permitted to obstruct, perhaps defeat for ever, a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," is an occurrence which, under one of its aspects, does great honor to the national character. Individually, no one can be more strongly disposed than myself to treat the conscientious scruples of every one with the highest respect. I must say, however, that on the most careful consideration of the circumstances of the present case, any doubts of this kind appear to me to be entirely superfluous.

The objections which have been chiefly urged are—the want of constitutional power in the government to make the acquisition; respect for the supposed rights of Mexico; and the bearing of the measure upon the great and difficult question of slavery. I will make a few remarks upon each of these topics; enlarging chiefly upon the last, which has perhaps been somewhat less satisfactorily treated than the others.

A supposed want of constitutional power in the government is a favorite ground of opposition to almost every measure that is thought on other accounts to be objectionable; for the obvious reason that, if made out, it is peremptory and decisive. But I recollect no instance, in which, as it seems to me, it has been urged with less plausibility than the present one. The authority to admit new states into the Union is not a constructive or doubtful power, but is given in direct and unqualified terms by the letter of the Constitution—"New states may be admitted by the Congress into this Union." Certain qualifications are added in regard to the formation of new states out of territory already organized in this way; but, as they have no bearing upon the general clause, they leave it, excepting in this respect, entirely unencumbered by any qualification or restriction whatever. So far as constitutional power is concerned, Congress have as perfect a right to admit Great Britain, France or China into the Union, as Wisconsin, Florida or Iowa.

If it be suggested that the framers of the Constitution could not possibly have intended to confer on Congress so large a discretion, and that it was probably their design to restrict the powers in question to states formed out

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of territory then belonging to the Union, or some one of its members, it is only necessary to say in reply, that, on that supposition, the language employed by the framers of the Constitution went beyond their intentions, since the power is actually given, without restrictions of any kind, and in unequivocal terms. In reality, however, it is known that the language of the Constitution, instead of transcending the intentions of those who employed it, was entirely conformable to them. It appears, from the reports of the proceedings of the Federal Convention, that a form of the clause in question was at one time proposed, and even adopted, restricting the power of admission to states formed out of territory then belonging to the Union, and that the restriction was afterwards omitted. It was a favorite idea with the statesmen of the revolutionary period that Canada, with perhaps some others of the British provinces, should be brought into the confederacy; and it was probably with a view to some result of this kind, that the clause was finally put into its present shape. However this may be, it is at all events certain that the present form of the clause was not the result of haste or accident, but was agreed upon after a full consideration and even temporary adoption of a different principle. There is, therefore, no pretext whatever for the supposition that the framers of the Constitution incidentally gave to their language a larger extent than they intended.

Mr. Van Buren has discussed this point in his late letter with unanswerable logic, and in a way which really leaves nothing to be added or desired.

In aid of the objection of a want of constitutional power, it is sometimes urged that, even were there no difficulty of this kind in regard to the extension of our territory beyond the limits of the original thirteen states, such extension is, in itself, inexpedient, from its tendency to weaken the efficiency of the general government, and perhaps endanger the continuance of the Union. This view was presented with a good deal of urgency in New England on the occasion of the annexation of Louisiana, and is still insisted on by some persons of no inconsiderable authority, including Mr. Webster.

This notion seems to have had its origin in an opinion which prevailed to some extent at the period of the adoption of the constitution. Among the active statesmen of that day there were some who considered it the principal object of the reform then effected to consolidate the thirteen states, as far as possible, into one national republic, and who believed that a government of this kind could not with advantage be extended over a large expanse of territory. This idea is, under all its aspects, inconsistent with the experience of the world, and has lost, I apprehend, long since, whatever popularity it may once have had. It seems to be a mere imagination, thrown out without any proof whatever, by the monarchical writers of Europe, for the purpose of discrediting a republican form of polity, and condemning the states by which it is adopted to perpetual insignificance. The most illustrious, powerful and extensive states of ancient times, including Rome and Carthage, were, throughout all the better and more brilliant periods of their existence, republics. Republican Genoa, Venice, and Holland, figured, in turn, as the dominant maritime powers of the eastern world. England, their successor in this respect, is, like them, substantially an aristocratical republic, with a strong and constantly increasing democratic tendency. But, independently of this consideration, the form which our institutions have assumed in practice, furnishes of itself a completely decisive reply to this objection. Whatever may have been the opinions or the wishes of some of the statesmen concerned in the formation of the constitution, in regard to the result of the system thereby established, it has certainly developed itself in the character of a confederacy of substantially independent states, held together by a common authority, of which the principal function is to maintain peace among the members of the Union and with foreign nations. Our system exemplifies more fully than it has ever been exemplified before, and probably to as great an extent as it can be reduced to practice, the beautiful idea of perpetual Peace. This is the great practical result of our institutions, and the one through which chiefly they work out the miracles of progress in population, wealth, and improvement, that we daily witness. It is obvious that such a system has no necessary territorial limits, excepting

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those which are imposed by considerations of mere physical convenience:—that it might be carried over the whole globe, if it were convenient for deputies from every part of the globe to assemble regularly at any one point for the despatch of public business. The limits assigned by physical convenience to the ultimate extent of our own confederacy seem to be those of the northern sections of our continent; and there can be very little doubt that it will at some future period occupy the whole territory from the Isthmus of Darien to the northern ocean. While the patriotic citizen can have no motive for wishing to precipitate this result in any of its parts, so he can have none for wishing to prevent or delay it, wherever circumstances naturally concur to bring it about, from any apprehension of danger connected with the extension of our territory. The annexation of Texas is a measure to which our country has been brought, with very little effort—perhaps we may rather say, with a sort of coy reluctance on our part,—by the force of causes in a great measure beyond our control. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the treaty lately rejected by the Senate, no human power can prevent this measure from being carried into effect within a very few years. This being the case, it must be apparent to every one that the sooner it is consummated, the better it will be for all the parties concerned.

Supposing the annexation of Texas to be in conformity with the constitution, and not inexpedient, merely as an extension of territory, it is next urged, that we cannot assent to it consistently with our friendly relations to Mexico. This is the objection which has been most strongly insisted on, and which probably occasioned the rejection of the treaty by the Senate, so far as that result was founded in considerations growing directly out of the merits of the case. Whatever may be the true value of this argument, impartially viewed, it is certainly honorable to the character of the country, that so much delicacy should have been exhibited in regard to the pretensions of a foreign power, from which we have so little, under any circumstances, to apprehend. The objection presents itself under two different aspects, upon each of which I will make a few remarks.

The territory of Texas, as described in the political constitution of that Republic, includes, we are told, an extensive region which has never been brought under the jurisdiction of the Texian government, but has always been, and still is, in possession of Mexico. The annexation of Texas, as provided for in the Treaty, if carried into effect by force, would amount, it is said, to the seizure of whole provinces, perchance two or three states, including the city of Santa Fé, which are not only claimed, but actually and rightfully held by the Mexican government. This point has been pressed very earnestly in several quarters, and particularly by Col. Benton, in his able speeches in the Senate upon the ratification of the Treaty.

If it could be supposed to have been the intention of the Government of the United States, in making the Treaty, to obtain possession of any territory actually belonging to and in possession of Mexico, the objection would, no doubt, be entitled to great consideration, so far as it could be applied, which would obviously be only to the part of Texas so situated. On this supposition the true way of averting the difficulty would have been, to ratify the Treaty with an express definition of a western boundary, on a condition that the territory annexed should not be understood to include any region not actually in possession of Texas. A conditional ratification of this kind might, perhaps, under all the circumstances, have been preferable to an unconditional one. It is, however, apparent, on the face of the whole question, that the Government of the United States have no intention to encroach on the actual jurisdiction of Mexico. It is expressly stated, on our side of the correspondence, that the western boundary is to be settled by an amicable arrangement with the Mexican Government, and in a spirit of the most liberal consideration for any well-founded pretensions on her side. Considered under this aspect, the objection seems to be entirely destitute of any substantial basis.

In its application to the territory actually in possession of Texas, it rests on different grounds, and may be thought, at first view, to wear a rather more serious character, but will be found, in reality, whether tested by the rules and usages constituting what is commonly called the law of nations, or

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by the principles of substantial justice, to be of very little importance. It is quite true that we have no right or pretension to interfere in the internal concerns of other independent nations—to decide, for example, in this particular case, whether Texas was right in declaring independence, or whether Mexico is right in seeking to deprive her of it; but it is not true, that in dealing with Texas as an independent nation in any way that the law of nations may authorize, without regard to the bearing which our acts may have upon the interests of Mexico, we make any such pretension. In acknowledging the independence of Texas, we did not undertake to say which of the two parties to the previously existing war was in the right, or to interfere in any way in the internal concerns of the Mexican Republic. We considered the independence of Texas an established fact; and, this being assumed, we knew that we were authorized by the law of nations to deal with her, in every respect, by word and by deed, as an independent nation. Our intention to do so was announced to the world in the usual way, by the appointment of a diplomatic agent to reside at the seat of the Government. Then, if ever, was the time for Mexico to take exception to our policy. None was taken, nor could have been taken with a shadow of plausibility. The Mexican Government, as embodied in the person of her President, who has been substantially for many years past, like Louis the Fourteenth of France, "himself the State," had already acknowledged the independence of Texas, under circumstances which rendered the acknowledgment binding, in the strictest manner, not only upon his official responsibility, but upon his personal honor as a man, and which released the United States from every appearance of obligation to respect any claims that Mexico might make upon the territory in question.

But laying out of the case for the present the previous acknowledgment by Santa Ana, and looking at the question merely under its general aspect, we had announced to the world that Texas was, in fact, an independent nation,—that we had a right, were bound in duty, and were determined, in fact, to deal with her as such. Mexico took no exception. The great powers of Europe followed our example. It may, therefore, be assumed that we were thus far in the right. Texas is, in fact, as we have announced it to be, an independent State. What follows? Obviously, that we are authorized to deal with Texas, by word and deed, as an independent State, according to the usual rules of international intercourse, without regard to the bearing which our proceedings may have upon the pretensions of Mexico. In acting upon this principle, we do not undertake to decide whether these pretensions were originally well or ill founded. We give no opinion upon the merits of the question once at issue between the parties. We merely act upon the privilege assumed in our previous acknowledgment of the independence of Texas, that this question has been settled,—that the case, whatever its merits may have been, has had its turn in that high court of destiny from whose decision there lies no appeal, and has there been adjudged. We give no opinion upon the justice of the sentence. We only assume that it is binding upon us and all other nations, including—whether she choose to acknowledge it or not—Mexico.

Now the law of nations and substantial justice, as generally understood and acted on throughout the world, fully authorize any one independent nation to assume jurisdiction over any other, that may voluntarily, for reasons satisfactory to itself, desire or assent to such an arrangement. The case is a common one, and is never regarded by third parties as furnishing any ground for complaint. In making arrangements for the annexation of Texas to the United States, the two nations exercise a right indisputably belonging to them as actual and acknowledged members of the great family of Christendom. If the act interfere in any way with the pretensions of Mexico, as defined by herself, it is because she chooses to make pretensions, in regard to Texas, which she has not the means of rendering effectual. We make no inquiry into the validity of these pretensions. Should she ever be able to enforce them, we shall feel ourselves bound to acknowledge the reality of the new state of facts that would then exist, but in dealing with the present as it is, according to the acknowledged principles of law and justice—principles not dis-

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puted by Mexico herself—we do no wrong to her, although our policy may operate unfavorably upon her ability to enforce her imaginary pretensions.

Cases of a strictly parallel character are often occurring in the history of our foreign relations. Thus we are under the same obligation not to intermeddle in the controversies of foreign powers with each other against their wish, as we are not to interfere in their internal affairs. But when they make pretensions upon each other, which come into conflict with our rights as an independent state, we disregard their claims, and, if necessary, compel them by force to desist;—a much stronger case than the present one. During the late revolutionary wars in Europe, Great Britain claimed the right of putting under a constructive blockade the whole coast of the continent, and prohibited all other nations from trading to it; but we continued to exercise our right as an independent state without regard to this absurd pretension, and finally made war upon Great Britain for this and other reasons of a similar character.

Mr. Van Buren remarks in his late Letter, that he "by no means contends that a formal recognition of the independence of Texas by Mexico is necessary to justify us in assenting to her annexation to the United States." In this opinion he is probably sustained by the nearly unanimous sentiment of the country. The formal recognition of Mexico not being necessary to authorize us to deal with Texas in all respects as an independent state, what is? Evidently nothing but her really being one. The moment when Texas really became an independent state, was the one since which we and all the rest of the world have had the right to deal with her in all respects as an independent state. We had the right before our public acknowledgment, supposing her to have been in fact independent, as was probably the case for some time previous. By announcing to her and the world that we considered her as an independent state, we publicly pledged ourselves to deal with her as such; and we cannot, without manifest inconsistency, proceed upon any other principle. To act upon the idea that the rights of Texas as an independent state, or those of the United States, to treat her as such, are in any way diminished by the imaginary claims of Mexico, would be unjust not only to ourselves but to Texas.

Such is the aspect of the question, as tested by the rules of international law. We have a perfect right to deal with Texas as an independent state; and we have a perfect right to annex to our territory that of any independent state which is willing to agree to such annexation. If either of these propositions be doubtful, it is the former, and that will hardly be contested by any one, at least in this country.

But supposing even that formal right, the letter of the law, would authorize the annexation, do not the courtesy and consideration which we owe to a power connected with us by treaties of amity and commerce, and weaker than we are, require that we should abstain from exercising even acknowledged rights in a way that might appear like taking an unfair advantage of our superiority? This view of the subject has often been presented, and, I think, with some effect. It appeals to feelings which are habitually cherished in every honorable bosom, and are rarely invoked without success. In regard to this point, however, it may perhaps well be questioned whether we should show such real friendship for Mexico by encouraging her in a delusion which could have no other practical result than that of betraying her, so far as she might continue her attempts to subjugate Texas, into a useless waste of blood and treasure; or, supposing that our rejection of the proposed treasure would be an act of real kindness to Mexico, whether Texas, a nearer neighbor and still weaker power, would not have a right to complain of us for showing kindness to others at her expense. But waving these points, let us see what sort of a case Mexico, on their view of the subject, is able to make out. If she or any other foreign power, comes to us with a claim founded in right, we must satisfy it, at all hazards and sacrifices, to the extent of our ability. If we are called upon to grant favors, to show kindness and courtesy, the case is different. Before Mexico can expect us to respond to such a call, she must lay open the merits of the affair, and make it appear that her cause, as against Texas, is one with which, as men, Christians, and friends of liberty, we ought to sympa-

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thize. Considered under this aspect, how then does the case stand? Very nearly, I believe, as follows:

The government of the United States of Mexico—a confederacy, constituted and organized on the same principles with our own—held out inducements to foreigners to settle Texas, with the evident purpose of inviting emigration from the United States. A number of our citizens accepted the proposal,—made settlements upon the grants of land, that were offered them,—and by their superior enterprise soon obtained the political control of the province. Texas was recognized by the existing institutions as a member of the confederacy, to which it delegated by the act of Union a portion of its sovereignty,—but, in all other respects, was a free, sovereign, and independent State. Under these circumstances a military chieftain overthrows by violence the existing institutions, annuls the act of Union, abolishes the sovereignty of the States, and converts them all by a single stroke of the pen into *departments*. Texas, not choosing to acquiesce in this innocent little manœuvre, remained, of course, what she was before, with this difference, that, as the foreign authority to which she had delegated a portion of her sovereignty, had ceased to exist, this qualification of her sovereignty had ceased to exist with it, and that she was now, to all intents and purposes, an independent State. She accordingly declared her independence. This proceeding was not in her case, as it had been in ours, revolutionary in form, though founded in substantial justice. The revolution consisted in the abolition of the preceding constitution. The independence of Texas was a necessary, and, on her part, involuntary result of that revolution. She was, therefore, in form, as well as in substance, entirely in the right. She appeared as the champion of law and order against a military usurpation, and exhibited to the other States of the Union, a noble example of firmness and patriotism. Had they been capable of imitating it, the usurpation would have been crushed and the constitution restored. What right had Santa Ana, or Mexico, if an unprincipled military chief can be supposed for a moment to represent the will of a community which he retained by force under his government,—what right had Mexico to invade and attempt to subjugate Texas? The only rightful authority which Mexico had over Texas was that delegated by the constitution which Mexico had herself subverted, and which had now no existence.

Had General Jackson in the year 1825, instead of acquiescing, as he did, like a prudent and patriotic citizen, in the results of the canvass for the Presidency, attempted to secure his election by force, and succeeded in establishing his power over a part of the Union, while the rest refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent, the case would have been parallel to that of Mexico and Texas. Whether General Jackson, under these circumstances, would have retained his popularity, and whether the friends of liberty and humanity throughout the world would have sympathized with him in his attempts to subjugate Virginia, Massachusetts, or whatever other States might have held out against him, are questions, which, of course, answer themselves.

Thus far there seems to be very little in the case of Mexico as against Texas, which would naturally recommend it to our favorable consideration. What follows? Santa Ana, in the same spirit of lawless violence which he had exhibited in overthrowing the established institutions of his country, undertook to subdue and bring under his dominion by force the only State in the Union, which had had the firmness to resist his usurpation. Not only so, but in order to take what he doubtless regarded as a very rightful and proper revenge upon that State for the high crime and misdemeanor of asserting and maintaining her acknowledged sovereignty, against a military usurper, he determined to carry on the war without regard to the usages of civilized nations, and actually slaughtered his prisoners, the flower and pride of the Texian army, in cold blood. Thus perished the gallant and lamented Fanning and his comrades,—names that will be registered in the memory of the friends of liberty with those of the Warrens and the Russells. The Texians proved to the invader, at San Jacinto, that they knew how to maintain, as well as declare their independence: and as if Providence had intended that he should suffer a just retribution for his inhumanity, precisely in the point where he had most deeply

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offended,—they succeeded in obtaining possession of his person. What was to be done? Every principle, not merely of the military code, but of natural justice and humanity, required that he should experience in his own person the same tender mercies which he had meted out to the best and bravest of the Texians. When a military usurper, in attempting to subjugate an unoffending foreign people, happens to fall into their hands, his claim for consideration on the score of humanity, if justly viewed, must appear, under any circumstances, very small. A disabled wolf, soliciting mercy from the peaceful animals whom he has been seeking to destroy, presents a nearly parallel case. The usage of the world has, however, given even to a character of this description, supposing him to have perpetrated his deeds of carnage and plunder in the forms and according to the rules of public war, a sort of recognized existence, accompanied with conventional rights, that are generally respected. But where a person of this character sets at defiance the ordinary usages of civilized war and actually slaughters his prisoners in cold blood, he loses all title to this sort of conventional consideration, degrades himself to the level of a common pirate, and ought on every principle of humanity and justice to be treated like one. Napoleon himself, had his military career been stained, like that of Santa Ana, by a contemptuous disregard for the rules of civilized war,—would have been shot by the allies, when he fell into their power: and humanity, instead of blaming, would have applauded the act. It is much to be regretted that this kind of summary justice was not administered in the case of Santa Ana. He has been throughout, and still is, the great stumbling-block in the way of a constitutional organization of the unfortunate region which he now dictatorially governs. His death, while it was most richly merited, or rather imperiously and peremptorily demanded by every consideration of humanity and justice, would have been, at the same time, a substantial and permanent benefit to his country.

It is impossible, however, not to admire, though we can hardly approve, the moderation of the Texians in liberating their important prisoner. Their determination appears to have been taken under the mediation of General Jackson, as President of the United States, and on conditions, which if any reliance could have been placed on the personal honor of Santa Ana, might have rendered the act a politic one. Before his liberation he agreed to and signed a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas, and binding himself to abstain from any hostile attempts against her in future. On these conditions he was permitted to return with his army in safety to Mexico. Without inquiring how far such an arrangement, if made by a captive general in the service of a regular government, would have been binding upon his superiors—without expecting or exacting from Santa Ana, had he been so situated, the virtue of the Roman Regulus, who having deemed it his duty to his country to violate the understanding upon which he had been sent home by the Carthaginians, thought it due to his own honor to return to Carthage, and place himself again in their hands—in short under any point of view, without considering what might have been the force of this transaction in a different state of things, there can be no doubt that Santa Ana, having been at the time and ever since to all intents and purposes, *the government*, was politically and personally bound by it; and although the intervention of General Jackson in the proceeding may have been entirely informal, the acceptance of his mediation by Santa Ana can be viewed in no other light than as a complete abandonment, so far at least as he and Mexico while under his government were concerned, of any right or claim to prevent the United States from treating Texas in all respects as an independent power. The government of the United States proceeded, accordingly, not long after this transaction, to make a public and formal acknowledgment of the independence of Texas, in which we were followed immediately by the great powers of Europe. Meanwhile Santa Ana no sooner found himself at liberty, than setting aside the treaty, to which he owed his life and liberty, with the same indifference with which he had previously nullified the constitution of his country, he resumed his pretension to overthrow by force the independence of Texas; and although he has since made no serious attempt at invasion, and will probably be very

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careful not to appear again in person upon the Texian territory, has kept up a harassing, though ineffectual border warfare against her, conducted with the same humane and beautiful regard for the usages of nations that distinguished his former invasion.

Such is the character of the person whom—under the name of Mexico—we are called upon to treat, not merely with justice, but with consideration, favor and courtesy; for whom we are requested to sacrifice our acknowledged rights and interests, as well as those of Texas. In recognizing as the existing *de facto* government of Mexico, the military system which Santa Ana has established and maintains by force upon the ruins of the preceding institutions, it seems to me that we do all that the law of nations requires or authorizes us to do. To expect that we should look with sympathy and favor upon the attempts of such a person to subvert by force the independence of the only State which had the firmness to resist his usurpation—that we should abstain from exercising our undoubted right to admit this gallant and generous young State into our own Union, lest we should in any way interfere with or disorganize these attempts—this, I apprehend, would be going a little too far.

But Mexico, it may be said, has already announced that she will consider the annexation of Texas to our territory as a declaration of war; and that whether she be right or wrong in this, we shall equally in either case have to encounter her hostile movements, in which she may be aided by powers much more formidable than herself.

In answer to this objection I should say that, if Santa Ana, after making war upon a nation which gave him his justly forfeited life, and his personal liberty, upon his express engagement never to attempt anything against her, should also declare war against us—the nation at whose friendly intercession he obtained these favors—because we do not think proper to aid and abet him in his treachery, I, for one, am quite willing to take the consequences. On the Mexican side of such a quarrel, there would be no element, as Mr. Jefferson remarked upon another occasion, "on which the Almighty can be expected to look with an eye of favor," or which would naturally engage the sympathy of any other power.

If there be anything more than mere bravado in these threats of war by Santa Ana, they are probably uttered in the expectation that he will receive aid from England. In this expectation, if he in fact entertain it, he will be disappointed. The settled policy of England, in regard to this country, since our war of 1812, is permanent peace. Up to that time, she had cherished a lingering hope that she should be able to reduce us again to our original condition of colonial dependence, and never, in fact, dealt with as as a really independent power. The war of 1812 dissipated this delusion, and she then made up her mind to be content with the advantages which she can obtain from us as her best customer, in the peaceful intercourse of a mutually profitable trade. She will, in the indulgence of her habitual overbearing humor, or in order to effect any temporary purpose that she may have in view, threaten, browbeat, and plunder us as long as we choose to acquiesce; but will never, under any circumstances, make war upon us, or permit us to make war upon her.

In reality, however, these threats of war by Santa Ana are the merest vaporing, without any intention on his part to give them effect. Though not, perhaps, fairly entitled to the epithet *wise*, which Mr. Thompson, our late Minister to Mexico, too liberally bestowed upon him, Santa Ana is adroit and cunning. He knows that the most probable result of an attempt by him to make war upon Texas and the United States would be the overthrow of his own usurped power by a domestic revolution, and the restoration of the constitutional system. He knows that should this not happen, and should he retain a sufficiently effective control over his countrymen to drag them again into an actual invasion of Texas, combined with open war against the United States, thousands—if necessary, tens of thousands—of our ardent spirits would rush from every corner of the West to the scene of action, and bear aloft the banner of the "lone star" on a tide of martial and popular enthusiasm, until, after one or two campaigns, they should have planted it on the towers of Mexico. He knows, that, although in that event there would probably be no

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disposition in the Government of the United States to take any undue advantage of circumstances, there would also be as little to give much importance to his own personal pretensions. Santa Ana will declare war against the United States when he desires to exchange the presidential chair and the quiet paradise of Manga de Clavo for a niche in the temple of fame by the side of His Imperial Majesty Don Agustino I., and not before.

So much for the objections to the annexation of Texas, founded on a supposed want of constitutional power in the government, and on respect for the pretended rights of Mexico. The third, and only remaining objection, is the apprehended effect of this measure in extending the influence of slavery, and increasing the weight in the national councils of the slave-holding section of the Union.

By the present Constitution of the Republic of Texas, the importation of slaves from any country other than the United States, is prohibited by law. Citizens of the United States who go to settle in Texas are permitted to bring their slaves with them. Such is, in this respect, the present state of things. What will it be after the annexation of Texas to the United States? The importation of slaves from all other countries will still be prohibited, and citizens of the United States who go to settle in Texas will still be permitted to bring their slaves with them. In both particulars the state of things, as regulated by law, will be exactly the same as it is now. How, then, does it appear that the annexation of Texas will extend the domain of slavery, or increase the weight of the slave-holding section of the Union? The probability is, on the contrary, that, while this state of things, as regulated by her, will remain in this respect exactly what it is now, the practical result of the measure will be rather adverse than favorable to the extension of slavery, for the three following reasons.

1. The laws against the foreign slave trade will be more effectually enforced under the authority of the United States than they are now, and a smaller number of slaves will, of course, be introduced in a clandestine way at the sea ports.

2. The emigration from the United States to Texas would probably increase; but, admitting this to be the case, it is obvious that the slaves cannot be in two places at the same time. If they cross the Mississippi to build up new slave-holding States in Texas, they cannot remain in their former abodes on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, and the banks of the Ohio. Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and Delaware would become, almost immediately, free States. Tennessee, the Carolinas and Georgia, where the culture of cotton is much less productive than in the far South West, would soon follow their example. The weight of the slave-holding section of the Union in the national councils, instead of being augmented, would, of course, be diminished. Such would be the practical result of the measure, supposing even that Texas should be annexed as a slave-holding territory, and that she whole should afterwards be cut up into slave-holding States. But this would probably not be the case: for—

3. The territory of Texas, which reaches in a northerly direction to nearly the latitude of Boston, when cut up into States, will probably give about equal accessions of strength to the two interests. Mr. Clay supposes that it will furnish three free to two slave-holding States. Others suppose that there will be two of each class. Admitting this, as the least favorable supposition, the immediate effect is still, on this view of the subject, to leave the respective forces of the two parties nearly as they were before, while, on every other view, it is positively adverse to the extension of slavery.

The general result would, in fact, be, that the laws prohibiting the foreign slave trade would be better enforced in Texas, and as a compensation for the addition of two new slave-holding States to the Union, three, or at least two, new free States would be added to the Union, and the weight of at least six, perhaps eight or ten States, added in Congress to the influence of the free side.

It would be easy, by enlarging on these statements, and the practical results that follow from them, to give them a high degree of probability; but this seems to be unnecessary, as they are admitted alike by the prominent champions of both parties to this question. On the only point where any

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positive accession to the slave-holding interest could be apprehended—I mean the character of the new States to be formed out of Texas—Mr. Clay himself, as we have seen, believes that the advantage will be on the other side. There will be, according to him, three new free States, and only two slave-holding ones. Our late Minister to Mexico, Mr. Waddy Thompson, also a decided opponent of the annexation of Texas, agrees with Mr. Clay in this opinion; and it is, in fact, precisely for this reason that he opposes the measure. If he believed that Texas could be admitted into the Union in the shape of four or five slave-holding States, he would "disregard all minor objections, and go for the measure." But he is persuaded—very correctly, no doubt—that the North would never consent to this arrangement, and having the majority in Congress, would, of course, prevent it, were it even, which is not probable, desired by the more enlightened portion of the South. The real question, as Mr. Thompson says, is, "between Texas, divided into an equal number of slave-holding and non-slave-holding States of the Union, and Texas as it is now, an undivided slave-holding country." Preferring the latter part of the alternative, Mr. Thompson opposes annexation: those who wish to diminish the territorial extent and political influence of slavery, ought, for the same reason, to be in favor of it.

Mr. Thompson is equally decided in the opinion that the effect of annexation will be, to extinguish the remains of slavery in most of the old slave-holding States. "Slave labor," he says, "can be employed in Texas with, at least, twice the profit which it yields in the average of the slave States of the Union. Our slaves will then be carried to Texas by the force of a law as great and certain as that by which water finds its level. The slaves will very soon disappear from Maryland, Virginia, N. Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and in a period very short for such an operation those States will become non-slave-holding States. Whenever that is the case, they will not only no longer have a common interest with the remaining slave-holding States, but will very soon partake of that fanatical spirit of a false philanthropy which is now pervading the whole world. Thus shall we lose the most important of our allies—most important in numerical strength at the ballot-box, still more important if we should be driven to the cartouch-box as our last defence." In general, the unfavorable effect of the annexation of Texas upon the extension, influence, and even *existence* of slavery, is the precise reason why Mr. Thompson, an open and avowed friend of slavery under all its aspects, opposes the measure. It is, according to him, "the most efficient plan that can be adopted for the *abolition of slavery*." "If I believed," says he, "that abolition either was or would become beneficial or necessary for the South, I should certainly be for annexation, as the most certain and best mode of accomplishing the object. I am firmly persuaded, that it is the certain and inevitable tendency of the annexation of Texas to promote the abolition of slavery—more so, indeed, than that of any other measure that has heretofore been proposed."

The reasoning by which Mr. Thompson supports these opinions is entirely satisfactory; and his Letter against annexation, excepting for the few persons who believe with him that slavery is a positive good, is perhaps the strongest paper that has yet been published in favor of it. I make use of his authority, not in the way of *argumentum ad hominem*, for the purpose of confuting the opponents of annexation out of the mouths of their own most prominent and able champions. It is not my object to gain the advantage, fairly or unfairly, in a logical encounter of wits, but to arrive at the truth. I entirely concur in the opinions expressed by Mr. Thompson, in regard to the effect of the annexation upon the extension and influence of slavery, and I give them in his words, because they will naturally have more weight, coming from an open and ardent opponent of the measure, than they would from any of its friends.

I repeat, therefore, that the general result of this measure will be, to enforce more effectually in Texas the execution of the laws against the foreign slave trade—to extinguish slavery in several of the old slave-holding States, and to increase proportionally the weight of the free, as compared with that of the slave-holding States, in Congress;—in short, to exercise a stronger influence than any other measure that has yet been suggested in favor of the gradual

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restriction and final abolition of slavery, Such being the case, by the general admission of the most intelligent and zealous supporters of both sides of this question, it is really singular that any one should object to it on account of its supposed tendency to extend and increase the influence of slavery; and yet it cannot be doubted that an erroneous view of the operation of the measure in this respect is not only very honestly and seriously entertained by many, but, after all that has been said of the rights of Mexico, is the principal cause of the opposition made to it at the North. The great names of Channing and J. Q. Adams had taken the public mind by surprise, and given popularity to the views alluded to, before the question had been thoroughly canvassed. When the discussion which it is now undergoing shall have had its effect, the current of opinion will, I think, take a new direction; and I believe that the eminent and truly philanthropic men whom I have just mentioned as opponents of the measure, could they now, with minds entirely unbiassed, look at it under the new lights that have recently been thrown upon it, would be among the first to give it their hearty and deliberate sanction.

Having disposed of all the objections that have been urged against this measure, I might here terminate the discussion; but there is one view of the subject, connected with the topic of slavery, which I have not yet considered, and which is, for practical purposes, perhaps the most important of all, because it furnishes the precise reason why the annexation of Texas is not only desirable, but ought to be carried into effect without any unnecessary delay. I allude, of course, to the danger resulting to the tranquillity of the Southern States from the policy acted on and avowed by Great Britain in regard to the existence of slavery in other countries.

It has been thought by some that the direct disavowal by the British Government of any sinister or selfish intentions in their dealings with Texas, ought to remove the apprehensions that we might otherwise entertain upon this subject. But considering the watchful, not to say jealous feeling with which we are accustomed to look in this country at all the proceedings of that Government, bearing upon our own interests,—a feeling which a too sad experience has shown not to be unnecessary,—I must say that I cannot regard these disavowals as quite satisfactory, and that I have even been surprised that they should have been so regarded by some experienced statesmen, who have not heretofore given proof of any decided leaning towards a too favorable view of the policy of Great Britain.

It is not very usual, in the first place, for experienced statesmen to attach any great importance to mere official disavowals, however direct and complete in form, excepting so far as they are confirmed by facts, or may coincide with the interest and habitual policy of the government making them. Governments which have occasion to take measures of an offensive or disagreeable character, rarely make known in advance the full extent of their projects, and often put forward a formal disavowal for the express purpose of diverting the attention of the party to be acted on, and thus accomplishing the object with greater facility. The most celebrated European statesman of the late revolutionary period is said to have laid it down as an axiom containing in itself the sum and substance of all diplomacy, that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts; and the history of Europe at all periods proves that his theory has been too often adopted as a practical rule by the most powerful and enlightened governments. When Napoleon, for example, invited the royal family of Spain to meet him at Bayonne, he did not mention in his letter of invitation that he intended to seize their persons and carry them away captives into France. If he had, they, of course, would not have come. The state papers of the three great powers who divided among them the territory of Poland, a century ago, breathe a spirit of the purest philanthropy, and disown all other motives than a wish to promote the internal tranquillity of that country, and the welfare of the whole human race. Great Britain, we are told, is an exception to the general correctness of this remark. "She may do a wrong or an arrogant thing," says Mr. Thompson in his late letter, "but she is incapable of deliberate falsehood." Such implicit confidence in the good faith of others is a pleasing evidence of the integrity and sincerity

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of the writer himself; but human nature, after all, is substantially the same throughout the world. "In the various countries which I have had occasion to visit," says Lady Mary Wortley Montague, "I have met with only two sorts of persons, *men* and *women*." History, in fact, does not sustain this somewhat rose-colored view of the politics of the "fast-anchored isle." To go no farther back than our own revolutionary war, the documents issued by the British Government during the whole of that struggle disavow in the most explicit terms any intention to oppress the colonies; but it does not appear that these disavowals were ever alluded to in our town-meetings or congresses as motives for not opposing the pretensions of the ministry. The public documents issued by the British Government during the war of 1812 contain the most explicit disavowals of any disposition to encroach on the rights of neutral nations. These were taken for gospel at the time by a portion of the people: but a large majority obstinately refused to give credit to them; and their views have been confirmed by the now unanimous sentiment of the country. More recently, the same Government distinctly disavowed in various official communications any intention to appropriate to itself any part of the territory rightfully belonging to the State of Maine. The final negotiation upon this subject was opened by Lord Ashburton with professions of fairness unprecedented on any similar occasion. Since the conclusion of the treaty, by which we ceded without equivalent a large section of that State, it has been made known by the exulting avowals of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, that through the whole negotiation the King had in his library three maps, each marked by the royal hand of his predecessor George III. with a red line completely substantiating the claims of the United States, and invalidating those of Great Britain. It has been said, by way of apology for this proceeding, that the persons immediately employed in the negotiation, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ashburton, were kept in ignorance by the ministerial leaders, Lord Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, of the existence of any such evidence against the British claims. This explanation, for those who are charitable enough to receive it, relieves the agents in this transaction from the charge of unfairness by throwing it with double weight upon the principals, but has no tendency to show that the British Government is "incapable" of deliberate deception.

But, waiving this point, it may be well, perhaps, before we permit our usual vigilance in regard to the proceedings of the British government to be entirely lulled to sleep by a few smooth words, to inquire a little more particularly what those very satisfactory disavowals really are. It will be found, I suspect, that Lord Aberdeen has *avowed* quite enough to excite apprehension in the mind of every patriotic citizen.

In the letter addressed to Mr. Pakenham for the information of the government of the United States, Lord Aberdeen states, that the British government has "put itself forward in pressing that of Mexico to acknowledge Texas as independent," but disavows any intention to interfere "*unduly*," or "*with any injurious assumption of authority*," with either party in order to ensure the adoption of such a course. He also disavows the intention to establish "any dominant influence in Texas." "Great Britain wishes to share her influence equally with all other nations. Her objects are purely commercial, and she has no thought or intention of seeking to act directly or indirectly on the United States through Texas." He avows that his government "desires and is constantly exerting itself to procure the general abolition of slavery throughout the world, and particularly in Texas and the United States; and that it will not desist from the open and honest efforts which it has hitherto made for the purpose," but disavows any intention to endeavor to effect the object by the employment of "secret or underhand means, or any means, whether secret or open, which can tend to disturb the internal tranquillity or affect the prosperity of the American Union." "The British government, as the United States well knows (know?) have never sought in any way to stir up disaffection or excitement of any kind in the slaveholding States of the American Union. Much as we should wish to see those States placed on the firm and solid

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footing, which, we conscientiously believe, is to be attained by general freedom alone, we have never in our treatment of them made any difference between the slave-holding and free States of the Union. All are, in our eyes, entitled, as component members of the Union, to equal political respect, favor, and forbearance on our part. To that wise and just policy we shall continue to adhere: and the governments of the slave-holding States may be assured, that although we shall not desist from those open and honest efforts which we have constantly made for procuring the abolition of slavery throughout the world, we shall, neither openly nor secretly, resort to any measure, which can tend to disturb their internal tranquillity, or thereby to affect the prosperity of the American Union."

Such are the substantial parts, in his own language, of Lord Aberdeen's note. The disavowal of any intention to establish a dominant influence either in Mexico or Texas, or to effect any other than commercial purposes, taken, as it must be, in connection with the constant interference of the British Agents in the most important political concerns of both those countries, and their avowed opposition to the annexation of Texas to the United States, can only be reconciled with the supposition of sincerity in the British government, by a latitude of construction which would render it practically of no value. But allowing for the present the disavowals contained in the letter to pass for what they may be thought by any one to be really worth, let us come to something more important. In this letter the British government, through its highest official agents, distinctly and repeatedly *avows* its intention to endeavor to bring about the general abolition of slavery in the United States and Texas.

Let us see what this avowal amounts to. Slavery is an important element in the political institutions of every country in which it exists. It determines the personal relations of the parties immediately affected by it, and modifies, to a greater or less extent, the whole character of the government. It is part and parcel of the law of the land. We are informed then by Lord Aberdeen's note, that the British government is dissatisfied with an important feature in our political institutions, and is laboring with great assiduity to reform it. This is a pretty serious matter: nor is the gravity of it much diminished by the accompanying disavowals of any intention to employ for this purpose any means that would tend to disturb the tranquillity of the country. The reform of existing abuses, real or supposed, is a delicate operation, and one which no community, that respects itself and is really independent, will consent to entrust to any foreign government, however enlightened and honest. So objectionable, indeed, is this pretension on the part of Great Britain that the announcement of it, however cautiously worded, cannot be made to wear any other than an essentially offensive and uncivil character. Although the philanthropic labors of the British government for the abolition of slavery are represented as extending over the whole globe, this country, I believe, enjoys the distinction of being the only one to which official notice of their policy on this subject has yet been given. Great Britain has invited most of the other Christian powers, including the United States, to concur with her in abolishing the slave-trade, and has offered them the aid of her naval armament in executing the laws which they might make to this effect: but she has not, I think, before officially informed any slave-holding power of her dissatisfaction with this feature in its political institutions, and her intention to employ all the fair and honorable means at her disposal to bring about a change. Although some exception has been taken to the reply made by Mr. Calhoun to their communication, I have great doubts whether all the other slave-holding powers would have received a similar one with equal courtesy. If the British Ambassador at St. Petersburgh should announce officially to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the Queen entirely disapproves of the extent to which personal bondage is tolerated in the Russian Empire, and is constantly laboring to reform this great mischief by all the means in her power consistent with a due regard to its general welfare, I am confident that so singular an overture would be met either by an angry repulse, or a cold and dignified silence. If, however, the Russian Court should prefer to recriminate, they might find in the present condition of the British Empire several points quite as much at

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variance with abstract principles of right, and far more within the control of the administration than slavery, as it exists either in Russia or in the United States. If, in the case supposed, the Russian Ambassador at London should be instructed, for example,—after thanking the British government in the name of his master for their kind solicitude in regard to the internal concerns of the Russian Empire, to express to Lord Aberdeen, for the information of the Queen, the regret and dissatisfaction with which the Emperor witnesses the toleration of slavery in the British East Indian possessions,—the wars of aggression and conquest that are continually carried on by the British agents in that quarter, including the late unprovoked attack on China,—the practice of providing the navy with seamen by impressment,—the oppression of Ireland,—the dreadful cruelties inflicted upon unoffending children of both sexes in the mines and manufactories,—the inhuman policy of actually starving a large portion of the people by preventing the importation of foreign corn,—the refusal of the government to recognize the acknowledged rights of neutral powers in time of war,—their constant interference in the affairs of all the other nations in the world:—intimating, at the same time, His Imperial Majesty's fixed determination to labor assiduously and earnestly for the reform of these evils, by all the means at his disposal, which may not be of a character to endanger the tranquillity and prosperity of the British empire:—I really do not see that his Lordship, consistently with his own principles and practice, would be able to make any very triumphant answer.

The only proceeding of a similar character, that has actually occurred at any preceding period in the history of modern Europe, is to be found in the conduct of the early French revolutionary leaders. They publicly announced, as is well known, their dissatisfaction with most of the existing governments, and their determination to endeavor to reform them,—beginning (and in this they were more consistent than the British government of the present day) with what they regarded as a thorough reform at home. Madame Roland's celebrated letter to the Pope, is one of the most remarkable specimens of this kind of diplomacy, and is in no way inferior, either in beauty of style or philanthropic sentiment, to Mr. Pakenham's communication from "the travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen." Far from receiving these overtures with gratitude or even courtesy, the government so addressed resented them in the most violent manner, and commenced immediately a war of extermination upon the people in whose name they were issued. The British government itself took the lead in this anti-reform crusade, and carried it on with unheard-of effort and expense for more than twenty years. The professed objects of the Irish revolutionists were the establishment of Liberty and Equality. They were, of course, identical with those now put forward by the British government. The advantages anticipated from the proposed reform were just as real as those now expected from the abolition of slavery: but it was felt by all, and by none more strongly than the rulers of England, that a public announcement by any one power of dissatisfaction with the political institutions of another is offensive, and that an expressed determination to reform them differs very little in substance from a declaration of war. It is really most extraordinary, that the British government, after having resented and resisted with so much violence the attempts made by the Irish revolutionists to propagate liberal political sentiments in foreign countries, should have become itself, in less than thirty years after the battle of Waterloo, a propagandist of the same sentiments, under the same form which they had considered most objectionable, and assailed, through the ablest pens, with a perfect storm of argument, eloquence, and ridicule.

There is another point in Lord Aberdeen's letter to Mr. Pakenham, which I have not seen noticed, but which is not, perhaps, wholly unworthy of attention. I allude to the closing paragraph quoted above, in which his Lordship informs Mr. P. of the intention of the British government to observe entire impartiality in its treatment of the slave-holding and non-slave-holding States of the Union. Satisfactory as this assurance may be in substance, it is not the less certain that it is in form entirely irregular. The British government can hold no communication

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whatever with the governments of the States; it has no right or power under the constitution to treat with them at all; and, of course, no means, if it were so disposed, to make any difference, in its treatment of them, between the free and slave-holding States of the Union. The language used implies either a want of knowledge in the British government of the restrictions imposed by the constitution upon the intercourse between the State governments and foreign powers, or that the British government might, if it were so disposed, disregard these restrictions. It amounts, in short, to an indelicate interference in the internal concerns of the Union, with which Great Britain has nothing to do. If the American government should officially notify Lord Aberdeen that the United States disapprove entirely the plan of an established church, and conscientiously believe that no portion of the Queen's subjects ought to be subjected to political or civil disabilities or pecuniary exactions on account of their religious faith,—but that the President, in his treatment of the different sects existing in the British Empire, has never made any distinction between the members of the established church and dissenters; and that though he will never desist from the honest and open efforts which he is constantly making to abolish church establishments throughout the world, and particularly in Great Britain, the members of the established church may be assured that he will, neither openly nor secretly, resort to any means for this purpose which would endanger the tranquillity and prosperity of that country:—if, I say, the American government were to make such a communication as this to Lord Aberdeen, he would have a right to reply, and probably would reply, that the Queen is much obliged to the American government for the information, but that as that government has neither the right nor the power to treat regularly with any of the sects, a promise to observe entire impartiality in its treatment of them, is, to say the least of it, quite superfluous.

The declaration made by the British government, in the letter to Mr. Pakenham, that it is constantly exerting itself to procure the abolition of slavery in foreign countries, and will continue to employ all proper means for this purpose,—however objectionable in form and substance, as an official communication to the government of a foreign slave-holding state,—must, of course, for practical purposes, be interpreted by the acts of the government that makes it. If unaccompanied by any act, to which exception can justly be taken, it might be overlooked as a harmless piece of incivility. If accompanied, in our own case as those of other nations, by acts of a nature to endanger our internal tranquillity, it must be received as the expression of a policy which it is necessary for us to counteract by all the fair and honorable means in our power. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to inquire what are, in fact, the means employed by Great Britain, in what Lord Aberdeen calls her "open and honest efforts to abolish slavery in foreign countries." In making this inquiry, it is necessary to take into view the proceedings of British subjects, whether acting as individuals or associations, as well as those of the British government; first, because they are among the most efficient forms in which Great Britain as a body politic acts upon this question; and, secondly, because the British government makes itself indirectly responsible for these proceedings by giving them the sanction of its approbation in its official communications, and by placing the persons most active in this way in official stations of trust and confidence in slave-holding countries, as is seen in the appointment of Mr. David Turnbull to the place of British Consul and Superintendent of liberated Africans at the Havana, to which I shall have occasion to allude again. The means employed by Great Britain for the purpose in question are therefore—

1. Direct:—interference with foreign governments in the form of counsel and of action, by treaty or otherwise, so far as it can be carried with safety to herself:

2. Indirect:—by giving a general approval and sanction to the proceedings of the Abolition Societies.

It is obvious that a system of policy of which these are the two principal features, is well calculated to effect the general object of acting unfavorably upon the existence of slavery in foreign countries without committing the British government to any act which can be resented as directly hostile by slave-holding states. Whether it is quite as

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consistent with the internal tranquillity and general prosperity of such states, as Lord Aberdeen appears to consider it, may perhaps be questioned. It might appear, on the contrary, to an uncharitable observer, well calculated, and therefore probably intended, to enable the British government to take the most effectual, and at the same time the most dangerous measures for operating upon foreign countries without incurring any direct official responsibility. By giving a public and general sanction to the proceedings of the abolition societies, and by appointing their prominent members to places of trust and confidence in slave-holding states, it affords them nearly all the aid in the way of authority and respectability, which they would derive from being conducted in the name of the government; while by throwing upon private associations the detail of the proceedings, it insures, morally speaking, the adoption of measures and the circulation of publications, of which no government could, as such, venture to assume the responsibility. A large proportion of the lectures given, and publications issued, by the abolition societies, have a direct tendency to render the slaves discontented with their condition, and to produce a state of mutual exasperation between them and their masters, which, carried to a certain extent, can only end in insurrection and blood. No Christian government would dare to sanction such proceedings directly; but by publicly giving a general approval to the acts of these societies, the British government virtually authorizes these most inflammatory publications, and while it avoids any official responsibility, is morally responsible for them, as much as if they were issued in its own name. That the governments of the slave-holding States of this country do not consider this system of policy as consistent with their tranquillity and prosperity, is apparent from the fact, that they have thought it necessary, for many years past, to prohibit the entrance into the territory within their jurisdiction of any publication in any way relating to slavery. Without questioning the entire sincerity of Lord Aberdeen in the opinion that the measures adopted and sanctioned by the British government are consistent with the tranquillity and prosperity of foreign slave-holding states, it is perhaps safe to assume that the governments of such states are better informed and more clear-sighted upon the subject than that of Great Britain.

But the natural results of the system of policy pursued by Great Britain are perhaps best tested by observing its *practical operation* in the quarter where it has been acted on with the least restraint and for the greatest length of time. Although Lord Aberdeen represents the British government as seeking to effect the abolition of slavery throughout the world, their efforts have been directed with very different degrees of intensity to the different regions in which it exists. The slavery that prevails to an immense extent in their own vast East Indian possessions engages very little of their attention. In Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and various parts of Germany, where slaves abound, and where the British government habitually exercise, through their diplomatic agents, a powerful influence, we hear of no movements upon this subject. In the vast empire of Russia where, out of the sixty million inhabitants, from forty to fifty millions are slaves, the British diplomacy is as silent in regard to emancipation as the grave. Even in soliciting the Emperor to concur with them in endeavoring to prevent the annual exportation of a few thousand negroes into America, they carefully avoid the slightest suggestion as to the expediency of doing anything to better the condition of the forty or fifty millions of white slaves under his Imperial Majesty's own jurisdiction. The Spanish and Portuguese colonies in this part of the world, and the United States of America, are the favorite fields for the exercise of British benevolence on this subject, and those to which it has been in practice, I believe, wholly confined. Of these the Island of Cuba is the one of which the history affords the best illustration of the subject for the present purpose. By examining the *practical operation* of the British system of policy in that beautiful region, we shall be able to judge with some degree of certainty, what it would be in others that are similarly situated, and how far the United States can, with safety to themselves, permit it to be carried into effect on a territory contiguous to our own, among a population so closely of kin to ours, in all respects, as that of Texas.

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For the last thirty years the British system of policy in reference to the abolition of slavery in foreign countries, has been acted on almost without any check from the local or metropolitan governments in the island of Cuba. By her treaty with Spain of 1817, Great Britain was permitted to maintain at the Havana a permanent commission to superintend the execution of the treaty. At this time her efforts were directed chiefly to the abolition of the slave trade. After the emancipation of the slaves in her own West India colonies, she extended her arms somewhat farther and began to contemplate a similar emancipation in Cuba. In the year 1839, the British anti-slavery societies sent agents to Madrid, to propose to the government a measure of this description, to be accompanied, as it was in the British Islands, by the payment of an indemnity to the owners. About the same time Mr. David Turnbull, a writer of known ability and a decided abolitionist, was appointed consul and superintendent of liberated Africans at the Havana. This person seems to have acted ever since as the chief manager of the operations of the abolitionists, as well as of the government in this quarter. Immediately after his arrival he began a series of movements of a character so offensive and so dangerous to the tranquillity of the Island, that the local government thought it necessary to solicit, and, in fact, obtained his recall, before his formal exequatur had been transmitted from Madrid. He remained some time longer at the Havana, in his capacity of superintendent of liberated Africans, but was finally compelled to leave the Island, and has since resided alternately in the Bahama Islands and in Jamaica. His removal from the Island appears to have inspired him with additional zeal and energy in the prosecution of his projects. While residing in the Bahama Islands he planned an insurrection which was to commence at Santiago, a port on the south shore of Cuba, where he landed in person and began the movement. He was arrested by the authorities and sent to Havana. The usages of nations would have freely justified the local authorities in putting him on trial for his life, but from consideration for the British government, he was again set at liberty on condition of leaving the Island. He has since resided in Jamaica, and in return for the indulgence shown him, appears to have been prosecuting ever since, with augmented activity, his plans of a general insurrection. Abolition agents of a less conspicuous character have been co-operating with him. Within the last two years the result has been made known to the world, and may be regarded as a full and clear exposition of the *practical operation* of the British system of policy in regard to this subject. This result has been a conspiracy, including the whole colored population of the Island, and a small portion of the creoles, having for its object the emancipation of the slaves and the independence of the Island, and including among the ways and means of effecting these objects a general massacre of the whites. An explosion precisely like that of St. Domingo would have occurred, had not the plan been discovered, before it was quite ripe for execution. By the employment of the most energetic measures on the part of the local government, it has been temporarily suppressed. The confessions of the persons implicated in it designate Turnbull as the head of the insurrection, and the person who was looked to as the provisional ruler of the Island in the event of its success. Though the immediate danger is probably over, the elements of future trouble are still fermenting with unabated violence. Indeed the guilty infatuation of the planters, who are constantly importing fresh quantities of blacks from Africa, and the cupidity of the local government, which connives at this clandestine traffic in order to make profit by it, annually increase the mass of inflammatory materials, which, unless some very decided measures can be taken to prevent it, must finally burst out in a general conflagration.

This series of events has attracted less attention in the United States than it properly deserves, because the details are in a great measure concealed from the public eye by the silence of the Havana press, which is subjected, as is well known, to the strictest preliminary censorship, and publishes scarcely anything that has the most distant bearing upon the condition of the slaves. On this occasion the government has departed in some degree from its usual reserve. The report of the court martial held upon the conspirators appears in the daily papers of

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the Havana, and furnishes a full and most interesting, I should rather say, appalling history of the events in question: which is corroborated by the most authentic private intelligence. This state of things in Cuba—though for the reason I have mentioned, and others that will readily occur, it attracts less attention here than it is entitled to—is a matter of the deepest interest to that country, and one that may well invite the most anxious scrutiny and the most careful deliberation of the Government and people of the United States. A moral and political volcano—teeming, under an outside of forced tranquillity, with a fiery ocean of insurrection and massacre—ready at any moment to spread, by explosion, its boiling lava over everything in its neighborhood—separated from our Southern States by a channel that may be traversed in a few hours—this is an object to which statesmen, and particularly Southern statesmen, cannot well be indifferent. I advert to it at present exclusively in its connection with the question of Texas. If such a state of things be fraught with alarm and danger to this country, even when it exists upon a neighboring island, inhabited by men of another race, in what light should we be compelled to regard it, if it were to grow up in a territory separated from ours only by a narrow river and an imaginary line, and inhabited by colonies of our own citizens? That the agents of the British Abolition societies are already laboring in Texas with their characteristic zeal, and with the open approbation of the British Government—as given, for example, in Lord Aberdeen's letter to Mr. Ashbel Smith—we know. What the result will be—if no decisive measures should be taken to prevent it—within some not very distant period, we may learn from what is now occurring in Cuba.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the closing scenes of this frightful tragedy, to which I have briefly adverted, and which have been rendered in some degree familiar to the public mind by the newspapers. They exhibit, as I have said, the *practical operation* of the plan of abolishing slavery in foreign countries as *avowed* and acted on by the British Government, and by the agents of the British anti-slavery societies, under the public approval and with the official co-operation of that government. Within two or three years past this system has been brought into action in Texas with quite as much zeal and energy as it had formerly been in Cuba. The results, unless it can be efficiently counteracted, must, of course, be the same; their necessary and immediate effects upon the condition of the neighboring portions of our territory, are sufficiently apparent. The annexation of Texas would enable the United States to place a partial check upon an evil for which there is no real and final remedy except the return of the British Government to a more correct and humane view of this great subject, and the total abandonment by them of the policy of interfering with the domestic institutions of foreign countries.

It will be perceived that the argument on this branch of the subject is not, as it has sometimes been represented, a defence of slavery. The object is simply to secure the inhabitants of a large portion of our country from imminent danger of lawless violence in its worst forms. To this they are exposed while Texas is left open to the labors of the British abolitionists, carried on under instructions of the British government. It is for this reason chiefly that the necessity of annexation has appeared at the south to be immediate and urgent. On other accounts the southern statesmen might have waited for it without impatience, or perhaps have opposed it,—for the reasons given by Mr. Barrow, Mr. Thompson, and others,—as positively injurious to their interest.

I am not one of those who believe that it is any part of the policy of the British government to obtain possession of Texas as a colony, or to secure peculiar advantages in trading with her by a commercial treaty. They know that the United States would not acquiesce in the former measure, and that the advantages resulting from the latter would be too trifling to compensate for the odium which it would carry with it,—supposing now, what is not very probable, that Texas could be brought to consent to either. Lord Aberdeen, accordingly, disclaims very distinctly, and I have no doubt very sincerely, any intention of this kind. With Texas nominally independent, Great Britain can put in operation with less responsibility and more efficiency, the means which she deems it proper to employ

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for abolishing slavery in foreign countries, and which she is urging with so much effect in Cuba. She would not probably accept Texas as a colony, if it were offered her: to us it is desirable, not only as a territorial acquisition of great value, but as an indispensable guaranty of our domestic tranquillity.

The United States have been charged, in connection with this subject, with a grasping disposition, and that by the public press of a nation which, while this subject has been under discussion, has incorporated two or three additional empires into its already boundless Indian possessions,—made war upon China in order to open a new market for its trade,—and intermeddled, in one way or another, with the politics of every other people on the face of the globe. I undertake to say, on the contrary, that no question has come up in any part of Christendom, during the last half century, in regard to which any nation has given stronger proof of moderation than the United States have displayed for twenty years past on this very matter of Texas. In the original settlement of the boundary of Louisiana with Spain, Mr. Monroe relinquished this territory, when, as it appears, Spain was willing that we should have it. Mr. Adams, then Secretary of State, has publicly stated that Spain had then authorized a much larger cession of territory than she actually made, and that we had declined, in a spirit of magnanimous forbearance, to take advantage of this disposition. He has stated that, individually, he disapproved at the time the alienation of Texas; that it was carried against him by a majority of votes in Mr. Monroe's cabinet, and that he signed the treaty as agreed upon, merely as an organ of that majority. It is now, I believe, the general sentiment of the country that Mr. Adams was in the right, and Mr. Monroe and his cabinet in the wrong; but there is certainly no appearance in their conduct of a grasping eagerness for territorial aggrandizement at the expense of others. When the people of Texas, after declaring and establishing their independence and obtaining the acknowledgment of it from Mexico, the United States, and the principal maritime powers of Europe, spontaneously proposed to our government, through their own, to come into the Union, Mr. Van Buren, then President of the United States, would not entertain the overture for a moment. He declined to submit it to Congress, or even to reserve it for his own future consideration. In disposing in this way, upon his individual responsibility, of this great national question, he committed, in my opinion, a grave error, and even exceeded his proper constitutional powers. Congress and the people should have been consulted upon a matter of such transcendant importance. But, however he may have erred in other respects, he at least gave sufficient proof that he was not under the influence of an undue zeal for the extension of our territory. Finally, when a treaty for the re-annexation of our alienated domain had been actually concluded by the executive department of the government, the Senate made haste to reject it by a large majority. In so doing, they assumed a more fearful responsibility than has been involved in any preceding act of either branch of Congress. What the ultimate opinion of the country will be upon their conduct may be conjectured from the present feeling in regard to the acquisition of Louisiana, which was opposed at that time on nearly the same grounds. But whatever else may be said with justice of the course taken by the Senate, it implied but too clearly a total abnegation of every thought of national aggrandizement. When we recollect the oceans of blood and treasure which have been poured out in all parts of the world in wars having no other ostensible ground than a difference of opinion about the right to some little strip of worthless land, it is impossible not to feel some degree of admiration for the disinterestedness which dictated this thrice-repeated rejection of a region not inferior in extent or richness to the kingdom of France, however baseless may have been the scruples of conscience alleged in each of these cases as the motive. When any one of the governments of Europe shall be able to produce an example from its own conduct of a single refusal of a similar kind, it may with a better grace accuse the United States of exhibiting a grasping spirit of territorial aggrandizement in regard to the acquisition of Texas. The British writers, in urging this charge upon us with so much unanimity and perseverance, display, if not much argument or eloquence, at

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least a very remarkable "power of face."

Before closing this letter—already, I fear, much too protracted for your patience—I will add a few remarks upon the manner in which the discussion of this question and others of a kindred character has been conducted in the northern part of the country. The tone taken in regard to the South, not only in the violent party journals, but even, in many cases, by men of high pretensions and great personal respectability on the floor of Congress and elsewhere, is very little less bitter and offensive, than that of the British journals in regard to the country at large. The slavery of the South is represented as a wrong inflicted upon the North, not as an evil forced upon the South by our forefathers of Old and New England. The South is charged with a spirit of sectional aggrandizement at the expense of the North. Threats of disunion are openly made, even in the imposing form of resolutions of State Legislatures; and societies professing a philanthropic character publicly announce, and are actually carrying into effect, the intention to agitate the country with a view to the dissolution of the Union.

It is impossible, of course, to enter upon a full discussion of so fruitful a topic at the close of a letter which treats immediately of another question, but I cannot let the occasion pass without entering my protest, as an individual citizen of one of the Northern States, against these proceedings as unjust, unkind and unchristian. We are told that we are, always have been —and, until the constitution shall have been amended, always shall be—governed by a junto of slaveholders. This supposition, if admitted, would lead to conclusions not very palatable, perhaps, to those who make it. If the miracles of success and prosperity which have uniformly attended our progress, as a nation, are to be attributed to the influence of a junto of slaveholders, it will be necessary to conclude that the government of such a junto, judged by its results—the only sure test of the character of any political institutions—is one of the best that has ever been tried. But the supposition is itself entirely erroneous. If the South has exercised a good deal of political influence, it has not been because she held slaves—a circumstance which, on the contrary, has greatly diminished, and is regularly diminishing, her sectional weight in the Union —but because she has produced such men as Washington, Henry, Marshall, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Weir; not to mention living characters of hardly less distinction and dignity. Most of these persons, it is true, held slaves, but they exercised influence, not as slaveholders, but as men. If these men, or some of them, have possessed more weight in the Union than others of equal merit at the North, it has been, I apprehend, not because they held slaves, but because they took views of the policy of the country more in accordance with the genius of our institutions, and which, for that reason, have ultimately obtained the almost unanimous assent of the people. It is a fact which cannot be disputed, and need not be disguised, that on all the great questions that have necessarily agitated the country, the South has taken the side which has finally carried the people with it; and, what is still more remarkable, account for it as we may, the side most favorable to liberty. I allude, of course, to dominant parties and the general tendency of opinion. In the controversies which grew out of the foundation and construction of the Federal Constitution—and in those which succeeded, and had their origin in the revolutionary struggles of Europe—in the disputes with Great Britain respecting neutral rights—on the great financial questions of the Bank and Protection—we find the North, right or wrong, uniformly on the side of Power—the South on that of Liberty. Even on isolated questions, like that of the acquisition of Louisiana —which seem to have no connection with general principles—the South has had the fortune to espouse the opinion that has finally been sanctioned by the people. At this moment, when a region not inferior, as I have said, in extent and richness, to the kingdom of France, is thrown, as it were, into our arms, the North—for reasons which, as I think I have shown, will hardly bear examination—repels the magnificent god-send: the South is ready to receive it with eagerness and gratitude. There can hardly be a doubt which of these two sentiments in regard to this measure, will finally

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prevail throughout the country. It will not be pretended—at least at the North—that a community of slaveholders is naturally, as such, more favorable to liberal principles of government, than one composed entirely of freemen: but it is not very difficult to imagine that in a country like ours, where all the institutions are based on the principles of Liberty, the supporters of liberal principles should regularly maintain the ascendency. How it has happened that the slaveholding South should have uniformly raised the standard of Liberty and the free North that of Power, is a curious question, which has often been asked, but never satisfactorily answered. Perhaps the native generosity and lofty spirit of the South are better guides to the judgment than our vaunted Northern calculation. The fact is certain; and it is in this fact, taken in connection with the power of steadiness which Southern statesmen have evinced in supporting their opinions in the national councils, that we must look for the cause of Southern preponderance. The South has exercised influence, not as a community of slaveholders, but as the able, vigorous and eloquent champion of popular and state rights—in one word, of Liberty. Let the North adopt the same course and she will find no difficulty—with her overflowing exuberance of material and intellectual resources—in arriving at the same result: nor will the attainment of it be at all obstructed by the adoption of a kinder and more courteous tone in regard to the South, than that which prevails in the controversies of the present day.

I am, with great regard, my dear friend, very truly yours,

A. H. Everett.

Springfield, Mass., August 8, 1844.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MIRABEAU.*

BY L. LESLIE.

The dew was cold on autumn flowers,
The wind was chill in autumn bowers;
Precursive of the coming wrath,
Leaves strewed the wild neglected path,
Where, yet all beautiful and proud,
She stood, unbroken and unbowed,
As autumn moonbeams glimmered through
The forest branches of Saint Cloud.

And he—what doth such suitor there,
With look half triumph, half despair?
And what the mad ambition now,
That mingles on that lurid brow
With thoughts of better purpose, seen
Like gleams of sunshine, storms between?
How question those audacious eyes,
Exalted to such lofty prize?

Oh warring motives, to create
The slightest tie of common fate
With her, who bears in every grace
The despot's still imperious trace,
And him, that more portentous thing,
Of popular opinion, King!
'Tis done—the courteous sign is waved,
Parting he sighs—"The crown is saved!"

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* Carlyle says, the meeting between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau took place in January, in the gardens of Saint Cloud; but others mention it as in the autumn previous. His parting words on that occasion—"Madam, the monarchy is saved," are alluded to in the above verses.

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False hope, vain boast, for one like thee,
Type of the falling monarchy;
Bold, brave, and chivalrous without,
By arms and honors girt about,
But weak with passions, foul with sin,
A loathsome sepulchre within—
And thou, with parricidal hand
Would'st quell the justice of the land!

Alas for her, the powerless queen,
With lighter step and haughtier mien,
Returning to her palace halls,
Around the smiling crowd she calls;
While balanced on the trembling verge
Of ruin—she beholds emerge
The light of the ascendant star,
And hails illusions from afar.

Alas for her, the brilliant mark
Of curious words, suspicions dark:
One sole fresh feeling, not denied
Her penal pomp, a mother's pride.
So darkly doomed to expiate
The few sad errors of her state,
And that fair head made sacrifice
For years of grey ancestral vice!

But he, whose baseless promise gave
A flash like torchlight on a grave,
Who waked *her* hopes, yet dared to be
The anointed champion of the free;
He, learned alike in good or ill,
Knowing the strength of human will,
On one long slighted duty bent,
Deemed he to save the innocent!

Deemed he, when ripened thus by time,
The gross accumulated crime,
When spectral deeds, long buried, rose
More fearful in their mouldering woes,
With the pale present's tainted train,
Bequest of many a guilty reign,
His power could stem, in that dead throng,
Th' avenging tide of human wrong?

No—on his brow the seal was set,
And then was registered the debt,
Paid for a moment's idle breath,
By one sure forfeit, common death—
Death not in storm of battle field,
Not 'mid the force he longed to wield,
Not even for *her*, dream of an hour,
Proud Austria's fading lily flower.

Dread warning, that a people's trust
Shall perish not for royal dust—
Though thou, of Freedom's heart the pride,
Through art, or folly, swerved aside,
Yet the eternal will went forth,
That weighed, and found thee wanting worth—
Well didst thou reap, as thou didst sow,
The whirlwind—mighty Mirabeau!

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AUTHORITY AGAINST REASON.

"*Non enim tam auctoritatis in disputando, quam rationis momenta quærenda sunt.*"

In every period of the history of our race its progress has been retarded, and intellectual effort restrained within the most narrow compass, by principles of a false method of reasoning, a spurious logic, based upon theory, without reference to its fitness and utility, and enforced by the appeal to authority, without consulting the light of reason.

This was the logic of the sophists in the days of Socrates. It was the logic of Aristotle, who would confine all inquiry, and every process of reason, within the limits of a syllogism. It was the logic of much of the philosophical speculation of that remarkable age when rival schools and sects—Stoic, Epicurean, and Academic—Pythagoras, Zeno and Plato—opposed each to each his theory for the solution of the grand problem of nature and human destiny, which ever sat like the fabled sphinx by the wayside, presenting again and again the same problem that no Œdipus was found able to solve.

But in an eminent degree are these false principles found pervading the logic of the schools; and nowhere perhaps in the whole history of the human mind can a more striking illustration be found of the power of that logical fallacy, known as the appeal to authority, than in the philosophical, or more properly the theological speculations of the schoolmen. Their system was an uncouth, unnatural superstructure, reared upon the basis of Aristotle's syllogisms. In its erection, the "precious life-blood of master spirits" had been wasted, and in threading its labyrinths, was squandered the fruitless zeal of many a noble enthusiast of scholastic learning.

It has been said with truth of the schoolmen, that they drew a good bow but they shot at the stars. And who shall say what noble triumphs of intellect and high achievements in science, they might have accomplished, had one half of that acu eness and subtlety of disquisition, that ardent and burning zeal, that patient and painful toil, which were expended in the discussion of a thousand frivolous and often absurd questions in theology or metaphysics, been rightly directed to some legitimate object of human inquiry?

Had the method of nature, and the inductive system of Bacon—the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, and the *Novum Organon*, shed the light of a true philosophy upon the erring vision of such men as Roscelin, Anselm, and Abelard, Scotus, Aquinas, and Occam, thought might long since have been emancipated from the bondage of scholastic pedantry, and bathing its wing in the light of a heaven-born science, have arisen above the rank vapors of error to the purer atmosphere of reason and truth.

It is unnecessary to trace minutely the true source and spring of this error, that for so many centuries corrupted philosophy, perverted reason, debased metaphysics and theology, and bound down in more than adamantine fetters the thought of man.

The *Eidola* of Bacon, acting as the protecting genii and guardians of scholastic philosophy, opposed a barrier, as impregnable as the walls of Acheron, to the advance of a genuine science. The monk, the doctor, and the pontiff—the crosier, the robe, and the mitre—the cloister, the university, and even the church itself—were the protectors and champions of a false logic, a false philosophy, a false religion. And where was to break the first dawn of truth that should scatter the darkness then brooding over the moral world? Where to arise the bright day-star that was to guide the pilgrim of truth through those inextricable mazes, made tenfold more intricate and obscure by the shadows that bigotry, superstition and authority had gathered around them? Where was to appear the radiant bow of promise, like the harbinger of a brighter day, stretching out before the vision of man, and pointing him to a higher destiny in the opening future? Was it from the

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cloisters? In those cemeteries of learning, eloquence, poetry and literature had found a grave. In their gloomy vaults learning and science lay entombed, and the dust of centuries had settled upon them, and the chant of the monk, the muttered orison, and the vesper hymn arose over them like a perpetual requiem for the dead. Was it to come from the university? The universities were filled with the professors of a false, though subtle philosophy—of a dialectics founded upon quibbles—of a jurisprudence, the deformed and sickly shoot of a noble stem, the civil law—of a physical science akin to that which existed in the dreams of the Alchemists—of a logic of categories and syllogisms, that had degenerated into the merest verbal questions and idle distinctions. Was the light to arise from the papal hierarchy—the precincts of the Vatican? The Roman church knew too well the secret of its power and the talisman of its greatness. That talisman was *authority*. Not temporal authority merely—authority in all that pertains to ecclesiastical matters and spiritual salvation: but authority over the mind—authority to direct and control the reason—the ever living, restless and unfettered thought of man. It was not here amid the solemn mockeries of the Vatican, and the regal pomp and grandeur that surrounded him who held in his hands the keys of the Apostle, and pressed the gorgeous cushions of St. Peter's chair, nor was it from the pampered cloister, or the vain and boastful school, that was to originate the mighty revolution of mind which emancipated the thought and reason of mankind, and laid a sure foundation for the progress of free opinion.

There was that in the very constitution and life of each which marked it as hostile to the grand movement of the age. The schools were the tyrants of thought, and proscribed all free investigation beyond the scope of their own narrow philosophy. The monasteries were the sepulchres of learning. The Ecclesiastics and Hierarchy were the despots of opinion, and the terrible anathemas of the vicegerent of Heaven—the *excommunicabo te*, were the arguments adopted to quiet the refractory, and to convince the sceptic's conscience, who ventured to question maxims drawn from this capacious warehouse of ready-made opinions, creeds, and systems of faith.

Two things were necessary to effect the moral and intellectual elevation of society.

The first of these was to question the authority which had hitherto lorded it over the intelligence of man's nature, and to give him back the high privilege, which is a prerogative of his being—to think for himself. The second, to overturn the false systems which had been for ages the *ignis fatui* of the noblest intellects, and to point out the true method of inductive reasoning and experimental knowledge, which is the only sure basis of an enlightened science. The former of these was the office of LUTHER—the latter of BACON.

Liberty and knowledge—freedom of thought, and light and power to aid in its true application—the unalienable right of man to think for himself, and to receive the creed of no man, the dogmas of no council, the authority of no institution, simply as such, to be the standard of his belief, and the measure of his faith; and again to reduce this thought, when released from the leading-strings of authority, to method—to generalize, and render it subservient to practical investigation by means of some productive system of inquiry; these were the grand desiderata of the age.

The former was begun by the zealous reformer of moral abuses in his eloquent denunciations of the usurped authority of the church over the intellect and conscience; the latter was achieved by the no less powerful and zealous reformer of intellectual abuses, in his triumphant overthrow of the scholastic philosophy, that had so long decoyed the minds of men from the path of legitimate inquiry, by the wretched phantom of a false logic.

It would be foreign to these inquiries to discuss at large the radical defects in the philosophical speculations and systems of the middle ages, or to enter into any investigation of the causes that retarded the progress of true science. It would be idle to review the theology of the church, based as it was upon the decretals of councils, and the bulls of the pontiff, which, as the *ultima ratio*, were ever at hand to prevent the honest inquirer from lifting the veil that covered the arcana of sanctified abuses. Equally unprofitable would it be to dis-

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cuss the predicaments and predicables, the categories, categoremas and syllogisms, and all the subtle nothings of the dialecticians who sought by the means of such a logic to explain the mysteries of being and the constitution of things. Let it suffice to say, that the starting error in these speculations was the want of a true method of inquiry; and that antecedent to this want, and the cause of this error, we find the intellect and conscience made the slaves of a ready-made faith, that was not to be questioned, and the mind, with all its faculties of free will, free thought, and free action, bowing down to this false idol of authority. The pontiff was esteemed scarcely less infallible and the ultimate ground of appeal in the church, than was Aristotle in the schools.

Here then is found the root of error that in every age has retarded knowledge and perverted true investigation; a blind reverence for antiquity, and an implicit deference to authority. This is the *eidola theatri* of Bacon; that is to say, the ascendency which the lawgivers of opinion and the doctors of belief acquire over the thoughts of men.

From the shackles of this false authority, physical science was released by the labors of Bacon, who, in his experimental philosophy, pointed out the true method of nature. This system, as is well known, commences with an attentive observation of natural phenomena, and facts, without attempting their previous explanation. And in this it differs from all former systems. Proceeding from this observation to classify and arrange these phenomena, it finally, with them as a basis, arrives by induction at general truths.

The method of induction and experiment, as thus laid down, has been fully developed and carried out in the philosophy of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. These great principles are now recognized as the very root and starting point of all rational investigation and true science.

It is true, that, apart from the general method of experiment and induction, which is the cardinal idea of the system, it contained in itself the germs of error calculated to reproduce a sensual philosophy, as was evident from subsequent speculations. Applied by Hobbes and Helvetius to morals and politics, it degenerated into selfishness; by D'Holbach to the theory of nature, it produced Atheism; by Locke and Condillac, to psychology, it developed itself in materialism; until it was finally pushed to its last consequences by Hume, and ended in blank scepticism.

But though speculative errors have been the result of this great revolution in human knowledge, they have long since rectified themselves. The mind, when left to itself, free and untrammelled, by its ceaseless activity and its earnest inquiry after truth, will correct its own abuses. Such has been the result. Reaction has followed reaction; and though sensualism was the predominant element in the empirical philosophy which sprang out of the school of Bacon and Locke, yet it is far from being the prevailing error of modern speculations, which it is to be feared have too great a tendency to the opposite extreme. And now we turn back to this point to date the first breaking of the morning light, that was to prove the harbinger of a brighter day to the perverted reason of mankind. It is here we trace the living well-spring of a purer science. It is here we meet the notes of gladness and joy that proclaimed to man his release from mental thraldom.

Years before had Luther placed the axe to the very root of authority. He had laid bare to the eye of reason, the fallacy of that appeal to the reverence of antiquity which the Church ever advanced as its last argument. He had shown that the writings of the Fathers, and the dogmas of the whole calendar of Saints, whose canonized bones were reposing in all the odor of sanctity, were not the infallible standard of religious belief. Men had begun to think and reason for themselves, and to draw the great truths that pertain to their eternal destiny from the oracles of God. What the Reformer achieved for man's moral nature, Bacon did for his intellectual. He broke the spell that scholastic philosophy had woven around the sense. He repudiated the errors that had become legalized by the authority of existing institutions, and consecrated by the palsied hand of antiquity. And he led the mind to draw the elements of human knowledge from the book of nature, as Luther had led it to draw its system of divine faith from the book of God. And the impulse thus given has been carried on. Its effects for the last two centuries have been seen in its

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practical adaptation to the wants of man—in its renovating influence upon his social state—in its enlargement of the liberal sciences, ethics, politics, and jurisprudence—in its application to the useful arts, and every department of human knowledge. And its consequences are still visible in the steady and certain progress of those high principles which tend to enlarge and elevate and liberalize the mind; and of that spirit of progressive advancement which is one of the characteristics of the age.

Are there not, however, yet lingering among us, even in this day of free thought and enlightened reason, the prejudices that shut out the light from the mental vision? Is there no false authority? No oracle *ex cathedra?* No voice from the tripod of opinion, that is received without investigation, and adopted as a rule of action, without even the formality of a doubt in regard to its legitimacy? Is not the false logic of a former age, purged, indeed, of its grossness, but still in effect as dangerous, reproduced among us under a new form? True it is we claim the possession—constructive at least—of perfect liberty of thought and inquiry. In metaphysical speculations, the widest scope is given. In physical science, the most unbounded experiment is the daily practice. In individual enterprise, invention, and private speculation, we permit no man to dictate. Where, then, is the evidence of mental subserviency?

A preliminary remark or two may be suffered before attempting an answer to this question, or endeavoring to detect the principle, if indeed it exist at all, in modern society.

It is a difficult matter to reason men out of their prejudices. It is a hard thing to combat a doctrine that has received the sanction of age, and the assent of the million. It is no easy task to reverse an opinion that has been adopted for convenience's sake, or because it may happen to chime in with a mental tendency or a preconceived intellectual bias. And how easier far is it to adopt those notions, prejudices, and opinions, even though they are not embraced with that hearty and ardent impulse which follows an honest conviction of the right, than to shake off their influence and to lead back the mind again to a communion with the pure spirit of truth! The road to error is smooth to the feet. We can make a most comfortable journey by remaining in a state of quiescence; accommodating ourselves to circumstances, and assimilating the mind to each new view as it rises. But to retrace this path, and to mount again to spiritual health and intellectual life, this is achieved only through intense labor and painful toil.

These may be characterized as the positive and negative conditions of thought. The one is the active, the other the passive, mental state.

It is this inertness of mind, or, if you please, this negative and passive mental condition, characterized by a willingness to rest satisfied with established opinion—a proneness to adopt without examination, and to trust with the most implicit confidence in the doctrines founded upon the researches and inquiries of others—that has in every age obstructed fearless investigation at the very threshold, and which, we verily believe, is one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of truth in our day.

"What!" exclaims the stickler for authority, "Do you presume to examine for yourself the groundwork of this social principle which has been an admitted maxim in every civilized state?" "Do you dare to question this dogma," exclaims the theologian, "or to make a new comment upon a text that has been thus expounded by the fathers, and set at rest for ever by the canons of the church?" "Dare you doubt the truth of this political maxim," cries the modern statesman, "which has been admitted by every political economist from Adam Smith to the last newly elected representative in Congress?" "And will you presume to question the precedent," chimes in the jurist, "or examine the authority of the rule as laid down in the reports and established by the latest adjudged cases?"

We are now prepared for a solution of the question, for we have here before us the elements of the same popular fallacy that has been under consideration, namely, the appeal to Authority. It seems rooted in our mental constitution, and has a wider and deeper influence upon thought and action, than at first view would be supposed. The logicians class it as the *argumentum ad verecundiam;* and its power is readily perceived in circumscribing the range of thought, and in stifling every inquiry

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that would seek beyond the established opinion and doctrine to examine the ground on which they rest; that would press beyond the precedent and the rule for the reason of them. It is the same principle to which allusion has been made, and which we have traced as the grand error in the philosophical systems and speculations of the middle ages.. And the principle has been applied as the strong argument against every reformer, who has raised his voice in opposition to a legalized tyranny over the mind; who has dared to pluck the hoary beard of error; to attack the vain confidence that man reposes, not in his own reason, but in the reason of his fellows; and to proclaim with the ardor of enthusiasm, even in the very face of an opposing world, those deep convictions of truth that are born amid the painful travail of his own spirit, in the silent chambers of the soul.

It was applied to Socrates, who strove to release philosophy from the degradation to which it had been reduced by the sophists, and his reward was the cup of hemlock. It was applied to the apostles of the Christian faith, who, though ignorant of this world's wisdom, yet taught a purer doctrine than the Jewish Rabbi, and a nobler philosophy than the Grecian sage, and they encountered the sneers and scoffs of the learned, and their reward was a martyr's crown.

The same argument was applied to Galileo, who was compelled to abjure the detestable heresy that the earth revolved on its axis, which he had advanced against the established opinion of the sages of his day, and for daring to promulgate which simple truth, he was condemned, as the enemy of Christianity, to breathe the vapors of a dungeon. And the heroic Luther, too, encountered the same reasoning in the thunders that rolled up from the seven-hilled city, and the anathemas of the Vatican that proclaimed him an excommunicated heretic, when, with the lamp of divine truth in his hand, and the word of God for his guide, he set at naught the decretals of councils, the authority of the pontiff, the college of cardinals, and the whole calendar of saints, though they had for centuries been recognized as the only infallible authority and the last ground of appeal.

The ordeal has always been most severe and trying to him who, with a singleness of purpose, and an earnest love of truth, seeks to penetrate beneath the surface, and to examine for himself the foundation of human knowledge. His is a love of truth and knowledge for their own sake, and not for their utility. He would not make religion a matter of convenience merely, and therefore, if he lifts up his voice against a canon of the church, though his doctrine may be drawn from the inspired oracle of truth, the only infallible guide of faith, he is in danger of being proscribed as a heretic, a schismatic, or an infidel.

He would not convert jurisprudence into a mere science of technicalities and precedents; and therefore, if he presume to go beyond these and consult the light of reason, he is in danger of being condemned as an innovator upon established usages, and as advancing opinions destructive to true science.

He would not turn politics into the mere instrument of party tactics, conducing only to the temporary success of a faction, or the personal advancement of the partizan; and therefore, any free opinion or liberal principle he may advance that conflicts with party discipline is condemned, and he himself denounced as a disorganizer, a radical, and an agrarian.

In the further illustration of this principle, that is to say, the appeal to authority, its logical effect, frequent perversion, and the uses to which it is applied, we design to consider it solely in its connection with the science of politics, including, under this general term, jurisprudence as well as civil government, or politics properly so called.

Some difficulty is apprehended in touching upon the first of these topics. Jurisprudence, if regarded in its true light, not as exclusively practical in its nature, but as a liberal science, founded in reason, and comprehending in itself the higher principles of ethics and philosophy, is a noble field for investigation.

It is a superstructure compact, well organized, and symmetrical in its proportions, based upon right and reason. In its practical details, and the application of its maxims to individual cases, some discrepancies and contradictions appear, it is true, but these it is not our purpose to consider. They perhaps

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can hardly be regarded as blemishes, and detract very little from the beauty and harmony of the system as a whole. The only question, however, that presents itself in this connection is, to what extent this doctrine of authority is carried, and what is its utility and force. The difficulty and delicacy of the subject are apparent, from the very perfection and harmony of the system itself. We will, however, attempt the inquiry, with first premising that it is not intended here to question the policy of the doctrine, as at present enforced in practice. It is simply the theory that is under consideration, and of course its consequences, if brought into practice, too rigorously enforced and pushed to its last results. It is said that stability and certainty are elements of a perfect system of law. To secure these, the doctrine of precedents is established, and has become the very corner-stone of the edifice.

In this, we again recognize the old principle of authority. Let us take it as we find it, and see, if even in a liberal science (and we know of none other that can assign stronger reasons for enforcing the principle), it may not become the instrument of restraining inquiry, of prescribing fixed boundaries for the thoughts, which they are not to transgress, and arbitrary rules which the reason is not to question.

An advocate appears in a court of justice. He has a case involving perhaps the most abstruse principles of the common law. It is true, these principles have been amply expounded in the opinions of various courts, and the reports of adjudged cases. Yet they are apparently conflicting,—perhaps the weight of authority is decidedly against the merits of his case—though he has the very right and justice of the matter. He has prepared his brief with the most elaborate precision; he has armed himself with all the learning and subtlety of his profession, and he is able to attack with success the doctrine of the precedent, and to show that it is a perversion or at least a misconstruction of the true spirit of the law. "May it please the court," he commences,—"I would presume to question the soundness of the precedent, as established by a recent decision of this court,"—and the inflexible smile and look of surprise of the court to whom his appeal is made, would no doubt convince the advocate, had he been ignorant before of the circumstance, that he had mistaken the ground of his argument. His cause is at an end. Law is law, and fact is fact. The conscience of the court may be informed as to the former, and the jury enlightened as to the latter; but in no respect is the authority to be impugned. He may as well shut his books, fold up his brief, and close his case. The imperturbable countenance of the judge seems to give expression to nothing, save the maxim, *stare decisis*, "adhere to the precedent;" and the opinion of the court is heard in corroboration :—"The principle as laid down in the recent decision is inflexible and absolute; and though perhaps a hard rule in individual cases, its authority is unquestionable and cannot be controverted."

What, then, is the nature of this authority? In what consists its validity, and how far is it sustained in its binding force by an enlightened reason?

"The reports of the decisions and adjudged cases," says Chancellor Kent in his Commentaries, "are the highest *evidence* of the maxims and principles of the common law." Upon this point there is no diversity of opinion. But when the adjudged case or the decision is set up as an inflexible rule, it loses its character of evidence and becomes authority or demonstration.

Let us for a moment examine the logical force of this demonstration. That we derive a great part of our information, and much too of that which we regard as certain positive knowledge, directly from the investigations of others, and not through the medium of our own senses, or the operations of our own minds, can admit of no doubt. There are a thousand things received on the authority of others, to which the mind assents with as little hesitation, as it does to its own demonstration of a mathematical theorem. A principal ground for this mental assent, is the confidence we place in the ability of another to acquire a knowledge of a subject in regard to which we possess little or no information. In every case, therefore, we receive his knowledge subject to the same conditions under which he himself received it, with the additional doubt perhaps which always accompanies, even under the most

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favorable circumstances, the act of taking as our own the result of the mental processes of another.

Now the degree of credibility attached to each new fact is greater or less, in proportion to the species of evidence on which it rests. If, then, we receive on the authority of another any maxim or theory, we may readily determine the degree of credibility to be attached to it, from these two considerations,—first, the character of the theorist, and his means and opportunities of information; and secondly, the kind of evidence from which he himself must have drawn his own conclusions. To illustrate—when we are told on the authority of the astronomer that an eclipse of the sun will occur at such a period, the mind at once assents to the fact, though it has no means of arriving directly through its own investigation, at the same knowledge; but it would be absurd to place any confidence in his calculations who should predict a similar phenomenon, from data furnished him solely by examining the sun through a smoked glass. The character of the astronomer and his better means of information, evidently, in this case, constitute the superiority of the former to the latter authority.

When we are told that the square of the periodic times of the planets, is as the cubes of their mean distances, we regard it as a positive and certain truth, beyond dispute or cavil; but we would by no means yield the same assent to a theory that identifies gravitation with electricity, though Kepler himself had advanced it, or an authority of equal weight and character, and had sustained it by a course of the most elaborate reasoning. Here the character and means of information of both we have supposed equal, and the difference between our conception of the truth of each proposition arises solely from the evidence with which each is sustained, —the basis on which it rests. The reasoning of Kepler in establishing his great law is demonstrative, and produces absolute conviction; the other is speculative merely, and can at best establish but a probability. Of the latter description is all moral reasoning, though of course there are different degrees of probability, varying from the very lowest shade, to that which strikes the mind with almost the force of absolute demonstration.

The whole class of legal decisions, as declaratory of the common law, are of this latter description. They are in main expressions of individual, speculative opinion; founded often upon a hasty and partial collection of facts, and supported alone by probable evidence. When we establish these as a check to inquiry—when we are forbidden to go beyond the rule for the reason of it—when we set up a speculative opinion in jurisprudence (and *à fortiori* in ethics and philosophy), as an inflexible authority and standard of truth; no matter for what purpose it may be done—no matter what may be its convenience or utility, we place a boundary before that free range of thought, and fearless exercise of reason, without which no high achievement of intellect, no comprehensive system of science, nor brilliant discovery in arts, has ever yet been made, to adorn the records of humanity.

We presume not here to advocate the revolution, the reform, or even any material change in our admirable system of jurisprudence. It is declared by its sages to be a fabric of symmetrical construction. It is said to be the very "perfection of reason," and even with the little reverence for authority which these remarks may have disclosed in the writer, he cannot fail to be convinced of the truth of an opinion supported as it is by testimony (or if you will, authority) so ample and conclusive. We have simply objected to the principle itself, to whatever applied, as a principle calculated to chill the genial springing forth of man's spiritual life, and to check the growth of a fearless mental freedom, which is at once the moving spring of discovery, and the soul of philosophic truth.

Let, then, the precedent fall back again to its true position. Let it be regarded only as testimony and evidence —evidence, it is admitted, in many cases of the highest validity, and often absolutely conclusive, but yet divested of this most unnatural feature of authority. Control no man's thought. Fetter no man's reason. Direct no man's research. Why should that be binding on one's conscience, which the conscience itself believes to be absurd? Why should the nerveless grasp of a palsied hand curb the energies of a young and athletic frame, every vein of which is throbbing with the pulsations

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of vigorous life? Why should hoary and antiquated opinion crush in its first budding the germ of a new truth? No, no—away with that authority which strives to consecrate and legitimatize speculative opinion, irrespective of its truth or falsity. Give us liberty of research, of reason, of action; and while antiquated dogmatism stands shivering upon the margin of the waters, and gathering around its limbs the tattered shreds of precedent and authority, enlightened reason will have boldly launched out upon the broad ocean of discovery. While the one is hiding itself in the catacombs, among the embalmed and lifeless relics of a past age, the other is engaged in active labor, under the pure light of Heaven, in developing new and liberal theories, or in enlarging the boundaries of science, by the discovery of new principles of truth.

But destroy the principle of authoritative precedent, we are told, and you destroy all certainty and precision, all system and method in the science of Jurisprudence. Not at all. We but remove the impediments. We give full range to inquiry, and free scope to reason; and we arrive by means of a purer logic, to a nicer precision, a better digested system, a more philosophic method. Truth is never inconsistent with itself. A reversal of opinion and an honest change of sentiment do not always evidence a want of consistency, or a departure from established truth.

While, therefore, we look with all possible deference upon the precedent, as containing oftentimes the best exposition, and as being the highest evidence of the principles of law, let us beware of yielding a too easy and servile assent to the rigorous and inflexible application of the *stare decisis* to every subject of legal investigation; lest standing *super antiquas vias*, we may be led willingly to subscribe to maxims that an enlightened reason condemns, and to yield our sanction to the perpetuity of error. That thought must be poor and sickly indeed, which is ever confined within a prescribed boundary. That inquiry must be timid and fruitless enough, that is always concluded by every attempt to transgress the lines of known and admitted principle. That reason must be sufficiently tame, that has for its field only the barren region that has been sacked and explored again and again by those who have gone before us.

We cannot refrain, even in the very face of a previous assertion that we were no advocate of change or reform, from suggesting that a modification of the doctrines of authority as at present enforced in our courts of justice, might be attended with salutary results. Establish the power of a fair reconsideration, a liberal review, a fuller, freer examination, by the cultivated minds of an upright, inflexible and impartial Judiciary, wherever located, whether upon lower, or higher benches. It is difficult to conceive how Jurisprudence, as a science, should lose anything of precision, harmony or truth. Though an hundred crude and hasty decisions are overruled without an appeal to a higher tribunal, and though a thousand conflicting opinions are reconciled without the intervention of a higher authority, the system will be unimpaired in harmony and beauty, and will lose nothing in consistency, nothing in precision. Then its maxims will gradually form themselves into a code, or rather become a more compact system of accredited, established truth; not depending in its particular application upon the iron arm of a despotic authority, but founded upon right principle, and enforced by the power of enlightened reason. But we have already enlarged upon this head more than at first intended. And we therefore pass on to consider the general term, politics; that is to say, civil government—politics properly so called—the science of legislation; or perhaps, as it is generally understood by the moderns, political effort and partizanship.

If the principle exists here at all, we may expect to find it developed under a new form. It has laid aside its character of rigid and severe, though dignified authority; inflexible and unbending, it is true, but with yet at least a show of right for its lawfulness, and claiming to be founded upon principle. It has now clothed itself in the more insidious guise of popular opinion, which, while it professes to bend to the will of the sovereign—the people—is in reality something extrinsic to them, and sways an iron sceptre of arrogant despotism.

Though revealing itself under different modes of action, the final cause of the principle is precisely the same as in

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the former case. It is to secure stability and permanence, to give certainty and consistency to a system of action, and it resolves itself in the last analysis into expediency and utility. The expediency here referred to, has not even the merits of Jeremy Bentham's utilitarianism. In the principle which he placed as the cardinal idea of his system, he recognized something which at least conduced to the greatest happiness of the mass, and which was in some sort a test for the moral quality of actions. But the utility here spoken of has taken a bolder stand, and practises, though it does not profess, a more impious doctrine.

Instead of the "greatest happiness principle" it has degenerated into the "most complete success principle." With this it entirely identifies itself. It recognizes success alone as the one sole test of meritorious action; and every maxim of justice, of goodness, of right, of high moral principle, is valued in exact proportion to its availability. Grant me success—cries this utilitarianism, the spurious offspring of a nobler parent—reward my patriotic exertion—crown my labors with something worth laboring for—shower down a largess that will stimulate to higher and more earnest action.

These are not the sentiments that spring up in the heart of him who, with the earnestness of a pure faith, and the enthusiasm of a true devotion, has enlisted his life in behalf of some high enterprise, the triumph of which involves not his own paltry self-interest merely, but the progress of eternal principles of truth. But it is the doctrine of him who would rather gain the goal of victory and aggrandize self in an unjust contest, than receive upon his brow the martyr's crown in a righteous cause. It is the doctrine of one who would rather be greeted by the pæans of triumphant success, though the chorus were led by the Devil himself, than lay down his bones in honor and glory, like a faithful soldier who has nobly fallen amid the requiems of good men, that alone break in upon the silence of his last resting-place.

It is to be feared that much of political and party tactics is founded upon this principle of utility. It is to be regretted that in many cases utility, and not right, constitutes political authority; that it is the soul of political combination, and that it gives wisdom to the Solons of opinion, whose business it seems to be to publish political text-books, and fabricate political creeds an humble faith in which is a test of orthodoxy in the great mass of the people, who by this species of mental economy are saved the unnecessary trouble of thinking for themselves.

"What are your principles?" we ask of a politician, who perhaps has been engaged all his life in furthering the ends of some tactician, or political trimmer, and who has clamored loud, and long, and vociferously, of some abstract or general truth, which none denies, as of popular suffrage, equal rights, and the like. "What are your principles?" we ask of him. "The principles of the party." "And what are the principles of the party?" And the answer is returned, "They are my principles."

Something similar was the predicament of the dying sinner when tempted of the Devil, as related in D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. "What do you believe?" asks the Devil of the penitent. "What the Church believes." "And what does the Church believe?" "What I believe." "What do you believe?" inquires again the tormentor. And the dying man replies, "What the Church believes!" Had he been asked by the cunning adversary what both *he* and the *Church* believed, the reply would perhaps have been, "One question at a time, if you please." And the reasonableness of the request is apparent.

Will it be to doubt the virtue and intelligence of the people, if we say that the belief of many whose action is sufficiently decided and definite, rests upon similar grounds with the penitent's faith? Will it be to question the capacity of the people for self-government, if we say that with many an unthinking mind—so strict is party discipline—the orthodoxy of a political manifesto is only disputed when proceeding from what each man is pleased to regard as the wrong source, and is adopted without hesitation or inquiry, if emanating from what the same person chooses to consider the proper fountain of authority? Not at all. It is a sad thing that it is so; but such we believe to be the fact. The cause it is unnecessary to trace. The consequences are too plainly evident.

True, it may secure greater uniformity of action, a more systematic combination, a more united effort, and

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perhaps may ensure a more complete temporary success. But we cannot conceive that it tends to advance the grand movement of the age—that it contributes to the enlargement of the bounds of a liberal political science—that it aids in enlightening the minds of the people, and in endearing to them, by an honest and hearty conviction of their truth, the simple elementary doctrines of political right—Republican Government—Representative Democracy. And therefore success, based upon these principles of progress, must be partial, and signally fail in the end to accomplish lasting and permanent results.

An experienced and admirably drilled army of regular soldiers, with scarcely a knowledge of the authority that puts them in action, or the cause in which they fight, will from the force of discipline alone do capital execution, and infinitely excel the raw recruits from the provinces. But let these recruits be doing battle for freedom—let them know and deeply feel their own wrongs and the justice of their cause, and be inflamed with the ardor of the patriot soldier—and their self-sacrifice and devotion, their enthusiastic determination, and earnestness of purpose, will eventually triumph over every obstacle, and achieve infinitely more than years of discipline and the most perfect tactics could accomplish.

The result of efforts like these alone are destined to live in the future. They belong to that which is lasting and permanent, and not to the mutable and transient things of the day which spring up in one moment to be forgotten the next.

Let it not be understood, however, that the principle of authority extends only to that class who are willing to relieve themselves of the onerous duty of thinking for themselves. True it is, such a class exists, and for them we know of no other alternative than to adopt the impressions of others, unless it be to form no opinions at all, than which a more abject state of mental imbecility cannot be conceived.

Give us rather the man of whole and hearty impulses, whose notions, though hastily formed and often erroneous, are yet embraced with an honest conviction, and carried out in manly and consistent action, than him whose mind is a *tabula rasa*—whose intellectual life is a void—whose mental constitution is an infirmity—who never formed an opinion himself, nor heartily assented to that of another.

But there is another class to whom the doctrine of political authority, or, if you please, of proscription, applies with peculiar force; and against whom it is often used as the strong engine of oppression. They are men of active minds, and ardent impulses—of a fearless spirit and honest purpose, whose rules of action are not based upon expediency, but right; who do not make politics a profession or a trade, and whose only convictions are those that commend themselves to the reason and conscience.

The experience of the past, together with our every day observation, is enough to prove, if proof is necessary, that we have not misjudged this matter. Whence springs that principle of intolerance, which, with the easy complaisance of the Pharisee, proclaims its own rectitude and purity of character to him who presumes to suggest a new idea or notion—it may be one that is in advance of the age? Whence comes that spirit of proscription, that is ever ready to read out of the political communion him who dares doubt the soundness of an old maxim, or advocate the introduction of a new, until such old or new maxim, as the case may be, has been condemned or approved by the regularly constituted authorities? What claim has a radical to toleration, or the protection of the mantle of charity? Why should a visionary who talks of reform, be permitted to go abroad without a straight jacket? What right has he who questions the statesmanship of Mr. Clay to the name of Whig, or he who doubts the absolute infallibility of the people to that of Democrat?

There is abroad in society too much of this high aristocracy of opinion on the one hand, and of this easy flexibility of belief on the other. There is too much of lofty dictation, and too little adherence to rigid, unbending principle. There is far too great a deference to the supremacy of the public will, and too little respect for the free development of individual opinion.

It is not now of any particular party or interest that we speak. It is desirable, if possible, to consider the principle alluded to separately from these, and to take in a view as wide and general

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as the principle itself is diffusive throughout society. If therefore a particular application is made, it will be rather for the sake of the illustration than to fasten any charge, or bring any reproof to a distinctive class or party, either political or otherwise. We have said that the doctrine of authority, or in other words the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, is made an instrument for the enforcement, oftentimes unjust, and sometimes tyrannical, of opinion in political combinations. The truth of this position is apparent to every one who is accustomed to watch with a careful eye the promulgation of opinion, and the manner of its reception by that indefinite, intangible something which we call the Public.

To illustrate again. The doctrine of protection to Home Industry becomes a living and active faith with the great body of a powerful party. It is received with as much enthusiasm and applauded as warmly as could be desired by the most zealous 'Home Leaguer,' or even the great champion of American Industry himself. Whence, let us ask, originates this faith, that is indeed "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen?" Does it spring from the people—that class of them that give it their most cordial sanction? No; no—what have the people to do with these matters? with making political maxims, and manufacturing opinions? What have the people to do but believe, and trust to the superior wisdom of the directors of public sentiment? It is their business quietly to open their ears and listen—to apply their minds to the things that pertain to their political well-being, simply as humble receivers of the truth, and to make no wry faces at the prescriptions, nauseous though they be, of the learned doctors of the political faculty. The science of party, like that of medicine, is somewhat empirical. Experiment is the order of the day. We must exercise a living faith in the skill, ability, and honesty of the political as well as the medical practitioner. We may, it is quite certain, sometimes place a mistaken confidence in a quack. But this is our own fault. We must judge of the *men*—that is our legitimate province—not of the nature of the remedy. Every man who does not belong to the regular practice is presumed to be a quack, and *e converso*.

"What is this medicine?"—a sick man asked of a somewhat celebrated physician—(the poor man was unreasonably apprehensive of the efficacy of the potion, his adviser's skill, or the safety of his own life). "Oh!" answered the doctor, "it is a little of the *Tityre tu patulæ*." The man swallowed the potion and—recovered. In every succeeding disorder, he wished no other remedy but the genuine *Tityre tu patulæ*.

How many prescriptions have the doctors in politics administered, in a similar manner, to their suffering patients, though not always attended with the same happy results! And how often have they inspired a perfect faith, and a serene confidence, by communicating in a like frank and candid spirit the nature of their remedies! Now how absurd would it have been for the poor patient, with his parched lips and fevered brow, to have questioned the virtue of *Tityre tu patulæ*, so long as it came to him on such excellent authority! And, of course, following up the analogy, how foolish it is to inquire into the nature, to examine the effects, or to question the fitness of the remedies applied to our social and political disorders, so long as we receive them labelled and signed, and fresh from the hands of the regular practice!

"But," says one, "I know the nature of the remedy. I don't swallow every man's drugs. I am in favor of internal improvement, home industry, and a sound currency." Stop, gentle patient, are you certain you are not imposed upon by a name? Are you quite sure you understand the nature of the *Tityre tu patulæ*? Your physician may be an empiric and a quack, or at least an honest man not thoroughly acquainted with his art. He may recommend for the body politic the profuse blood-letting of monopoly and money corporation, and call it internal improvement. He may prescribe the deadly poison of the credit system and a government bank, and call it a remedy for equalizing the circulating medium and restoring a sound national currency. He may apply the galvanic battery of prohibitory duties and high tariff, for the purpose of resuscitating the dead body of commercial enterprise, and call it protection to American industry.

"But," says a very worthy and right minded man, who, though in opposition to what we conceive to be the true popular movement of the age, is yet a man of honest belief and right principles, "these

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are the doctrines of the party. If I would be a consistent supporter of that party and contribute to its ultimate success, I must yield my full assent to the whole. It is true, my sober judgment condemns the doctrine of protection, but if I advance such a proposition openly, I shall be publicly denounced. Not only my consistency and principles, but my honesty, would be doubted. I should be reduced politically to a mere cypher, without standing, character, or influence. Political friends would regard me as an unsafe man; and every vote, even upon the most unimportant and local questions, would be scrutinized with an eye of jealousy."

And it is the truth; and this is the curse, the deep and abiding curse, of the despotism of political opinion. What! cannot a man be sound—can he not be honest—can he not yield a consistent and earnest support to a set of measures, and yet enjoy his own free thought, and write and speak boldly and fearlessly that thought upon every measure, or upon every man engaged in its advancement, though perhaps it may be in conflict with the prevailing opinion? Can he not be an earnest and ardent supporter of a policy, which, in the main, he believes in his heart to be right, though he may maintain—yes, and openly advocate—a heterodox notion upon a dozen collateral questions?

Away with this despotism of thought—away with this false authority, that would fetter to the earth the immortal part of man's nature—away with that party tactics whose only end is utility—which prepares the Procrustean bed for every opinion, and cringes with a servile and abject sycophancy beneath the self-constituted exponent of the popular will!

We neither desire nor expect individual opinion to be received in opposition to that of the great public. All we can claim for ourselves is immunity for the full and free expression of individual sentiment. All we can ask for others is a guaranty of the right, irrespective of all party discipline and political authority, to think, to speak, to act for ourselves. Let us have back again those good old days, and that good old healthy feeling of the past, *rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.*

But no. Submit cheerfully to the public will, no matter from whence it originates; conform to the expression of the popular voice, no matter what it may be—such is the doctrine of the day. It is in vain for one man to raise his voice amid the shouts and huzzas of thousands! What presumption in you to claim tolerance for a doctrine that has not received the sanction of the political chiefs, and consequently has not been adopted as a distinctive principle by the people! What presumption in you to call in question the sincerity of some gross popular flattery, that has been reiterated again and again, with the most indignant and patriotic emphasis, from the hustings and the stump into the ears of the people, and which this same people always listen to with the extreme of complaisance and applaud with the utmost feeling, like Coleridge's man, who always took off his hat with the most profound demonstration of respect whenever he spoke of himself! You are but an individual, and are therefore not entitled to a separate opinion. You are but a drop in the whirlpool, an atom in the mass, a solitary monad that scarcely forms a part of the great universe of being. Here we go for things in the aggregate. We generalize and recognize no individuality, no personal development. Abstractions are the order of the day. We have plenty of public, but have very little room for individual opinion.

Such are some of the consequences that result from this principle of authority. Its tendency is to destroy all independence of thought and freedom of action. Its business is to enforce the arbitrary power of that unseen, all-controlling something, termed popular sentiment. It merges the man into the multitude—the individual will into that of the public—a distinct, independent unity of existence into a broad and general universality.

It is to this point we have traced it; and with this rapid and hasty glance at the subject, we must for the present take leave of it; feeling that but little more has been accomplished than an imperfect sketch or outline, although these remarks have extended themselves far beyond the space originally intended. The subject we conceive to be one of magnitude and importance, opening an ample field for future speculation, and well worthy, from its practical importance, of the most candid consideration and fearless inquiry.

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A WELCOME TO OLE BULL,

On his return from Canada.

BY L. M. CHILD.

Welcome to thee, Ole Bull!
  A welcome warm and free!
For heart and memory are full
  Of thy rich minstrelsy.

'Tis music for the tuneful rills
To flow to from the verdant hills;
Music such as first on earth
Gave to the Aurora birth.

Music for the leaves to dance to;
Music such as sunbeams glance to;
Treble to the ocean's roar,
On some old resounding shore.

Silvery showers from the fountains;
Mists unrolling from the mountains;
Lightning flashing through a cloud,
When the winds are piping loud.

Music full of warbling graces,
Like to birds in forest places,
Gushing, trilling, whirring round,
Mid the pine trees' murm'ring sound.

The martin scolding at the wren,
Which sharply answers back again,
Till across the angry song
Strains of laughter run along.

Now leaps the bow, with airy bound,
Like dancer springing from the ground;
And now like autumn wind comes sighing,
Over leaves and blossoms dying.

The lark now singeth from afar,
Her carol to the morning star,
A clear soprano, rising high,
Ascending to the inmost sky.

And now the scattered tones are flying,
Like sparks in midnight darkness dying;
Gems from rockets in the sky,
Falling—falling—gracefully.

Now wreathed and twined—but still evolving
Harmonious oneness in revolving;
Departing with the faintest sigh,
Like ghost of some sweet melody.

As on a harp with golden strings,
  All Nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
  The infinite and free.

Of beauty she is lavish ever;
  Her urn is always full;
But to our earth she giveth never
  Another Ole Bull.

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THE DRAPER'S DAUGHTER.

*Part Second.**

III.—THE TAVERN OF THE TEMPLE.

Little remains now of the ancient quarter of the Temple, as it existed two or three centuries ago. All the space now lying between the boulevard, the street of la Cordérie and the street of the Temple, then formed a vast enclosure, which, after having been once the property of the Templars, had, since the time of Philip the Fair, passed into the possession of the Knights of Malta. It had once been surrounded with a strongly fortified wall, which had now, however, given place to lines of houses, though some portions of the former still remained; especially at the main entrance of the enclosure, which was through a deep vaulted gateway, surmounted by an old and high building occupied by the archers of the Priory. At that place were always on guard, night and day, a sufficient guard to protect the right of asylum enjoyed by the quarter.

The interior of this vast enclosure was occupied with a great number and variety of houses, chiefly wooden and old, which contained a singular motley of population. The Grand Prior of Malta having succeeded to the exclusive jurisdiction formerly belonging to the Grand Master of the Temple, it was exempt from all the other various civil jurisdictions prevailing in the city at large; and inasmuch as the knights were not only very jealous of their authority, but derived also a large income from the privilege of their territory, no arrest for debt was ever permitted within its limits—a state of things which continued down to the revolution of 1789, when all the feudal privileges and private jurisdictions were abolished. It was, therefore, the resort of bankrupts and insolvents of all classes, including not a few who, with ample means, preferred to spend them themselves on their own dissipated pleasures, rather than satisfy the claims of creditors who had no power over them within the precincts of this convenient asylum. All ranks and all conditions had their representatives here in this city within a city. Here were to be seen young and gay cavaliers in dresses of silk and satin, with ruined wretches in their rags—abbés, military men, tradesmen, men of the robe and men of the pen, each with his characteristic costume, habits and tastes; all gathered together and held together by the cohesion of one common motive. A sort of Parisian Alsatia, it was in that day what Belgium and England are at the present to a great many, an asylum from the persecution of their troublesome creditors.

Many indeed were the stratagems resorted to by the latter to tempt forth the residents of this favored spot beyond the limits which bounded its privilege. On Sundays and after nightfall, indeed, all were at liberty to roam abroad; but wo to the hapless one who at any other time allowed himself to be surprised on the left side of the little stream which flowed down the middle of the street of the Temple. The gentleman would there behold passing before him the mistress he had loved, on the arm of a mousquetaire who would eye him on the other side of the street with an air of insolent triumph,—wo to the jealous lover if he allowed himself to be tempted across in pursuit of the treacherous pair; when the mousquetaire would be transformed into a bailiff of the Châtelet, who would immediately exhibit his warrant and conduct him to prison! Often would the bankrupt merchant receive the intelligence that one of his old debtors was visited with remorse, and was awaiting him in the adjoining street with a bag of gold,—wo to the too confiding shopkeeper if he fell into the snare, and found in his repentant debtor only a tall constable ready to lay his hand on his collar and hurry him off to a place of safe-keeping! All the guests of the Grand Prior were therefore vigilantly on their guard against a surprise; each remained quietly within the common asylum, engaged in his

* Concluded from our last.

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pleasures or the business which they would still pursue there, and the daily occurrences of Paris reached there only by hear-say, as in any remote provincial town. On Sundays, indeed, and by night, all were free to scatter over the city, where they might defy their creditors in the places of public resort, and even insult them with the effrontery of the most luxurious parade. But as soon as the sun began to dawn above the horizon, all speed must be made to return; and many an imprudent victim had to repent his forgetfulness of the hour in the company of the woman beloved, or the bottle adored.

Such was the enclosure of the Temple, to which the reader is now to be introduced, about a year after the date of the robbery of Master Poliveau's ten thousand crowns, which had consummated the honest draper's ruin.

One summer evening, at about the hour of sunset, in the lower hall of a retired tavern within its limits, frequented chiefly by the tradesmen and bourgeois residents of the enclosure, two persons were seated at a small table, each with an ample goblet of hypocras before him, with which they moistened the conversation in which they were engaged. The one was a tall, powerful man, in a faded military costume, with a buff collar; whose face, divided in two by a long red scar, presented one of the most repulsive countenances often to be encountered. A heavy iron-hilted sword, of most formidable aspect, lay before him across his knees. His companion, whom he had shortly before met at this spot on a rendezvous, was no other than our old friend, the Count—or the self-styled Count, de Manle; no longer indeed, brave in all the finery which he had displayed on the occasion of our former introduction to him in the Rue de la Tixeranderie, but in a costume of showy shabbiness which revealed a wofully altered fortune on the part of the wearer. His moustache was, however, as well waxed, his feather as high, and his swagger as insolent as ever, though he was no longer attended by the faithful lackeys who had before composed his retinue. They had been sent to the galleys for the little affair of Poliveau's robbery; a well-deserved destination which De Manle had himself with difficulty escaped, through the power of the Villenègre family—which he had contrived to enlist in his behalf, by so connecting the young Marquis with the affair, as to involve the latter very seriously in his own fate. The other worthy individual was Captain Corbineau, once in the military service, but of late years a professional cut-throat in a more private way, in addition to the varied accomplishments of a bully and blackleg rendering him ready for any honorable enterprise in his line that might turn up. He had been for three years under sentence to be hung, but had hitherto succeeded in eluding the best efforts of the lieutenant-criminal, Defunctis, for his apprehension.

There were some half-dozen other persons in the room, chiefly quiet bourgeois of the kind by whom the tavern was mainly frequented; they were engaged at *lansquenet* and other games of chance of the day. One old man was seated apart from the rest, near a window opening upon the street, into which he was looking as though in expectation of some person to pass. He had entered shortly before, and, without ordering any refreshment, had seated himself, with humble patience, in the background. With his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, the poor old man, besides his evident feeble weariness, appeared possessed by a dejection too profound and painful to permit him to take any interest in or even notice of the scene around him.

De Manle, who had been invited to this rendezvous by his ferocious-looking friend, was giving the latter, in reply to his inquiries, some account of the Poliveau affair; of which, to his present companion, he spoke with little attempt at disguising its true character on his own part. Of Villenègre's participation in it he spoke of it with equal recklessness and less truth, as an amorous adventure, in which he treated with but little delicacy the poor maiden who had been the unhappiest victim of the whole affair. He spoke loudly, as though for the information of all the company present; by scarcely any of whom, however, was he heeded, except by the poor and feeble old man just noticed. The latter rallied from his state of lethargic dejection to listen, and more than once made a motion as though to spring toward the narrator, though he checked himself in it, and remained as before, entirely unnoticed by the rest of the company.

This was poor master Poliveau himself—now a fugitive bankrupt within

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the enclosure of the Temple. About a month after the adventures related before, the loss of the ten thousand crowns, together with that of Rosette from his shop, of which she had been the greatest attraction, completed his ruin. In his despair, it is probable that he would have sunk under the burthen of all these afflictions, nor made any further effort to sustain himself even in life, had he not been hurried off, almost by force, to the place of refuge of the Temple, by Giles Ponselot, who now supplied the place of the most devoted son. Here the poor and broken-down old man was humbly supported by the labors of his faithful ex-apprentice, who also gave a large part of his time to efforts among his master's numerous debtors and creditors, from the former to obtain the payment of their obligations, and from the latter such a relinquishment of their claims as would enable the bankrupt trader to come forth again from the ignominious asylum of the Temple, and perhaps resume at the old stand the business in which he had once been so honorably distinguished. In these efforts the old draper took little interest or part. His affliction lay too deep than to be reached by such remedies. He spent his days in melancholy silence and abstraction. His daughter's name he never allowed to be mentioned in his presence. She had, in the mean time, continued an inmate of the convent of the *Ave Maria*, where her only visitors were her good-natured friend to whose protection she had been consigned, Madame (or as she would be styled at that day, Mademoiselle) Defunctis, and occasionally Giles, who obtained the permission to see his old mistress through the grating of the convent parlor, to bring her intelligence of the condition of her father. Poliveau rarely failed to know, by a sort of paternal instinct, the days of these visits; and though his yet unbroken pride and resentment forbade him to make any inquiry after the unworthy and dishonored daughter whom he had disowned and cast from him, he never failed to scan eagerly the countenance of his apprentice on such occasions, as though for some reflection of the expression, whether of joy or grief, he might have seen on the face of his lost child. On the present evening he was anxiously awaiting Giles's return from the city; and having come forth to meet him on the way, had been compelled, by the weariness of his fast-failing strength, to turn into the tavern where we have found him, seated by a window affording a view of the passengers in the street in the direction from which he was expecting the appearance of the apprentice.

When De Manle had finished his narrative, which, intermixed with brutal laughter and insolent mockery, had harrowed the soul of his unobserved listener almost beyond endurance, Corbineau proposed to walk forth together, that they might converse at their ease on the business, private in its nature, for which he had invited him to the rendezvous. The former, however, very speedily obviated this difficulty in his own way, by turning all the timid bourgeois company out, neck and heels, into the street, with that fierce and bullying insolence which, from a cavalier of such pretensions, none of them dared to resist.

"Off! out with you, you scoundrels!" he said, pushing them along before him; "out with you! Go into the street and see if I am there. This brave Captain Corbineau has private matters to discuss, and we do not choose to have your long asses' ears within hearing. Out with you! and if you behave yourselves properly, I will play a main of dice with those of you who may happen to have a few pistoles to lose—I promise you that!"

When they had crossed the threshold, and he had shut the door behind them, as he returned with a swagger of triumph toward his comrade, he perceived the old man, who had remained silent and motionless in the obscure corner where he was seated.

"And whom have we got here?" saith the count, with surprise. "Where the devil does this dismal old figure come from? I say, fellow, did you not hear what I said to the rest?—and must I ——"

He stopped short, and in spite of his confusion was somewhat disconcerted. The person he addressed had just turned round, and by the last rays of the twilight the count recognized Nicholas Poliveau, pale, feeble, broken down, and twenty years older by a single year of suffering.

Captain Corbineau, surprised at the sudden change wrought in his companion, was about to inquire the reason,

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when the unhappy draper said to him with a hollow and penetrating voice, like that of a spectre, pointing with his finger to the count:

"Do you see that man? It is through him that my daughter has been ruined, my property plundered, my name dishonored! It is through him that I, who should have been rich, respected and happy, am now solitary, destitute, and covered with ignominy! Bad as you may be, do not associate yourself with him, for he is accursed, and such an association would bring evil on you both!"

He turned slowly as he spoke, and went out, leaving the two ruffians spell-bound by his look, and more moved by this apparition than seemed to comport with the savage nature of the one, and the dry and cold nature of the other. De Manle was the first to recover his sang-froid.

"I had heard," he said, with a sneering laugh, "that Poliveau had taken refuge in the enclosure of the Temple; but faith, I had forgotten it. Who would have thought that that old man was perched so near us?"

"I don't like to have these old crows come croaking over my path," said Corbineau, knitting his brows; "it is a bad omen, especially as the affair I have to propose to you has something to do with this prophet of evil."

The captain, however, proceeded to unfold his business, which was listened to with eager attention by his companion. It was briefly this. The old Duke de Villenègre was on his death-bed, but his last days were tormented by the thought of the *mésalliance* which would be contracted by his son, when made master of his own destiny. The latter remained inflexible in his fidelity to his plebeian mistress, and to the honor which he declared pledged to render the justice and reparation due to her and hers. He continued absorbed in his passion—for ever haunting the neighborhood of the convent which was Rosette's abode—and plotting all possible expedients with Madame Defunctis to obtain her forgiveness, access to her, and the removal of the obstacles which debarred their union. His mother, who was very aged, had sunk into a state of imbecility. The old duke, as a last resort, had called into his counsels his confidential valet, to devise some means of preventing the possibility of this fatal disgrace falling upon his proud and ancient house; and the latter had engaged the services of Corbineau, known to him as a hireling desperado, ready for any service of daring villainy. The first suggestion of the reckless ruffian had been to burn the convent, with all its inmates, in the night. On this plan being rejected by his less unscrupulous employers, he then undertook to abduct her by force—devising some pretext to entice her beyond the shelter of the convent—and then by coercion to dispose of her in some such manner as should effectually preclude any possibility of the young marquis ever carrying into effect the infatuation of his purpose, to make her his wife. For this service, he was to receive a thousand crowns; and for its execution, he had now sought out De Manle, to whom the fair draper's daughter was to be given, in compulsory marriage, as soon as they should gain possession of her person. Corbineau undertook the latter business, requiring the coöperation of the other only for the ceremony of the wedlock—a service for which De Manle was to receive half of the reward. It is needless to say, that such a proposition was eagerly accepted. The possession of the pretty Rosette, five hundred crowns, and a revenge which would make a capital story to tell against Villenègre, by whom, after the affair of the Rue de la Tixeranderie, he had been challenged and punished with a severe wound, which had confined him to his bed for six months—the union of all these motives would have overcome more delicate scruples than any plan of rascality was likely to encounter on the part of our worthy friend.

That very night had been already fixed upon by Corbineau for the execution of the plot. He hastened away to perform his part in it, after having arranged with De Manle that precisely at the stroke of ten the latter should be at the foot of the tower of the Temple, at the corner next to the palace of the Grand Prior, where, the moon being in the opposite direction, he would be in a deep shade. He was there to be accosted by a person with the pass-word of "*To the devil with the Nuns!*"—to which he was to reply, "*Vive the Val-des-Ecoliers!*" After this exchange of signals of recognition, he was to follow that person, and implicitly obey his directions.

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"And now, comrade," said Corbineau, rising and adjusting his heavy sword to his side, and fixing his savage glance on the other, "I hope you will not make the business miscarry by any imprudence of yours. Keep yourself sober; I know you are rather too well disposed to drink pretty deep, and I fancy you have already taken in more claret than enough for such an enterprise as this. And now," he continued, laying on the table a handfull of gold, "here is some earnest-money to brace you up to the work to be done, and do not forget the hour and the pass-word."

So saying, he drew his hat over his eyes, and took his departure in precipitate haste.

De Manle's first act was eagerly to secure the money in the purse hanging, according to the fashion of the time, from his belt. He then went to the window, and observed that though the sun was down, it was still early and broad twilight. Somewhat at a loss how to amuse the interval of time, he sauntered to the door, and in an adjoining room saw some of the *bourgeois* whom he had so summarily ejected.

"Hollo, good people!" he cried; "come here—you may come in now. I owe you some reparation, and I will give it to you at dice, or cards, or any game you choose—come along all of you. I have got a purse full of beautiful gold crowns, and I am ready for any stakes you please. And you, my devil's host, wine—hypocras—claret—for these worthy fellows! I will pay for all! I mean to come down to their level for once, and teach those ignorant blackguards how to drink like gentlemen."

In five minutes the count was surrounded by a dozen persons, with whom he was gambling, swearing and drinking as hard as the best.

IV.—THE NOVICE.

After his departure, or rather expulsion, from the tavern, in the mode above related, Poliveau, almost maddened with his exasperation, wandered to and fro for a considerable time before he felt himself plucked gently by the sleeve, and his faithful apprentice, Giles Ponselot, stood before him. An unusual expression of mingled alarm and hope disturbed the countenance of the latter, the particular carefulness of whose attire sufficiently betokened that this was one of the days on which he had visited the Convent of the Ave Maria. After lingering awhile on ordinary topics, as they directed their steps slowly towards their humble quarters, Giles at length summoned courage to tell his master that a visitor had come, in the hope of obtaining permission to see him, which he implored him not to refuse. Quick as lightning to apprehend that it was some person from or on behalf of his discarded daughter, the old man, already quivering with the recently renewed excitement of his wrath and grief in regard to her, at first met the request with an angry and peremptory refusal; nor was it till after Giles, in despair from the failure of all his remonstrances and prayers, was reduced to the necessity of making a vehement appeal founded on the devotion of his own personal services and fidelity to his old master, that the latter at last so far yielded as to consent to hear and see, for a brief interview, the unwelcome stranger.

As they neared the door, they remarked a hired carriage drawn up at a little distance from it. The coachman had descended from his seat, and was talking in a low tone with several suspicious looking persons, who quickly withdrew into the shade of some trees on their approach. Among them was the Captain with the broad scar across his face, and another individual in black, who had the air of a major-domo of some great house. Hastening on with an affectation of firmness, belied by the trembling of the arm that rested upon that of Giles, and by a slight paleness which diffused itself over his face, Poliveau entered, without remarking these circumstances. He mounted the tortuous staircase which conducted to the second floor, and after an irresolute pause on the threshold, he was almost thrust into the chamber by his attendant.

Two female figures were standing in the middle of the narrow and gloomy apartment. The one was the matronly wife of the lieutenant of police, Defunctis; the other, of more youthful appearance, wore the white costume of a novice, while her features were concealed by a long veil which dropped from her head.

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The old draper stood speechless and trembling before his strange visitors, who remained motionless and silent, like two shadows, in the darkness of the chamber. The veiled lady, on the other hand, trembled also so violently, that she appeared about to fall to the ground. Her breathing was panting and oppressed. There was in the silence of these two persons, who could scarcely see each other in the obscurity, and yet who knew each other so well, something solemn, which would have struck with something like awe the most indifferent spectator.

Suddenly was heard a sharp, heart-rending cry—one of those cries which no tongue could imitate. At the same moment the novice cast back her veil, and sprang toward the old man with open arms, exclaiming:

"Father! father! It is me!"

It was, indeed, Rosette; no longer the laughing and blooming maiden, whose gaiety and playful face used to constitute the attraction of Poliveau's shop. A year of suffering had entirely changed the character of her beauty; she was now thin, melancholy, and pale as the white nun's attire which enveloped her.

At length, overpowered by nature, Poliveau made a movement to receive the unhappy girl in his arms; but immediately recovering himself, he shrank back, repulsing her with a stern gesture, and exclaiming in a strange tone of voice:

"What does this woman want of me? Accursed be whoever has brought me into this trap! Approach me not—touch me not! I look on you with horror!"

Terrified by the violence of this phrenzy, the poor girl shrank back in her turn, and sank almost lifeless upon a seat.

The consternation of Giles and Madame Defunctis may be imagined. The latter broke out into severe invective against the obstinacy and hard-heartedness of so unnatural a father.

"Spare yourself these complaints and these reproaches," replied Poliveau. "God alone is to be the rightful judge between this dishonored girl and me. If you have hoped that a year's absence would have exhausted my just resentment, you are all mistaken. Believe me—be satisfied with the mischief you have already done, and do not increase it by an obstinate perseverance. Carry her away, and let her forget for ever the way to my abode."

Recovered from the first shock of her repulse, the young maiden now rose, and wiping her eyes which streamed with tears, she spoke with an angelic sweetness not unmixed with a certain dignity:

"Father, the occasion of this meeting is a solemn one; and if I have dared to encounter that resentment which I have so little merited, it is because I have a duty to perform to you yourself. My father, even though you have abdicated all your rights over me, I cannot forget my duty to render to you an account of my actions and projects. To-morrow I am to abandon the world, and to pronounce my eternal vows in the Benedictine Convent of the Ave Maria, and I come, as a dutiful daughter, to ask your approval."

In spite of his efforts to suppress all emotion, Poliveau shuddered and grew pale at this intelligence.

"She abandons the world! she becomes a nun!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible?"

Madame Defunctis thought the opportunity favorable again to interfere, and she expatiated on the severity of the asceticism of the Convent, where they lived on roots and slept upon the ground. She implored him to interfere to prevent this sacrifice, which she knew would hereafter be bitterly repented by all.

"I have nothing to say," at last replied the draper, interrupting her, and with a visible struggle to master himself; "and since God calls this young girl to himself, no one has a right to turn her aside from that path."

"I thank you for your condescension, my father; nevertheless this is not all. At the moment of withdrawing for ever from the world and you—at the moment of giving myself up wholly to religion, I must call God to witness my innocence of what you impute to me. I must once more, and for the last time in your presence, utter the cry you before refused to hear—I am not guilty! I am not guilty!"

With one hand on her heart and the other raised to Heaven, her gesture, her attitude, her long white garments, her inspired countenance, imparted to Rosette, in the imperfect light, an appearance almost supernatural. Poliveau's conviction seemed at last a little shaken by this overpowering appeal.

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"My God! Can I have been mistaken?" he cried, with a sort of religious awe. "It can't be possible that she is innocent!"

Rosette sank on her knees.

"Oh! you were mistaken, father!" she cried vehemently. "You were mistaken. I swear it! But you will never believe me more—you can never believe me more! God, to punish me for the pride and frivolity of other days, has sent this blindness upon you in regard to your unhappy daughter. Well, then, my father, I will speak no more of my innocence—I will no more appeal for justice, since that word excites your anger. I will cease to ask for anything but pardon and pity. For your own peace, father—for mine—let me not die an object of your enmity! To-morrow I shall have quitted the world, and shall have bid you an eternal adieu—let me not take my place among the holy maidens who are henceforth to be my companions, loaded with the burthen of your curse! Recall it, father—recall it, I implore! And if God has refused me the happiness of convincing you of my innocence, tell me at least, oh, tell me! guilty or not, that you love me still!"

This time the stoic firmness of the old man was fairly overcome. He attempted to harden himself still against a sentiment which was stronger than himself; but the tears gushed from his eyes—he opened his arms without uttering a word, and Rosette sprang to his bosom.

The father and daughter remained long clasped in this embrace, and nothing was heard but the sound of their broken sobs. Suddenly, Poliveau exclaimed with rapture:

"A light! for mercy's sake a light! that I may see my darling child, my beloved Rosette! It is so long since I have looked upon my child!"

Ponselot, himself shedding tears of joy at this unhoped for reconciliation, hastened to obey the demand of his master, and in a few moments returned with a lamp, which he placed on the table.

"And can it be true," said Rosette, with an overflowing gush of tenderness, still hanging on the old man's neck, "is it possible that you love me still?"

"*Do* I love thee? oh God, have I not always loved thee, even when my anger was at its worst? I would never confess it, but through the night thy name was on my lips—I called upon thee—and then I wept. These tears my conscience reproved as a weakness, but yet there was an inexpressible charm in shedding them. But how pale and how feeble I behold thee, my poor child!—thee, whom I have seen so fresh and so rosy! How sad and sunken are thy eyes!—and yet how lovely and touching art thou still!—lovelier perhaps than ever! Poor child, the burthen of our misfortunes has weighed heavy then on thee too!"

"Oh yes, yes, very heavy, my good and kind father! But now I forget every past grief, and I am happy! I would have gladly purchased with my life, the moment when I saw you open your arms. I have nothing left now to wish for on the earth, but that God may restore happiness to you, as you have restored it to me."

"Come, come, now," interrupted the good Madame Defunctis, with a resolute air, and at the same time wiping her eyes, "this all goes famously; you have now both of you got back your senses, and I hope we shall hear no more about convents, or vows, or eternal seclusion. What would be the use of a reconciliation, if it was only to part again for ever?"

"I will obey my father's commands, whatever they may be," said Rosette, casting down her eyes.

The old man's countenance assumed a grave and thoughtful expression. "I wish nothing to be changed," he said, with an austere tone, "in this child's plans. She has resolved to give herself to God. I do not know exactly what secret sentiments may have inclined her to this course; but it were sinful to oppose it, or to divert her from it. Let her obey the vocation which proceeds from a higher source than one of earth."

"But you are all wrong!" again interrupted the worthy dame impatiently. "She has no such vocation. It was only her despair at your implacable anger that drove her to it. Now that this is removed, her thoughts cannot continue the same, and if she pronounces a rash vow, she will die of melancholy and remorse. Yes, it will be the death of her!—and let me tell you, for it must out," she proceeded, disregarding Rosette's attempts to stop her, "that I more than suspect that she loves some one by whom she is loved in return—and ——"

Poliveau knit his brows, with a dark-

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ening countenance. "Madame," he said, with an abrupt interruption, "the moment is not well chosen, to speak to me of such sentiments—and it is scarcely prudent to awaken recollections which —— which I would gladly stifle. However," he continued, "if Rosette has nurtured in her heart, any secret hope preventing her devoting herself to God, she is free. But ——"

"No more, no more, my father!" exclaimed Rosette vehemently. "No more words of doubt and displeasure! The zeal and affection of my generous friend have carried her too far; no human sentiment is any longer capable of diverting me from the project which you approve. My resolution is irrevocable."

The draper smiled again upon his daughter, as he heard her utter the words of an immediate and eternal separation. A secret doubt still stifled all thought of weakness in his heart; and such was the power of conscience on this inflexible old man, that to this doubt he sacrificed his tenderest affections.

"Well, then," said the vexed dame, rising impatiently, "only one other hope is left—and I am glad now, that I ventured to send for the only person who may, perhaps, prevent the consummation of this madness. But it is becoming late, and he is not here!"

Rosette began to tremble, and the draper inquired anxiously,

"Whom do you speak of, madame? Who is it you expect here?"

"It is a person who has succeeded in interesting me in his affliction and his remorse—a person whose noble character and generous intentions I know full well. He ought to have been here before this! I wrote him a note to inform him that we were to be here this evening—but I did not tell him of Rosette's sudden and fatal resolution. Oh heavens! if he should not come! He alone, perhaps——"

At this moment a sound of hurrying steps was heard on the stair-case.

"Ah, here he is at last!" exclaimed the good dame.

"Who?—Whom do you mean?"

"The Marquis de Villenègre."

"I will not see him!" cried Poliveau violently. "What business has that unworthy gentleman here? Does he wish again to disturb the reconciliation of a father with his child? Giles, do not let him enter—I will not see him!"

But before Giles could spring to obey the order, the door suddenly opened, and Villenègre entered.

"Ah, what have you done!" murmured Rosette to her companion, holding her face in her hands. "All is lost!"

Villenègre was pale and out of breath; his dress was disordered, and nothing in his countenance recalled the frivolous youth depicted in the former part of this narrative. A love serious and deep, combined with an earnest desire to atone for his former follies, had precociously matured his reason, and stamped on his features a character of manhood they had not possessed before.

"In good time, Monsieur the Marquis!" said Madame Defunctis. "You have come to plead your own cause. Speak and speak quick, for you are rather late."

"A son may be pardoned," said the young man with a melancholy gravity, "for having hesitated to leave the pillow of a dying father. Nor could anything but the name of a wife, dear to me by so many rights, have withdrawn me for a moment from so sacred a duty."

"What do you say! Is your father, the Duke, so ill?"

"Since this morning he has fallen into a state of irritation and fever threatening the most serious danger; from moment to moment it is feared——"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Madame Defunctis—"To-morrow perhaps you may be free and master of your own actions, and to-morrow, unless you can find the means of overcoming the obstinacy of this infatuated old man and of his daughter, Rosette will be buried for ever beyond your reach in a cloister! To-morrow morning she is to pronounce her vows in the Convent of the Ave Maria."

Villenègre appeared struck to the ground by this unexpected blow. "To-morrow!" he exclaimed—"Oh, no! that cannot be!"

"And why not, Monsieur?" interposed Poliveau impetuously. "What matters it to the Marquis de Villenègre if the poor girl he has ruined in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of her own father perhaps, should seek in religion a refuge from the afflictions of which he is the author? Let him leave his victims in peace, and come not to

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disturb by his detested presence the last moments that a father and his child are to pass together in this world. Let him begone as he came!"

But the young gentleman remained motionless, and returned the incensed draper's look with a dignity which was not without some effect on him.

"I have already often repeated to you, sir," he said, with earnest warmth, "that your accusations, as against your daughter, are utterly unjust, and I will never cease to render the tribute of my homage to the truth. Your rights over her are great, but they are not without limits. By one act of rashness, which I deplore with my whole soul, I have disturbed her peace, lacerated her heart, darkened her fair fame, and brought disgrace and disaster on an honorable house; you cannot refuse me the right of atoning to my own conscience and my own honor, by rendering to Mademoiselle the reparation which is her due, and of adding a new lustre to the respectable family which has suffered so deeply through my fault—of effacing by my cares, my devotion and my affection, the remembrance of the past year of wretchedness. If, therefore, this fatal determination is true, I conjure you in the name of all that is most sacred, not to carry it into effect. Wait at least till the impossibilities are smoothed away which now oppose my dearest wishes — and perhaps," he continued with a faltering voice, "the delay I ask may be but very brief."

This serious and noble language appeared to make some impression even on Poliveau. "Can this talk of marriage be in earnest?" he said, fixing on Henri a searching look. "Has the Marquis de Villenègre really conceived the thought of giving his name, his rank and his fortune to the daughter of a bankrupt tradesman, and of one day placing the coronet of a duchess on her plebeian brow? I had supposed that such stories were only to be found in the romances of past times; and that if a young gallant of our day put forward such suggestions, it was only to dupe a poor family and deceive a maiden who might chance to be too vain and too ambitious.—And you, my daughter," he proceeded, after a short pause, "what do you think of Monsieur de Villenègre's proposal?"

The fair novice made no reply, but pressed closely round her the folds of her white robe.

"I ask you," repeated the old man, "if you would be willing to renounce the convent and wed the man to whom are due all your own and your father's afflictions?"

Rosette replied in a low and timid voice: "I have bitterly repented, dear father, having ever deviated from your will. You are the master of my destiny, and I will yield a blind obedience to whatever may be your commands."

"That is very well—but suppose I were to leave you a free option between the religious life and the Marquis de Villenègre, which would you choose."

This was referring the matter entirely to the young maiden's own decision, and all eyes were turned upon her. Rosette was silent for a few moments. She was evidently a prey to some poignant mental torture, and it seemed as though the words she would utter could not rise to her lips. At length she slowly raised her head, and answered, with a faint and touching voice:

"Father, I find nothing in what I have heard which ought to change the determination which I had formed by myself and in solitude matured. I thank Monsieur de Villenègre for his honorable intentions. It was worthy of a gentleman and a man of honor to desire to repair by marriage a wrong he had inflicted on an obscure young maiden whose innocence no one knew so well as he; but she, on her side, has the right to decline to accept what in his eyes can only be a sacrifice. The daughter of the bourgeois Poliveau, of the bankrupt tradesman who has sought a refuge in the enclosure of the Temple, she who in other days was called 'the fair draper's daughter,' and whom all the nobility have seen engaged in vulgar labors behind the counter of a shop—cannot become the Marquise de Villenègre. She appreciates her own position, and easily understands the resistance of the Duke de Villenègre; for such a union would be a degradation to his son.—No, Monsieur the Marquis," she continued, rising in animation as she spoke, "I will not take advantage of a perhaps exaggerated impulse of generosity, a perhaps inconsiderate attachment, on the part of one still very young and inexperienced. And besides, I am too proud to enter, against their

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opposition, into a family which would blush for me. Modest as may be the station of my birth, it is still too high to suffer me to accept humiliation in a superior one. And finally, if I must speak out the whole, my mind revolts at the thought of waiting for the death of one dear to you, to be the signal of the possibility of the reparation you speak of."

The Marquis, with a gesture of despair, murmured: "Oh God! she does not love me!"

Madame Defunctis seemed stupified. Poliveau, on the other hand, exulted in the proud dignity of this reply. He ran to his daughter, and embraced her rapturously, crying:

"Well done! well done, Rosette! And now am I sure that she who could so nobly and wisely reject the honorable proposals of a rich and brilliant gentleman, could never have encouraged the base attempts of a seducer. It is no longer for thee to sue for my pardon—it is for me to implore thine—I who have cursed and insulted thee—I who have driven thee forth and delivered thee to the mercy of strangers! Forgive me, my child! and in the convent where thou art about to enter, thou wilt bear with thee for ever the tenderness and the regrets of thy poor father."

Rosette, as if exhausted by the effort she had just made, had sunk back in a state of scarce conscious dejection.

"Monsieur the Marquis," resumed Poliveau, "you have heard my daughter's decision—I have nothing to add to it. I render justice, in my turn, to the generosity of the sentiment under which you act, and I acknowledge that you have not hesitated to propose the only remedy possible for the evils you have caused. This declaration from me ought to satisfy, I presume, all that is both required by your conscience and your honor. And now, Monsieur de Villenègre, permit me to remind you that every moment that passes away, as you have yourself acknowledged, may be your father's last."

The Marquis shuddered at being thus reminded, but he was too fully absorbed in the grief of Rosette's fatal and unexpected resolution to yield even to such an appeal. He exhausted himself in ineffectual entreaties that the cruel decision might be recalled, or at least suspended for a time; and in Madame Defunctis he found a zealous ally. But all was in vain. Rosette remained for the most part silent, weeping beneath her veil. The painful scene was protracted till her father insisted on relieving her from an importunity which was only agonizing, and by repeatedly urging on the young man, with increasing asperity, the duty of momently returning to the death-bed of his father, he at last almost forced him to take his departure.

"It is enough," said the latter, in a gloomy tone, and preparing to depart. "I leave this house from which I am repulsed and expelled. But I will know whether the will of this young maiden is free, when she declares in my presence that she desires to embrace the religious life. If I find her sentiments to correspond with my own, even though my father may load me with maledictions, I swear that she shall be my wife."

And as he spoke he departed with a proud salutation and rapid steps.

V.—THE TOWER OF THE TEMPLE.

After leaving the house of Poliveau, the young man became entangled in the inextricable labyrinth of lanes and paths which surrounded the houses and gardens of the Temple enclosure. Ignorant of the localities and excited by the scene through which he had passed, he entirely lost his way, and continued a considerable time before he was able in the darkness—for the light of the moon just rising in the horizon was lost in the shadows of the trees—to make his way to the great tower of the Temple, by which was the entrance to the enclosure. He was just about to direct his steps rapidly toward the gateway when his attention was attracted by the sound of some person approaching him, a few paces off, in the darkness.

The stranger advanced slowly, with an irregular and staggering step. His voice it was that arrested the ear of Villenègre, as he was talking aloud to himself like a drunken man.

"Palsambleu!" he said impatiently, and Villenègre immediately recognized the peculiar voice and affected intonation which marked the Count de Manle. "Shall I never find this cursed tower of the Temple which was the place of

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rendezvous? The old Satan has certainly carried it off while I was winning those scoundrels' paltry pistoles! Where the devil has this rascally tower of the Temple gone to hide itself? Ah, here we are," he presently proceeded, as he stumbled upon the object of his search, and felt with his hands along the massive ruins of the masonry. "All right; I am here first at the rendezvous. Faith, this grass seems smooth and soft, and I will rest awhile." And he sat, or rather fell heavily down on the grass. The marquis paused a few moments, and presently was intently engaged in listening to the broken phrases that reached his ear through the darkness.

"Yes, yes—that little puppy Villenègre will be in a pretty fret, when he comes to know it! Isn't this a master-stroke! to receive five hundred pistoles from the old duke for carrying off the pretty draper's daughter from that poor young fool, the marquis! Ah! ah! what a capital story it will make!"

Unable to restrain himself, Villenègre, with a rapid perception of the meaning of what he heard, sprang toward the drunken ruffian. De Manle, at the sound, made an ineffectual effort to raise himself.

"This must be my man. Hallo, comrade, are you the one that was to meet me here from Captain Corbineau?"

Quick as lightning Villenègre took the hint of the opportunity. "Yes, it's I," he answered, disguising his voice.

"Signor Cavalier," replied the drunken man, still endeavoring to get up, "I am at your service. You are punctual—you were to be here at ten, and ten is just going to strike; at the foot of the tower—here we are. Ah! but wait a moment—what's the pass? I must say to you, you know, '*To the devil with the Nuns!*' and you?'"

"To the devil with the Nuns!" repeated Villenègre mechanically.

"Ah, what a simpleton I am!" cried De Manle, bursting into a laugh. "It is you who are to say to me '*To the devil with the Nuns!*' and I must answer you,—wait a moment—what is it I must answer you?—Ah, yes! that's it—I must answer you, '*Vive the Val-des-Ecoliers!*' All right, comrade. Come along. Lead me to where Corbineau is waiting for me with my pretty bride—my charming Rosette. Has he carried her off yet? I suppose she made a little fuss about it, but I'll soon bring her to her senses. Come along. Help me a little to get up, comrade. I believe I drank a glass or two too much of claret with those cursed bourgeois. Give me your hand."

But as Villenègre made no movement to his assistance, "Well, cavalier," he resumed, "Maugrebleu! if you want me to go with you, you must lend me a hand, for the devil catch me if I stir a step without it! They will carry the girl off without us, and give the pistoles to somebody else, that's all. As for me, I mean to take a little nap while you are making up your mind. Mon Dieu! how comfortable it is to sleep!"

And to prove his assertion De Manle gave a tremendous yawn, stretched out his arm, and was in a moment fast asleep.

In a few minutes, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, the marquis had bounded over the distance between the tower and Poliveau's abode. The quarter was all silent and deserted. A single light alone gleamed in the chamber occupied by the worthy draper. Villenègre rushed in. Rosette and Madame Defunctis had gone, a few minutes before, to return to the convent in the hired coach in which they had come, and which had waited for them at the door. A few words to explain what he had discovered, cast consternation into his astonished hearers. But Villenègre was quick in decision and action.

"I have but uncertain suspicions, but there is not a minute to lose. Do you, Mr. Apprentice, run to the house of the lieutenant of police, Defunctis. Tell him to take all the soldiers he can collect, and beat about all the environs of the Temple. Or rather," he continued after a moment of reflection, "let him proceed to the Val-des-Ecoliers. There must be some meaning in that name. Do you, Monsier Poliveau, pray to God while we go in pursuit of your unhappy daughter."

And instantly disappearing in the darkness, he was heard rapidly descending the steps of the stair-case. At the moment he reached the foot, the tower clock struck ten. "Oh, Mon Dieu!" he murmured, "it will be too late!"

And with his utmost speed he directed his steps toward the spot where he had left De Manle asleep.

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VI.—THE VAL-DES-ECOLIERS.

We will draw a veil over the agonizing adieu of the father and the daughter. She had gone, and the old man was left now almost stunned by this new form which his afflictions had assumed. Giles Ponselot was left behind with them. At the door the ladies had put on their masks, and without suffering him to quit the old man to accompany them to the coach which was stationed only a few steps off, had proceeded to it alone, as they had come. A hoarse voice—of course, that of a coachman who had brought them—bad them enter, as the heavy steps were rapidly let down. In the darkness and their own agitation, they took no notice of the person who handed them in, nor of two mysterious persons with slouched hats on the coachman's seat, and two more at some distance behind, dressed like lackeys, who enveloped themselves carefully in their cloaks. A loud crack of the whip was heard—the horses dashed off at a rapid rate with the heavy lumbering vehicle—the entrance gate of the enclosure was soon passed, and the coach plunged into the narrow unpaved streets of the old and gloomy quarters on the east side of Paris.

Neither of the ladies remarked that it did not seem to take exactly the route toward the Convent of the Ave Maria. Rosette was sunk into one corner, where, with her face buried in her hands, she gave way to a passion of tears and sobs, while her kind-hearted companion could not refrain from following her example from very sympathy as well as from her own sincere distress.

They were little conscious of the time which thus passed. They felt themselves at last interrupted by the sudden stopping of the coach. Recovering themselves, they were quickly handed out. On alighting, and glancing up at the massive Gothic edifice before which they had stood, Rosette exclaimed in a tone of alarm:

"This is not the Convent of the Ave Maria! It is the church of St. Catharine of the Val-des-Ecoliers, where I have often attended mass when we lived in the Rue de la Tixeranderie near by. I know it by the statue of good St. Louis over the entrance. Why are we brought here? Take us to the Convent of the Ave Maria."

Her heart sank within her with alarm as she spoke, and as a thousand recollections flashed on her mind, of evil reports as to the character of the Abbé and the monks of the monastery of St. Catharine of the Val-des-Ecoliers (shortly after the period of this narrative they were reformed by the Cardinal de Larochefoucauld).

"Silence!" interrupted the hoarse voice of the pretended coachman who had assisted them to dismount, and who was no other than our former acquaintance, Captain Corbineau. "No harm is meant to you; only, if you utter a single cry to raise an alarm, or if you do not do what is required of you, you are dead on the instant."

And he flashed before the eyes of the terror-stricken women the blade of a poniard.

"But where are you taking us?" inquired the worthy dame Defunctis, in a voice scarcely articulate from fright.

"You will see."

"But——"

"Silence, I say!"—Before she could make any further objection two vigorous hands seized hold of her. As she felt their brutal pressure the poor woman uttered a scream that echoed piercingly in the silence of the night. Corbineau raised his dagger to her to force her to be silent. Rosette partially stretched out her arms to shield her friend, whose life she believed in danger; but her strength failed her, and she sank fainting to the ground.

In this state she was caught up by one of the villains in his arms, while two others dragged her companion along. They gave a slight knock at a side door of the church, which was immediately opened, and after giving admission to the whole party, closed again with a dull sound which re-echoed through the spacious recesses of the dark edifice.

The interior of the church had at that hour of the night an imposing and majestic aspect, which should have struck awe into the guilty band by which it was profaned. The vague light of the moon, penetrating through the colored glass of the windows, served only to make the darkness visible. As the eye, however, became accustomed to the obscurity, it could distinguish the high-springing arches, the

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bold and slender columns which supported the Gothic roof. On the sides of the church, here and there could be perceived rising up through the thick masses of shade like menacing spectres, the marble statues that decorated the tombs. The light of a single lamp twinkled at the furthest depth of the sanctuary, and from the other extremity of the nave it might have been deemed a star. A cold and damp atmosphere, still impregnated with the last odor of the incense burned during the day, circulated heavily round the party, causing an involuntary shiver. In that immense and resounding structure every step, however light, awakened an echo; every word faintly murmured prolonged itself through its depths like a moan.

"Is Monsieur the Abbé ready?" asked the person who was bearing the burden of Rosette's unconscious form (and who was no other than the confidential valet of the Duke de Villenègre), of the individual who had given them admission, and whose features could not be distinguished in the dark.

"Monsieur the Abbé is waiting in the sacristy," answered a nasal tone, like that of some subaltern official of the church, "and he will ascend the altar as soon as it is the pleasure of Monsieur the Duke."

"Enough. Tell him to prepare the certificate, leaving the names in blank. I rather think the bridegroom will not care to have his real name known, and he can fill it in himself when all is over. Are you very sure he will be here, Captain?"

"No doubt of that. Where pistoles or pretty girls are to be got so cheap, he will not be wanting, I will answer for it. I have sent one of my fellows to meet him and conduct him here. Curse me if I know what keeps them so long already! I hope the drunken rascal has not drowned his memory in a cup of hypocras."

A pause of some time ensued, within which Rosette, aided by the efforts of Dame Defunctis, who was terrified into an unusual silence, began to recover from her swoon.

"Where am I? What do they want of me? Why am I here?" she murmured in a feeble voice.

"You are here to be married, my pretty maid, and you had better take it quietly, for there is no avoiding it. All is arranged, and you must submit. Good care shall be taken of you, and you shall have a fine, gallant husband in the Count de Manle."

Before any expression could be given to Rosette's bewildered horror, two strokes sounded lightly on the same side door by which they had entered.

"Here they are at last," said Corbineau, as he gave admission to two men wrapped in their cloaks. One of them walked with a staggering gait, and leaned on his comrade for support. He could be heard in the darkness to stumble at almost every step.

"Sans-Dieu! comrade," said Corbineau to the man who served as guide, "but you are late! I began to fear you had not met the man."

"It is not my fault, captain," said the other surlily; "this cavalier came dead-drunk to the rendezvous, and he had all the trouble in the world to give me the pass. I have almost had to carry him here."

"It is a calumny," interrupted De Manle, in an altered voice, "and this fellow lies like a rogue. I have full possession of my reason, and I walk like a king's arquebusier. I've only drunk a glass of hypocras with the bourgeois, that's all. But come, where is this pearl beyond price—this charming bride, my pretty Rosette, where is she?"

"There she is," answered the captain, "come, my fine cavalier, go and make your court to overcome the last scruples, while the priest is informed of your arrival. You will need all your gallantry, for I warn you the little beauty is as fierce as a tigress."

"We'll see!" said De Manle, with his usual air of conceit; "these tigresses are easy to tame."

He staggered towards Rosette, and began to speak to her in a low tone, till presently it was apparent from a movement in the direction of the sacristy, that the ceremony was about to commence.

A word of explanation is necessary, to make intelligible a scene which would seem almost impossible, even in the reckless and violent days of our story. At that time ecclesiastical benefices were sometimes given to lay nobles, who would even transmit them to their heirs. To serve the chapels, churches, priories, &c., these unclerical proprietors would engage such poor priests as they could find, who for a

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share of the income of the institution would perform its official duties, being themselves the merest and often the most unscrupulous tools of the patron on whom they were thus dependent. They were called Confidentiaries or Custodinos. Such was the relation between the Abbé who now ascended the altar, a man of utterly worthless character, and the Duke de Villenègre. Nor were such *forced marriages*, as they were termed, very uncommon in those days. If a ruined gentleman wished to espouse a rich heiress, he would carry her off by force or fraud, to some place where a priest was gained over beforehand for the performance of the ceremony. Afterwards if the family of the unhappy woman should attempt any judicial reclamation against these outrages, it was easy to prove by bribed witnesses, or forged or extorted documents, the legality of the marriage; and at all events it would lead only to interminable law proceedings, the disgrace of which fell heavily on both the two families concerned. So far was this carried, that in 1639, twenty years after these events, a royal ordinance was found necessary for the repression of these offences by the severest penalties.

The ceremony on this occasion was short. Rosette was led to the altar in a state apparently of stupefaction. She made no opposition to the ruthless proceedings of which she was the victim, her faculties and very consciousness seeming benumbed and helpless. De Manle occasionally addressed a few words to her in a low tone, which it could not be judged whether she heard or not. The nuptial benediction was just about to be pronounced, when a violent knocking was heard at the principal entrance of the church, and a strong and authoritative voice was heard:

"Open, in the name of the King!"

"It is my husband with the soldiers of the patrol!" exclaimed Dame Defunctis, reviving from the stupor of her frame. "It is God has sent him! God, who has not been willing to suffer this horrible sacrilege in a sanctified place!"

The priest paused suddenly, trembling with alarm. "Not a word, not a movement, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the valet, addressing himself to the speaker. "Captain Corbineau, take charge of this old fool, and see that she gives no alarm. Proceed, Monsieur l'Abbé, and be quick. All will be concluded before the King's people can reach us here—you know the consequence if you fail."

He was immediately obeyed, and the ceremony proceeded. Such was the noise without, and the agitation of those within, that no one could hear Rosette's replies. The priest himself, no doubt, attached no great importance to them, for without pausing, he hastened to mumble over the forms of his sacred office, with all the rapidity inspired by haste, and the desire to satisfy his patron.

At last all was done; the symbolical ring was on the finger of the bride, the nuptial benediction had been pronounced, and when the last *amen* was said by the assistant of the priest, nothing more was wanting, according to the ideas and usages of the times, to make the marriage binding before God and men. As soon as the whole was completed and secured, and the priest was descending from the altar, the valet of the Duke, without allowing himself to be terrified by the clamor of the archers at the entrance, said aloud in a clear voice and a tone of exultation:

"Let all who are here present bear witness that Rosette Poliveau is legally and irrevocably married to this cavalier, and that while he lives she can never marry another. And now let us leave the place to the gentry of the police. Monsieur de Manle, you may carry your wife wherever you please."

The whole party now proceeded in haste to disperse, some to escape by the small side door by which they had entered, the rest through the door of the sacristy. All were, however, suddenly arrested by the voice of the newly wedded bridegroom, who had alone remained motionless, supporting in his arm Rosette, who lay in apparent insensibility, with her head buried in his bosom. He spoke in a tone of strange authority, which commanded an obedience none could resist.

"Mignon, remain, sir! Monsieur l'Abbé, stay! Let that door be opened immediately!"

In a few moments the whole impatient troupe without were streaming up the aisle, with Defunctis, Poliveau, Giles at their head, and bearing torches, which shed a strong glare on the little group at the foot of the altar, in

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the centre of which stood De Manle, with the young bride, all trembling and half bewildered, whom he had found some mysterious means of reconciling to the fate which had been thus violently and carelessly hurried.

De Manle?—no: the real De Manle was still sleeping profoundly on the grass at the foot of the Temple tower. As it was a warm summer night, he was not likely to suffer seriously from the want of his hat, wig and cloak—which, together with his voice, swagger and drunken condition, Villenègre, in the extremity of the occasion, had taken the liberty of borrowing for the nonce. How his bold inspiration succeeded we have seen.

The Draper's daughter was now the Marquise—no, she was now the *Duchess* de Villenègre.

ECHOES OF THE HEART.

BY MISS SARAH M'DONALD.

It was a pleasant dream from which I woke,—
A dream of joys that never might return—
Once more in fancy had I decked my locks,
With those sweet gifts that children ever prize;
The gifts of nature—found on fountain's brim,
On sunny bank, and in each shady grove
That forms a haunt for poetry or love;
Once more in graceful chaplet and festoon,
Had bound the lily, violet and rose;
And flung them at my gentle mother's feet,
Praying that she would read the fairy lore
Written on them, for, to my childish mind,
Their soft perfume and richly tinted leaves,
Made them fit scrolls for dancing elves to trace
The story of their many wanderings on.
It was a blessed dream, for, ere I slept,
I sought in vain to still my yearning heart,
And calm the throbbings of my fevered brow.
Now like some spirit from the better land,
The memory of my vision hovered round;
Hushing the inner tempests of my soul,
While the south-wind that rested through the night,
Amid acacia bowers and orange groves,
Until its perfume seemed the mingled breath
Of each sweet flower that it had stooped to kiss,
Parted the loose hair on my aching brow,
Cooling its fever with its soft caress.
And as I gazed out on the sunny sky
And hearkened to the lays of the fair birds
That seemed to soar deliriously high,
I felt how *very* beautiful was earth!
So beautiful, I almost sighed to think
My spirit could not make this world its home.
Each restless yearning and each feverish hope,
My soul had ever known, were to her, now,
Like the swept tear from childhood's rosy cheek;
And ever and anon would whispers come
(Such whispers as I have heard violets breathe),
Bidding me seek some spot where I might quaff

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A deep, delicious draught from nature's cup.
Gladly I heard the summons; I, whose heart
Grew faint, when the sweet waters were withheld;
And bent my footsteps where in calm repose
Lay the mysterious and majestic Deep.
It was a glorious sight! the crested waves,
Catching the first tints of the morning sun;
Until in liquid gold they brightly gleamed,
Dimming the eye that on their splendor gazed.
I said it was a glorious *sight*—but oh!
The music that came pealing on each breeze,
Who of its deep, its heavenly tones may speak?
I deemed that angels had come down to earth
And tuned in sweetest unison their lyres—
But a low voice borne on the balmy air
Whispered, it was the thrilling song of praise
Sent up from ocean's echoing depths at morn.
Higher, still higher did the music swell,
Swelled into floods of richest harmony
That filled the calm, blue heaven—while to my ear
Thus the glad, soaring anthem seemed to speak—

Joyous, yet solemn be
All nature's voice to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of grateful gladness,
Free from each thought of sadness;
Such praise be thine.

The hymn shall fill the sky,
The chainless winds reply,
Man's soul, adore;
And from a countless throng
One full and glorious song
Of thanks shall soar.

Thanks for the blue expanse,
That seemeth with thy glance,
Oh God! to beam:
Thanks for the dewy morn—
Thanks for the sunshine born,
A heavenly beam,
O'er Earth in *mercy* thrown,
From the bright shore unknown.

Thanks for the music flowing,
Thanks for the beauty glowing,
On land and sea.
All sweetly shall they blend,
All gratefully ascend,
Most High, to thee!

A single year of human joys and woes;
And on the Ocean's shore I stood again.
Wild thoughts and sorrowful my soul were stirring,
And my heart seemed as if its chords *must* break;
In vain the balmy breeze went singing by,
Bearing the night-flower's incense on its wings;
Mine was the fever that may not be cooled
With morn's delicious air, or night's soft breath—
Mine the deep yearnings that but deeper grow
With each sweet sound that meets the anxious ear.

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In vain the stars, my spirit's chosen guides,
Looked on me with their clear and dewy eyes:
Though in their glance I still read love for me
I found no joy intense—no calm delight.
A fearful change had fallen on me, since the morn
When in my very gladness I had felt
That I could dwell for ever on the earth,
Nor ask a fairer home—a happier lot.
Then from our household chain, no link was missed;
No blossom from our household wreath unbound;
But now the chain was severed—and the wreath—
Oh! Death had culled its only stainless flower,
That in a better land 'twas blossoming—
A land where storms can never reach. I knew,
Knew that my gentle sister was now *where*
Her angel purity could ne'er be dimmed.
Yet it is hard to linger here below,
And miss what most the spirit hath adored;
Ay, hard, and more than frail Mortality,
That swayeth as a reed to grief, can bear.
Home grew a darkened and a mournful place,
For she its light, its very life, had flown!
The skies soon lost their splendor to my eye;
The silvery streams, their sweetly laughing flow;
Even the spirit whispers of the flowers,
Those "stars of earth," fell sadly on my ear—
They sighing seemed to ask for something gone;
And now, as by the restless sea I stood,
Longing for the swift pinions of a bird,
That I might flee, where partings are not known,
A thrilling strain broke on the midnight air,
Yet not in joy, nor yet in praise it rose;
Its tones were all of sorrow, and I deemed
The waves had chosen this still, solemn hour,
To chant a requiem for beauty vanished,—
Vanished from this dark world ne'er to return—
A requiem for singing voices hushed,
"For valor fall'n—for broken rose and sword,"—
A few brief opening notes of grief and sadness.
Then full and deep the moaning waters sung—

A dirge—a stately dirge for ye—the noble and the brave,
Called from your glory and your power to slumber in the grave;
Oh! never more your swords may flash upon your country's field,
Flash gallantly and boldly out, bidding the spoiler yield.

A chant—a soft, sad chant for ye, who in your glorious bloom
Have had your beauty shrouded by the dark veil of the tomb;
All lonely are the homes where once your joyous tones were heard,
And sorrowing the faithful hearts, those tones so deeply stirred.

A chant—a soft, sad chant for *thee*, departed child of song,
Whose thoughts divine flowed ever in a current swift and strong;
Broken the lyre that sweetly poured music on every breeze,
Lending each fountain, stream and tree such thrilling harmonies.

A soft, low requiem for ye, who slumber 'neath my waves;
Oh! fair your resting-places are, fairer than earthly graves;
Far down on beds of glistening pearl, all peacefully ye lie,
In caves of the brightest coral, where the sea nymphs o'er ye sigh.

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A soft, low requiem for ye—in your homes e'en now is kept
A weary watch by eyes that long for your vanished forms have wept;
I have bound them here, but your souls have flown, in a brighter land to dwell—
A land whose calm is never broke, by the dirge-like tone, farewell.

And with earth's saddest word, the sad strain died,
Died softly as swans' last accents die;
While all mysterious it seemed to me,
That the full organ of the mighty deep,
Now songs of praise, now songs of grief, should swell;
But a low voice, the "voice of God within,"
Whispered that Nature's many tones are but
The echoes of the changeful, *human heart.*

A TALE OF TEXAS LIFE.

THE BRAVO'S STRATAGEM.

At the period of our story, the old Catholic Mexican town of Bexar, or San Antonio, as it is indifferently called, had only eight or ten American citizens. These were principally reckless and daring young men from the States, who were ostensibly government rangers, and held nominal allegiance to, and commissions from, the President of Texas. But that august official had far too many hungry papsuckers clinging to the lean bosom of the home Treasury to spare one generous drop even, for the nourishment of this distant frontier; so that the bold spirits who ventured there had glory to any amount meted out for their subsistence by this prodigal official, and if they found anything less sublimated and more substantial necessary, they were told with a superb hauteur, that "honor was the dearest gift of princes;" that as to these grosser matters, they might shift for themselves! The consequence, of course, was, that as "necessity has no law," at any rate these young gentlemen could not be expected to trouble themselves with framing an original code for it, under such circumstances; indeed their veneration of a custom so antiquated as that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," would have forbidden it, if nothing else; and in this same classical taste they were necessarily highly prejudiced in favor of the primeval axiom, "might is right," which was adopted as their creed, moral and political! The fifteen hundred Mexicans, who made up the remaining population of the town, as well as the swarms along the distant banks of the Rio Grande, were made to appreciate very fully the practical results of this creed, which were carried out at their expense in sundry unceremonious contributions, levied by these adventurous zealots with a faithfulness which would have secured the seventh heaven to followers of Mahommed. Captain, now Colonel Hays, a young Tennessean of singular energy and bravery, was the master spirit of this band, and ranking next to him was the hero of our adventure—a young gentleman whose very feminine and delicate features contrasted remarkably with the traits of remorseless hardihood which had gained him the universal *sobriquet* of "The Bravo." There was no desperate enterprise in which he did not of choice lead the forlorn hope; there was nothing too madly daring and too near impossible for him to undertake, if he once took the whim into his head that he would accomplish it. Hays was the more powerful character, and like—

"Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribed
To tender objects; but *he*, in heat of action,
Was more vindicative than jealous love."

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And not in the heat of action only, but under all possible contingencies where the blood of the hated Mexicans of the Rio Grande was at issue, he was pitiless as winter! Antonio Navarro, a Mexican of Hidalgo descent, who had joined the Texans in their revolt, and fought shoulder to shoulder with them throughout the revolution, was very popular and much respected by the Americans of Bexar, who had given him their votes as Mayor, and were ready to stand by him under all circumstances. Navarro was rich, and carried on, through agents who were not altogether so obnoxious to the Mexican government as himself, quite an extensive and lucrative trade with the villages beyond the Rio Grande. It happened just at this crisis, that he was in a serious quandary. His last trading venture, which had been a heavy one, had been successfully converted into silver; but his faithful agent had sent him word that he dared not budge a foot with his precious charge, two or three mule loads of which he was guarding night and day at the Rancho of Navarro's old friend, Don José, on the Texan bank of the Rio Grande. For he feared that his old friend, tempted by the richness of the prize, had proved unfaithful, and had given the renowned and formidable outlaw, Agatone, a hint of the intended transfer, that he might intercept it on the way across those sterile plains which stretch between that river and Bexar. It was very certain, at least, that he was beleaguered by the spies of the bandit captain; that a detachment of his troops were hanging round the Rancho, waiting for the treasure to be started, with the intention of attacking those having it in charge, on the prairies; that Agatone, who was the mortal enemy of Navarro, had sworn his money should never reach Bexar, and the agent, in sore distress, begged him to send a formidable escort, sufficiently strong to defy the whole force of Agatone, for without this it would be madness to leave the walls of the Rancho; and he was not even sure, by any means, it was safe there, for that the conduct of Don José savored very strongly of treachery.

Poor Navarro was sadly taken aback by this news. But he went instantly to work and equipped a troop of the vagabond braggadocio Mexicans about Bexar, and started it off under the command of a trusted servant to bring in his silver, and frighten Agatone's cut-throats. He sent private instructions though to his agent having charge of the money, not to trust it to these fellows until he had ascertained whether they would stand fire or not, for, on this point he had some shrewd doubts, growing out of his intimate knowledge of his fellow-citizens. The agent was first to send them with a great parade of sacks, stuffed with moss and gravel, a day or two's journey on the return trail. In this time the attack of Agatone would probably be made, and if they should prove able to cope with him and show any game, the agent might then go back and fill his sacks in earnest, with some prospect of reaching home with their contents. This wary stratagem was carried out to the letter, and the result proved it to have been a wise precaution, for the cowardly ragamuffins scarcely awaited Agatone's first charge before they were scattered, flying helter-skelter in every direction over the plains; and nearly all of them killed their horses by running, and came straggling into Bexar on foot, with an awful tale of robbery, blood, and devoted courage on their part, each man vowing as he arrived that he had fought until all those yet behind him were killed; and not a little laughter did it create among the Americans, as one after another the ghosts of these heroes thus unceremoniously consigned to the gory bed of honor would come dropping in, apparelled in the old-fashioned flesh and blood! The truth was, that Agatone had not pursued them at all, but stopping at the money bags, eagerly ripped them open with his dagger that he might gloat his hungry vision upon the shining contents. The rage of the baffled ruffian may be better conceived than told, when a stream of shells and pebbles followed through the rent; he swore all sorts of dire oaths as he thrust his damaged dagger back into the sheath. But the faithful agent, whose name was Alvarez, had taken care to keep out of harm's way, and, with the most trustworthy of his men, was securely housed in Don José's Rancho, guarding the treasure like a sleepless gryphon, and in spite of the treachery of his host, who dared not take ground openly, he managed to keep the infuri-

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ated Agatone at bay. Navarro, of course, needed no telegraphing to be made aware of what had occurred, but he was now fairly at his wits' end, for it was clear enough he would never get his money if he trusted it to Mexican valor to bring it to him; and besides, no possible inducement would have operated in organizing another expedition, composed solely of Mexicans, for it would take them a month or two to recover from this fright; and were he even to send double the number, they would all run at the first sight of Agatone. The jealousies between the Mexican and American citizens, had prevented his asking assistance of Hays and his company, for he knew that they scorned his cowardly countrymen too entirely to participate with them in any enterprise; and now that he had endeavored to get along without them, and been so signally defeated, he feared it would sadly injure his popularity should he employ the Americans, and give them another opportunity, by contrasting the successful issue of their adventure with the disgraceful one of the Mexicans, to taunt and crow over them, which spirit they had already carried to sufficient galling extremes to endanger considerably the public peace. He knew that if he applied to the Americans now, they would only assist him in view of this very triumph, and would be sure to make the most of it; so that between the fear of losing his popularity, and of losing his money, he was fairly half demented; how both were to be secured, he could not by any possibility conceive! He had been chafing and foaming over the matter for several days, without seeing his way any more clearly out of the difficulty; and to cap the climax, had just received another message from Alvarez, urging him as he valued his silver to hurry on some one to his relief, for he was almost worn down by watching, and the aspect of affairs was becoming every hour more unpromising; but that there was a solitary glimmering of hope left, for he had received information from a sure quarter that Agatone had gone for a reinforcement, and was to be absent several days, but that when he returned he intended storming the Rancho, and had sworn to cut all their throats for the trick they had played on him, and have his revenge and the money any how. He prayed Navarro to take advantage of this absence of his enemy—who had left his troops in command of a lieutenant—and slip in and get him out of this scrape, and the money in before Agatone returned. That he must try to effect this by stratagem, if not by force.

This was a strong appeal. The worthy merchant and mayor, already near the last gasp of desperation, was almost floored by it. But those self-same venerable laconics which have asserted that "necessity knows no law," have also christened it the "mother of invention," and Navarro in this mortal extremity suddenly bethought him of the Bravo, of the violent passion he had been seized with to possess a certain coal-black and magnificent steed which Navarro had taken from a Camanche chief. It was by far the finest animal ever seen on that frontier, and the Bravo had tried often and over, in all sorts of ways, to obtain him. But though Navarro valued him immensely, yet the estimate did not quite overbalance his silver bags, and he knew the Bravo would risk his life a hundred times to get possession of him. Delighted by the sudden illumination of this thought, he sent for the Bravo at once—proposed the expedition to him and the coveted steed as the reward. The eyes of the young adventurer fairly glistened; for of all things he could conceive of just then that horse he valued the most. Money was nothing in the scale against him—for no Arab had ever greater cause for regarding the mettle of his horse as quite as important, in the sort of life he led, as that of his dirk or his pistol; and what was more, he had not been in a single fight for a week or two; the Camanches had become so distressingly shy, and the Mexicans so uncomfortably quiet, that he was almost bored to death by the vapid and tiresome monotony of peace; and his blood was fairly seething for a small affair of some sort or other; so that nothing could have been more apropos than the proposition of Navarro—even leaving the horse out of the question; but with the prospect of getting "the black," and killing a few of Agatone's rascals to boot, he was supremely and perfectly beatified. He forthwith closed with Navarro's offer, adding as conditions that he was to have the horse to ride—and to manage the whole affair in his own way with-

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out any questioning on the part of any one; that he should select five men who were to be equipped to accompany him; and great was the astonishment of Navarro when he announced that these five men were to be Mexicans, and the most roguish, worthless vagabonds in the town, at that. He had expected of course that the Bravo would take with him his own countrymen, and it was upon their combined boldness and ingenuity he had counted for success; and at this unexpected proposition he was grievously disturbed —for the inevitable result seemed to promise the loss of both horse and money. In vain he remonstrated. The Bravo would make no explanation of his plans, but insisted upon his terms, or refused to have anything to do with the matter. Navarro went to Hays, and begged him to use his influence in persuading the Bravo to change his plan and take Americans. Hays went to him and offered to accompany him with his whole troop; but he refused the proffer, and Hays turned off, saying very coolly to Navarro: "O never disturb yourself about the Bravo! he'll do it! He's got a plan of his own! let him alone!" So, as it was the only hope, Navarro was compelled reluctantly to equip the five Mexicans designated, and let him have his own way. But it was with a heavy heart he saw him start next day curvetting over the prairie on the black steed, and he drew a long sigh as his favorite horse disappeared beyond the undulations; for he never expected to hear of him or his money again. In truth, it appeared to every one, Mexicans as well as Americans, the most fantastically impossible scheme that ever entered the brain of a desperado—the effort in the teeth of all Agatone's banditti, to bring off a large sum in silver across over a hundred miles of desert plains, with only five cowardly Mexicans for escort, any one of whom would sell his life for a plug of tobacco! It looked like the collapse stage of the dare-devil mania! But the Bravo had done so many improbable things, there was no telling what might be the result now. So everybody waited, with the most intense curiosity and anxiety, the issue. With permission of our readers we will accompany the mad-cap through this promising undertaking.

He travelled with great speed, making long stages, and only stopping to refresh his horse, and seeming to be utterly regardless of the five Mexicans, leaving them to keep up or not as they could. They, poor rascals, were frightened at the idea of being left behind to shift for themselves in case they should meet with Camanches, and took very good care to keep in sight, at least, though to accomplish this on their inferior horses was a very serious business, so that by the time he reached the Rancho of Don José their animals were pretty well used up. The Bravo had purposely selected these fellows from among the most notoriously drunken and faithless villains of Bexar! Honest Alvarez, who was on the watch, instantly opened the gates to the Bravo. Don José happened not to be at hand when this was done; but when he returned and found the single American insolently ordering his Peones about, and acting in all respects as if he were Lord of the Rancho, he became furiously enraged, and ordered the Bravo to clear out, and threatened to tie him up and give him a *quirt* on his bare back. It never occurred to him for a moment that a solitary American, with only a river between him and Mexico, and with several hundred Mexicans about him, would dare to offer resistance! The Bravo paid no attention to his threats, but in an imperious tone demanded of him the surrender of the silver. To Don José this seemed capping the climax of presumption. He ordered his Peones to seize and strip him. But this was more readily said than done. While they hesitated a moment about obeying, the Bravo very coolly drew a pistol, and stepping up to Don José, who was surrounded by his Peones, twisted his hand into his hair, and, drawing down his head, placed the cold iron muzzle of the pistol against his temple. At the same instant, as the Peones were in the act of rushing on him, some one shouted from the crowd, "It's the Bravo! It's the Bravo! look out!" At this formidable name, the menial herd scattered as if a torpedo had fallen amongst them, and poor Don José was left to his fate. Such was the terror the singular hardihood of this man had inspired the border Mexicans with, that they had as soon undertaken to encounter a regiment of devils, as brave the prowess of

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his single arm! He held the shivering Don José in this pleasant position until he made him kiss the cross and swear to be true: this is the only form of oath at all binding with a Mexican. With a magnanimous air, he then told him he would spare his life, and released him. He ordered him to get the key, and show him the most secure room in the Rancho; which having been done, he compelled him to assist Alvarez and himself to remove the silver into it. Then speaking a few words in a low tone to Alvarez, he entered the room alone, closed the door, locked it on the inside, and throwing himself down with the bags for a pillow, was sound asleep in a few moments. Great was the rejoicing among the Mexicans, that this scourge of the borders was at last entrapped—had in his over-daring recklessness thrown himself alone amidst swarms of enemies; and though they submitted to his insolence in the Rancho, and dared not attack him openly, they revelled in anticipative gibes over his carcass riddled with balls, as they intended it should be. How was it possible for him to escape? The faith of the villains he had brought along with him had given way at the first assault—for they had been forthwith surrounded by the emissaries of Agatone, and for a few pounds of tobacco apiece had agreed, every man of them, to join the plot for his assassination. The lieutenant of Agatone had seen his approach, and might have set upon him then, with all his men, and killed him, but he chose rather to wait till he started on his return with the money, and thus secure both objects at once. As for poor Alvarez and his two honest followers, they were, of course, to be exterminated along with him! And then, this carelessness of his, in throwing himself down to sleep without taking any precautions to see that his men were not tampered with, showed that he neither feared nor suspected anything; and they fairly danced for joy, as they saw everything so propitious for a certain revenge of all the high-handed indignities and murders he had committed upon their countrymen. Alvarez seemed to be in a wonderfully fine humor, highly elated at the prospects of escaping, and paid no attention to the whisperings and plottings that were going on about him. He bought several gallons of nouya, and, with one of the Mexicans who had accompanied the bravo, called Juan, and who was the most proverbial scoundrel among them, he seemed determined to make a regular drunken frolic in honor of his deliverance. The rest, having settled their plans with Agatone's spies, who departed, were soon drawn into the carouse, which they kept up regularly until day. Had a sober man looked on, he would have perceived that Alvraez and Juan were not quite so drunk as they wished to appear.

When morning came, the Bravo chimed in with the convivial spirit of his followers, and at starting, filled all their water-gourds with nouya for them. Don José was very officious in furnishing the Bravo with spirits, and chuckled heartily as he saw him so much disposed to drink freely; for this was making assurance doubly sure of the success of the plot—which he knew was to be carried into effect that night. He rubbed his fingers with glee at the thought of the coin they were soon to be counting, for he was, of course, to go shares in the plunder. Indeed, the avarice of the traitor became so thoroughly roused by the certain thought of success to all his schemes, that he began to think of the many "slips betwixt the cup and the lip," and to remember that Agatone's banditti had never been remarkable for good faith, and that it would be the surest course for him to be on the ground in person when the money was seized, and attend to securing his share; so that his heart suddenly overflowed with courtesy, and, mounting his horse, he insisted upon having the honor of accompanying the Bravo the first day's journey on his return. The Bravo, seeming to be thoroughly mollified by the generous liquor, heartily responded to the politeness. So off they started, merry as a wedding party, the doomed Bravo and Alvarez more boisterously jovial than any of them, and taking great pains to make the money bags very conspicuous, "for the benefit"—as the apparently half drunken Bravo boastfully swaggered—"of the spying whelps of that wolf-cur Agatone, that are sneaking along after us through that line of timber!" As he said this, he pointed directly to where Don José knew the spies of the banditti were hid. He was somewhat startled at this for an instant; but the Bravo was

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so evidently under the influence of the nouya, that he forgot it directly, supposing that it was an accident that he pointed so true; and merely such a boast as was natural for a half intoxicated man.

It seemed to Don José that his victims were perfectly infatuated; for during the whole day the Bravo and Alvarez did not permit the carouse to flag; and in this they found an able coadjutor in Juan, for the knave seemed to be as thirsty as a sand-bank. We should mention, by the way, that it is an almost invariable habit on this frontier, particularly when Americans are of the party, to spend the first night in camp, in a carouse, when a long or perilous expedition is undertaken; so that all this conduct of the Bravo's, however stupid and reckless it might seem, was in perfect keeping with usage. They camped at night on a spot designated by Don José as most admirably adapted for the purpose. The Bravo appeared to place unbounded confidence in the judgment of the courteous Ranchero, and agreed to his selection without any hesitation. The spot was most excellently well chosen for a night surprise. It was a small open space on the bank of a stream, surrounded on all sides by a dense thicket. The Bravo was not so far gone, that he did not take wonderfully good care of the black steed; and Alvarez managed, with all his staggering, to secure the pack of mules, and one or two horses, remarkably well under the circumstances.

The supper of dried beef and tortillas over, the Bravo grew suddenly excessively cautious, and would not permit a fire to be built, for fear, he said, "the blaze or smoke might betray us to Agatone's fellows; for," he continued, with a loud laugh, "I rather think I've thrown the cowardly sheep-thieves off the trail this time." Don José assented most heartily to this, though he laughed in his sleeve as he said to himself—"The drunken fool! a blind man couldn't miss the trail he's made, even if I hadn't seen the spies following us all day!" The drinking now commenced again, and it was soon announced that the gourds had been emptied. The fellows, who had become very drunk and insolent, were clamorous for more. The Bravo, at last, and seemingly with great reluctance, brought out a special private bottle of his own, that, he said, was filled with choice brandy which he had obtained at Bexar, and brought along for contingencies. Don José, who had been very wary, and had drank nothing heretofore, thought he might certainly now indulge himself a little, as matters were in such glorious train; so he took a stiff draught of the Bravo's superfine brandy, and, passing the bottle round, it was very soon emptied. One of the Mexicans shouted, laughingly, that Juan was shirking, and didn't drink his; but Juan played his swallow so vehemently, that the fellow jerked the bottle out of his hand and drank himself, but was too much stultified to notice that Juan had not lessened it a drop.

In a very few minutes after this, each man had thrown himself back with his head upon his saddle for a pillow, and seemed to be sleeping soundly. Don José had followed the example of the rest, so far as position was concerned, but he had not the slightest idea of going to sleep. He lay thinking over the occurrences of the day; everything had worked right; it was impossible the Bravo could have any suspicion, for all his Mexicans had been bribed, and even supposing they had only pretended to be so, he had watched them closely since day-break, and it was impossible that any intimation of the plot could have been conveyed by them to the Bravo without his witnessing it, for he had observed them carefully; and though it had struck his crafty mind as singular that the Bravo should be so reckless as to get drunk when he knew he was surrounded by deadly enemies, yet it seemed to him so evident that he was really so, that his suspicions were entirelly lulled. He felt an unaccountable propensity for sleeping, which he could not overcome, and consoling himself with the reflection that his friends were not to come till day-break, and that there was plenty of time for a short nap, he gave way to the invincible inclination, intending to wake again in an hour or so. A profound silence now reigned over the camp and the still snoring figures for an hour or so, and the wolves—for there was no sentinel out—were sneaking round the death-like sleepers, and smelling cautiously at their noses to see if they were yet breathing; but when one of them happened to try this experiment on the

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Bravo, he suddenly bounded wildly off, shaking his head. The Bravo rose quickly, and gazed after it as it dashed through the moonlight, at every leap clawing with its fore paw at the stump of an ear that had been sliced off by his dagger. The Bravo turned with a sardonic grin, and muttered, "Ah! ha! my fine fellow, you will not be the only biter that is bit to-night!" Alvarez and Juan were standing alert and wide awake by his side. "Come, boys, let's be quick!" They soon had the money upon the pack-saddles and their horses equipped, all but saddling the steed of the Bravo. "Shoot the man with his head on the silver-mounted saddle, is it?" He chuckled, as he took up the rich saddle his own head had been resting upon and replaced the saddle which Juan had gently taken from under the head of Don José, with it. "But that the joke is too good to lose I couldn't afford to leave my fine saddle and forego the pleasure of splitting the rascal's gizzard myself!" He laughed as he threw the saddle of Don José upon the "black," and leaped into it. "Keep close under the bank, boys, and hurry!" he said, as they started the pack mules with their precious freight, down the hill into the bed of the stream on which they were camped. "Stop! stop!" said Alvarez, as they got into the water, "we have forgotten my two men who stood by me so faithfully! We must not leave them to be shot, when the fellows find out the trick, for revenge!" "Go back, then," said the Bravo, carelessly, "and drag them by the heels into the thicket and hide them; you needn't be afraid they will wake, for they took a heavy dose of that *superfine brandy* of mine!" Alvarez obeyed, and said, when he and Juan returned, after an absence of a few minutes, "I've hid 'em where they'll be out of harm's way when they wake!" "That's more than those jolly 'yellow bullies' will ever do! Come, let's be off!" said the Bravo.

It is impossible for us, of the misty North, to realize the clear brilliancy of moonlight on the elevated prairies of Western Texas. The atmosphere is so wonderfully lucid and dry, that all our preconceptions of distance are annihilated. A deer, a tree, or any object, is as distinctly defined on the retina a half-mile off, as it would be in our medium at eighty paces. The broad radiant face of a full moon hung almost, it seemed, in reach of the tree-tops, pouring such floods of mellow light upon the scene, as brought out in perfect relief even the thin fibres of the grass, the white thorns of the broad-leafed cactus, and the slim stems of the frail flowers.

Faint pencillings of a stronger light were just beginning to struggle dimly through the forest-shaded rim of the eastern horizon, when a party of about sixty men might have been seen, slowly and cautiously creeping towards the camp, upon the side opposite to that on which the Bravo and his friends had left it. It is a proverb of frontier life, that horses and men both sleep most profoundly just at day-break, and for this reason that hour is always selected for a surprise attack. These men were evidently Mexicans, as could be seen from the broad-brimmed, sugar-loaf sombreros, which shaded their tawny and moustached faces; and as they stooped, and crawled, and skulked among the bushes, their small black eyes gleaming with a strong animal light, they looked the very ideal of cowardly and traitorous assassination. They soon reached a point from which the sleeping figures were discernible. They raised themselves quietly amongst the bushes, and looking over them, could clearly distinguish the group. "How!" whispered the man nearest the lieutenant, whose quick eye had detected that all were not there who had made up the party during the day, —"How! they are not all there! where are the rest?" "All there," said the lieutenant, "that are to be shot! the rest are in the bushes out of the way! See, there is the silver-mounted saddle!*—remember, men!" said he, elevating his voice, as he

* It will be well to explain here, that the Mexican saddle is altogether unlike our own. They are very deep in the seat, the bow and pummel at least six inches in height, and sometimes plated with from fifty to sixty ounces of silver. I have seen saddles of Mexican cavalry officers, that had a hundred dollars' worth of silver spread over them in thick broad plates, with no sort of chasing on them. The white metal is valued as a national ornament, and as their horse furniture is much easier than ours, and better suited for managing the wild mustangs, American frontiersmen greatly prefer it, and will have it, whether by fair means or bloody!

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turned to his company, while his finger pointed at Don José—"you are to shoot all! but be *sure* you shoot that man with his head on the silver-mounted saddle!—Fire." There was the long rolling fire of the platoon, and they all sprang forward. "Carraho! we have killed Don José, and the Bravo and the money are gone!" roared out the lieutenant. "There's nothing here but the filthy carcasses of those curs of Bexar for our pains!"

Two nights after these occurrences, the young Americans of Bexar met for a grand carouse, in honor of the safe return of the Bravo with the money of Navarro. The Bravo had just finished the relation of the incidents we have narrated up to the time of his leaving the camp, and the hearty burst of laughter which had followed the Bravo's affectionate leave-taking, of "Pleasant dreams to the honest Don José!" had somewhat subsided, when Hays remarked, "But, Bravo! I don't understand how you have managed to make so useful and faithful a servant out of that notorious drunkard, thief and villain, Juan!" "Oh! the simplest thing in the world! Even a Mexican is capable of gratitude! Juan is not the fellow's name! Have you forgotten that famous knave Gonzales you ordered to be shot one morning, about two years ago, for stealing your favorite sorrel, and whose life I took a fancy to save, because he made an impudent face at us, while we were levelling our guns to fire at him?" "Yes! is it possible that this is the same?" "This is Gonzales, and he's given his soul to me. I took the other four along for the express purpose of getting them killed; as they are out of the way now, may be my black horse will be safe. I knew I shouldn't be able to keep him three weeks, while those thieving scoundrels were alive!" "Good! Bravo, you deserve a vote of thanks from us all—under the shadow of *your* black steed, *our* horses will now be safe!" The vote of thanks was formally drawn up and presented; and along with it came a splendid silver-mounted saddle, that did honor to the glossy back of even "the coal-black steed."

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

Weary of earth, and tossed
Amid the storms which ever break my way,
Thou, who canst save the weary and the lost,
Oh, hear me pray!

Weary of time, which brings
Little of comfort to my bosom now,
Feeble and worn, to thee my spirit clings—
To thee I bow.

Deep is the inward strife,
Thou know'st, consumes my sick and weary soul,
And deep the grief that agitates my life,
Beyond control.

For me, joy comes no more;
Earth cannot soothe, for life can nothing give,—
Take me, then, father, to that mighty shore,—
For thee I'll live!

Watch me where'er I go,
Guide thou my footsteps through this valley drear.
Father! I weep, with more than mortal wo,
But yet can bear!

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

This is the dull season of the year in a commercial point of view, and the occurrences are seldom worthy of extended remark. It is the season of harvest in the interior, and that important event engages the attention of four-fifths of the active population of the United States until it is successfully ended. So important a portion of the community is the agricultural class, that when their attention is confined to their immediate concerns, a stagnation runs through all the channels of business until the intercourse of the farmer with the city is again resumed. This year a bounteous providence has bestowed more than usual abundance upon the farmer as the reward of his toil. In all sections there are indications that the prolific yield of former years will be exceeded by the teeming productions of the present. While, however, the industry of the individual has been assisted by a favorable season, and the quantities of produce are so large, the markets for the sale and consumption of that produce, so far from being extended in any degree proportionate, have, by unequal and unjust laws sanctioned in their operation, been confined within less than their former limits. Great as has been the yield of the earth, the hopes of the farmer have been cut short by partial legislation. Confined within the narrow sphere of a few manufacturers, his market allows not of an advance in price, or even of sustaining the former ones. The mouths of the manufacturers may be numbered, and their wants estimated to a nicety. Like the consumption of the army and navy, their supplies may be made by contract, and after the fulfilment of that contract, every bushel of wheat or pound of pork added to the stores of the farmer, is a surplus which has no other tendency than to sink the money value of the whole. An increased production is to the farmer, under such restrictions, no profit to him. It only reduces the expenditure of the other classes, whose productions are protected from a similar influence by the operation of laws, prohibiting supplies from without. To what purpose is it that money is a drug on the sea board, that $25,000,000 in gold lies idle in the vaults of the Atlantic Banks, with money at 3½ *a* 4 per cent, while the west is without a currency? The interior States have abundance of produce, and the Atlantic have a plentiful supply of money, but no exchange takes place. The holder of money does not part with it for the purchase of produce he cannot use. No matter how great soever may be the western want of money they cannot procure it, because that which they have to offer will not find sale in markets already glutted with similar products of the more adjacent States. Foreign countries indeed might purchase the produce, but our wise legislature has forbidden anything to be returned in payment. The wants of the manufacturers are supplied long before the produce of the west reaches market, and its appearance is only the signal for a general fall in prices, without inducing sales. If there were a comparatively free foreign market, the money idle on the Atlantic border would spread itself over the interior in the purchase of produce for shipment. The proceeds of the shipments would be returned in goods, and, resold to the interior, become the medium of fresh purchases of produce. This operation is now barred by the prohibition put upon the import of foreign goods, and the result is a useless accumulation of money, attended by the unusual spectacle of low and falling prices. The following returns of the condition of the Banks of New York give an indication of the state of business.

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QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE BANKS OF NEW YORK STATE FOR THE PAST YEAR.

	1843. November.	February.	1844. May.	August.
Discount,	$53,267,130	58,444,293	62,669,119	64,464,928
Do. to Directors,	4,537,536	4,330,425	4,355,364	4,326,962
Do. to Brokers,	3,709,463	2,644,044	3,136,585	2,832,039
Real estate,	4,081,636	4,072,661	4,008,961	3,972,501
Bonds and mortgages,	3,772,037	3,750,784	3,521,239	3,282,724
Stocks and notes,	11,665,311	11,052,458	10,362,330	10,648,211
Due from directors other than loans,	48,084	30,838	26,525	28,428
Due from brokers other than loans,	810,160	825,350	663,317	509,078
Bank fund,	389,392	335,101	341,351	317,701
Loss and expense,	639,238	580,360	666,891	667,487
Overdrafts,	105,947	105,913	155,709	102,433
Specie,	11,502,789	10,086,542	9,455,161	10,191,974
Cash items,	3,102,856	4,502,479	5,999,952	4,916,862
Bills of Banks,	4,033,105	2,275,172	3,148,421	2,511,326
Do. suspended,	228,951	233,025	228,500	230,793
Due from banks,	9,700,629	10,266,709	8,816,691	8,358,804
Add for cents,	438	498	488	524
	$111,614,722	113,536,652	117,556,604	117,362,775
Liabilities.				
Capital,	43,369,152	43,649,887	43,462,311	43,443,005
Profits,	4,164,254	3,758,082	3,989,472	4,061,233
Circulation,	5,227,930	3,146,180	1,943,022	1,437,936
Do. register,	11,985,171	13,189,221	16,421,309	16,653,388
Due the State,	968,198	927,289	643,983	750,495
Canal fund,	1,157,203	1,483,843	1,506,167	1,210,794
Depositors,	27,389,160	29,026,415	30,742,289	28,757,122
Individuals,	587,781	592,038	612,926	726,554
Banks,	14,642,143	15,610,554	15,467,494	16,102,922
Treasurer U. S.	1,645,320	1,683,551	2,238,083	3,674,171
Other items,	505,270	469,592	528,592	516,155
	$111,614,722	113,536,652	117,556,604	117,362,775

These returns show a very considerable extension of business during the year, as is natural when favorable exchanges have for so long a time retained a large amount of specie in the vaults. The immediate liabilities and means of the institutions on the 1st August, as compared with the 1st of November, 1843, are as follows:

Immediate Liabilities.	Nov.	August.	Increase.
To United States	1,645,320	3,674,171	2,028,851
Depositions	27,389,160	28,757,122	1,368,062
Canal Fund	1,157,203	1,210,794	53,591
Nett circulation	12,952,055	15,349,205	2,397,150
Balance due banks	4,941,514	7,744,118	2,802,604
Total	$48,085,252	$56,735,410	$8,650,258
Immediate Means.			
Specie	11,502,789	10,191,974	
Cash items	3,102,856	4,916,862	
Total	$14,605,645	$15,108,836	503,191
Loans	61,514,129	71,643,929	10,129,800

This result gives a pretty rapid extension, and carries the bank loans higher than they have been since the suspension, and within eight millions of the highest point they ever reached.

It is a remarkable fact that a revolution seems to be going on in the currencies of England and America, and that the paper system having in 1836-7 reached its zenith throughout

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the commercial world, is now on its wane. In a former number we made some remarks upon the change which has been wrought in the currency of England by the bill re-chartering the Bank. The bill as then described has become a law, with some small modification. The circulation of the Joint Stock Banks, instead of being limited to the average of the last three years, is restricted to that for the three months ending April, 1841, a change which adds some £600,000 to the country circulation allowed to be outstanding at any one time. The Bank is also allowed to issue bills on silver to the extent of one-fourth of the gold on hand, that is, if there is in Bank £4,000,000 of gold, and £1,000,000 of silver, the Bank may issue, dollar for dollar, £5,000,000 in bills. If, however, the gold should be diminished, the circulation based on silver must be called in, in the same proportion, even although the quantity of that metal in Bank should actually remain the same. The currency of England is therefore to be entirely governed by the quantity of gold, to rise with its influx and decrease with its departure, being to all intents and purposes a specie currency. In the United States the currency is and has been for a long time on a specie level, and will for a long time continue so, not through the action of any specific law but through the effect of public opinion, which, taught by the disasters, frauds and corruption of the past few years, has not only declared itself against the establishment of a national bank, but has in many of the States subverted those of a local character. How strenuous soever may be the exertions of those who pant for another season of riotous speculation under favor of a national institution, there is very little chance of the establishment of a bank, at least during the present generation. The ruin attending those who put their trust in the late Bank has been too complete and too recent to allow of new subscriptions to a similar concern on this side of the Atlantic. The utter loss which involved the $20,000,000 of stock in that Bank owned abroad, will effectually prevent a speedy revival of any disposition among foreigners to assist in the re-creation of another bank in the United States, greatly as such an institution is known to favor foreign interests. In nearly all the States, popular opinion is set against the creation of new local banks, or of allowing them an extended paper credit circulation. The paper of the banks which has been in circulation during the past year has been far less than the specie held by the institutions, showing that the operation of the banks has been under the cash system of business to diminish rather than to increase the currency; and that the general circulation has actually been less in volume than would have been the case had there been no banks in existence. Notwithstanding this, money has never been more plenty or the exchanges more easily effected. The amount of business done this year is admitted to have been larger, both import and export, than for several years previously, yet money has continued cheaper than ever before experienced in this country for the same length of time. Large quantities of produce of all descriptions have found their way to market, and sales of domestic and imported goods have been made to an extent nearly equal to that of any former years. The purchases of the goods have been for the most part made for cash, or the remittance of individual bills drawn against produce sent to market. At all points of the interior these latter have been plenty and easily procured at rates more uniformly low than ever before. They form the great and legitimate paper system of the country. It is through their means that the value of produce sent to market is carried back cheaply and profitably to the producers. These individual bills are always more sound in their character, more uniform in their value and cheaper in price where there are no banks, than where these corporate institutions exist. This arises from the fact that these institutions make the sound business paper of their section the basis of a superstructure of paper credits of their own, which frequently leads to the multiplication of fictitious bills of exchange, or those drawn not against produce but against credits. On this subject we may take the evidence of a western bank before a legislative committee of recent date, as follows:—

"It is usual to employ two-thirds of the funds of a Bank of circulation in the discount of notes, and one-third in the purchase of bills of exchange. The leading motive to the exchange business, is the

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accommodation of the customers of the Bank, and the obtaining the means of maintaining an enlarged circulation. When a bank is located at a shipping and commercial point, or at a manufacturing point, we find the exporting and importing merchants, and manufacturers, congregated at those points, are the persons who borrow our money and sell bills.

"The farmers are not usually borrowers from banks, and have only applied to banks in case of emergency; as an exception to this general rule persons in the immediate vicinity of the banks have been drawn in as endorsers and been compelled to assume debts."

These discounts of notes to merchants form for the most part the means of purchasing goods from abroad, and according to their extent those purchases will exceed, or otherwise, the amount of the exports. By the increase of the currency of any one section through the extended circulation of the Banks, not the smallest facility is afforded for the sale of the produce shipped, nor can its quantity in any degree be increased. The only result is that the stockholders of the institutions derive a profit from the circulation of their promises in exchange for bills, instead of the constitutional currency. It has been a favorite argument with the advocates of a national paper currency that there is not a sufficiency of coin in the world to transact its commercial business, and that without the aid of Bank paper business must stand still. This fallacy is as great as it has been general, being the very reverse of the truth. Without banks money would never become scarce, but would always continue as cheap and abundant as it has been in the United States and England during the paralysis that has overtaken banking in the last few years. As a general rule the supply of actual money throughout the world always remains very nearly the same. Hence its value varies with the demand for it. The demand is never increased by an enhancement of the quantity or value of goods actually to be exchanged, because the exchange of the goods settles the account, frequently without the intervention of money at all. Produce is sent to market and the amount returned in goods to producers through the agency of individual bills, and the account is closed. The constitutional currency rapidly changing hands in the smaller channels of circulation always suffices for the retail trade. Money in England for more than one year has been 1½ to 2 per cent. and $80,000,000 in specie has lain undisturbed in the bank vaults, while the gross circulation of those institutions has been about $150,000,000; of which more than one-half has lain idle in the hands of the bankers. This of itself is sufficient evidence that the amount of coin in Great Britain is, with the regular bills of individuals, amply sufficient for all the wants of business When, however, the amount borrowed for purposes of speculation and works of improvement is greatly increased, the demand for money swells to meet the paper outstanding which was represented by no goods or produce or any valuable commodity; as for instance in 1830, all the loans due banks by the people of the United States, amounted to $200,451,214. These loans, payable at an average of three months, represented a demand for money to meet them to that extent. This indebtedness gradually, however, increased, until, in 1837, the amount was $525,115,702. Here was an increased quarterly demand for money to the extent of $325,000,000; an enormous sum. This money, or rather credits, had been obtained from the banks and expended in unproductive operations. It was not invested in produce which could be sent out of the country and exchanged for money to meet those obligations as they matured. It had been disbursed for goods that were consumed and in labor performed on works bringing no returns, or lost in speculations. Hence money first became very scarce, and its value very high, and finally could not be obtained at all to an extent anything like proportionate to the outstanding obligations. It was not, however, that money was scarce, but that the number of illegitimate borrowers was inordinately large.

The supply of gold upon the markets of the world is becoming greatly increased from the mines of Russia, probably to an extent in excess of the annual consumption. For a long period the mines of Russia have been very productive. The average production of the precious metals for five years, ending in 1835, and the value for the year 1836, were given officially as follows:—

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		Poods.	Average to 1835. lbs.	value.	1836.
Gold,	-	350	14,000	$5,145,000	$6,210,288
Platina,	-	110	4,400	369,000	660,800
Silver,	-	1,260	50,000	1,234,000	1,357,552

Circumstances have of late so far increased the production of gold, that the value obtained from the mines for 1843, is on high authority rated at £4,000,000, $19,200,000. The mines are for the most part situated in the Ural mountains, and are worked by serf labor, with the application of fire instead of the more expensive use of quicksilver. The application of increased labor, in consequence of the decay of the export of other Russian staples, has been given as a reason for the increased quantities produced. This accumulation of gold is now begun to be "scattered abroad" by the movement of the Russian government. This year already near £2,000,000 has been received in London and Germany from that source. This increased supply will have, doubtless, simultaneously with the receipt of quicksilver from China, an effect similar to that produced on the markets of the world by the discovery of the mines of America, viz., to diminish the relative value of gold throughout the world. The effect upon this country will be necessarily to assist the operation of the gold bill of 1834, which raised the relative value of gold and silver. The old estimate of the value of gold to silver, 15 to 1, was found too low at the market value. This operated to restrain the circulation of gold, and to cause its export to Europe as being more valuable than silver. A remedy for this evil had been sought for a long period. At length, in 1834, the value of gold was raised to 16 to 1, since when the coinage and circulation of gold has been constantly on the increase. The supply of gold from Russia is likely to decrease its value in proportion to that of silver, and enhance the flow of gold to this continent, rendering the excuse for the use of bank promises far less available.

NEW BOOKS.

Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political rights and obligations of Mankind. By Jonathan Dymond, &c. New York: Collins, Brother & Co., 254 Pearl Street. 1844.

Though this work is, in a sense, less profound and analytical than many of the treatises upon Ethics which have been published since its first appearance, yet, we doubt whether it has not contributed more than them all, to quicken that sense among men, by which they distinguish and appreciate the difference between right and wrong. It is written in a clear honest, and unpretending style, by one of the most conscientious men that ever lived. And the infinite variety of casuistical questions which the author has raised and disposed of, and the marvellous ingenuity which in their discussion he takes occasion to exhibit, leave us in doubt which most to admire, the head or the heart of this worthy Quaker. The edition before us is exceedingly neat and convenient, and we trust it may soon find its way into every library, and its precepts into every heart in our land.

Alida; or Town and Country. By the Author of "Allen Prescott." New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

It would not do to mar the pleasure of any one who has not read this work, by telling its plan and *dénouement.* We have, indeed, heard of some persons who make a point of always learning the plot of a novel before reading it, so that their judgments may not be carried away by an excited interest in the story; but, for our part, we think that half one's satisfaction in a work of fiction is lost, if one is not left the privilege of wondering, and des-

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pairing, and hoping along with the hero or heroine. We trust we shall never have come to such a pass of criticism, as thus to put poor fancy under an injunction, and try her as if she were a title to property. Of the plot of "Alida," it will be sufficient, then, to say that the story is well told, and its interest sustained until the very conclusion. We warmly commend the book to the readers of this Review, and are quite sure that none of them will regret acting upon our commendation.

The chief merit of "Alida" is its naturalness. There are no passions here torn into shreds; no terrible emergencies; no miraculous interpositions; and this is precisely the reason that to us it is the more interesting. The gross exaggeration, the tinsel, the mock thunder and lightning, with which novels generally, more especially of the continental schools, are worked up, serve only to continually remind us that we are reading mere fictions. We cannot by any possibility delude ourselves into the idea of reality. They are ever taking that one short step between the sublime and the ridiculous,—ever, like ranting actors, turning their tragedy into a farce. But here we are able to yield ourselves up to a pleasant delusion, and need not think that Alida and Lizzy are not actual existences, until we come to the *finale*. And not only are all the incidents of Mrs. Sedgwick's book perfectly probable, but its truthfulness is confirmed by that natural admixture of fault in the persons for whom our affections are elicited, which authors, for the most part, cannot find it in their hearts to give. Lizzy wants force of character; Alida is not always free from pride and self-will; and even Mr. Frazier, like Homer, sometimes nods. Dorsey, however, is perhaps an exception to our remarks. He is one of your most familiar novel characters. His wit, his judgment, his deportment, his love, are all and always exactly what they should be. We wish, indeed, that his perfection had been a little dashed.

Mrs. Sedgwick's delightful description of the social republicanism of New England country society, has given us more pleasure than we can well express. The assertion is often made that, whatever may be said of the other sex, the ladies of America are, at any rate, all aristocrats; and we cannot deny that the customs of fashionable life may, and constantly do produce, effects which might seem to warrant the charge. But we can point to this instance, which we believe is by no means a solitary one, where refinement, and elegance, and accomplishments, are found not at all inconsistent with the character of a democratic gentlewoman. The object of the book seems to be to prove, from the example of New England, what republican institutions are capable of accomplishing. Mrs. Sedgwick shows us that, at the eastward, there are perfect simplicity and equality of manners, without rudeness or vulgarity: that education is universal there, but it has not rendered labor a disgrace; that the poor and the rich, who have sat side by side upon the same forms at school, do not lose in after days the equality of their childhood; for though, of course, the wants of the one may render it necessary for them to minister by their services to the wishes of the other, they do not in this lose their independence—their right to be treated with consideration and respect. "Alida," a haughty belle, with all the accomplishments of city education, is made to find in such a state of society as this, that, though there may be less polish than she has been accustomed to, there is not the less feeling; that though her village friends may be less showy than her city visitors, they perhaps have greatly the advantage of them in what is of far more importance than manner and appearance.

We hope that this book will be extensively read in England, where the simplicity of our country manners is entirely misunderstood. Mrs. Sedgwick will teach those who laugh and sneer at the kind term "help," as applied to domestics in some parts of the United States, that it in fact indicates a better condition of civilisation than may be found in the relation of selfishness on the one side, and slavishness on the other, which exists between master and servant abroad.

In conclusion, we thank the authoress of "Alida" for having refreshed and strengthened our humanity, by the flow of generous and philosophic thoughts with which her interesting tale is accompanied.

A Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation, and the Art of Naval Warfare, with a brief notice of Ericsson's Caloric Engine. Delivered before the Boston Lyceum. By John O. Sargent. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1844.

In a brief notice prefixed to this lecture, the author declares that he has reluctantly acquiesced in its publication, because he supposes it to contain numerous defects, which, though they might perhaps be pardoned in an oral address, cannot escape

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censure in a printed form. There was not, however, any cause for this apprehension, for even leaving its character as a lecture aside, the pamphlet is very well and agreeably written, and surely could not from any quarter elicit other than a favorable criticism. There is, indeed, no straining after effect. Mr. Sargent is modestly contented to remain behind his subject, instead of rudely thrusting himself before it, after the manner of the empirical lecturers and critics with whom these days abound. But, then, modesty is said to be always characteristic of merit; and we can scarcly in this case give the author higher praise than to say that his merit is equal to his modesty.

His subjects are Mr. Ericsson, and his two principal inventions, the propeller and the caloric engine. Of this gentleman, who is a Swede by birth, Mr. Sargent gives a pleasant biographical sketch. At a very early age his ingenuity had begun to develope itself amidst the mining operations of his native province of Vermeland. Some of his boyish plans attracted the attention of the distinguished Count Platen, who desired an interview with him, and after carefully examining them, encouraged and confirmed him in the career upon which he had entered. The young mechanic was not assisted by advice alone, as we learn from the following passage:

"Immediately after this interview, young Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the corps of engineers, and, after six months' tuition, at the age of twelve years, was appointed *nivelleur* at the Grand Ship Canal, under Count Platen. In this capacity in the year 1816 he was required to set out the work for more than six hundred men. The canal was constructed by soldiers. He was at that time not tall enough to look through the levelling instrument; and in using it he was obliged to mount upon a stool, carried by his attendants for that purpose. As the discipline in the Swedish army required that the soldier should always uncover the head in speaking to his superior, grey-headed men came, cap in hand, to receive their instructions from this mere child."

It was in England, however, the land of munificence and generous scientific rewards, that Ericsson hoped to be able to bring some of his darling projects into execution, and he accordingly arrived in London in 1826. Mr. Sargent gives the following lively and interesting account of him there:

"Invention now followed invention in rapid succession, until the records of the Patent Office, in London, were enriched by the drawings of the remarkable steam-boiler on the principle of *artificial draft;* to which principle we are mainly indebted for the benefits conferred on civilized life by the present rapid communication by railways. In bringing this important invention before the public, Ericsson thought it advisable to join some old and established mechanical house in London, and accordingly he associated himself with John Braithwaite, a name favorably known in the mechanical annals of England. This invention was hardly developed, when a favorable opportunity was presented for testing it in practice. The directors of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, before erecting the stationary engines by which they had intended to draw the passenger and freight carriages, determined to appeal to the mechanical talent in the country, in the hope of securing some preferable mode of transit. A prize was accordingly offered in the fall of 1829, for the best locomotive engine, to be tested on the small portion, at that time completed of the railway. Sufficient publicity not having been given to their advertisement, Ericsson was not aware that any such prize had been offered, until within seven weeks of the day fixed for trial. Unwilling to permit the occasion to escape him, he was not deterred by the shortness of the time, but, applying all his energies to the task, planned the engine, executed the working drawings, and caused the patterns to be made, and the whole machine completed within the seven weeks. The day of trial arrived. The competing engines were on the ground, and the novelty of the race had attracted an immense concourse of people. Both sides of the railway, for more than a mile in length, were lined with thousands of spectators. There was no room for jockeying in such a race, for inanimate matter was to be put in motion, and that moves only in accordance with immutable laws. The signal was given for the start. Instead of the application of whip and spur, the gentle touch of the steam-valve gave life and motion to the novel machine. Up to that period, the greatest speed at which man had been carried along the ground, was that of a race-horse; and no one, of the multitude present on this occasion, expected to see that speed surpassed. It was the general belief that the maximum attainable by the locomotive engine, would not much exceed ten miles. To the surprise and admiration of the crowd, however, the *Novelty* steam carriage, the *fastest* engine started, guided by its inventor, Ericsson, assisted by John Braithwaite, darted along the track at the rate of upwards of fifty miles an hour!

"The breathless silence of the multitude was now broken by thunders of hurras, that drowned the hiss of the escaping steam and the rolling of the engine wheels. To reduce the surprise and delight excited on this occasion to the universal standard,—and as an illustration of the extent to which the value of property is sometimes enhanced by the success of a mechanical invention,—it may be stated that when the *Novelty* had run her two miles and returned, the shares of the Liverpool and Manchester railway had risen *ten per cent.*"

The propeller for which Ericsson's name has now become the synonyme, through some strange accident did not meet the favor of the Admiralty, though it had a fair and successful experiment in presence of some of the lords and one or two scientific gentlemen connected with that department. But what was their loss, has been fortunately our gain, and we are not disposed to find fault with their fear of committing themselves in support of a novel plan, the introduction of which has been of such signal credit to our own service.

This notice is not the place to speak of the scientific merits of the propeller or caloric engine, and we leave the subject, merely expressing the hope that the latter, like the former, may speedily be brought to the practical perfection which is promised for it.

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MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The present month is rather barren in literary intelligence; we have, consequently, but few items to communicate to our readers: the following comprise the more important:—The new volumes for 1845, of the several Annuals and Annualettes, viz.; "The Gift," "The Gem," "The Opal," "The Keepsake," "The Mignonette," some of which are said to evince considerable improvement on their predecessors.

A work of high practical utility is about to appear from the press of Wiley & Putnam, entitled "The American House Carpenter," by J. Hatfield, architect, of this city, illustrated by 300 or more finely executed engravings on wood, incorporated with the text. This work will take rank with Tredgold's long established English work on the subject, with the additional merit of including all subsequent improvements in that department of art. Downing's new work on Fruits and Flowers, is in a forward state of preparation, and will be shortly issued by the same firm, elegantly embellished by numerous richly colored illustrations.

Mr. R. R. Gurley's "Life and Eloquence of the late Rev. Sylvester Larned," of New Orleans, is now completed, and will be issued next week.

Mr. C. M. Bement, of Albany, has nearly ready for publication his "American Poulterer's Companion," to be accompanied with sixty or seventy finely finished engravings.

"Nora Carmody," or woman's influence, a Catholic story, is just gone to press, and the publisher, Dunigan, has just issued the first number of his illuminated Douay Bible, to be embellished by many finely executed steel engravings.

Miss Barrett's collected Poems in the press of H. G. Langley, is rapidly progressing. The "Drama of Life" has already appeared in our own pages. It is unnecessary for us, therefore, to say that it is one of the most exquisite and grand poems that have been added to the literature of the language within the present century.

J. S. Taylor & Co. have just issued the following theological works: D'Aubigné's "Faith and Knowledge," translated from the French, by M. M. Backus; "Geneva and Rome," by Prof. Ganssen, with introduction by Rev. E. Beckersteth; "The Female Martyrs of the English Reformation," by Charlotte Elizabeth, and "Adolphus and James, and other Tales," from the French of N. Roussel.

Appleton & Co. have just completed the following literary novelties: "Nature's Gems, or American Flowers in the native haunts," embellished by twenty very choice and beautifully colored plates, with tinted landscapes—the literary contents of the volume are under the editorial control of Mrs. E. C. Embury; the Student's "Manual of Modern History," &c., by W. Cook Taylor; also, a "Manual of Ancient History," by the same author; and "The Book of the Army," by J. Frost; Thirlwall's "History of Greece;" complete works of Rev. Richard Hooker, 2 vols. 8vo.; Foster's "Literary and Philosophical Essays," 1 vol. 12mo. The following new Juveniles are also forthcoming: "The Prize Story Book;" "The Child's Delight," with colored plates; Otto Specker's "Fable Book," with 100 plates, translated by Mary Howitt; and the same artist's other production, "Puss in Boots," illustrated.

Mr. Schoolcraft's new work, "Oneota," a magazine devoted to the elucidation of the history, traditions, and customs of the red race of our continent, the first number of which has just made its appearance, is a production of peculiar interest and value. We have no writer on this important subject of such profound and laborious research as Mr. Schoolcraft, or one so well qualified, in every respect, to supply the yet unwritten history of the fast-fading Aborigines of our land; and we earnestly hope that such encouragement will be awarded his present essay as will induce the completion of his task. The ample materials possessed by our Indian chronicler are as extensive as they are valuable—gleaned during the close observations of upwards of thirty years: the highest expectations may, therefore, be entertained on the subjects from such a source. One peculiar and novel feature in Mr. Schoolcraft's new work is, that of the picture-writing of the Indians, to which will be subjoined those of their poetry and romance—subjects that cannot fail of exciting general interest. It will also comprise notices of a graver cast, which must prove no less important to the student and the reading community at large.

Mr. Catlin's splendid "Portfolio of the Games, Pastimes, and Customs of the

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North American Indians," is, we are happy to observe, about speedily to be issued in London.

Our restricted limits forbid more than a brief notice of another important recent issue in another department of literature—we refer to the concluding (fourth) volume of the works of Robert Hall, from the press of Harper & Brothers. The masterly productions of this distinguished theologian have ever held a proud pre-eminence among the schoolmen of the age: by some of the best critics the rhetoric of Hall has been regarded as unsurpassed by anything in the language; and were such high meed of distinction even to be questioned, any emanation from so gifted a source, cannot fail of arresting very general attention. This new volume comprises a large amount of highly interesting matter—it includes biographical notices of the author, full of anecdote and incident, to which are annexed numerous abbreviated discourses, notes of sermons, and other occasional papers. This fourth volume completes the works of Hall, and is now, for the first time, given to the world by Rev. Dr. Belcher, recently from England, under whose supervision it appears.

A very flattering critique on Mrs. Butler's volume of poems, we notice is given by the London Athenæum, in which even a higher estimate is awarded to her rare poetical talents than we have elsewhere encountered.

Mr. S. Hart, Sen., of Charleston, has in press a volume edited by Mr. Simms, designed for the ensuing holidays, to be styled "The Charleston Book," comprising a series of Essays, Poems, and other local legendary literature of that fertile section of our land.

Charles Knight has evinced no less critical acumen than complimentary generosity, in his selecting a series of papers from the "Lowell Offering," published and written by the factory girls of that place, and incorporating them in among his series of shilling volumes for the people; under the title of "Mind among the Spindles." Harriet introduces the volume with an admirable and enthusiastic letter, to which Mr. Knight appends also some very appropriate and flattering observations.

Talking of the complimentary, we ought not to forget the distinguished honor conferred recently on Dr. Samuel Forry, of our city, by the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University; this consisted in awarding to the Doctor the prize of a gold medal, valued at fifty dollars, for his "Essay on Vaccination," which bore off the palm among a host of other honorable competitors of his professional brethren.

J. S. Redfield announces the "Elements of comparative Anatomy," designed especially for the use of students, by Rudolph Wagner, M.D., Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Gottingen, &c., &c. Edited by Albert Tulk, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; also, "The Pictorial History of the American Revolution," illustrated with several hundred engravings, in one volume octavo; the "Military Maxims of Napoleon," translated from the French, with notes and illustrations, by Col. D'Aguilar, Dep. Adjt. Gen., British service. "Thoughts among Flowers," a republication of the London Religious Tract Society, and the "Religious Lacon, or Holy Thoughts." Both in the Miniature Library style. Since our last issue, the same publisher has brought out an edition of "Napier's Peninsular War," complete in one volume octavo. Also, "The Child's Prayer and Hymn Book, and a neat little devotional Manual, entitled "Think, Act, Pray." Put up in the Miniature Library style.

Harper and Brothers have in Press—"Mary Schweidler, the Amber Witch." Translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon; "The Textile Manufacturers of Great Britain," by G. Dodd; "The Jilt," by the author of "The Marrying Man," &c.; "The Grahame Family," by Hussey Gould; "Memorials of Many Scenes," by Richard M. Milnes; "Sunday Afternoons at Home," by the author of "Christ our Example;" "Five Tales of Old Time;" "Persecutions of Popery," "Historical Narratives of the most remarkable Persecutions occasioned by the Intolerance of the Church of Rome," by Frederic Shoberl; "Anecdotes of the English Language," edited by the Rev. Henry Christmas; "Christian Politics," by the Rev. William Sewell, D.D.; "Memoirs of Bernal Diaz," translated from the Spanish by John J. Lockhart; "History of the Eighteenth Century," by F. C. Schlosser; "Henri de Clermont," by Rev. Wm. Gresley; "National Distress, its Causes and Remedies," by Sam'l Laing, Esq., Jun.; "The Holy Land," being Sketches of the Jews, and of the Land of Palestine; "Rambles in Germany and Italy," by Mrs. Shelley; "The Voyage of Life," by Georgiana C. Munro.

"Ellen Woodville, or Life in the West," is the title of a shining narrative, illustrative of our Western border life, and will, no doubt, find a welcome with nu-

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merous readers. "Atala," from Chateaubriand, a charming little Indian romance, is just issued by H. G. Langley. Herschberger's work "On Horsemanship, with Regulations for Military Discipline and Hints on Riding," accompanied with numerous plates. Langley has also announced a little Manual "On *Headaches*," by G. H. Weatherhead, author of sundry other treatises, &c. We hear Gregg's valuable volumes, "The Commerce of the Prairies," are selling rapidly, and that their meritorious author is likely to reap a *golden* harvest, not of opinions merely, but something more substantial.

ENGLISH.

Of the English literary gossip take the following—first new novels (excusing the alliteration): "The Tilt;" "High Life in New York;" "The Popular Member," by Mrs. Gore; "The Voyage of Life;" "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England;" "The Young Widow," by the author of "The Scottish Heiress;" "Tales of the Camp and Cabinet;" "The Roman Traitor, a true tale of the Republic," by W. H. Herbert, author of "Marmaduke Wyvill;" "Constance D'Oyley," &c. Among scientific and graver works, we observe announced as just ready, Dr. Mantell's "Medals of Creation;" with colored illustrations, 2 vols.; Mrs. Shelley's "Rambles in Germany and Italy," 2 vols.; "The Vale of the Towey, or Sketches in South Wales," by Anne Beale; Shoberl's "Persecutions of Popery," including notices of the Albigenses, Lollards, Vaudois, Waldenses, &c., 1 vol.; "The Diaries and Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury;" Fontanier's "Mission to Egypt, the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East Indies," &c.; and a political affair styled, "Revelations of Russia, or the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire, in 1844;" Smyth's "Historic Fancies;" and the somewhat singular production called, "Evenings of a Working Man," being the occupation of his scanty leisure, by John Overs, edited or prefaced, by Charles Dickens. We observe the Literary Gazette does not allot very high meed of praise to the performance. A curious work, also, just appears, styled, "*Mary Schweidler*, the Amber Witch," one of the most remarkable of witchcraft trials ever known. The work is a translation from the German, and according to the Athenæum, one of surpassing interest.

Capt. Marryat announces a new work, to be entitled "The Settlers."

Dr. Ure has nearly ready a supplementary volume to his "Dictionary of Arts, &c.," called "Recent Improvements in Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, &c."

Prof. Low has a new work "On Landed Property and the Management of Estates," &c.

Prof. Owen has another volume just ready, comprising his recent "Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals."

Mrs. Sarah Austin has nearly finished her translation of Ranke's "History of the Reformation."

A new work on the "Patronage of British Art," including historical notices of the rise and progress of the arts and artists of the British metropolis, is announced by J. Pye; and another similar work, Haydon's "Lectures on Painting," with illustrations; also, "Drawings and Description of the Lately Discovered Sarcophagus and Remains of the Knights Crusaders in the Temple Church, London," by E. Richardson.

We observe the miscellanies of the late Sir James Mackintosh are about to be published, comprising his "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the 17th and 18th Centuries;" "Some Remarks on the Philosophical Genius of Lord Bacon and Mr. Locke; "Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations; "Life of Sir Thomas More;" "Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review;" "Vindiciæ Gallicæ;" "Charges;" "Speeches," &c., &c.

The following theological works are in course of publication:—"The Creed of St. Athanasius," illustrated by parallel passages from the Scriptures, and writers of the Greek and Latin Churches, by the Rev. John Radcliffe, M.A.; "History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire," by the Rev. James S. M. Anderson, M.A.; "Sermons chiefly on the Theory of Religious Belief," preached before the University of Oxford, by John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College, second edition; "Theophilus Anglicanus, or Instruction for the Young Student concerning the Church, and our own branch of it," by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.; "The Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries," illustrated from the writings of Tertullian, by John Kaye, D.D., Lord Bishop of Lincoln, third edition; "Sermons on Various Subjects," by Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds, second edition; "Essays," by Alex. Hope, Esq

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[*Concluded from page 232, above.*]

in opposition to each other. To preserve the political rights of the people, it is indispensable to secure those of the States, and under our system, the converse is almost as universally true. Interest in the principles of the State Rights school, therefore, is not confined to any particular section or exclusive clique. On the contrary, they involve the existence of democratic government itself, and the friends of the last cannot be indifferent to the first. They appeal to the rule of moral obligation in every heart, for they present a question of chartered rights, and all honest men must admit that the deed should be construed as it is, although they may desire that it should have been otherwise. To the friends of the Union and of the general harmony of the States, they make the highest possible appeal, for they present the only certain means by which we may secure both, to the lasting glory and happiness of our people. For ourselves, we believe that these ends can only be attained by preserving in its integrity the beautiful and well ordered system of government which our fathers have given us, and wo to the man who shall lay unhallowed hands upon it. There can be nothing more beautiful in political theory than our system as developed in the constitution by the State Rights rule of construction. Nor would it be difficult to demonstrate that the most serious difficulties to which our general government has been exposed, have arisen out of departure in practice from these salutary principles. It is by a strict adherence to the constitution thus construed, that our federal government can continue to conduct the march of American civilisation, and the progress of our people. Under the opposite principles of administering its powers, this advance would become impossible, as it would increase the number and bitterness of those sectional collisions which would be introduced within the bosom of the General Government, by this very construction, which invites differences, when there are no means for composing them. How much better adapted to the American genius is the State Rights theory of our system, which extends its capacities with the march of our people, and fulfils all the demands which can be made by their progress! Each new State or people who may be associated with us, to the extent of their common interests and feelings, and to that extent only, would increase the strength and extend the beneficence of our institutions. The differences in national sentiment and interest, and the peculiarities in national genius, which are inevitable in so large a confederacy, would then cease to present formidable difficulties, for they are left to their own free development under the single restriction of not interfering with the equal rights of their neighbors, or coming into collision with others. How magnificent in conception! How beneficent in practice is this system! which associates nations in one great family compact, without destroying the social identity, or improperly constraining the individual genius of any; and cements into elements of strength and civilisation those very sources of difference which have heretofore destroyed the peace of mankind. It fulfils all the wants of American genius, and promises to realize the proudest hope in the American breast, for it affords the means of accomplishing the mighty mission upon which it is our glory to have been sent. The little germ of a new and mighty civilization was planted in the American wilderness, far away from the busy concourse of men who heedlessly or wantonly might have trampled it under foot. Under the superintendence of Providence, and the care of the few whose mission it was to guard it amid solitude and hardships, it grew, unseen or neglected by the rest of mankind, until it has struck its deep roots into the soil, and from the eastern shore of our continent where it was planted, it already casts its shadow far into the west. To guard it against envy and cupidity from abroad, to shield it from misguided friends or wanton violence at home, to mature its growth and extend its shelter, that all our posterity from sea to sea may ultimately repose in peace and happiness beneath its grateful shade, is the task which we have inherited, and the mission which we must accomplish. Difficult may be the achievement, too credulous may seem the hope of accomplishing such a destiny, but the resources of American genius are fully adequate to it all, if it will only adhere to the path which the constitution has marked out for its pursuit. Will it be thus wisely guided?

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THOMAS RITCHIE.

Engraved for the Democratic Review, by J. B. Forrest, from a picture by T. Sully Jr.

Henry G. Langley 8 Astor House New York

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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ONE LAST WORD BEFORE THE ELECTION.

Thank heaven, Mr. Polk is no military chieftain! He has never fought a battle (not even a duel). He has never taken a frigate. He has never even killed an Indian. There is none of that sort of clap-trap about his name.

Thank heaven, too, that there is no peculiar eminent 'popularity' attaching to him, of a character personal to himself, and distinct from his simple position as the representative of the general principles and policy of the party whose candidate he is. He has not been for years a recognized head of a great school of opinion, or leader of a powerful interest, sectional or otherwise—in a position to create for him a trained array of special friends and partizans individually connected with himself, to whose exertions his nomination might be due, and to whose partial or interested friendship might be ascribable much of the present public agitation in his behalf. There is nothing either of this about him.

Thank heaven, too, that the Texas question has not turned out as it was prophesied by those more fanatic friends of the annexation, whose minds became at one time so filled with that one idea to the exclusion of almost every other. It has not swept the southern and south-western country, as with a besom of revolution, according to the expectations and promises so sanguinely entertained and so liberally made at Washington and Baltimore in the month of May. Neither in North Carolina nor Louisiana does it appear to have operated as any influential element in the contest of parties. In Missouri it has added but little if any strength to the diversified interests which undertook a crusade against Col. Benton's ascendency in that State. While in the other States of that region, though we have been splendidly triumphant in them, yet our gains have certainly not exceeded, if they have equalled, those which we have had to exult over in the opposite extremity of the Union, where no one pretends to claim any particular zeal of popularity for Texas or annexation. No—the Whigs are not able, and will not be able, to escape from the just inferences derivable from the great Democratic triumph in the present contest by ascribing it to the extraneous accident of the Texas question. Indeed, though the Democracy is everywhere, in a general sense, decidedly favorable to annexation, and the speediest possible annexation, yet are we satisfied that it adds but little if any strength which would not have already been our own without it. At the South, though Texas may afford a good occasion and excuse to thousands for abandoning the Whig party and joining that of Democracy and Equal Laws and Equal Rights, it is, we think, but little operative as an effective cause. At the North, while a few are warmly in favor of annexation, the great mass have simply no objection to it; some are positively opposed,—and might indeed have afforded a ground for some uneasiness, had not Mr. Clay set all right again on that point by his memorable third letter on the subject. Texas,

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therefore, is neither the cause, nor a material cause of the great Democratic ascendency of which every day is developing the evidences in all directions about us.

It is from nothing artificial or accidental, or personal to the man, that this great reaction from 1840 proceeds. We have no factitious enthusiasms or excitements to help us. We employ no system of popular jugglery, with displays of cider barrels, log cabins, live and dead raccoons, and flags waving universal promises of "two dollars a day and roast beef," to catch the eye or tickle the ear of "the vulgar." Nor do we hold out any grand national temptation of bribery to half a million of desperate debtors, promising them the passage of a Bankrupt Act spunge over the debit sides of all their ledgers, on condition of their devoting themselves, body and soul, for a year, to the business of electioneering in our behalf. We have nothing of all this; we do nothing of all this. We have a regular, fair stand-up fight between the two great parties of the country, the Democratic and the anti-Democratic, divested of many of the accidental and temporary influences that accompanied the contest of 1840; and the result is to show which has truly the ascendency in the attachment and confidence of the American people.

The result *is* to show?—the result is already sufficiently manifest to *have* shown, unequivocally, decisively. This one broad, simple fact, affords an indication which leaves no room for doubt, namely, that in the States which have held elections since the present campaign has opened—that is to say, since the Democratic nominations at Baltimore—Louisiana, North Carolina, Alabama, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Vermont, and Maine, the Democratic gain since 1840 has already reached the enormous amount of 95,000. These States, in 1840, cast 668,000 votes; and a corresponding ratio of gain throughout the rest of the Union would produce an aggregate Democratic gain over 1840 of not less than 327,000; a number not only sufficient to overpower the Whig majority of 146,000 in that year, but to yield a surplus of 181,000 Democratic majority.

This indication cannot deceive. No amount of Whig clamor or mystification can obscure the inevitable inference from it. These States are not all in one section of the Union, which might be presumed to be affected by some common local influence from which the rest of the country might be exempt. They are scattered in all directions over the surface of the map of the Union, from the extreme northeast to the extreme southwest. Nor has there been any surprise—any accidental overpowering of an inert majority by an active and industrious minority. The elections have, in general, been hard fought, with heavier votes than in 1840, the two parties vieing with each other in zeal and effort; nor can Mr. Clay have any ground for a hope to do better in November, than his friends have been able to do for him in these elections. On the contrary, the true effect of such general indications of the direction of the political tide, is to deepen its volume and accelerate its rush.

We, therefore, assume, as we have a right to assume, the result as already sufficiently settled to justify the exulting congratulation which we are proud and glad to tender to the Democracy of the Union, for this noble recovery from the mishap of 1840—this glorious vindication of themselves, their cause and their principles, from the dark cloud of doubt and discredit which had been left to rest upon them by the recollections of that year. There were some—not a few, indeed—whose faith in Democracy was not a little shaken in 1840; with all of us it was put at least to a severe test. We rejoice that *ours* never for a moment wavered. Nay, after the first brief excitement of disappointment and mortification had subsided, we saw much reason in the result for contented acquiescence, if not even for positive satisfaction,—and certainly for renewed and strengthened confidence in the self-adjusting excellence of our democratic system of institutions. These views were freely declared in the pages of this Review. Justified as they are by the entire correspondence of the sequel to the prophetic expectations on which we then reasoned, we are glad to be now able thus to refer back to them, and to feel, and to call upon all our younger readers to feel, henceforth a deep-rooted confidence in democracy, and in the democracy of our country, beyond the power of possible future accident of

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chance or change, to overthrow or to disturb.

But it is no time yet to pause on the very field of the still raging contest, to interchange congratulations even on the already assumed certainty of our triumph. Indeed this is now the last peril we have left to overcome—that fatal confidence of security which has caused many a gallant vessel to founder within the very embracing arms of her haven of repose. Nothing is yet done till all be done—and done beyond the possibility of being again undone. Let this appeal go home, individually, to the heart and conscience of every Democrat in the land. Up and be doing! Be not content with your mere purpose to contribute your own vote to the triumph of this cause which is your cause, and my cause, and every man's personal cause! Do more. Do as much more as a zealous effort will make possible to your hand, an effort of personal activity, self-sacrifice and pecuniary liberality. Fix upon at least one acquaintance, either of unsettled politics, or, though an opponent, yet of reasonable candor and openness to conviction; and make it a positive and resolved object to win him over by all just influences of argument and evidence. Seek, if not yourself sought by, the nearest local committee of organization accessible to you; and aid them, by the most liberal contributions in your power, in the accomplishment of their all-important duties. Where none such exist (and it is a sinful shame that we are so far behind the state of efficient preparation of our opponents in this respect, lose not a day, for it is not yet entirely too late, to supply the fatal deficiency. And especially would we exhort all to be free-hearted and free-handed in promoting the circulation of cheap Democratic publications. These abound. They are to be had in all the sections of the Union, at rates of price next to nothing at all in comparison with the good of which they are calculated to be the means. We refer to the cheap temporary campaign papers which are issued from many of the leading Democratic presses in the country. Every Democrat in every State ought to give, and give quickly, at least a single dollar to the gratuitous distribution of such publications as these. Those who indulge in luxuries, should find a higher luxury in sacrificing some of them for a season to such a duty as this. Those whose daily life knows nothing more than the simple ordinary comforts and decencies, should be content to strain a few points upon them, for the brief season for which this high object of patriotism will require it at their hands. Nay, still further, those who can do no more than earn for each day its daily bread, should resolve to reconcile themselves, for a few of them, to a somewhat shortened allowance, if necessary, to aid thus the success of the cause which should be dearer to us all than our very daily bread.

Another thing too—the last duty left for the very day of election. Be not content with the simple deposit of your own vote. Let it be at an early hour in the day, and let the rest of it be devoted to the duty of getting up to the polls others less warm, or less prompt. Few have any conception of the vast number of votes thus lost at every election, even the most excited. It is a dangerous thing to leave one's vote unsecured till the wrong side of noon. No one can tell the accidents, the interruptions, the difficulties which may then interpose to cause it to be lost altogether. Among those who thus leave their votes exposed to the dangers of these casual obstacles, there are always many whose inert indolence of character would yield to them if left to themselves, though they could yet be impelled to the performance of their duty, if visited for the purpose by a friend, with the requisite facilities of conveyance to the polls. We would urge every Democratic voter in the country on the day of election—it is but once in four years!—to give himself up wholly, vote, voice, hands, feet, horses, waggons, carts and carriages, *to* the Election, and to nothing but the Election.

Harrison's majority was nearly *one hundred and fifty* thousand votes. Our majority must not be suffered to fall short of the fair round number of *two hundred* thousand. The snake must be killed this time, not scotched. The country must never be troubled with Clayism or Clay again. If Mr. Clay has been insensible to the many far from gentle hints he has had from the people of the United States, that they will none of him, even *his* eyes must be opened now to that unpleasant

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truth, once for all. If our majority is sufficiently decisive—if it is indeed but half of what we confidently expect and rely upon—this election will be the last grand *finale* of the Whig Party. Their present organization is founded directly on that which has constituted them a party ever since the commencement of the great United States Bank Battle in General Jackson's day. This is but a continuation of the same long struggle, which has now reached its last convulsive crisis. Conquered now, the Whigs are utterly and irrecoverably broken, prostrated, scattered. There will be before very long indeed fresh political combinations; and there will be partial local organizations kept alive, from the force of habit, and the name and form of the thing, but the Whig Party will be with "Ilium and the glory of the sons of Dardanus"—among the things that have been. So may it be—so must it be—and so shall it be.

And now a few final words on the general issue which is to be decided by this election. There has been no contest within the period of the present living generation, in which the distinctive characters of the Democratic and the anti-Democratic parties, stood forth so manifestly revealed. This was not so in 1840, for a great degree of confusion had crept into the party relations, so that on some points it was not always a very easy matter to determine exactly what was what and which was which. The representatives of the Whig Party then, as its nominees for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency were two men of whom the one stood committed to little else than some of those safe generalities and common-places of political principle, on which Democrats as well as Whigs could unite to his support; while the other was a professed Virginia "Republican," so strongly committed against a national bank, and to extreme State-Rights and anti-tariff doctrine, as to have been actually a Nullifier, in the still recent days of Nullification. The very fact, too, of the formal rejection of Clay from their ticket, seemed to constitute such a repudiation of the whole system of doctrines and measures of which he was the embodiment, as went far in aid of the deception which that ticket was intended to practise, and succeeded in practising, upon the public mind. Now, however, it is Clay—Clay in his full stature—all that he is and represents—Clayism in its genuine colors and undisguised deformity—that are submitted to the people for their judgment.

Clay, with the innumerable inconsistencies which crowd the record of his public life, and best exhibit the unprincipled politician for ever trimming his sails afresh to woo to them every stray breeze of seeming popularity.

Clay, with his bold and elastic latitudinarianism of construction, which is never checked by constitutional difficulty from the adoption of any measure recommended to him by a temporary expediency or an imagined interest.

Clay, with all the monstrous political heresies and crimes which have made his name so long a very stench in the nostrils of the great Republican Party of the country, and of which even Mr. Webster once declared that they must for ever forfeit for him his support.

Clay, with all the vehement passion, and dictatorial pride of will and recklessness of means, which could not fail to make him the most unscrupulous, vindictive and purely partizan President that has ever filled the Executive chair.

Clay, with all the shuffling tergiversations on some of the most important questions of the day, which have placed him by this time in the position of being satisfactorily pledged to almost every side of almost every opinion.

Clay, with his narrow restrictive commercial policy, fatally oppressive to the broad national industry and interests of the country, for the benefit of a comparatively petty amount of manufacturing capital in a few of the eastern cities of the Union.

Clay, with his ineradicable error of financial policy, which could not fail to cause him to plunge the country again deep into all those very horrors of National Bank "regulation," of which it yet retains, and will long retain, a shuddering memory.

Clay, with his pernicious constitutional error in regard to the Veto principle, which would tear out from the grand structure of our institutions one of its important and most invaluable foundation stones.

Clay, with his identification with some practices and principles of social morals, of a character which ought to be severely frowned upon, rather than

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caressed, honored and elevated, into a position calculated a hundred-fold to multiply the injurious influences of their sanction and example.

In a word, Clay, such as he stands confessed in the full glare of all his past political history and present position—it is upon him, in his aspiration for the Presidency, that the people are called upon to pass.

Is the currency of the country to be again thrown into the confusion which must ever be inseparable from the existence of a national bank? Is its business to be again dragged down into the very middle arena of party politics, to be the first victim of all the blows dealt to and fro by the combatants there?—for as well may the whole American people be expected to forget their revolutionary emancipation from foreign dominion, and court a submissive return to the yoke of English monarchy, as the Democratic Party ever to reconcile itself to the reëstablishment of a National Bank, or ever to cease to wage against such an institution a war of unforgiving extermination.

Are all its manufacturing and mechanical industries, too, to be kept for ever in a state of agitation and uncertainty, by the vain attempt to force upon the country a suicidal extreme of the protective policy, to which the country never can, never will, and never ought to submit without perpetual resistance and perpetual struggle?—which once gave to the Union the most serious shock it ever received, and which may well perhaps be expected to lead before long to another, if that policy and that party should be placed in the ascendant in the federal government.

We should feel well assured on these simple broad grounds of what the people ought to decide, and what they might be expected to decide; what their decision would be, even if we had none of the conclusive evidences above adverted to, of what their decision already is.

No; with all his brilliant powers and bad principles—the latter so much the worse for the very brilliancy of the former—Clay could never, though he were to outlive the years of Methusaleh, overcome the profound aversion with which he is regarded, and with which, so long as he remains Henry Clay, he must always continue to be regarded by the American people. Notwithstanding the extraordinary combination of elements which constituted the strength of the Whig party in 1840—notwithstanding the many vulnerable points on which we then lay all exposed and bleeding under their fierce attack—notwithstanding the Bankrupts—notwithstanding the pressure of the times, the universal distress growing out of the recent collapse of the credit system, the low agricultural prices, and all the yet untested Whig promises of relief—notwithstanding all these, and more which we do not pause to enumerate, we do not believe that if Clay had been the candidate, and the totally different issue presented to the people, which his name would have expressed, he could have been elected. What far and faint approach to a chance can his friends dream of for him *now?*

No small part of the remarkable enthusiasm now animating the Democracy is derived from their deep repugnance to Mr. Clay, and to all that system and spirit of administration of which he is the embodiment. And when to this is added the deep-seated determination formed and vowed by hundreds of thousands in the very month of November, 1840, that 1844 should well atone for all that disastrous disgrace to the country itself, and to the general cause of free institutions, we need be at no loss to account for the innumerable gatherings that assemble in all sections of the country at the call of the Democratic trumpet, and for the glowing ardor and high-strung resolve with which they are all animated. This is a contest in which we all feel that we are contending for something more and better than any petty pecuniary interests. It is not for more or less tariff protection—for more or less of influence on prices and the reward of industry through measures of financial policy—for more or less of national extension of territory. On these points, and all such points, the advantage might be against us instead of in our favor, as it is; and yet do we believe that the Democratic spirit would be no less powerfully aroused, no less eagerly bent on the victory which its rising enthusiasm has already assured. We feel it to be indeed a question between democracy and un-democracy—a contest for prin-

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ciples higher than any personal interests—for the honor of our country—for the truth of all our most cherished political ideas—for the memories of our most revered sages and patriots of the days when the foundations of our institutions were laid—for the sacred cause of the very manhood, the very humanity, that is in us. And in such a contest, such a cause, we fight for no leader as such—we fight for no pay—we fight for the sake of no laws of discipline or organization—we fight each on our own hook—out of the feeling in our own heart—and therefore we shall conquer, as we are gloriously conquering, as nations always conquer who contend in this spirit against the bad tyrannies which would at once oppress and disgrace them.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

Alas, companions of my youth! I know not where ye are,
If high aspiring after fame, or chasing wealth afar;
Does e'er a truant thought of me your busy mind employ?
Or does the wrinkled demon care such memories all destroy?

The woodlands, and the meadows, and the young spring's earliest flowers,
The melody of summer birds, our ivy-planted bowers,
The tinkling music of the brook, the rushing of the stream—
Are they to be forgotten like the shadows of a dream?

Ah, dear companions of my youth! how memory loves to twine
Around the thoughts of those old days, like an o'er-shadowing vine;
And backward as I turn my gaze, your lithesome forms I see,
And hear again your joyous shouts as we bounded o'er the lea.

Ah, those indeed were happy days! my mind was then as free
As eagle on the mountain height—as wind upon the sea;
No dark or gloomy thought e'er cast its darkness o'er my brow,
But all was bright and sunny where the shadows lengthen now.

Like pilgrim wandering far from home, who seeks some distant hill,
And turns a wistful glance to where his heart is lingering still,
And almost fancies that he hears familiar sounds arise
Up from the quiet valley where his sleeping mother lies,—

So to those lost but fondly treasured memories of the soul,
My heart still turns as faithfully as needle to the pole,
I see the shadowy forms of youth pass by in sad array—
The few who still are journeying on, and the many pass'd away!

No! Memory is not treacherous; she fondly loves to trace
The well-beloved lineaments of each remembered face—
To treasure up, like miser's gold, the sunny hours of youth,
While holy acts of faith and love are sentinel'd by Truth.

New York, August, 1844.

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LOVE'S LAST VIGIL.

Rest thee, darling, on the pillow,
  Where my hand hath lain thee now,
Where the moonbeam, soft and mellow,
  Lights thy pure and placid brow;
Like the spirit inly sleeping
  Gleams its mild and tempered light,
As an angel guard were keeping
  Watch and ward through mystic night.

Rest thee, boy,—no thought of sorrow
  Clouds thy calm serenity,
Though each hour that brings the morrow
  On its wings bears grief for me;
Tranquilly thy young hearth beateth,
  Softly rests thy hand in mine,
But the burning touch it meeteth,
  Tells how much it must resign.

Ere this holy moonlight waneth,
  Ere the morning mounts the sky,
Ere this hand my own retaineth
  Waves it free and glad good-bye,—
Ere bestowed the last caressing,
  Ere the parting tear is shed,
I would breathe my heart's deep blessing,
  Boy, o'er thy unconscious head.

More than to the waste the fountain,
  More than sparkle to the wave,
More than sunshine to the mountain,
  Was to me the joy thou gave!
Brightness in thy blue eyes glancing,
  Thought on thy fair brow the while,
Music in thy light foot's dancing,
  Beauty in thy lips' sweet smile!

Earnest in thy pure devotion,
  Hanging round thy grandsire's chair,—
Quick in every bright emotion,
  Thoughtful in each tender care;—
Loved and lovely, bounding near us,
  Trusting, gentle, undefiled,
O what power to bless and cheer us
  In the spirit of a child!

When thine eye to mine was lifted
  Something in its beaming slept,
Of a cherished one and gifted,
  Dearly loved and deeply wept;
When thy name by others spoken
  Gave my pulse a thrilling start,
Touched a chain whose links unbroken
  To the dead have bound my heart:—

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Boy, what marvel that low bending
  I have prayed from God's high home,
Those pure angels might descending
  Thy sure guardian ones become ?
O what marvel that I love thee
  With such deep intensity,
That to those who now remove thee
  I must yield reluctantly ?

Can thy mother's love be deeper ?
  Hath it more endearing power ?
Will she watch the little sleeper
  With more care than I this hour ?
Will she, when the morning shineth,
  Hasten more to meet thy gaze ?
Will she, when the sun declineth,
  Point thee to its parting rays ?

Hear thy little prayer at even—
  Asking health for him we love ?
Guide thy thoughts to yonder heaven,
  Raise them earthly things above ?
Will she cherish, watch and keep thee ?
  Fonder hopes about thee twine ?
Can she treasure thee more deeply,
  With a truer heart than mine ?

Universal voice hath said it,
  Yet I can't believe it so ;
Let her answer who hath weighed it,
  Who hath felt my parting wo ;
Let her answer and her only,
  Who hath sorrowed in her heart,
Who hath felt her spirit lonely,
  Seen its brightest hopes depart !

Sleep on, bright one ! all unheeding
  Tears that fall without my will,
On the morn to this succeeding,
  I may not behold thee still :
I restore thee to thy mother,
  In thy kindred's home to dwell,
But the grief I cannot smother,
  Bursts in this wild word—farewell !

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THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

The chief measure on which the Whig party have clearly staked their fortunes in the coming contest, is the restoration of a National Bank, with all its speculations, frauds and convulsions. It is true that this object has been somewhat thinly veiled from the public view because even the recklessness of hackneyed partisans hesitates, when from amid the festering corruptions of the late national Bank, its beggared stockholders, its bankrupt debtors, its defaulting officers, and defrauded note-holders, an appeal is made to the people on "the necessity of such another institution," to endorse that necessity as an article of political faith. This task is the more arduous when we reflect upon the present state of the country in regard to its financial affairs. The abundance of money which exists in all quarters, for those who have anything to give for it, the perfect uniformity of the currency at all points, the cheapness and regularity of all the exchanges foreign and domestic, and the ample means of remittance which exists in all sections of the union, from its commercial centre to the most remote of its frontier settlements, at rates less than ever before—all these distinctive features of the market would seem to preclude the idea of disturbing the current of affairs by a gigantic financial undertaking under the sanction of congress. The scheme was projected, however, when yet the distress and derangement of local bank currencies produced by the dissolution of the late national Bank system was general, while broken speculators were clamorous for means to carry out their profitless adventures, while the merchant was subjected to aruinous loss on the depreciation of distant paper and called the rate of exchange, when sound paper could not be obtained for remittance because it was monopolized by broken banks that used it to speculate in their own dishonored liabilities. It was at such time when individuals were defrauded with shinplasters, merchants with broken bank drafts, and bank debtors ruined by the withdrawal of loans, not because there was no national Bank, but because the evils entailed by the old had not yet passed away, that Mr. Clay projected his "national Bank" with a capital of $50,-000,000. The object of the institution was stated by Mr. Clay in his place in the Senate, to be "the supply of a uniform currency," "the equalization of domestic exchange," and "to enable the government to perform its financial duties." The idea of supplying a nation with a currency, has something grand in itself, and is peculiarly adapted to strike the imagination, more particularly at a time when the legitimate currency has been driven forth of the country by the overaction of a paper medium, which usurped its place, and which, from its own dishonor, was no longer capable of performing the duties assigned to it. For years the people had been accustomed to the use of bank paper almost exclusively, as a circulating medium. All remittances from the interior were made in that medium. The traveller for a short distance took with him the promises of local banks, and when he travelled to remote points, furnished himself with the promises of the late National Bank. The precious metals had for a long time ceased to circulate in sums larger than the fractions of a dollar, and the plenteousness and variety of the paper issues were daily increasing, although no apparent difference was manifest in the values of any description, because they all pretended to furnish on demand the amount of coin promised on the face. The apparent uniformity of value was sustained simply by confidence in the ability of the promisers. Suddenly however the scene was changed. The late National Bank ceased to perform its promises, and all other institutions failing in their turn, the chaotic mass of currency presented a thousand degrees of value. The paper of Pennsylvania Banks was at 10 per cent. discount, as compared with that of New York. The late National Bank issues were at 40 per cent. discount as compared with those of Philadelphia, and of the thousand banks spread over the broad surface of the Union, not two of them were rated at the same value as compared with the

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specie which they promised, and scarcely any of them were so degraded as those of the late National Bank. That institution, backed by a host of fraudulent currency furnishers, had sent the constitutional medium to Europe, and their own worthless issues choked every channel of trade, tantalized with their deceitful presence the pockets of the industrious poor, and defrauded creditors of a large sum in depreciation, which knavish remitting banks called the "rate of exchange." At such a moment the high sounding project "of furnishing a sound and uniform currency of equal value in all sections of the Union" was ushered forth as the only means of saving the country. This currency was to be constituted of the promises of an institution, the capital of which, $50,000,000, was to be formed of the promises of the State and federal governments and of individuals, and to be put into circulation by paying government debts, and lending the money to those who chose to borrow, without doubt in the same manner that the loans of the late National Bank were made, viz: 80 per cent of its capital on paper which the investigating committee report "not of a mercantile character."

This currency so based was to penetrate into all the channels of circulation, and remedy the evils which were then felt to be numerous and burdensome. The project failed in 1841, and since then the laws of trade and the industry of the people, have, under the constitutional laws of Congress, supplied a currency, intrinsically sound, and of uniform value, not only throughout the union, but over the whole commercial world. The defect which had previously existed in our currency laws, prior to July, 1834, was remedied by the gold bill of that date. That bill raised the relative value of gold to silver about 6 68·100 per cent., and counteracted that tendency of gold to go abroad in exchange for silver, which had previously been perceptible. From that time the import of the precious metals began both to increase, and when once coined, to remain in circulation, and gradually to take the place of the pernicious paper issues as they were withdrawn. So great has been the increase of this currency within the last six years, that the excess of the precious metals imported through the Custom house amounts to $26,148,874; equal to one-third of all the import previously, since the formation of the government. In the same period there has been coined $29,608,547. The whole coinage from the establishment of the mint in 1792 to 1798, was $72,881,446, consequently the coinage of the last six years is equal to 40 per cent. of that of the previous forty-six years. The currency of the country has thus actually been supplied by the operations of commerce through the mint, silently and effectively. Near $30,000,000 in sums less than $10 have actually passed into circulation, being an amount of currency three times as large as the average issues of the late National Institution, during the whole twenty years of its existence.

This currency penetrates into every section of the union precisely in proportion to the wants of that section, because it is brought thither in exchange for produce. The supply, unlike that of paper, does not depend upon the will of an issuing bank, exceeding one day the wants of the community, and the next falling far short of it; but it invariably follows the actual state of trade. If at any point there is a want of money, the fact exhibits itself in low prices as compared with other points, and the vigilance of traders promptly remedies the matter. In this currency is made payable, the individual bills growing out of the actual business of the nation, and there can be no want of uniformity in value of those bills, because they are all payable in the same medium, subject to the same laws, and influenced by the same causes. This is not the case when bills are payable in bank paper, because although that paper may be redeemed in specie, and therefore nominally equal to it; yet it is not so, because, like all other articles, it is subject to the laws of supply and demand. Its value may be greatly less at one time than another, owing to too great a supply by the local branch. This diminished value will exhibit itself in a rise of prices, while at another point a contraction is going on to lower prices, both operations of contraction and expansion being designed to favor a movement of the mother bank, which may be buying bills at one point, and selling at another. This manner of "regulating" exchanges brings us to the other object for which a bank is supposed to be ne-

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cessary, viz., "to equalize domestic exchanges." When, as in former years, bills of exchange were payable in the local currencies at the points on which they were drawn, and the depreciation of those currencies entered into and formed a part of the price of the bill, the rates of exchange presented every variety of discount according to the state of the currency. The great internal business of the union is transacted by individual bills drawn against produce shipped to market, and the collection of notes given by dealers for goods purchased. If business and the course of trade are not disturbed by the operation of banking institutions, the amount of goods purchased will always very nearly equal the amount of bills drawn against produce shipped, and the season close without the necessity for the movement of the precious metals. The shipper of produce always finds a customer for his bill at a rate far less than it would cost him to draw the proceeds of his bill home in specie. The trader who buys the bill soon finds a purchaser of goods who is in want of the means of remittance, and he sells the bill to him at a small fraction of one per cent above what he gave for it. The bill is sent forward in payment of the goods, and the whole account is settled, simply by the transfer of the local currency from the hands of buyers of goods, to the sellers of produce. Thus, the shipper of produce, in selling his bill to the individual banker, receives from him an amount of actual money, which he circulates among the farmers in payment of the produce shipped. These pay back the money into the hands of the store-keeper, who, when he has collected it, buys the bill to send forward in the purchase of goods. Under the constitutional currency, the exports by these means generally govern the imports, and the demand for bills being always nearly equal to the supply, the rate will not vary much from par either way. This is the natural state of exchanges such as exist in Europe, and such as has been their condition in the United States for the past two years, during which the average of exchanges has been 50 per cent less than during the palmiest days of the late National Bank.

It is the nature of a bank to enhance the general price of exchange, because it comes into the market as a monopolizing buyer, and not being obliged to pay out specie, has only to give its promises at will, in exchange, to almost any amount. It has a double advantage in this, to obtain possession of the bills, and to circulate its notes. It always pays the highest price, and in selling, must have the largest profis to maintain its expensive machinery, and pay a fair dividend to its stockholders. Hence, the high price paid for bills is no gain to the producer, because that high price, with a large profit superadded, must be paid by the merchant who buys the bill for a remittance, and its price forms part of the cost of goods purchased by the producers. The bank having then raised the general level of bills beyond what the price would otherwise be, has no interest in maintaining those rates at a uniform point, because only in fluctuations can it find its profits. The larger the difference between what it gives and what it receives, the greater its profits, and these fluctuations, it is within its own overshadowing power to produce, and it never failed to do so.

The inequalities in exchanges which have been experienced in the last few years, have been of two sorts. That arising from an actual balance against any point consequent upon its overpurchases, and that apparent inequality arising from the depreciation of the local currency consequent upon the suspensions of the Banks. This latter may exist when actually the commercial exchanges are at par. Over this latter state of exchange, it is evident a National Bank does and can have no control whatever. The cause is the depreciation, owing to the failure of the issuing banks, of the paper used as currency.

This is now the case with the currency of Alabama. The remedy is the resumption of the bank, and unless the national institution should undertake to pay the debts of all the broken local banks, it could do nothing in the matter, and could not even obtain circulation for its own issues. The other state of exchanges being an actual balance due from one point to another, is a commercial debt that must be paid, and the more promptly the better. This, in a natural state of the market, would take place by the gradual rise of bills, until it reached a premium that would cover the cost of sending the

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specie. That event not only settles the balance, but prevents the re-accumulation of a debt. Because, the debt was contracted through the fulness of the currency at the indebted point, exhibiting itself in high prices for goods, which induced their import beyond what the exports of that section could pay for, and the difference was required to be settled in specie, which, by depleting the currency, lowered prices, and checked further imports. This is the natural operation of trade, which regulates exchanges. The bank, however, operates differently; when a balance exhibits itself against a given point, exchanges are permitted to rise, until they have nearly touched the specie point, in order that the bank may obtain the highest price for its bills. These it draws against the credit of its branch at the desired point, and frequently discounts the note of the remitter, in order to enable him to buy the bill. Hence, the debt is not actually paid, and the currency is increased instead of diminished, at the given point. The disposition to send goods thither consequently remains, and nothing has been effected but that the bank has obtained a profit on its credits, which are increased alternately at each branch, continually swelling the aggregate amount of loans until explosion is inevitable. In this way the late National Bank went on adding annually to its loans, until they rose from 28 millions in 1822, when it first got fairly into operation, to 67 millions, when it failed. There is no settlement or equalization of debts or exchanges, but by paying the balance due. That can always be done by the movement of individuals, to better advantage, than by an enormous monied monopoly, with its armies of officers to feed, and stockholders to satisfy.

In the practical operation of exchange dealings by a National Bank, it comes to be true that the institution, from its very nature, becomes the victim of fictitious bills, based upon speculations which spring into life through its own influence. The purchasing of bills of exchange is in effect simply exchanging the credit of the bank for those of individuals. To exercise this power safely these qualifications are absolutely necessary, viz. personal interest, great sagacity, and sleepless vigilance. The personal interest of the officer is necessary to secure that proper attention to the issuing of the funds of the concern without which no business can be properly conducted. This attention can be obtained only from one whose business habits have fitted him for the office, and whose fame and fortune depend upon the success with which he manages. This cannot be expected from the salaried nominee of the government. The greatest sagacity and extensive experience are at all times requisite to distinguish between the real and fictitious bills offered for discount; and the utmost vigilance to watch over all the transactions from inception to maturity, and ultimate payment. These qualities are rarely combined in the person of an individual, and when that is the case, the business of such an individual is marked by success, while multitudes of others fail around him for the want of them. Precisely in proportion as the government of banks becomes removed from the personal interest and individual management of its owners, do its movements become more hazardous, and its operations more injurious to the general interest. In small institutions this is less the case than in large ones, the capital of which being divided among numerous stockholders the directors and managers become less responsible, and less personally interested, and more open to influences other than those of a strict pecuniary nature. In a National Bank, the capital of which is subscribed by government, and which necessarily is presided over by political friends of the administration, all the requisite qualifications disappear from the management, and the institution, despite the honesty of the public officer, how faithful and conscientious soever he may be, must become the receptacle for that description of paper rejected by the sagacity of individuals, where their interest and vigilance were brought more particularly to bear upon them. That this was eminently the case with the late National Bank is made eminently apparent when at its liquidation a detail of assets was exhibited that excited general surprise and ridicule.

Another benefit supposed to be derivable from a National Bank, is its care of the public money: that it will perform those duties which now devolve on the Treasury department and its

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dependencies. The revenue of the federal government may average $30,000,000 per annum, and is collected by the officers of the customs and land revenues, and paid out by another set of officers as fast as the government liabilities mature. Under an economical administration, and when the revenue collected is no greater than the wants of the government, there can be no accumulation of funds in the hands of the department. The revenues flow in on one hand, and flow out on the other, giving activity to the precious metals, and never suffering them to remain idle or to become the basis of issues of credit, for private and individual advantage, whereby risks are incurred, which, without profit to the government, frequently subject it to losses.

Subsequent to the expiration of the charter of the late National Bank, and during the administration of the department by Mr. Woodbury, an aggregate of $360,000,000 was collected and disbursed all over the Union, by that officer, not only without any assistance from a bank, but while exposed to its constant hostility. During this period, there were two general suspensions of all the banks. Without a specie currency, the Union was filled with worthless bank paper of all descriptions; yet, through the skill and vigilance of the department, the enormous sum mentioned, was collected and disbursed with a loss amounting to no more than one-half of one per cent. on the whole amount, and 25 per cent. less than the loss sustained when the system under a United States Bank was in operation. These facts show incontrovertibly, that a bank is utterly useless as to any real assistance which it lends to the department. It is undeniable, however, that through its connection with the Treasury such an institution becomes a State engine of no mean influence, more particularly when, as is now the case, through exorbitant taxation the revenues are made to exceed by more than 100 per cent., the expenditures of the department, and an accumulating surplus gives the institution most extraordinary facilities for stimulating speculation.

On the 29th of July last, the surplus revenues of the government were over $10,000,000 lying idle in bank vaults, of which $5,274,000 was in the vaults of the New York Banks. This large sum in the hands of a National Bank would become the immediate basis of its operations. The money paid into it from all the other banks would be drawn from them in specie and the payments made by it would be in its own credits, which inevitably would swell until revulsion involved the government funds, a result that would inevitably have taken place had not the deposites been removed from the late National Bank in season. The operation of the Sub-Treasury is on the other hand perfectly simple, entirely safe, and assists the movements of trade. In the year 1839, under its imperfect organization, the expenditure of government was $25,000,000. Of the revenue, two-thirds was collected in the port of New York. $20,000,000 of the payments made by the government were through the medium of drafts directly drawn on collectors and receivers. These drafts were required to be promptly presented in order that they should not circulate as money, and also that no money should remain idle. So closely did these drafts for expenses follow the receipts, that of $19,000,000 received at this port, an amount larger than $50,000 was never on hand at the close of any one week. There was no room for loans to speculators, or operations in stocks. The money passed from the hands of the merchants into the Treasury and out again without stopping into the channels of business, giving a healthy activity to the circulation which more than anything else contributed to the animation of trade. How different has been the operation this year! During the past six months near $12,000,000 in the port of New York alone has been drawn from the means of merchants by exorbitant taxation, and the money put into banks has either remained idle or has only stimulated a most pernicious gambling in stocks. In the hands of a National Bank it would have been the cause of worse evils.

In the various operations of business, the largest portion of government revenue is collected at New York and Boston, while the expenditures of the government are made over every State of the Union. Now, it so happens that Boston and New York, where the government funds accumulate, are not only the centres of the business for each section, but New York is for the Union;

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that is, it is the great point of financial operations. Thither tends for sale the largest portion of the produce of the Union, and of bills drawn against produce shipped from other points, and to that point resort mostly dealers for the purchase of goods, imported and domestic. Hence, in the course of trade, exchanges are uniformly in favor of Boston from all parts of New England and of New York, from all parts of the Union. Now, as the government funds are mostly collected at these two points in the hands of the Custom House officers, it follows that a bill drawn against these funds by the department and given to the government creditor, is worth a premium at any point of the Union; and if the revenue is proportioned to the expenditure, these drafts will always exhaust collections as soon as they are made. We will illustrate by taking the receipts and expenditures for each State in New England for the year 1844, when the revenues and expenses were nearly equal:

States.	Expenditures.	Collections.	Excess Expenditures.	Excess Collections.
Vermont,	185,600	179	185,421	
Maine,	278,400	174,954	103,446	
New Hampshire,	334,400	16,373	318,027	
Rhode Island,	304,800	119,140	185,660	
Connecticut,	244,000	47,890	196,110	
Massachusetts,	1,572,800	2,590,572		1,017,772
Total,	2,920,000	2,948,901		

Now, here it is observable that the surplus collected in Boston was equal to the deficit in all the other New England States. Hence, a simple Treasury draft at each point on Boston, would spread the collections from that city over the whole of New England. In the same way the excess of collections at New York was near $6,000,000. The custom-houses are continually drawing specie from the banks, and government drafts scatter it into the channels of trade. The operation is simple and healthy. Yet it is contended that it cannot be performed without creating a large bank, taking all the money out of the treasury and putting it into its vaults, to be loaned out to speculators, and then giving the government creditors the promises of the bank.

The experience of the past few years has thus shown conclusively that so far from being necessary or even expedient, a National Bank, were it possible to organize one, is only a source of evil. It disorganizes the currency, deranges the exchanges and complicates the operations of the Treasury. The control which it was formerly supposed to have over the currencies of the local banks is temporary and fleeting in its nature. Where a branch bank is situated within a circle of local institutions and becomes the receptacle of government dues as well as the agent for the collection of all the debts due at that locality to the other branches, it necessarily acquires daily balances against the banks within its influence. By compelling the payment of these balances in specie, it holds a constant check over their operations. It is evident, however, that the balance consists in the amount of their obligations which it holds, in excess of its own outstanding, in their possession. Hence, when it extends the sphere of its own action, the local banks may increase theirs without swelling the balance against them, and the control which the branch held over them is relaxed, and a general expansion at that point takes place, to be succeeded by another until revulsion follows.

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HARRO HARRING: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

SOME of the readers of this journal may perhaps recollect a short poem, which appeared in a former number, under the title of "The Funeral of Goethe, translated from the German of Harro Harring." I had accidentally met with the original, in a German newspaper, published in this country; and, without entirely concurring in the sentiments expressed, was so much struck with the manly vigor of the style and the noble spirit of independence and liberty which breathed through the little work, that I was tempted to give it an English dress. At that time I knew nothing of the author, and had never even heard his name. Soon afterwards I learned that he was now residing at New York, and on my next visit to that city I sought an opportunity to make his acquaintance. I found in him a distinguished man of letters and poet, who, after passing through a varied and adventurous career in the old world, had sought refuge in this country from the persecutions to which he had rendered himself obnoxious by his efforts in the cause of political reform and liberty. In the full vigor of his powers, and with still unbroken spirits, he proposes to retire in future from any concern with political affairs, and to devote the remainder of his life to the quiet pursuits of literature. He has already published in this country a selection of his poems, in the original German, and is now preparing for the press a novel, under the title of *South America*, the principal incidents of which are to be taken from the recent wars between the Republics of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. His previous works of this class have met with success in Europe, and one of them is pronounced by Menzel, in his review of German literature, to be the best production of the kind in the language. A full account of the life of Harro would occupy volumes, and would illustrate very curiously some of the strongest tendencies of public opinion and feeling in Europe at the present stormy period. He belongs to the same class of characters with Follen, Lieber, and the numerous exiles from Italy and Poland, whom we have seen with so much interest in this country: men of keen sensibility and impetuous temperament, who embraced the cause of improvement and liberty with the enthusiasm natural to youth, and under the high excitement of the day, were urged at times to a degree of violence which may have bordered on extravagance, and which brought them into conflict with the laws. This class of persons is very numerous on the continent of Europe, and especially in Germany. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the practical value of their labors, the record of their adventures must be regarded by all as constituting a curious and important chapter in the history of the age. Harro Harring has, in manuscript, voluminous memoirs of his life, which may probably see the light at some future day. In the mean time, a succinct and rapid review of his career, while it may perhaps prove in itself a not entirely uninteresting article, may also serve as a sort of introduction to general notice of the literary works which he is about to publish. The following sketch has accordingly been prepared from notes furnished by the subject, and carrying with them, for the most part, internal evidence of a strict adherence to truth.

Paul Harro Harring is a native of the kingdom of Denmark. He was born in the year 1800, at Ibenshof,—an estate belonging to his family,—situated on the shore of the German Ocean, between the cities of Husum and Breidstädt, in the province of South Jutland. The inhabitants of that part of Denmark are of the Friesland race, but from neighborhood and long association with the Danes, among whom they are situated, and with whom they are now politically connected, have formed their manners and language in some degree on the Scandinavian model; while the South Frieslanders, now composing a part of the kingdom of Holland, approach more nearly, in these respects, to the German branch of the same original Gothic stock. Among the members of this vast family of na-

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tions, the Frieslanders are not the least remarkable for the valuable qualities that are common to them all,—and particularly the indomitable spirit of liberty, which may be said to be their distinguishing and most honorable characteristic. Indeed the Frieslanders are fairly entitled to claim a full share of whatever glory may have gathered in the process of ages round the Anglo-Saxon name and character; since it was from among them that the original Anglo-Saxons went forth to plant themselves in Britain, to which they gave their own name of Engel-land or England. Among the Frieslanders of Jutland, hereditary nobility was unknown; their institutions were entirely democratic, and the offices all elective. The Emperor Charlemagne, in one of his public documents, addresses them under the appellation of *Free and Noble Frieslanders.* Their language, even in its present form, approaches more nearly to the English than any other of the numerous kindred dialects of Gothic origin, but has not been cultivated and has no literature. The Danish and German languages were spoken in connection with it, in the villages in the neighborhood of Harro's residence. He learned them both by the ear in the usual way, and afterwards studied them grammatically in the course of his education, so that they are both equally native to him. Some of his numerous productions are written in one of them and some in the other, but the larger portion in German.

The family was wealthy, and seems to have enjoyed a high degree of consideration in the neighborhood. The father of Harro had been educated for the naval service and had passed the necessary examination for promotion to the rank of captain, when his plan of life was changed by an attachment which he formed for a young lady of distinguished connexions in the interior of the country. On his marriage he retired from the navy and devoted himself for the rest of his life to the care of his family and to the discharge of the duties of various municipal employments, to which he was successively elected by his neighbors or appointed by the government. During the war with England in 1806, he was second in command of the National Militia. On this occasion he exhausted his funds and credit in furnishing supplies for the conduct of the war, in return for which he received nothing, on the settlement of his accounts, but worthless paper securities, and was thus reduced to ruin. The year before his death he was elected superintendant of the water-works,—or, in the language of the country, *Deichsgraf,* "Count or Earl of the Dikes,"—an office of high importance and great responsibility. In 1810, he died at the age of 51. It is stated by Harro, and the fact is rather curious as showing how completely the municipal administration of this part of the kingdom was independent of the interference of the Court,—that on the death of a *Deichsgraf,* the usage of the country authorized and required the widow to name two persons, who were to act as his deputies until a new election should be made. This power was exercised in the present instance by the mother of Harro, who appointed her brother-in-law and another of her husband's friends, of suitable qualifications and character, to officiate in his stead.

The father of Harro is described as a person of commanding appearance, and of a naturally generous and elevated character, but constitutionally serious and even melancholy. His mother was gentle and strongly imbued with religious impressions, in which she afterwards found consolation under her heavy trials. The fruits of the marriage were seven sons, of whom Harro was the second. The three younger died successively, in their infancy, of consumption;—a circumstance which no doubt contributed to increase the gloom that seems to have pervaded the household.

Harro was naturally of a feeble constitution and inherited the melancholy temperament of his father. "The constant uniformity of the ocean as seen from the windows of our residence,—the tranquillity and solitude of our domestic life, especially after the death of my brothers, tended," he remarks, "to strengthen and develope the original inclination of my character." He was predisposed, like his brothers, to consumption, and in his eighth year was struck with palsy in his whole right side, so that he was, at that time, unable to lift his right hand to his face, or to set his right foot to the ground. His parents spared no pains or expense in procuring the best medical advice,

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but without effect. The disease was declared to be incurable. Four years afterwards he became acquainted with a young physician, just returned from his travels in other countries, who applied to his case the mesmeric treatment, and cured him so completely as to leave no trace of weakness in the once paralyzed members. It is not singular that this result should have left upon his mind a very favorable impression in regard to the reality and virtue of the mesmeric influence. He appears to have retained this impression ever since, as I shall have occasion to mention in connexion with one of his later adventures. About the time when he suffered the paralytic attack just alluded to, he represents himself as having had three times in succession, a very remarkable dream, which forms the subject of one of his shorter poems. It was a sort of night-mare creation of fancy, laboring probably under the load of some secret physical disorder, in which the Supreme Being appeared to be extinct—the universe had relapsed into wild chaos, and the infant dreamer lay "solitary and alone," weltering amid the ruins and without hope of obtaining relief even by annihilation. The subject has some general resemblance to one of the visions of Richter, but whether the dream was suggested by the reading of that work I am not able to say.

The infirm state of Harro's health during his infancy, made it necessary that he should be educated at home, and he was placed under the care of a private tutor. Under these circumstances, he was naturally treated with much indulgence, and permitted, in a great measure, to follow his own taste in the direction of his studies. His favorite pursuits seem to have been the German, Danish, and Latin languages. He was curious to obtain from his master some notions of the system of the universe and the nature of the stars—chiefly, as he says, because he had conceived the idea that they might be the abodes of the souls of his departed brothers. In a maritime district, where many persons looked to the ocean for employment and subsistence, the science of navigation and the branches of mathematics in which it is founded were among the most general objects of attention: but toward these he felt no attraction. The starry heavens had no interest for him of a purely astronomical kind. In general, his view of nature under all its aspects has been through life poetical and religious, rather than utilitarian and practical.

His father's death formed a disastrous crisis in the fortunes of the family. His affairs were found to be in a very disordered condition; and, although the estate was settled under the direction of a brother, it is thought by Harro that great injustice was done to the heirs. If, however, as he elsewhere states, the large advances made by his father to the government during the war with England had been repaid in worthless public securities, it is not very difficult to account for the ruin of his fortunes. The widow's dower, a valuable landed property, which would of itself have assured the family a comfortable subsistence, and which, by the laws of Denmark, was not liable for the husband's debts, was in some way involved in the general wreck. This is the more remarkable as she is represented as a person of talent and energy, who had been accustomed to aid her husband in his affairs, and was by no means negligent in taking proper measures to secure her rights. Her husband had, it seems, made enemies among the officers of government in the neighborhood by the liberality of his political opinions, and the case was not viewed in the courts with an eye of favor. The leading lawyers were retained on the other side: finally, after the case had been decided against them in the local courts, the widow succeeded in obtaining the aid of a counsellor belonging to her own family connexion, who carried it before the Court of Appeals at Copenhagen: but it was now too late to remedy the evil. This is a melancholy picture of the administration of justice at the commencement of the nineteenth century in the oldest monarchy in Europe; and, if true to the life, seems to argue that there is still "something rotten in the state of Denmark." We may venture, perhaps, to hope, for the honor of Danish jurisprudence and of humanity, that the aspect of the case has been somewhat darkened by the medium of personal interest and feeling, through which the account comes to us. The result, at all events, was total and irremediable ruin,—accomplished, too, with an expe-

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dition quite unwonted in the ordinary march of justice. "We were reduced at once," says Harro, "from a state of domestic comfort,—I may say wealth and luxury—to actual distress. I had been baptized at a massy silver-gilt font, belonging to a rich service of plate, which was a part of my mother's portion: eleven years after, and within a year from the death of my noble father, that mother, with her paralytic infant, was literally turned from the door of their large and splendid abode, without knowing where they should find a lodging for the night that was to follow.—My mother," he continues, "bore her misfortunes with exemplary equanimity. I have seen her weep, but never heard from her lips an expression of complaint or of unkindness towards the authors of her ruin, though belonging to her own family. She manifested throughout the noblest sentiments and a truly religious resignation. As we took our last view of the beautiful linden-trees that stood before the doors of the family mansion, she gave utterance to her feelings in the pious and impressive language of the Monarch Minstrel of Scripture: "*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

CHAPTER II.

After quitting the abode of their prosperous period, the widow and her son retired to a small house in one of the neighboring villages, where they resided several years. Under these circumstances they were, of course, deserted by a large proportion of their "summer friends," a loss of little importance, and which was made up to them by the kindness and attention of their new neighbors. The pastor of the village, who taught a little school, received Harro gratuitously among his pupils, and the several masters gave him instruction, on the same terms, in their respective branches. Whether by the effect of the mesmeric treatment before alluded to, or that of the increasing activity of his natural powers at the approach to maturity, he had conquered his paralytic affection and recovered his health. He had made his first attempt in verse, two or three years before; and while residing with his mother at the village, he wrote some short poems on religious subjects, which have been preserved, but are without any substantial value. Such libraries as there were in the village were open to him, and he read a number of books, for the most part poems, without any regular plan. His mother and his teachers often expressed their regret that he had not the means of pursuing a literary career; but this was at the time entirely out of the question, and the idea was abandoned. His principal anxiety was to obtain a situation that would enable him to contribute to the support of his mother, and in this pious wish he was pretty soon gratified.

During the flourishing period of the family, their residence had been much frequented by the gentry of the neighboring city of Husum, whose equipages were often to be seen, especially on Sundays, under the linden-trees that surrounded the house. Their little retreat was not, and, of course, could not be a point of attraction for this brilliant and fashionable circle: but some of its members recollected with interest their old friends of Ibenshof. The families with which they had been most intimate, were the two brothers Van Wardenberg, one Collector of the port, and the other Mayor of the city, both having the rank of Counsellors of State. The former was connected by marriage with the family of the celebrated Blücher. He now proposed to the mother of Harro to receive her son into his house, and bring him up as one of his children. The offer was a tempting one, as it afforded the means of pursuing a literary career; but Harro could not think of deserting his mother in her present destitute condition, and begged his patron to give him in preference a situation in the custom-house, by which he could earn something for the support of his mother. The request was granted, and Harro proceeded to Husum to occupy his new place. He resided in the family of the counsellor, where he was treated with great kindness. He was occupied in the custom-house from seven in the morning till seven in the evening. Before and after these hours he had his time at his own disposal, and employed most of it in taking lessons and studying. Two years after his removal to

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Husum his mother went to reside in some domestic capacity with the Countess of Ahlfeldt at her castle of Lindau, and Harro had it in his power to employ his income as he thought proper. With a predominant passion for poetry and polite learning, he united a strong inclination for painting; and was particularly desirous to continue his studies at the Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen. By laboring two years longer in the custom-house at Husum, and carefully economising his income, he at length obtained a little fund upon the strength of which he determined to proceed to the capital. At the age of about seventeen, he accordingly quitted his second home at the hospitable mansion of the truly noble family of Wardenberg, and took his departure for Copenhagen. He was provided by his friends at Husum with letters of recommendation to their respective connexions, including various public functionaries of high rank, and among them the Secretary of the Treasury.

On arriving at the capital he was received with attention, and the friends to whom he was recommended expressed their readiness to provide him at once with a good place. As he had been employed several years in the custom-house at Husum, and as it probably appeared natural to his friends that he should continue in the line of service to which he was accustomed, he was now offered a situation in the custom-house branch of the treasury department. He resisted this temptation, though it was pressed with great urgency, and preferred pursuing his studies in the arts and literature. He accordingly took a small furnished apartment, and employed himself in attending various courses of lectures at the academy of fine arts and at the university. He now made his first attempts in dramatic poetry, and wrote a play upon the struggle for national independence in Germany in 1813–5. He was not satisfied with this production, which he communicated to some of his young friends, but did not publish. He afterwards destroyed the manuscript, a copy of which had, however, been taken by one of the persons who had seen it, and is probably still in existence.

During a year's residence at Copenhagen, he formed an acquaintance with several young men of his own age, to whom he was attracted by similarity of tastes and studies. His most intimate associate was William Bissen, now one of the most eminent sculptors in Europe. In the course of the year, the two friends formed the plan of transferring their residence to Dresden, apparently in the expectation that they could live there more cheaply than at Copenhagen; but this design was not at the time carried into effect. Bissen went to pass the winter with his family at Sleswick, and afterwards returned to Copenhagen, where he found protectors, who afforded him the means of pursuing his studies. Harro persevered in his intention of going to Saxony; but fixed himself temporarily, with what particular motive we are not informed, but probably for economy, at the University of Kiel, in Holstein. He was here admitted into the North Friesland Union, an association which was widely extended through this part of the country, and included several of the Professors at the University. The object seems to have been of a literary and antiquarian character. The old North Friesland Chronicle was published by Heinrich, under the auspices of this society. Harro was strongly attached to his country, and to the Scandinavian race from which he sprung; but he looked to Germany as the great field for the development of talent in all the departments of art and action. After a residence at Kiel of about a year, he left that place, and took his departure by way of Hamburg and Halle, for Dresden.

His health was still feeble, as it has continued to be through life. After his recovery from his paralytic affection, the weakness of his chest had become more perceptible, and he was subject to occasional hemorrhage. These symptoms had been increased by the assiduity with which he pursued his studies at Copenhagen and Kiel. He left the latter place in a very infirm state, and on reaching Hanover was attacked with pulmonary fever. He resolved, however, not to give way to the disease, but continued his journey, partly in the diligence and partly on foot, to Brunswick and Halle. At this place, two of his fellow students, who had accompanied him thus far from Kiel, remained to enter the University. He now proceeded alone, continually suffering with fever and hemorrhage, and in a state

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of despondency, which sometimes turned his thoughts towards suicide, as the only possible relief from his misery, to Leipsic, and thence to Dresden, where he arrived in May, 1819.

Among the artists then residing at Dresden, was the celebrated landscape painter, Dahl, of Norway. Harro had known him in Copenhagen, and called upon him immediately after his arrival. Dahl presented him to the Danish Chargé d'Affaires, Baron Irgensberg, also a Norwegian, by whom he was received with kindness and attention. His acquaintance with these persons led the way to another of more importance, and which, for a time, had a strong influence upon his career in life. Shortly after his introduction to the Danish Chargé d'Affaires, the latter sent for him, and after a kind apology for not having called in person, invited him to dine on a future day. Before the day arrived, Dahl came one morning with a message from the Crown Prince of Denmark, who was then at Dresden, and requested Harro to call at his lodgings at the Russian Hotel. The account of this affair may be given with advantage in Harro's own language.

"Before the day which had been fixed for dining with the Chargé, an event occurred which had a powerful effect upon my subsequent position. The Crown Prince Christian of Denmark had arrived at Dresden. One morning Dahl came to my lodgings with a message from him, wishing me to present myself to him at the Russian Hotel. I accordingly called at the hotel, where I was told by the Prince's Secretary that he was then walking, but had left orders for me to meet him at supper, the same evening, at the house of the Chargé d'Affaires. Several Danish noblemen who were then at Dresden were to be of the party. I was to be presented to him separately, before the meeting; and accordingly took my station in one of the apartments for this purpose. After I had waited some minutes, the Prince entered, and, coming up to me, gave me his hand with a friendly salutation. He was a man of fine personal appearance, a noble countenance, and a very expressive eye. He inquired my motives in coming to Dresden, which I explained to him by saying, that I could live and pursue my studies about twice as economically at Dresden as at Copenhagen. He appeared to recollect something of the fortunes of my family, and, after musing a few moments, said to me in a tone of kindness, 'meet me to-morrow, about noon, at Dahl's lodgings. I shall have something to say to you. Now come and sup with me and our other Danish friends, who are here with us.' He then conducted me into the reception room, presented me to the lady of the house and the rest of the company, and placed me by his side at the table. The next day, June 15, 1819, I met him, accompanied by the Chargé d'Affaires, at Dahl's studio. He then committed me, in a manner, to the Chargé d'Affaires, requesting him to consider me in the light of a member of the Prince's household, to supply me with funds whenever I had occasion for them, and, if I were inclined to travel, to give me letters of recommendation to the Danish Ambassadors at other Courts. After this, he offered me his hand, saying, 'you have talent; endeavor to improve it, and be assured of my constant protection. Write to me from time to time, and send me your productions, whether in poetry or painting. I am happy to have made your acquaintance.'

"The Prince left Dresden shortly after, and was accompanied as far as Königstein by the Chargé, who requested me, during his absence, to make my home at his house. His lady treated me with great kindness, and I had a seat constantly at my disposal at the table, and in the carriage of this family, during the remainder of my residence at Dresden."

The Crown Prince and future King of Denmark was at this time under a cloud in his own country. He professed, as is not uncommon with heirs-apparent in the monarchies of Europe, political opinions of a more popular cast than those which were acted on by the government, and was regarded as the leader of a sort of opposition. The superiority of his talents and his naturally noble and generous character, gave more importance to his position in this respect than it might otherwise have had, and rendered him in some degree an object of jealousy with the government. This was probably increased by the part which he took in the events that occurred in Norway after the fall of Napoleon. The allies, it will be recollected, in order to punish

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the King of Denmark for the somewhat doubtful course which he had pursued through the war, and to reward Bernadotte for the important aid which he had afforded in overthrowing his old master, determined to transfer Norway from the dominion of the former to that of the latter.

The Norwegians, for a time, resolutely refused to assent to this arrangement; and the Crown Prince, who was then Governor of Norway, took the lead in the opposition. Under his auspices the Norwegians declared themselves independent of both powers, and adopted a liberal constitution, which was decreed by the *Storthing*, or National Assembly, with the sanction of the Crown Prince, and drawn up, as is said, under his immediate direction. These movements were rendered ineffectual by the interposition of the British Navy, which blockaded the coast of Norway, and by intercepting the usual supply of grain from Jutland fairly starved the Norwegians into submission. Whether there existed at the time any secret understanding between the Danish ministry and the Crown Prince in regard to these proceedings, the result of which, if successful, would have been substantially to maintain the authority of Denmark over Norway in spite of the decision of the allies, is, of course, a matter of mere conjecture.

The Crown Prince returned to Copenhagen with a high reputation for liberality and independence. He was accompanied by a considerable number of young Norwegians of the first class who had taken part in the late proceedings and now refused to acquiesce in the new arrangement. They were received with enthusiasm by the people of all ranks, nor was there any expression of a different feeling on the part of the Court, until the occurrence of the popular movement, which took place at Copenhagen in 1819, and which grew out of the disordered state of the finances. The bankruptcy of the Treasury and the depreciation of the public funds, spread ruin far and wide among the men of business, as has been already seen in the case of the father of Harro. The responsibility of this disastrous state of things, which was an almost inevitable result of the great difficulty of the times, was thrown in part by the people upon the Jewish bankers, who managed the financial affairs of the Court, and amassed large fortunes out of the same fluctuations which ruined the country. In the year 1819, the discontent rose to such a height that a popular movement took place at the capital, directed immediately against the Jews. It is hardly probable that the Crown Prince had any personal share in this outbreak, which was quelled at once without difficulty. His name had, however, been mingled with the outcries of the mob, and after the rebellion was over, he was ordered by the Court to leave the country for three years. It was under these circumstances that he visited Dresden. He was President of the Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen, and was, no doubt, led by his connection with that Institution and his general interest in its objects to seek the acquaintance of Harro. He employed the three years of his absence in visiting the different parts of Europe. On his return to Copenhagen, at the close of his exile, I had the honor of meeting him at the Court of the Netherlands where I was then residing as Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, and the opinion which I formed of his character upon a slight acquaintance coincided with the one expressed by Harro in the above remarks. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his uncle, Frederic VI., and is now the reigning monarch. It does not appear that the liberal opinions which he possessed and probably very sincerely entertained in his earlier period, have had much effect upon his mode of administering the Government. He has followed very exactly, so far as is known abroad, the preceding routine, nor has he made any effort to reform the constitution of the kingdom, which remains, as it has been for three or four centuries past, a simple despotism.

This form of government, however essentially vicious, has its bright side, and this is seen perhaps most conspicuously in the opportunity which it affords to the ruler, of interposing, like a sort of earthly divinity, in the midst of the doubtful chances of private life, and turning the scale of fortune by a nod in favor of depressed and suffering merit. The patronage of the Crown Prince effected a revolution in Harro's condition, as complete as it was unexpected

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and sudden. He was now an object of general attention and respect. The members of the royal family of Saxony have always shown a disposition to encourage the arts and sciences: and some of them of both sexes have themselves published literary works of considerable merit. Harro was received with distinction at Court, furnished with horses from the royal stables and a servant in the royal livery to attend him when he rode. The highest circles of private society were of course open to him. He alludes in his notes with particular interest to his acquaintance with Tieck, who was then in the full maturity of his talent, surrounded by admirers from all parts of Europe, and at the head of the most agreeable private establishment in Dresden. He was in the habit of entertaining his friends with readings from Shakspeare, in which he greatly excelled. Harro, though freely admitted to these and other circles of the same character—was at this time—like most candidates for literary honors at the same age—oppressed with a timidity which prevented him from developing his powers with freedom in company. He continued to cultivate painting, and attended the anatomical and other lectures which were generally followed as a preparation for the practice of this art: but he began to feel that details of so strictly technical a kind were not well suited to his genius. It does not appear from his notes that he wrote much poetry during the year of his residence in Dresden. He attended various courses of lectures, including that of antiquities, by the celebrated Böttiger, and in one way or another devoted a great part of his time with exemplary assiduity to the objects for which he had come to Dresden. It was hardly possible, however, that in the midst of studies and pursuits, so favorable to the development of the tender passion, the heart of a poet, at the susceptible age of one-and-twenty, should be entirely exempt from its influence. Harro appears to have been smitten by the charms of some fair-haired daughter of the "fast anchored isle," then residing at Dresden—unhappily before he had ascertained that she was already betrothed to another. This was a complication a little *à la Werther;* and Harro rather mysteriously hints that if he had remained much longer than he did in Dresden, it might have resulted in the same catastrophe with that of the celebrated *Sorrows*. The attachment, however, seems to have had no influence on his subsequent life, and we may perhaps venture to suspect, that, however sincere and deeply felt it may have been at the time, it was, like those of Petrarch for his Laura and Dante for his Beatrice, an affair of the imagination rather than the heart. It is thought by Harro to have contributed not a little to the progress and development of his talent for poetry.

Such were the brilliant auspices under which Harro was now advancing in his career as an artist and a poet. His situation at this time formed a singular contrast with the forlorn abandonment and utter desolation in which he found himself, after leaving the old family residence at Ibenshof. It may be a matter of surprise, we may almost say of regret, that one so well qualified for the attainment of eminence in the culture of the fine arts should have been diverted from this delightful and elegant pursuit by the expectation of becoming useful in the career of a political reformer. But Germany was now in a state of universal agitation, and Harro, like so many others of his young countrymen, felt an irresistible vocation to take an active part in the stirring scenes that were in progress around him. A stronger attraction overpowered alike the allurements of the sister muses of poetry and painting, and the fascinating graces of the English ladye-love. In the hope of doing something to promote the great cause of improvement and liberty, the enthusiastic young artist left his study and launched his little bark upon the vast ocean of politics, regardless of the furious storms that were sweeping its surface, and the hidden rocks on which he was destined so often to suffer shipwreck.

Considered in reference to an ordinary condition of society, the course pursued by Harro could hardly, perhaps, be justified, even on the principles that may be supposed to govern the conduct of disinterested and high-minded men. In common times, when the conduct of the public affairs is, in a great measure, a matter of routine, and does not require the active concurrence of the whole community, the Poet has no motive to quit his loftier

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sphere, and mingle in the daily agitations of the streets and the Senate house. He may feel the love of country and of humanity as deeply as the active citizen, and may yet confine himself to the cultivation of his own art, not merely with a safe conscience, but with a full assurance, that if successful in it, he will contribute even more effectually, though less directly and immediately, to the improvement and happiness of his contemporaries, and of the world at large, than he possibly could by the most judicious and fortunate intervention in the public affairs of his day. Who will undertake to say that the Burleighs and the Walsinghams of the period of Elizabeth, justly celebrated as they are for talents and statesmanship, have done more good to mankind than Shakespeare? But in difficult periods, when the public affairs assume a high degree of interest and urgency,—when, perhaps, the whole organization of government is undergoing revolutions,—the case changes. Society is then in the condition of a ship at sea, tossed by storms and in imminent danger of destruction. If, in a vessel so situated, an able-bodied passenger should employ himself in reading novels or writing poetry in the cabin, instead of lending his aid at the pumps or in whatever other way he might be most useful, he would be looked upon with very little respect by the rest of the company: in the same way in the stormy periods of society, of which the last half century is one of the most remarkable, the public affairs require the intervention of all who are able to render service; and call most imperiously upon those who are best fitted by superiority of talent and uprightness of intention to take part in them with good effect. The call is uniformly answered by a general rush of the finest and loftiest spirits to the field of action. If Shakespeare had lived fifty years later than he did, he would have pursued the career of Milton; and nothing but his compulsory removal from the theatre of public life would have afforded Milton the opportunity of writing the Paradise Lost. So powerful, indeed, is the appeal of patriotism under such circumstances to the higher and better feelings of our nature, that insensibility to it in a person of superior talent is generally regarded as evincing a greater or less deficiency of these feelings. This is the charge that was made upon Goethe in various quarters, and particularly by Harro, in the poem alluded to before. At the memorable period of 1813–5, Goethe was busy about his Oriental Divan, a collection of love poems, written in the eastern style, and borrowed in part from the Asiatic writers. A singular occupation, certainly, under such circumstances, for the master-mind of the time! A writer capable of directing the opinion and determining the action of a whole community, who, at a period when his country is shaking off the yoke of a foreign oppressor, and reforming her whole political organization, employs himself in making up a little poetical bouquet of exotic flowers, however graceful and elegant, seems to show by the very fact that there is something wrong, as the Roman satirist has it, under the left breast. Harro has taken him to task for his indifference to the public welfare, with unrelenting severity, but in the main, it must be owned, with justice. After explaining the office of the Poet, whom he truly describes as commissioned by Providence to exalt and ennoble the intellectual and moral character of his contemporaries, he breaks out into an indignant apostrophe to the courtly minstrel of Weimar.

"But thou! what hast thou done with all the powers,
That lavish Nature wasted on thy soul?
What object hadst thou in thy happiest hours
Of inspiration but the paltry goal,
Thyself? what hast thou brought to pass for Truth,
For Man's Improvement,—Country,—Liberty?
Did thy cold bosom from thy earliest youth
Throughout thy whole career of eighty-three
Long years, bestow *one throb* on suffering Germany?

"Thou boastedst thou couldst understand the ways
Of God himself: say, didst thou understand
What God had done, beneath thy proper gaze,
Miraculously for that neighboring land?
When Falsehood thron'd was put to open shame,
Didst thou approve, or hold thy peace? Ah no!
Thou spak'dst of that most holy cause with blame:

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Thou call'dst it 'insurrection of the low,'
And 'lawful government's unlawful overthrow.'

"What was it? Was it not the grand affair
At which three centuries our Germany
Had wrought with heart and hand? The holy war
Of Truth with Lies,—of Man with Mockery?
Didst thou as such regard it,—thou, whose eye
For everything beside was passing bright?
Ah me! amidst his courtly mummery
What cares a rhyming, courtly parasite
Though millions all around are bleeding for the right?"

The effect that Goethe might have produced by an active intervention in the discussions of the day, is stated with great power and bitterness.

"A word from thee, and Germany had caught
Some glimpses of what Germany should be:—
A word from thee had fired the people's thought
To ecstacy,—to madness:—Germany,
Storm-shatter'd,—blasted by oppression's blow,—
Poor Germany, perhaps, had now been free!
That saving word thou didst not speak: but know
To whom much has been trusted, much shall be
From him required again:—'tis God's declar'd decree.

"And much to thee was trusted: nature's care
Most bounteously her choicest gifts allow'd,
Dispensing to thee for thy single share
What ten well-furnish'd minds had well endow'd:
But thou those priceless powers didst basely hide,
And thy young heart's uncounted treasure sell
For worthless toys,—intent on worldly pride
And sensual pleasure only,—to the weal
Of country,—humankind,—through life insensible.

"Thy busy thought explor'd all sciences
And arts:—thy busy pen explain'd the whole
Save one:—one only that most searching gaze
Pass'd unobserv'd,—the science of the soul!
Thou,—to whom nothing else remain'd unknown,—
Wast still a stranger to the better part
Of thy own nature;—never breath'dst a tone,
With all thy mastery on thy minstrel art,
That told of love to man, deep-rooted in thy heart."

The littleness of the field of action that Goethe selected, is curiously contrasted with the grandeur and vastness of that which he might have occupied. It is Weimar against the universe.

"So great and yet so little!—born a king
In mind's unbounded empire, thou must be
A Minister at Weimar!—Born to fling
The fetters of thy mighty minstrelsy
O'er charmed Europe, thou must condescend
To play the menial, never satisfied
That thou wast noble, till thy august friend,
His most Transparent Highness,* certified
The fact and round thy neck two yards of riband tied!

* The phrase *Most Transparent Highness* is a literal version of the barbarous word *Durchlaucht*, which is used in Germany as the honorary qualification of a reigning Duke, and is commonly translated in English by *His Most Serene Highness*. It is a matter of surprise that these unmeaning and bombastic forms of Majesty, Excellency, Eminence, Grace, Serenity, Transparency, &c., which were invented at the worst periods of European civilization, should still continue to prevail,—to some extent even in this country,—where they are directly at variance with our political system, as well as with good taste in style and the usages of classical antiquity. These forms had their origin at Constantinople, under the lower or Greek empire, whence they passed in a mitigated shape into the etiquette of the courts of modern Europe, and have been partially copied here. The most absurd specimen, perhaps, of this barbarous style is to be found in the well meant attempts that are occasionally made to do honor to the President of the United States, by bestowing upon him the qualification of *Excellency*, which is lavished in Europe, and also here, upon provin-

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Goethe attempted to answer this charge in some of the forms in which it reached his ears, sometimes by saying that as Prime Minister of the little principality of Weimar, it was his trade to be a royalist; at others, that his vocation was poetry, and that the cobbler should stick to his last. Perhaps his best defence is to be found in the fact, that he had already reached a pretty advanced age when the troubles of Europe commenced, and may have thought it too late in life to begin a new career with any prospect of success. Harro, on the contrary, was born and educated in the midst of these convulsions. Not to have felt their occurrence as a call to action, would have argued in him,—whatever it may have done in Goethe,—a moral insensibility, incompatible with an essentially elevated and generous character. If we cannot entirely acquit him of imprudence in some of his efforts, we are authorized to give him credit for a spirit of self-sacrifice and a disinterested devotion to the good of mankind, which redeem his errors, and entitle him to a high rank in the noble army of the martyrs in the cause of liberty.

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cial and state governors, diplomatic agents, and other functionaries of comparatively inferior importance. If the President is to take any qualification of this kind, it should obviously be that of *Majesty*, unless we mean to admit that the office of the elected Chief Magistrate of a free people is less honorable than that of the hereditary ruler of a nation of subjects. But to the eye of good taste as well as good sense al these titles look very much like mere burlesque. They stand essentially on the same footing with the still more sonorous and magnificent appellations of *Cousin to the Sun and Moon—Grandson to the Great Bear—Lord of the White Elephant, &c. &c.*, which figure so brilliantly in the diplomatic forms of Eastern Asia. It is high time that they were abandoned entirely in this republic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STANZAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THOUGH I, beloved, thy dark eyes so tender,
  May not behold for years, shall I refrain
My dreaming fancy sometimes to surrender
  To the sweet hope that I shall see again
Looks that so charmed me, smiles that were so dear?
  Oh, no! to trusting hearts there comes an hour
When all, unsullied by a doubt or fear,
  Burst into bloom the buds of passion's flower.

Fate may deprive us, for a mournful season,
  Of those deep joys which mutual kindness lends,
And warm emotions may be chilled by Reason,
  So that true lovers can be but true friends.
Yet on the horizon of the lowliest heart,
  That trusts and looks through present cloud and sorrow,
There ever shines, serenely and apart,
  A light to cheer some longed-for, dim to-morrow.

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THE RANDOM LIKENESS.

BY MRS. ENNSLO.

"There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves."—Shakspeare.

"Certainly, my dear mother," said Paul Churchill, "what little talent I possess, I must have inherited from you: now that is quite a pretty picture you have just described, the outline is accurate, and the grouping of the figures I like particularly; some years hence perhaps I may have no objection to occupying the respectable position in which you have sketched me; but not now, dear mother, I am too young and heedless yet; and you have spoiled me so much, that I don't know where I should find any one willing to put up with my waywardness as you do: besides, jesting apart, the thing you are well aware is impossible."

"Why impossible?" said Mrs. Churchill, "but I will not ask; you mean that you have not enough of this world's goods for yourself, and there I agree with you entirely; we only differ as to the first step to be taken in securing the needful addition. Stop now, if you please, fair sir, unbend that brow and put aside that haughty look of offended dignity for some occasion when it may be called for. I am not going to hint the *possibility* of your increasing your fortune by means of a wife, but only to say to you that I don't believe you ever will make any progress in life until you do get one. *You* say you must succeed in your profession *first;* I say you *will* succeed afterwards. My dear son, there may be many things in the world that you understand much better than I, but believe me, I have not passed through life thus far blindfolded, and I have observed that a young man never does put forth *all* his strength in the race until he is fairly shackled with a wife; that he never keeps so steady a course as after he has taken upon himself the responsibilities of a married man."

"Have I not as great responsibilities in my present position as any married man?" said Paul, in a sad, but affectionate tone. "Are you not, my dear mother, almost entirely dependent on my paltry exertions; most ineffectual they have been, to be sure; but if I am able to do so little to promote *your* comfort, would it not be madness in me to think of asking another to share our difficulties, for you acknowledge that it would not suit my style of character to turn *fortune-hunter?*"

"Yet, how often, my dear son," rejoined Mrs. Churchill, "have I seen it the case, that a young man has incurred the censure of his friends by rushing into what appeared to be an imprudent marriage, when that step itself seems to have turned the scales of fortune in his favor; and before long those very individuals who blamed him have found themselves obliged to confess that he could not have done a better thing. Take my word for it, Paul, you'll never do anything worth talking about until you have taken my advice; ever since the world began such has been the course of things; very little is recorded of our first ancestor, except his falling into a 'deep sleep' until a helpmate was given him."

"Well, but," replied the young man, smiling, "some might say, that Father Adam's marriage was not so advantageous an arrangement for him: the lady did not always give him the best advice in the world, you know."

"I acknowledge," replied Mrs. Churchill, "that woman did once mislead man, but you'll agree that she's somewhat made up for it since; and it is very evident that he could not have done as well without her, or she would never have been given to him. Don't misunderstand me, however; I would not, if I could mould you to my will, have you set about looking for a wife, as you would for a hat or a pair of boots, and so make up your mind which would be likely to suit you best, or which would be the most easy for you to obtain. No; I would only, were it in my power, persuade you to let yourself alone, and not to keep your fancies and affections so tightly chained up, that when you do think it prudent to set them at liberty, they will be to such a

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degree cramped and enfeebled, that they will never benefit either you or any one else."

"Why, mother!" said the young man, coloring up to the temples, yet trying to look unconcerned; "what in the world can have put such a notion into your head? the fancies and affections you talk about are all fixed upon my bewitching art. True, she has proved as yet but an ungrateful mistress to me; still, all my vows are offered up on her shrine, and two passions cannot, you know, inhabit a breast at the same time."

"My dear son," said Mrs. Churchill, shaking her head, and fixing on Paul her gentle eyes, in whose glance affection, pride, and the most anxious solicitude so mingled together, that it would have been impossible to say which predominated at the moment, "I have too long dwelt upon and studied that countenance, not to be able to decypher with accuracy every change, however slight in its expression. For some time it has been evident to me that your spirits flagged more than was natural in one of your years and temperament. I have observed you again and again begin a picture, blot it out, and then, perhaps, throw aside your pencil entirely for a day: in short, you seem never to be satisfied with yourself."

"At any rate, I am not singular in that," replied Paul, with some bitterness, "for no one else seems to be satisfied with me."

Mrs. Churchill hemmed down a sigh. "I will not stop now," said she, "to tell you whether I think you impatient or not, but will rather go on to explain why I have felt impelled, this evening, thus to urge you; and why, although you will not allow me to lift the curtain, I have been unable to refrain from making some effort to give a happier turn to your thoughts, evidently, of late, somewhat burdensome to you. I will confess, then, my son, that it is in consequence of having overheard some of your words. I was coming to your room this morning, to make some request of you—I forget what—when my steps were arrested by the sound of your voice. Supposing, at first, that a visiter was with you, I was about to withdraw; but there was so much bitterness in your tone, that it kept me a listener, in spite of myself. 'No,' you said, 'I will blot it out, and never suffer my pencil to wander in such a course again; what have *I* to do with arched brows and silken lashes? Why do I mix and grind my colors to imitate the soft hue of beauty's cheek, or the bright tint of her lip? It does but remind me that I can never hope to render homage to the lovely original; that stern Fortune has placed my lot beyond that pale where dwells the sort of creature for which alone I feel that I could live. No, I will blot it out, and force my fancy to embody and my pencil to trace only such subjects as may be profitable in my straitened circumstances.' You said more, I believe, but all to the same purpose; your door stood ajar, and I could see upon your canvass the outline of a female face. I did not speak to you at the time, for I thought your voice seemed agitated; but this evening, I could not restrain myself. Now, let me ask you, my dear Paul, why *should* not beauty's eye beam for you? Why should not her lip respond to your vow of affection?"

"Pshaw! my dearest mother," replied Paul, looking half provoked, half miserable, at these words, "that was only a painter's rhapsody; you think me a genius, and geniuses are, you know, subject to flights of the imagination; I thought I had been wasting my time, and published my own disgrace by scolding myself aloud."

"But why should the drawing a beautiful female face be a waste of time, Paul?"

"You should remember I have engaged to finish some pictures for Mr. Higson's shop-window; and it struck me that perhaps some chubby children and silky poodles would be more suitable to a print-shop; besides, I will confess to you I think it best to keep such notions out of my head."

"My dear son, allow me to say I differ from you in opinion; they are very good, very wise, very commendable notions. Pray, now, don't be so silly as to banish womankind even from your very canvass. Besides, you should remember, if you are so set against encouraging the advances of the tender passion, the observation made by historians that many more thousand are killed in a *flight* than a *battle;* so, by way of turning your face against the enemy, pray set to work at once;

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finish the pretty girl, make her as beautiful as you can imagine Eve to have been in Paradise; and whether she appear first in a print-shop or a gallery, I feel certain she will do more for you than all the children and poodles in the country. The fact is, Paul, you are growing rather savage, and the face of a pretty woman looking at you from your canvass, will humanize you a little."

"Well," said Paul, making, as it seemed, a desperate effort to shake off his gloom; "I'll finish the picture, mother, if you will promise me one thing, which is, that you never urge me to render any other homage to the fair sex, or express my admiration of this part of the creation farther than by imitating their beauty on canvass: will you be satisfied with that?"

"Certainly, my son, if *you* are;" said Mrs. Churchill.

Here the entrance of the tea-tray broke off the conversation; nor was it again resumed. Mrs. Churchill believed that she had secured some happy hours to her son, by engaging him to finish the dangerous picture; she had, moreover, a hope that a task by which he seemed so much excited, would probably be completed in a style to attract the notice she felt sure he deserved; and the doting mother went to her rest that night with a lighter heart than usual.

CHAPTER II.

"How now! even so quickly may one catch the plague!"—Shakspeare.

The admired and idolized Paul was Mrs. Churchill's only child. Left a widow soon after his birth, she had given up all her heart to loving him; all her time to instructing and taking care of him; and as he outgrew *her* tuition, all her worldly goods to the securing him every advantage, every means of improvement within her reach. She had even made several imprudent sacrifices in order to enable him to cultivate his peculiar talent to the utmost. This talent she fully believed would one day meet with its due share of patronage; but while it was her constant effort to fill her son's breast with the same bright hopes that cheered her own, time passed on, and Paul continued to be nothing more than the *poor artist*, as he, half in joke, half in sad earnestness, continued to call himself. Their diminished means—never, indeed, much more than a decent competence—now scarcely sufficed, with all Mrs. Churchill's rigid economy, to secure to them the comforts which habit had rendered necessaries; and Paul still, either through want of patronage, too much diffidence, or a course of ill luck, failing to attract any notice at all profitable to him, found himself obliged either to depend entirely on his mother's slender income, which he could not bear the idea of burdening with his own maintenance, or to descend to the mechanical, and, as it appeared to him, servile employment of preparing pictures for a neighboring print-shop. More than once did he feel tempted to throw aside his pencil and brushes, and turn his attention to some more advantageous pursuit, one in which he might push his way at once to fortune; but as often did he fly with disgust from the thought, and, seizing his palette, find that to him there was more enjoyment in the exercise even of the inferior branches of his beloved art, than the highest post he might ever hope to attain, could afford him. "No!" he would exclaim, "better is it for me to remain only a 'vessel to dishonor,' all the days of my life, in that service to which I have vowed myself even from childhood, than to desert the paths I chose with the earliest exercise of my youthful judgment. To be sure, it did appear to me under a different aspect, when hope flourished unchecked in my heart; but though disappointment may have chilled my spirit, it cannot yet fix itself on any other object. I must live and die a painter, though fame deny me her laurels, and fortune close her hand against me. My poor mother and I are both very moderate in our wants; to see me happy, is *her* greatest luxury; by sacrificing a portion of my time to the mechanical employment from which alone I reap some profit, my maintenance need be no burden to her, and I may still fancy myself one of the fraternity, though my name be not known among them: so, then, I am determined to be happy, even in my obscurity."

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Full of these feelings, Paul one day took up his hat to visit some painting, which an advertisement in the morning's paper mentioned as just arrived in the city, fresh from the hand of one of the most celebrated artists of the day. The picture proved worthy of the flourish of trumpets with which it had been announced; and as he gazed and dwelt with delight, intense delight, on each line of beauty, Paul hugged himself in the idea that he had so decidedly rejected the notion of quitting the glorious craft, and felt disposed, with every breath he drew, to exclaim—"Ed io anche un Pittore!"

While he was thus engrossed, his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," encountered a pair of large blue orbs, which, although almost hidden by the long dark lashes which shaded them, were still plainly to be distinguished as "deeply, darkly, beautifully *blue*." They belonged to a young girl, who stood within a few steps of him, leaning upon the arm of an elderly gentleman, whose entrance had not been observed by Paul, so completely was he engrossed by the painting. The most glossy raven hair, suiting well with the dark shade of the above mentioned eye-lashes, was simply parted on a forehead white as the new-fallen snow, and as free from every trace of care or passion, as if not pertaining to a descendant of her who "was first in the transgression;" the cheek might have been called pale, but, beside the lip, the brightest coral must needs have blushed for shame. Ah! thought Paul, as he drew a long suppressed sigh, and resolutely turned his eyes back upon the picture—"A substitute shines brightly as a king," *only* "unless a king be by;" there is no mimicking the workmanship of Heaven; the pencil even of a Dubufe cannot vie with "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand."

While these ideas passed through his mind, the room was getting filled with visitors, but the young lady, only occasionally withdrawing her eyes from the painting to return the salutation of some passing acquaintance, seemed entirely occupied by it: a few observations to the gentleman whom she addressed as "Papa," reached Paul's ear. "What a just taste!" thought he; "what lovely enthusiasm! she knows how to appreciate the genius she was born to inspire; and what a silver voice! How has she monopolized *all* the fairy gifts which are generally divided among women!" Thus the young artist stood, as if spell-bound, striving to fix his eyes upon the picture, but ever and anon suffering them to wander from it to the *breathing* loveliness beside him. At length the gentleman, in an affectionate tone, reminded his daughter that his time was not that morning entirely at his command, but offered to return with her the next day, if she should wish it. Just at that moment it struck Paul that it would suit the arrangement of *his* time quite as well, to postpone any farther study of the picture until the morrow, and drawn by a witchcraft, of which he was the unconscious thrall, he followed closely after the pair.

This step did not tend to diminish his danger; the outline of the figure, the graceful walk, the very manner in which she leaned upon her father's arm, the gentle dependence with which she seemed to cling to him, were all in perfect keeping with the beauty that had taken captive the enthusiastic young artist. But oh! the transiency of every earthly pleasure! Fearing that others might read in his looks the admiration which he felt conscious his eye betrayed, he withdrew his gaze for a moment to speak to some one, and in that moment she was gone; they had turned a corner which Paul had no right to turn, that is to say, it did not lie in his way, and it seemed to his delicate feelings that it would amount to intrusion any longer to dog her footsteps. Yes, she was gone; but she might on the morrow revisit the spot where he had just met her, and, therefore, until that morrow he must feast on the recollection of the beauty so indelibly imprinted on his fancy.

To-morrow came, and did not, as is so common in this work-a-day world, bring disappointment with it; the sun shone brightly, and the exhibition-room was again adorned by its living as well as its inanimate attraction. The beautiful girl, apparently forgetful of the loveliness which her mirror had just before presented her, seemed not easily to tire of gazing upon the superb imitation of life presented in the Picture. Paul spent his time as he did the day before, telling himself that he was studying the fine specimen of *Art*, but feeling that he was pouring out his whole soul in admiration of the far-ex-

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celling work of *Nature*. Several times they met at the place of exhibition, and each time Paul took in large draughts of excitement, which one moment seemed to lend life a charm it knew not before, and the next, to render all that had hitherto been attractive to him, "flat, stale and unprofitable."

At length the spell was broken; the golden strand which, during some ten or twelve days past, had, at intervals, glittered in the thread of his destiny, was snapped; the Picture was packed up to be transported to other scenes, and there seemed no prospect that he should ever again catch a glimpse of his beautiful Incognita. Then it was that Paul became sensible how dangerous a pleasure he had been indulging in; his spirits, all his feelings had been tuned to so high a pitch, that it seemed impossible to bring them down to the every-day routine of common-place occurrences: true, he had, during the period of the exhibition of the Painting, only seen his fair enslaver occasionally and at uncertain intervals; still those precious moments were so crowded with enjoyment, that they gave a color to all the intermediate hours of his existence, and as he took his daily walk to the museum, he could always hope that she also might be there; or if disappointed to-day, why then there was but the better prospect of his being gratified on the morrow. But now to what chance could he look for a renewal of the mysterious, nameless sort of happiness which he had lately tasted? It was evident from several circumstances which (absorbed as was his attention by the poetry of her beauty and grace) Paul could not help observing, that Fortune had not denied her favors to the one whom Nature seemed to have taken such pleasure in adorning: all the insignia of wealth attended her; beautiful apparel, handsome equipage, &c., while he had little or nothing to do with the circle in which alone he could expect to meet her; for although conscious that his birth and education entitled him to association with any, he had yet ever shrunk with nervous sensitiveness from the society of such as, although often inferior to him in all but the adventitious circumstance of wealth, he yet felt painfully apprehensive might not consider him as an equal. "Ah, yes," sighed he, when forced into sober thought by the recollection of these stern realities—"I ought not to wish again to meet her—what can she ever be to me but a form of beauty, a triumphant evidence of Nature's exceeding and all surpassing skill? Is it not madness in me even to think of her? to employ my imagination in striving to sketch the outline of the gentle spirit which speaks with such bewitching animation from her soft eye? No, I will be more wise, and endeavor to make some profit of this delightful incident in my life. The recollection of her beauty shall give an edge to my fancy, and impart a more soaring tendency to the powers which seem to have flagged latterly, for want, perhaps, of this very excitement."

CHAPTER III.

"Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad."—Shakspeare.

Having formed this resolution, Paul Churchill flew to his study; obedient memory readily conjured up the desired image; and for some time he gave his days and nights to the delightful task of fashioning a likeness of his "bright particular star." It was not easy, however, to satisfy his own fastidiousness; the picture was touched and retouched, put aside and resumed; but long before it was completed he began to see that, philosopher as he thought himself, he had been most unwise in the choice of an occupation. He found that he had been cherishing and keeping close in his breast the very arrow which had destroyed his tranquillity, and now, with the impetuosity natural to his enthusiastic temperament, he resolved at once to draw it out and force his thoughts away from beauty with all its fascinations.

He was in this mood when his mother overheard him soliloquizing as above mentioned: her affectionate heart was touched to the quick at the melancholy, hopeless strain in which he had spoken; it had always seemed to her that there should be no other check to the gratification of any or all

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the fancies of her darling, than in as far as such gratification might be in some way hurtful to him; and to suppose anything beyond his reach was too painful a thought for her long to harbor. She could not bear that he should consider any object in life unattainable by him; that his dear heart should not give full play to all its sensibilities, or that it should ever sigh in vain. Thus she was led to remember the different young men that had come under her knowledge, who, with not (she felt quite certain) half the talent or industry of her Paul, had made their way to fortune; she reflected that as many, and even more, had reached the desired goal after marriage as before; and having been long convinced that her son only required some sufficient impetus to force his talents into notice, she made up her mind that nothing would so surely rouse him to exertion, and draw him from the obscurity to which his sensitive and retiring nature seemed so to cling, as the undeniable claims of one whom he himself should undertake to care for. Having reasoned herself into the belief that in urging him to follow the bent of his inclinations, she at the same time advocated a step which would further his success in life, and ever anxious to speak to him fitly and in season, she had, after watching and waiting for an opportunity, ventured to begin the conversation in which we find the mother and her son engaged on the evening of our first introduction to them.

A mother's zeal had shown itself in all that Mrs. Churchill had said; and her words went not without their reward; at least, she had the satisfaction of seeing a degree of animation imparted to the eye whose every turn she had learnt to read and interpret with the utmost accuracy, and which had for some time past told a tale of listless despondency.

Paul worked at his picture with renewed eagerness; but while he complied with his mother's wish, he at the same time held to his determination of not allowing himself the dangerous gratification of depicting the particular beauty which had made such an impression upon him; besides, this was intended as a specimen of his skill, and it would have seemed to him a sort of profanation of a form "so rich and rare" to show it to all who might choose to look on it; besides that he thought it would be taking an unwarrantable liberty to attempt a likeness of one not even known to him. He resolved therefore to make it a decidedly different style of face. Whereas the eyes that had enchained his fancy were blue, pure skyey blue, those that his pencil should now spend its skill in portraying should imitate the darkest jet; instead of the raven locks which formed so beautiful a contrast to the marble forehead they overtopped, the palest auburn curls should cluster about the temples of *his* creation. Further he could not go in the alteration; for to have given up the perfectly oval outline of the face, the Grecian nose, the round red lip, and the gentle transition from the cheek to the ear, would have been too great a sacrifice—*they* were the common property of all real beauty; but by endeavoring to substitute the most laughing expression for the lofty, Madonna cast of countenance which had struck him so forcibly in the beautiful stranger, he thought he relinquished all that could be expected of him. Nor could he refrain from making a somewhat close copy of the graceful form he so well remembered; a little more embonpoint would be consistent with his plan of making a difference, at the same time that it would harmonize best with the less ethereal appearance of his intended "chef-d'œuvre," but the same exquisite chiselling was, he decided, absolutely necessary. "Now," thought he, as the beautiful figure first began to look upon him from his canvass with an air of reality, smiling with the arch simplicity he had striven to impart to it; "who can accuse me of having gone beyond my limits in imitating individual beauty? who will say there is anything heavenly in that face? I flatter myself that it represents a lovely female, but she is evidently of the earth, earthy; no one need suppose her a visiter from some better world. There are, to be sure," he continued, as his eye rested on the several points of resemblance before mentioned, "some charms in common, but I must have disfigured my picture had I denied myself that privilege: there *is* a striking likeness, I confess, but there can be but one rule for perfect beauty; there must always be *some* similarity between those on

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whom is bestowed that bewitching boon."

Mrs. Churchill was, as might have been expected, in raptures, when, having given it its last touches, her son invited her to look upon his work. Nor was it only a mother's partiality which extorted the warm encomiums she bestowed upon it; the picture was in very truth admirably well executed; life itself scarce ever looked more like life. "And then," as the admiring observer exclaimed, "'twas such a mischievous looking Hebe, one really longed to hear her talk; she looked as if the bluest of blue devils must vanish before her laugh; her eyes told of the rarest joke, while her sweet dimpled mouth promised the kindest apology for the raillery which one might fancy the merry spirit within could not restrain."

Paul was gratified at his mother's praise; he knew that although in most respects blindly devoted to him, her judgment was by no means to be despised, and he *thought* he could recollect that on some occasions (rare to be sure), she had expressed herself not perfectly satisfied with his performances, thus giving a most convincing proof of the fastidiousness of her taste. Besides, although he tried to mistrust himself as much as possible, something whispered him that the handy-work on which he looked, declared the inspiration of Genius, and that it was no common skill which had portrayed the form before him. Yet even while exulting in the proud consciousness of capability, past disappointments lay heavy at his heart; he shrank from resting any hope upon the probable approbation his work might demand, and it was only in consequence of the earnest and reiterated entreaties of his mother that the young artist consented to place his picture in a position of display. This done, he strove to summon up all the calmness that his sensitive nature was capable of, and to persuade himself neither to look forward to the future with all its uncertainties, nor back upon the past, with its keen, but short-lived enjoyment.

Several days passed after the picture had taken its station in Mr. Higson's window. Each time that Paul returned from his morning walk in the city, Mrs. Churchill's eyes asked the question she feared to mortify him by uttering; but each time any further interrogation was entirely prevented by her observing the blank, dispirited expression of her son's speaking countenance, and the mortified air with which he took his seat opposite her at the small, scantily covered table, that seemed to force upon his recollection the slender means, he still felt himself powerless as ever to increase.

It was not that any dissatisfaction could be detected in his *mother's* countenance; nothing but the most gentle acquiescence in the will of Providence might be traced there, nothing but the most affectionate solicitude for *his* comfort was proclaimed in the voice which urged him to partake more liberally of the frugal fare before them. This indeed is generally woman's part; when difficulty and scarcity press upon her, there is seldom anything else for her to do, but to narrow as much as possible the circle of her wants, and be content, even though it be not her portion, "to cast her bread without scarceness." She is trained up with this consciousness of powerlessness: if privation come upon her, in what way may she retrieve her fortunes? The physical weakness of her frame, and, yet more, the shrinking delicacy of her spirit, fostered by the earliest admonitions she remembers, and often rendered morbid by surrounding difficulties, so hem her in on every side; while the scanty reward held out for any effort she may make, seems so slight a temptation for which to leave the sheltered nook she has hitherto deemed her proper place in life, that it must in truth be some very strong impelling motive that would force her forward into any arena of exertion.

With man, the case is widely different: *he* seems born with the privilege of choosing his position in life, righting his own wrongs, selecting his own goal, and carving his own way to it, in spite of danger and difficulty. Exertion is his glory, industry the greatest ornament of his character; toil need not degrade him, bustling intercourse with his fellow-man, may bring him honor as well as emolument. Therefore, for *him* to be forced to sit down inactive, to feel that his hands are tied, to be obliged to substitute frugality for exertion, is no little trial; and if he be worthy of the name given to the noblest work of God, to him who was placed as master in paradise, he will, he *ought* to be restive

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under it. It is the decree of Heavenly wisdom that *he* should toil, and through the mercy which ever tempers that wisdom, from its most severe decrees may be extracted the choicest blessings.

CHAPTER IV.

All worldly joys go less,
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.—HERBERT.

"HOPE long deferred maketh the heart sick," said the wisest among men; but were it *not* so deferred, where would be the keen relish, the eager appetite, which, "when the desire cometh," makes it "a tree of life?" But we will not anticipate. One morning the sun shone with especial brilliancy in the city of ———; it was the beautiful month of October, the month which is bright, cheerful, and almost always sunny in every latitude of the temperate zone,—one need not therefore be careful to state in what particular part of the world the city of ——— was situated. Paul (probably from a morbid state of feeling, preferring the retirement of his study to the busy haunts of men, where he felt as if always jostling against those whose prosperity seemed to taunt him with his own failure) had not left the house for several days; but suddenly on this morning he threw aside his pencil, apparently impelled in spite of himself, to seek the reviving influences of the open air. He turned his steps as if mechanically to the part of the city, where his favorite production had been for some time past exposed to view, and where, had his genius been of a practical sort, he would have known it was not situated to attract the kind of notice it deserved. It was crowded in among a miscellaneous collection of engravings, which being the property of the master of the shop, could not of course be expected to turn out of their places in order to give the intruder a fair opportunity of displaying its superior attractions; thus it passed among those who might chance to take a view of the contents of the window only as one, perhaps the prettiest among the collection.

A great deal is said about the advantages of contrast—the enhancing effect of a foil to beauty; but does not neighboring inferiority as often act as a shade? Are we not very apt to consider one of a company as a sample of the rest? and to judge of the merits of an individual by the stand he assumes in the world, the character he gives of himself? Will not the real diamond run a risk of being disregarded, if placed among counterfeit stones?

Paul's slow and listless steps, and the measured pace with which he approached the print-shop have given us time for this digression: as he walked leisurely along, he determined within himself to withdraw the slighted picture from its so called place of exhibition, and place it in the retirement which would at least be a comparatively honorable one of his mother's little parlor; its excellences would there be at any rate appreciated; in that position, there would be no danger of its being overlooked.

With such feelings and having formed this resolution, he approached the shop; but on stopping at the window to greet with one passing look the object of his lucubrations, he started—it was not there. "What," thought he, "even jostled out of its quiet, unostentatious corner!" He entered, and his surprise and agitation were not diminished by the sight of a gentleman standing opposite the identical picture (which the shopman was supporting against the wall) and gazing at it with the most rapt attention; one moment putting on his spectacles, the next taking them off and applying his handkerchief to his eyes to wipe the tears which, as he gazed, seemed to gather faster and faster.

Paul was speechless with astonishment; who could it be, who was bestowing such unlooked for, such flattering attention upon the so long neglected picture? When his eye first encountered the stranger, it had struck him that his face and figure were not unknown to him; but, on looking again, he changed his mind, and supposed it must have been only a slight resemblance to some acquaintance; for

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although the features and aspect of the gentleman still appeared somewhat familiar to him, he could by no means make up his mind why they were so. Apart from the attractive position of an evidently admiring observer of the production of *his* genius, Paul found something strikingly interesting in the appearance of this individual; the peculiarly benevolent expression of his countenance plainly declared the philanthropist, the friend and well-wisher of all his fellow-creatures; while the traces of care and sorrow imprinted upon his high expanded forehead, showed that misfortune, with the impartiality of the gracious sun, which shines upon the evil and the good, administers her wholesome discipline to the just as well as the unjust: that virtue offers no plea sufficient to exempt her votaries from the trials incident to humanity, and that the good and kind, the base and selfish are by the arrangements of Almighty Wisdom alike subject to the same iron rule.

It was evident that some particular sorrow sat heavy at the heart of the stranger, and (which seemed startlingly mysterious to Paul) the sight of the picture appeared to open some deep wound; for, as he looked, he wept, and though he wept, he looked again. At last he turned to the shopman—"Do you know the artist, whose skill this beautiful picture" (and here he sighed deeply) "so plainly declares to be of no common order?" "That is the gentleman, sir," replied the man, "standing beside you—Mr. Churchill." Coloring with pleasure and embarrassment, Paul took off his hat as the gentleman advanced towards him, and grasping his hand, said—"Allow me, sir, although I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, to thank you for the gratifying surprise I have this morning enjoyed through your instrumentality; may I take the liberty of asking whether this picture be the likeness of an individual, or if it be merely the creation of your own fancy?"

Paul hesitated a moment, but as (though he well recollected having been especially inspired by the beauty of an individual) he yet knew himself guiltless of any intention to attempt a copy, having on the contrary, as we have seen, carefully avoided similarity as much as possible, he replied—"No, sir, it is no likeness, except of the vision conjured up by my own imagination." "Indeed!" said the gentleman—"strange, very strange; the resemblance is complete, almost without a single line of variation. My dear sir, you must allow me to make that picture my own; I will not ask the price; to me it is beyond price: I trust no one has established a prior right to it."

"Oh no, sir," replied Paul, endeavoring to speak calmly, though the flutter of his spirits could not be concealed; "although most unworthy the commendation you bestow upon it, I hope you will consider it at once your own." Paul, in his new happiness, at being flattered and admired, would have engaged to spend his best efforts for the gratification of the approving stranger, without either fee or reward.

"Thank you, sir," replied the gentleman; the painful expression of grief, lately so visible on his countenance, fading into a smile of benevolent satisfaction, as he marked the flush of pleasure his notice had raised on the young man's expressive countenance, the modest triumph which beamed in his dark eye—"and will you let me ask another favor of you?"

"I can only receive at your hands, sir," replied Paul, deferentially; "I cannot imagine it in my power to *confer* any favor upon you."

This modest speech completed the young artist's conquest over the old gentleman's heart: he had been fascinated by the picture, the mystery of whose charm will be hereafter divulged; he had been next very much struck by the quiet, gentlemanly air of the young man, upon first accosting him, and had at once felt anxious to show his approbation in some more impressive manner than by simply remunerating him for what was so exceedingly desirable to himself. Being one of those whose greatest enjoyment it is to follow the generous impulses of a kind heart, it was always to him a delightful circumstance to engage such as might benefit by his good offices; he did not often stop to inquire whether they were deserving or not, although when he chanced to find them so, he always considered himself especially rewarded. In this case, the whole air and appearance of his new protégé, in perspective, were so very prepossessing, his voice so pleasing, his politeness, which appeared to force its way through his

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reserve, so gratifying, that they seemed to stand forward as guarantee for his worth; and the old gentleman felt no misgivings as to the wisdom of giving the reins to his benevolent fancy, when he went on to say, that the favor he wished to beg of Mr. Churchill was to be allowed the pleasure of his acquaintance; and in order to this, requested him to join his family circle at dinner the next day. "I cannot promise you," continued the old gentleman, "any of the attractions of gay society; our fire-side is not now the abode of mirth and merriment; but you will find warm hearts among us, and this" (pointing to the picture) "will, of itself, insure you a welcome."

With almost as much surprise as pleasure, Paul received from the hand of the speaker, a card, on which were written his name and place of residence, and without waiting one moment to consider whether he had any engagement for the day, accepted the invitation with the most animated readiness.

CHAPTER V.

"I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak."—SHAKSPEARE.

Whether Paul was quite sure, as he took his way homeward, that he was not treading upon air; whether he realized that they were but the same paved streets which he had traversed with a slow step and heavy heart, only a short portion of an hour before, we will not undertake to determine: of one thing he felt certain, if all without and about him were indeed the same, there had been a considerable change wrought in the inner man. He was perhaps still quite as unmindful of the bright sunshine, the fresh bracing air, the animated bustle, which surrounded him, as he had been on first leaving home; but from how different a cause did his present abstraction proceed! Then, there lay a dark cloud over his mental vision which seemed to impart to every object its own sombre hue; now, all his thoughts were so radiant with gratified pride, so filled with wonder, such a bright ray of hope had illuminated his depressed spirits, that all around him was completely cast into the shade, and he walked as one in a dream.

Paul had not the heart to withhold from his mother the gratification of learning some of the events of the morning, although as well from modesty as a prudent apprehension, lest her sanguine feelings might build too much upon them, he gave as sober a coloring to his recital as was possible in his excited state of mind: while she, with a tact rendered keen by her watchful affection, forbore to make the many animated comments which sprang to her lips; and perceiving that he wished to control as well as disguise his own delight, confined her triumph to quietly remarking, that she always knew the picture would be admired as soon as it should be seen by one who possessed a real knowledge and taste for such things.

Not much was accomplished by Paul during the rest of the day; he tried to sober himself somewhat by turning his attention to his usual employments; but by no means could he settle himself to anything; there seemed to be just then a pause in his life, and he felt that all now in his power was to wait with as much patience as he could gather, to see whether Fortune really meant anything by her late kind looks and words. Sometimes a bright idea would strike him, but before he could seize upon it, so as to embody it, it was gone, and some fantastic intangible notion had taken its place. What most puzzled him, was the strange idea that haunted him of some previous knowledge of the gentleman; this must, of course, proceed, he had already told himself, from some chance resemblance to an acquaintance; yet, as he called to recollection those of the same age whom he numbered in his short list of associates, he found his new friend wholly unlike any of them. Oh, no; there certainly was a charm about this person that belonged to no one else. Paul felt quite sure it was not only the flattering approbation he had evidenced for the picture and his subsequent civility that had constituted the attraction; no, there had been something magnetic in the first glance, a mysterious link certainly bound them; it must be that the courteous stranger was about to prove the minister of some peculiar good to him.

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Time passed on as usual, and probably to all in the neighborhood it appeared the same old monitor it had ever been; but in our hero's estimation, the different hours had acquired a new interest, and as eight succeeded to seven, and nine to eight, they seemed to reassure him of the fact that life was no longer at a stand with him.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Paul made his appearance before the house designated on the stranger's card; the bell sounded at his touch, and the door was opened by a servant, who ushered him up stairs into a large and handsomely furnished drawing-room. His new friend, who was sitting on one side of the fire-place, rose instantly to greet him, shook his hand cordially, and leading him to a lady on the opposite side, apparently somewhat advanced in life, and whose mild but saddened countenance suited well with the sombre trappings of wo in which she was arrayed, he announced him as the gentleman, the pleasure of whose company at dinner he had promised her. He then turned towards a window, where, almost entirely concealed by the folds of a curtain, sat another lady, whose position only permitted a small portion of her dress to be visible. "Esther, my love," said he, "come and join your mother and myself in thanking Mr. Churchill for the invaluable possession which we owe to him." At these words, the young lady came forward. Paul, with the utmost difficulty, commanded himself so far as to suppress an exclamation of surprise and delight. It was his *beautiful Incognita!*

Notwithstanding his best efforts, however, his perturbation could not be entirely concealed from the fair cause, while his heightened color was, in a manner, reflected in the blush which ornamented *her* smooth and polished cheek; nor was it only his evident agitation which induced a responsive tremor in the usually calm and placid demeanor of the lovely Esther; *his* appearance was not entirely strange to *her*—for, sooth to say, woman does not often fail to take note of the impression made by her charms, nor does the silent homage of a look always require the aid of language to render it intelligible. No; there are not many "such dull maids, to whom it must in terms be said," that an eye beaming with genius has fixed upon her beauty its worshipping gaze. Esther had not been blind to the evident admiration shown for her, it seemed, in spite of himself, by an individual of very striking appearance, whom she had met each time she visited the exhibition room; and although the circumstance had quite passed from her mind, the sight of Paul soon brought it back.

Mr. Bingham, however, entirely unconscious of the mysterious acquaintanceship already existing between his daughter and his young friend, and being neither surprised nor embarrassed, immediately introduced some topic of conversation which he thought Paul likely to be acquainted with, and in the kindest manner endeavored to make him feel himself at home. Just as Paul was beginning to control himself a little, Mrs. Bingham left the room; and Mr. Bingham, who probably had been waiting for this opportunity, now making some excuse to send his daughter out also, immediately began to explain to him, why the picture, "a most desirable possession to any one, on account of the genius it displayed, was to him so great a treasure. It chanced," he said, "to be a most striking likeness of a beloved child, Esther's only sister, who, although resembling her closely in feature and outline, differed entirely in coloring and expression. She was taken from us," he continued, with a deep sigh, "and time having somewhat softened the grief which was at first so stunning in its effects, it has been subject of great regret in our diminished circle, that no copy remained of the lovely and beloved creature besides that imprinted on our sorrowing hearts. Esther, who is an enthusiastic admirer of your charming art, and no contemptible proficient herself, has made several attempts, but her trembling hand was not equal to the task; and however faithfully memory called up the wished for resemblance, she never could satisfy herself in the execution. It was, too, evidently a very painful effort; and even while I most ardently desired this mute representation of the one whose cheerful voice once made such music to my poor doting heart, I yet felt it proper to dissuade my remaining treasure from this injurious tax upon her delicate and depressed feelings. Your picture struck me accidentally in passing the shop where it was placed, and, on taking it home with me, my wife

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and daughter both bestowed on it the same unqualified approbation; alternately weeping and rejoicing over it;—but," continued Mr. Bingham, "the more I think of it, the more am I surprised, that without ever having seen my dear lost one, your pencil, my dear sir, should have portrayed her looks with such admirable precision."

Fortunately for our embarrassed hero, before he could be expected to make any answer, the ladies returned to the drawing-room, the conversation was of course changed, and after awhile dinner was announced.

Whether Paul, being somewhat of a genius, and therefore subject, as might be supposed, to its whims and vagaries, was so unlucky as to possess that particular "antipathy to seeing a woman *eat*," which is said to have disturbed Lord Byron's domestic peace, cannot be exactly ascertained; but it may be imagined, that either he was happily insensible on this point, or else that the charming Esther displayed some peculiar grace in going through this ceremony so necessary to frail mortality, inasmuch as although he sate opposite her at the table, and even assisted in furnishing her plate with the terrestrial compound whereby her seemingly angelic form was to be sustained during the day, the closest observer could not, we believe, have detected any diminution in the admiration which showed itself at every turn in his tell-tale eye; nor could it be said that any admissible opportunity was lost by him of drinking in the sweet looks and almost sweeter words, with which his lovely vis-à-vis fanned the flame that had so long smouldered in his breast. We will not, however, undertake to deny that this and such like opportunities of association, may in course of time have been in a manner the means of putting our enthusiastic adorer so much at his ease with the object of his idolatry, as to enable him to give utterance to the feelings he had once thought it absolute madness to entertain. And what may be considered still more surprising, we have it from good authority, that she, instead of resenting this extraordinary liberty, so far put aside her dignity as to admit the possibility of her being rather gratified by his presumption; nay, it *is* whispered, and as subsequent events proved, correctly, that she one day suffered herself to be surprised into a hesitating, somewhat incoherent avowal that her own gentle and loving heart, being no longer in her possession, she would have no very decided objection to accept of his, which she farther hinted, she might at some future time come to consider quite a sufficient substitute. Our hero had made his way into Esther's good graces, by the straightest and smoothest of roads, her family affection; the memory of her beloved sister seemed entwined with their first introduction to each other—every courteous word she spoke to him, a tribute of that beloved one. And although the unspoken admiration which, as we have said, was not entirely unobserved by her some time before, might have had some share in the smile with which she first received his embarrassed salutation—the tear which stole down her lovely cheek as they together examined and dwelt upon the several beauties of the precious picture, had its source in a far deeper as well as holier feeling; a feeling which, while it made her tenfold more attractive in the eyes of her entranced admirer, at the same time declared her softened heart ready for a deep impression. And when she listened to Paul's history of the train of feeling that had conjured up the lovely image before them; when he breathed into her ear a detail of the struggle he had so long maintained with himself, and told her how the ardent admiration inspired by herself had guided his pencil, how the deep respect which mingled with that admiration had led him so to fashion his work as to give it the form most attractive to her heart, she gave herself up to the sweet thought that destiny itself had possessed him of the master-key to her affections, and that the companion of her childhood smiled on the new bond.

The fortunate picture met with many admirers; Paul's time no longer seemed the useless, unprofitable possession he had once thought it: and while he eagerly seized every opportunity of listening to the silver tones of his mistress' voice, and drinking inspiration from her kindling eye, all his other hours were not merely spent in idle exultation over his happiness, but were made to give a strict account of themselves.

Mrs. Churchill no longer felt it incumbent on her to keep silence, nor did Paul now shake his head when she pre-

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dicted good fortune to him: and although the gratified mother could not refrain from teazing her son a little by reminding him that he had once protested against making any farther advances to the fair sex, than the endeavoring to represent them on canvass, yet (seeing he had become of late particularly placable) she made up for these jokes by declaring, as she affectionately kissed her new daughter, that she "had no idea how selfish a part she was acting, when she had urged her son to marry."

LEVERETT.

[The following poem is a description of the residence of the writer in the little village of Leverett, Ms.]

AN EPISTLE FROM A LADY IN THE COUNTRY TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Listen, for an idle hour,
To the Lady of the Bower;
Telling, in poetic vein,
All about her own domain.

Figure to yourself a scene
Where a valley, rich and green,
Separates the neighbor bases
Of two sister mountain faces,
That ascend by easy slopes
To their gently rounded tops.

Shelter'd by the lofty cover,
While the tempest blowing over,
Spends above its wrath and power,
Mark the Lady's quiet bower.

Ten or twenty paces from it,
Flowing from the mountain summit,
Full of water to the brim,
Mark the pretty little stream;
Grass-embosom'd—crystal-wav'd,
O'er its bottom, pebble-pav'd,
Rushing onward rapidly,
And, with sleepy lullaby,
Murmuring at midnight hour
To the Lady of the Bower;
As she stands toward the basement,
Leaning from her open casement,
Shaking loose each flowing tress,
And the folds of her night-dress
Unrestrained by belt or buckle,
To inhale the odorous breath,
As it rises from beneath,
Of the fragrant Honeysuckle,
Jessamine of snowy cup,
And the spicy Heliotrope;
While upon the neighboring hill,
Moans the plaintive Whip-poor-will,
Answering, with hollow cry,
To the brook that gurgles by.

O'er the meadow's verdant sides,
Which the little brook divides,
Like a silver riband seen,
On a robe of richest green,
In the blaze of Hyperion,
Flaunts the golden Dandelion;

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And beside him the Crowfoot
Putteth on her purple suit;
While, profusely scatter'd over
The whole meadow, the White Clover,
To the Lady of the Bower,
Of them all the dearest flower,
Makes it look, for all the world,
As if there, at random hurl'd,
In a fit of wild vagary,
By some merry-making Fairy,
Showers of great white pearls had been
Rain'd upon a carpet green.

Higher on the slope are set
Banks of blooming violet,
Banks of nature's own invention,
Banks that never knew suspension,
Drinking in with open mouth,
The soft airs of the sweet South;
And upon the rich deposits,
Stor'd within their little closets,
Discounting to every guest,
Without asking interest,
Or endorsement of his faith,
Breezes full of balmy breath.

In the valley, planted near,
Fruitful orchards next appear,
With their branches fresh and bright,
Late with apple blossoms white.

Here, along the level plains,
Wind the quiet, shady lanes;
While upon the mountain heads
Far and wide the forest spreads,
With its timber straight or bending,
And its colors gaily blending,
Stretching, in its broad expanse,
Very nearly to the manse.
Shelter'd in its deep retreats,
Here the stranger gladly meets,
Now and then, a quiet nook,
Having a kind of home look,
Tapestried with many a flower,
Where the Lady of the Bower
Loves in cool repose to lie,
When the Sun is riding high;
Or within the dark enclosure
Looketh on in still composure,
While the Empress of the night
Sendeth rays of silver light
Through the narrow lattices
Of the intertwining trees,
As if seeking to discover
Traces of her sleeping lover.

If at some auspicious tide,
After roaming far and wide,
Happily the distant Friend
Hitherward his course should bend,
Here in quiet *tête-à-tête*
We would canvass Church and State,
Themes that have perplex'd our betters,—
Themes discussed in many letters:

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Whether Paradise be found
At the centre, under-ground,
Over-head, above the skies,
Or alone in lovers' eyes :—
Whether Angels have six wings,
Sky-tinctur'd, as Milton sings,—
Or, as Indian poets write,
Travel upon rays of light :—
Whether Love, in Plato's fashion,
Be, in fact, a real passion ;
Or, like Hamlet's honied words,
A mere springe to catch young birds :—
On sweet Poesy, perforce,
We should hold a large discourse,
And, perhaps, might put on trial
Transcendentals and the Dial :
Upon this and such high matter,
Long and gaily would we chatter,
Till the live-long summer day
Wore insensibly away ;
Till the Friend might half forget
Whether he had voted yet ;
And the Lady scarce remember
What was worn the last December.

SHE THOUGHT OF HIM TOO DEEPLY.

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

She thought of him too deeply, she thought of him too well,
And could not break the thraldom which chained her with a spell.
Oh, love has voiceless dreamings the soul may never speak,
Which make the proud lips tremble, and pale the changing cheek.

'Twas then her words were measured, in cold and distant tone,
When all within was whispering, " she lived for him alone."
Alas, why did he linger ? His hand it was not free,
It was pledged unto another, in a land beyond the sea.

But thrilling were the wishes he murmured in her ear
In the shadow of the twilight, when he alone was near.
Sweet words ! sweet hopes ! sweet tokens ! and must ye be, at last,
But things for future bitterness, and tears for joy then past ?

Then she bid him seek that other, and not to heed her fate,
Like a dream, the past would vanish in the mansions of the great.
What—what, to him the anguish which made those fond eyes dim,
There were others there far brighter to turn with love on him.

And would he then forget her, must other scenes efface
From his heart, and from his memory, her home—and ev'ry trace
Of what they felt together, when the moonlight o'er them shone,
While tremblingly, yet trustingly, her hand lay in his own ?

The hour had come to sever, he did not dare to dwell
On the grief of that pale face in the moment of farewell.
One low faint sob was bursting from the lips he bent to press—
Ah ! better death had sealed them, ere they met that last caress !

And her life was one stern sorrow—yet her steps with others went,
But little did she heed them, when lovers round her bent ;
One deep, one constant feeling, pursued her to the last,
And dimmed earth's sweetest blessing—the dream of what was past.

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A FESTIVAL, A TOURNAMENT, AND A JUBILEE.

The recent festival to the memory of Burns, the great poet of the people in the highest and best sense of universal humanity, celebrated upon the spot which gave him birth, from the spirit in which it was undertaken, from the character of the people who were participants in it, and from the sympathy of all who read the English tongue, deserves to find an echo far beyond the great numbers even who sent up no feeble representation of the voice of posterity in the acclamations from his native Ayrshire and by the side of his humble cot. Honor then to Burns! Let the full-orbed sound expand upon the listening ear, as it is caught by a nation of freemen and rings far away beyond the Alleghanies. Honor to Burns! It is seemly that the Democratic Review should seize this or any other occasion to utter a few heartfelt words in praise of the clear-spoken, eloquent peasant, who has left upon record in words not to be gainsayed, in demonstration more striking than ever fell from the pen of the philosopher or the life of statesman, the great truth, that there is a heart in the people, the rude, toil-worn people, to love and be loved. In Robert Burns spoke out the voice of man. There was no accidental glitter of station, no trickery of literary artifices, to divert him from the simple voice of genius speaking from the soul. We feel, as we read or listen, that his words are the words of an oracle, and despise all the measurement of scholars and critics.

"Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire,
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

There is an incidental proof of Burns's humanity—of the strong feeling of personality, of the simple passion under which he wrote. His birth-place of Ayr looked off upon the sea, which, on that exposed shore, must often present much of its peculiar grandeur. Yet there is scarcely an image in all Burns's poetry drawn from the sea. It certainly is not familiar to us in his songs which spring from within. Now, an inferior writer would have availed himself of the remarkable objects around him, and commenced by somehow appropriating Ailsa Craig, or any other distinguished monument. But Burns, true to his genius, wrote from the heart outward. His songs are never deficient in illustration, but the heart selects for him; and, passing by mere material grandeur, chooses "Bonnie Doon," a humble brook, or the banks and braes, sacred to his Highland Mary, because he loves them. But the genius of Burns is a never-ending theme.

There were peculiar circumstances, too, in this celebration, which must have brought the occasion home with peculiar force to the people of Scotland. It was something more than the heartfelt utterance of the voice of posterity to the great poet. It was a solemn act of justice, a recognition of the debt due the man, rendered to the persons of his children, before his personal memory and the long train of associations held by his own generation and their sons had passed away into tradition. It was the tribute, as beautifully stated by the chairman, the Earl of Eglinton, of admiring and *repentant* Scotland, the last meeting of old and tearful men and of the sons of Burns's contemporaries, who came to ask absolution from those of his blood, the poet's sons, for the neglect of his own generation. There sat the three sons of the poet, now themselves in years and retiring from the business of life, while thousands came before them in succession and doffed the hat and bent the head in recognition, not so much of the author as of the person, the blood and reflected image of the man, Robert Burns.

It was a celebration, too, not of the nobility or the literary men of the country, but of the people of Scotland who assembled, it is said, to the number of fifty thousand. Lord Eglinton and Professor Wilson indeed presided, but they were accompanied by few of their own class. The leading authors invit-

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ed were too old or too far away to be present, and the nobility were drawn off to a neighboring cattle show. We do not regret their absence. The nobility might indeed have conferred honor upon themselves; they could add nothing to the memory of Burns. The authors might have bestowed a new grace upon the ceremonies with their nicely chosen words and subtle compliments, but the fact was greater than anything to be said of it Wordsworth was indeed already there, in the fresh ardor his poems dedicated to Burns—nay, to those very sons now living—must have, at some time, inspired many with, who were present; and Campbell, though lately dead, still lived in song on the lips of the poet's admirers; and our own Halleck, though far away, was present, too, in his sympathy with the Wild Rose of Alloway.

"His is that language of the heart,
  In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought word that bids the warm tear start,
  Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
  The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
  In cold or sunny clime."

Truly and nobly sang Wordsworth.

"Well might I mourn that HE was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as nature's own,
  It showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
  On humble truth."

Here was that throne set up in the hearts of men, "the posthumous, the finer incense."

The people gathered from all sides, crowding the familiar spots consecrated by the poet's genius, which has studded the whole district with monuments to his memory. The brigs of Ayr acted a conspicuous part in the procession, and were as lively and social as in the poet's lifetime, when they indulged in the celebrated Amabœan altercations. The 'drowsy dungeon clock,' and 'Wallace tower,' bore friendly testimony to the hour. The bell of roofless old Alloway once more shook in its aged head like a prattler of the past of matters more ghostly than the poet's story, for it was of the dim vanishing form of the poet himself. Doon, forgetful of old fears and terrors, put on a gay arch of green, and the humble clay cot, the first nestling place of the Mavis of Scotland, was smothered in garlands.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!

Fusiliers, bag-pipers, free masons, crispins, weavers, ancient foresters with arrows, proceeded to the air, of 'A man's a man for a' that.'

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

When they reached the fields in the neighborhood of the monuments, they were diverted by a well acted chase of Tam o' Shanter, and passed the time in dancing while the rest of the company assembled in a pavilion constructed for the occasion, to feast and listen to the speeches of Lord Eglinton and Christopher North. The remarks of the former were very happy.

"The Chairman then rose amidst the most enthusiastic applause. He said,—Ladies and gentlemen, the subject of the toast which I am now going to bring before you, is one of such paramount importance on this occasion, and is so deeply interesting, not only to those whom I now have the honor to address, but to all whom genius is dear, that I could have wished it committed to more worthy hands; more particularly when I see the enormous assemblage collected here—the distinguished persons who grace our board to-day. (Cheers.) It is only because I conceive that my official position renders me the most formal and fitting, though most inefficient, mouth-piece of the inhabitants of this county—(Hear, hear, and cheers)—that I have ventured to introduce myself before you on this occasion, and to undertake the onerous, though gratifying duty of proposing in such an assemblage the thrilling toast—'The Memory of Burns.' (Great applause. The company rising to testify their approbation by the waving of handkerchiefs.) This is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement; it is not a banquet

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at which a certain number of toasts printed on paper are to be proposed and responded to, which to-day marks our preparations; it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honor to their countryman; it is the spontaneous offering of a nation's feelings towards the illustrious dead, and added to this the desire to extend a hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. (Tremendous applause.) Here, on the very spot where he first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk of Alloway, which his verse has immortalised, beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to him—(great applause)—we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage to the man of genius. (Loud cheers.) The master-mind who has sung the 'Isle of Palms'—who has revelled in the immortal 'Noctes'—who has already done that justice to the memory of the bard, which a brother poet can alone do—Christopher himself is here—(great applause)—anxious to pay his tribute of admiration to a kindred spirit. The historian who has depicted the most eventful period of the French empire, the glorious triumphs of Wellington, is here—(cheers)—Clio, as it were, offering up a garland to Erato. (Loud cheers.) The distinguished head of the Scottish Bar is here—(cheers)—in short, every town and every district; every class, and every sex, and every age, has come forward to pay homage to their poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast is to belong to the Land of Burns, are here. (Cheers.) The bonny lasses whom he so praised, those whom he loved and sung, are here; they have followed hither to justify, by their loveliness, the Poet's worth (great applause); while the descendant of those who dwelt in the 'Castle of Montgomerie,' feels himself only too highly honored in being permitted to propose the memory of him who then wandered there unknown on the banks of Fail. (Loud cheering.) How little could the pious old man who dwelt in yonder cottage—with his 'lyart haffets' o'erspreading his venerable brow—when he read the 'big ha' bible,' could have guessed that the infant prattling on his knee was to be the pride of his nation—the chief among the poetic band—was to be one of the brightest planets that glow around the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon—(cheers)—in knowledge and originality—second to none in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the genuine perception of the beauties of nature; and equal to any who revel in the fairy land of poesy. (Cheers.) Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own!—that no other spot can claim to be the birth-place of our Homer except the spot on which we stand. (Cheers.) Oh! that he could have foreseen the futurity of fame created for him this day, when the poet and the historian, the peer and the peasant, vie with each other in paying the tribute of their admiration to the humble but mighty genius of him whom we hail as the first of Scottish Poets. (Cheers.) Such a foresight might have alleviated the dreary hours of his sojourn at Mossgiel—might have lightened the dark days of his pilgrimage on earth. (Cheers.) Well does he deserve our homage who has portrayed the 'Cottar's Saturday Night'—not in strains of inconsiderate mirth, but in solemnity and truth—who breathed the patriotic words that tell of the glories of our Wallace, immortalising alike the poet and the hero; he who could draw inspiration from the humble daisy, breathed forth the heroic words of 'The Song of Death,'—strains, the incarnation of poetry and love, and yet of the bitterest shafts of satire and ridicule!—obeying but the hand of nature, despising all the rules of art, yet trampling over the very rules he set at naught. (Loud cheers.) At his name every Scottish heart beats high. He has become a household word alike in the palace and the cottage. Of whom should we be proud—to whom should we pay homage, if not to our own immortal Burns. (Cheers.) But I feel I am detaining you too long in the presence of a Wilson and an Alison. (Cries of 'no, no,' and applause.) In such a presence as these, I feel that I am not a fit person to dilate upon the genius of Burns. I am but an admirer like yourselves. There are others present, who are brother poets, kindred geniuses—men who, like Burns, have created a glorious immortality to themselves—to them will I commit the agreeable task of more fully displaying before you, decked out with their eloquence, the excellence of the poet and the genius of the man, and to extend and welcome his sons to the land of their father—(cheers)—and I will now ask you, in their presence, on the ground his genius has rendered sacred—on the 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon'—to join with me in drinking one overflowing bumper, and in joining to it every expression of enthusiasm which you can, to 'The Memory of Burns.' The toast was received with the most rapturous and enthusiastic bursts of applause."

John Wilson followed, and if there were any man living who had a right to speak on the occasion it was he.

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He has devoted his best literary talents, with the ripeness of many years, to the illustration of the character of Burns. He has brought to the books in which he has recorded his impressions, the sum of the experience of a joyful youth, a poetic manhood spent hand in hand with nature, who has unlocked for him the most secret recesses of her treasure-house of wood, mountains and lake; and not less familiar with the best and most intellectual of the last prolific age, he has brought the humor and undying enthusiasm of Christopher North, and the richly freighted eloquence of Professor Wilson. His manly form was the delight of thousands as he thus introduced the toast "Welcome to the sons of Burns."

"Were this festival to commemorate the genius of Burns, and it were asked what need is there of such commemoration, since his fame is co-extensive with the literature of our land, and inherent in every soul, I would answer that though admiration of the poet be indeed unbounded as the world, yet we, as compatriots to whom it is more especially dear, rejoice to see that universal sentiment concentrated in the voice of a great assembly of his own people—that we rejoice to meet in thousands to honor him who has delighted each single one of us all at his own hearth. (Loud cheers.) But this commemoration expresses, too, if not a profounder, yet a more tender sentiment; for it is to welcome his sons to the land which their father illustrated—to indulge our national pride in a great name, while, at the same time, we gratify in full breasts the most pious of affections. (Cheers.) It was customary, you know, in former times, to crown great poets. No such ovation honored our bard: yet he, too, tasted of human applause—he enjoyed its delights, and he knew the trials that attend it. Which, think you, would he have preferred? Such a celebration as this in his lifetime, or fifty years after his death? I cannot doubt that he would have preferred the posthumous, because the finer incense. I would not even in the presence of his sons pass altogether over the father's faults. But surely they are not to be elaborately dwelt upon in this place, and upon an occasion like this. It is consolatory to see how the faults of those whom the people honor, grow fainter and more faint in the national memory, while their virtues grow brighter and still more bright; and if in this, injustice has been done them—and who shall dare to deny that cruellest injustice was once done to Burns—the succeeding generations become more and more charitable to the dead, and desire to repair the wrong by some profounder homage. Truly said, 'the good which men do lives after them.' All that is ethereal in their being alone seems to survive; and, therefore, all our cherished memories of our best men, and Burns was among our best, ought to be invested with all consistent excellences; for far better do their virtues instruct us by the love which they inspire, than ever could their vices admonish us. Burns, who, while sorely oppressed in his own generous breast by the worst of anxieties—the anxiety of providing the means of subsistence to those of his own household and his own hearth—was, notwithstanding, no less faithful to that sacred gift with which by heaven he had been endowed. (Applause.) Obedient to the holy inspiration, he ever sought it purely in the paths of poverty—to love which is indeed from heaven. From his inexhaustible fancy, warmed by the sunshine of his heart, even in the thickest gloom, he strewed along the weary ways of the world flowers so beautiful, that even to eyes that weep—that are familiar with tears—they looked as if they were flowers dropped from heaven. Among mighty benefactors to mankind, who will deny that Robert Burns is entitled to a high place? He who reconciled poverty to its lot, who lightened the burden of care, made toil charmed with its very task-work, and almost reconciled grief to the grave; who, by one immortal song, has sanctified for ever the poor man's cot, and by a picture which genius alone, inspired by piety, could have conceived, a picture so tender and yet so true of that happy night, that it seems to pass, by some sweet transition, from the working world into that hallowed day of God's appointment, and made to breathe a heavenly calm—a holy serenity. Now, I hold that such sentiments as these which I have expressed, if they be true, afford a justification at once of the character of Burns—his moral and intellectual character—that places him beyond the possibility of detraction, amongst the highest order of human beings who have benefited their race by the expression of noble sentiment and glorious thoughts. The people of Scotland loved their great poet. They loved him because he loved his own order, nor ever desired, for a single hour, to quit it. They loved him because he loved the very humblest condition of humanity, so much, that by his connection he saw more truly,

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and became more distinctly acquainted with what was truly good, and imbued with a spirit of love in the soul of a man. They loved him for that which he had sometimes been, most absurdly, questioned for—his independence. They loved him for bringing sunshine into dark places; not for representing the poor, hard-working man as an object of pity—but for showing that there was something more than is dreamed of in the world's philosophy among the tillers of the soil, and the humblest children of the land."

In such proceedings, the day to the memory of Burns closed; but it will be long before the recollection of that day perishes. The small remnant of the last generation, the whole of the present, with many of their children, who were then assembled, must first be gathered to their graves.

The name of Lord Eglinton, associated with this festival, recalls to our recollection the Tournament held by the same nobleman in the neighborhood of the very district in which these honors were celebrated. The reminiscence suggests a profitable comparison.

We had the good fortune to be in the highlands of Scotland, at the season of the Tournament, in 1839, and we well remember the first wondering discussion of its coming splendors we listened to between a young Scotchman and a travelling Cockney, in the chimney corney of the pleasant inn, near Loch Katrine. From that time the wonder grew; and when we reached Glasgow, the shop windows were gay with ribbons and tartans, feathers and Glengarry bonnets. The day before the fête, the steamer to Ardrossan and Ayr had not an unfilled corner, and fancy costume, "according to the request of Lord Eglinton," was worn by various ambitious youths and some persons of maturer age, whose appearance did not so well disclose the motive. At Ayr, the whole town was already filled, and parties kept coming in mail-coaches and arrivals of all sorts to the chief inn, calling lustily for pots of ale and chops of mutton, and converting the most unemployed and obsequious of waiters into the most impudent of varlets. In one day the whole region was revolutionised by the admission of thousands of travellers into this quiet district, any one of whom, on any other occasion, would have been a god-send to a landlord. There were many odd sights to be seen before the affair was through. Men, of sixteen stone, arrayed in kilts and tartan, fat members of the toxophilite society, with bows and arrows, ladies and gentlemen of dainty foot, supplicating at the door of laborers' cottages for admittance, and substantial citizens, fresh from the counter and the cattle markets, devouring pages of Ivanhoe between their mutton and porter, to be *au fait* with the proceedings of the morrow. It was something similar to the Dickens' festivities in New York, where the mercantile and professional respectability, men of stability and stamina, the great props of the city, were practising blubbering over little Nell, and the most exemplary members of society were getting loud in their praises of Dick Swiveller. Well, there was nothing to be ashamed of in all this excitement, with all its folly; and, under similar circumstances, give us a Scott or Dickens to celebrate, it would be the wisest thing in the world to make fools of ourselves again.

Nature opened her sunbeams in a most tempting web the morning of the Tournament, to catch men and women, and lords and ladies, by thousands, at Eglinton. They all went. From Ayr, Ardrossan, Saltcoats, Troon, Kilwinning and Irvine, they poured in. The avenue to the castle was gay with prancing horses and equipage; the people in carriages were all stiffness and dignity, and the people on foot all jest and laughter. Exhilarated by the morning and the crowd, nature and human life never seemed happier, when suddenly we came upon a number of the most diseased and loathsome cripples, who had been placed along the road, in the way of the crowd, to extort money from the passers-by. The sudden contrast of this naked, undraped physical wretchedness, brought out against the general joy and hilarity, sent a chill through the blood. It was the death's head brought, *for the first time*, into the banquet. The immediate sensation was surprise or dread; the next, anger, almost contempt, for the utter degradation and loss of self-respect, that would permit the veriest cripple, the least part of a man, to mar the pleasure of all that company. It was like dropping poison into the well-head of a spring in the front of that fair day. Alas! that it was only common life. There floated

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the banner on the castle, and here sat Lazarus, "full of sores."

But no single thought could keep one long in such a scene. We hurried through the open gates of the Park, and the well kept grounds, to the castle, and near by, on a pleasant, level space, the Pavilion and lists. No arrangement in ancient times could well have been more picturesque. At a little distance to the right rose the tower of the castle, piercing the trees with the armorial flag floating at the summit; vistas of English park scenery opened around in full summer foliage; the variegated tents half seen below the trees, or spread upon the lawn, closed the two extremities of the tilting ground, while the light, slender, Gothic pavilion, ornamented with the coronation gilding from London, decked with ladies in white and officers in red, filled the central piece of a holiday world. We saw the still life show of a Tournament. For the rest, imagine the worst of disappointments, a great party feasting, and a falling chandelier suddenly pulverized among the broken relics of the table, and the guests; or an imaginary thunder cloud, in a well filled theatre, becoming real. The scene was waggishly parodied that night by the Marquis of Waterford, in front of his lodgings at Irvine. He had drawn away the crowd from the menagerie on exhibition by a liberal largess of red hot coppers, which he humorously showered from a second story window; and when he had collected a gaping audience for a speech he seized pitchers of water, and leaning over the company, poured down their contents, telling them to "take that!" It was Nature's freak that day, or rather her daily business-like performance on the West coast of Scotland, where it rains five days out of six the year round. The company were already assembled in the pavilion, and an effort was to be made. It held up. The procession got under way, and it rained again. Still the procession went on. Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty, in a carriage with her maids of honor, who were to have walked by the side of her palfrey; the Marquis of Londonderry, King of the Tournament, on horseback, a living anachronism, carrying an umbrella; the bagpipers of Athol blowing vigorously, each with a rain drop at the tip of his nose, and bleached legs of gentlemen Highlanders, appealing to the very stones for pity. The Queen of Beauty reached the pavilion, and was greeted with a cheer from those who had eyes fish-like enough for that watery medium to witness her arrival. There was a poking and a slipping, and the breaking of a half sawed lance, and the flight began. This was the warlike part of the day. The retreat of the ten thousand!

It was our lot that night to sleep under the roof of a Chartist, and Nail-maker and a member of the Temperance society, who had been drenched that day at the Tournament. He took desperate refuge by his gas-light in his newspaper, and vented his indignation against his brother Chartists, who had been entrapped into Lord Eglinton's service, at three shillings a-piece as special constables, though entered on the programme as Men-at-arms. He was very mysterious and politic, as the reader of a newspaper should be, and began by the round assertion that the Eglinton Tournament was not at all what it appeared on the surface. It was one of two things, either a conspiracy of the government to crowd in half the kingdom, and represent the district as full of employment (as well they might), or Lord Eglinton was short of cash, and was making a desperate cast for an heiress. Though apparently unmoved by the pageantry of the day, his chartism and disrelish of the Tournament did not prevent him from so far entering into the spirit of the thing as to charge us fifteen shillings for our lodgment on the segment of a bed, something less than Sowerberry's allotment to Oliver Twist of a coffin. Such was the spirit of the festival to Burns, the ALL HAIL HEREAFTER, as it is characterized by the London Illustrated News, and such the lame and impotent conclusion of the Eglinton Tournament. But verily the noble Lord has redeemed his character. He brought the farce before the tragedy; for with its grotesque humors and merry incidents, the one was as very a farce as ever Reeve or Buckstone enacted; the other as solemn yet joyful a tragedy as the themes of Death and Immortality can inspire.

Before parting with our subject, we would say a word of the general spirit of these and similar festivities. They are to be encouraged at due times and

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on well deserved occasions. We should be sorry to see all the enthusiasm of the nation venting itself in camp meetings and politics; we should be equally sorry to see literary festivals as common as barbecues and mass meetings—lest we should witness Mrs. Leo Hunter pic-nics or chowders in honor of Snodgrass. No! these are honors for the immortals. The first we remember of any note was the Shaksperian Jubilee, conducted at Stratford on Avon, by Garrick, who worked hard on this occasion, and left behind him a great reputation in the town guide-book. The affair seems to have gone off well with the eclat of "thirty cannon (sixteen of them thirty-two pounders), twelve cohorns and some mortars, and an immense quantity of fireworks and variegated lamps." There was a pavillion and great doings at the Town Hall, on the part of the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses. Doctor Arne conducted his oratorio of Judith, and a whole troop of poets, with Garrick at their head, made a Shakspere Garland. Mr. Garrick recited his own ode, which was pronounced at the time to be the best and most vigorous of all his stage performances. A few elegant stanzas deserve to survive:

"Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspeare would dream;
The fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

"The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

"Here youth shall be famed for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallowed the turf is that pillowed his head!

"Flow on, silver Avon! in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallowed which pillowed his head!"

Heaven forbid the last invocation, for England would be deluged!

There was a masquerade also held, at which Boswell appeared with "pistols in his belt and a musket at his back," lettered in front "Paoli," and hence acquired the sobriquet of "Corsica Boswell." He regrets very much to Dr. Johnson, in the Life, that the latter was not present. George Selwyn was there, but there is no account of the visit in his published Correspondence. There was to have been also a procession of Shaksperian characters, but this, as usual in England, was put an end to by a rainy day.

There has been a recent Scott fancy ball in London (to step over a wide interval, with the privilege of a magazinist) for the purpose of completing the monument in Edinburgh—and it was a very suitable and successful affair.

The Berkshire Festival brings us to our own land. We wait with impatience for the official account of the proceedings. The parts were well cast, with a due proportion of jest and seriousness. There was a capital literary as well as edible purveyance. With the roast beef and *pièces de resistance* of historical and religious services, and the graceful confectionary of Holmes, there were all the delicacies the time could afford.

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THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT.*

These volumes open a way for themselves, by a dedication full of womanly tenderness, and a preface modest and just in explanation of the grounds of the Poet's endeavor, and generous in the sympathy with which it reaches toward America, and draws it to the writer's heart. "My love and admiration have belonged to the great American people," these are memorable words on the lips of Elizabeth Barrett, "as long as I have felt proud of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as I have loved poetry itself." America is not marble nor stone that she should be insensible to a good will so earnest and true! She will sit down to the reading of these poems, in a mood answering to the poet's, and she will rise up to bless her for the force, the truth, the love, the spiritual solaces, and exaltations of which they are the inspirer and expounder. She will begin with Miss Barrett, far back, in the dim origin of mankind, and hand in hand with her, will bear her company down from that sad drama of exile—Oh, blest and bitter are its memories!—to a wakeful interest in factory children, and the moaning cry of the heart that beats in the bosom of this forty-fourth vexed year of the nineteenth century—

> "O brave poets keep back nothing!"

This "Drama of Exile," individual in plan and conception, obedient to a unity, and speaking a language of its own, with the lyrical, descriptive, and dramatic forces all in unison, leaves in the true reader's mind a complete and harmonious impression.

Adam and Eve, at the gate of Eden, are wrapped in a cloud of desolation, and swept out upon the wilderness: the cloud is about them from first to last, their tabernacle, their shrine, their oracular lodgment and look-out. The tone of the work, a high, perhaps the highest test, is unbroken from end to end: and vindicates the originality of the poet, and protects her from any suspicion of borrowing from predecessors. There is in each event a new world, to each mind that in sincerity and the pure spirit of an unmarred nature, looks upon it: to each child of Adam, that Fall in the Garden, and that mournful going forth has a new, a peculiar significance. To Miss Barrett it pleads from a depth of plaintive melancholy, of lonely gloom, which breaks the great heart of humanity in pieces as a little child's, and suggests spiritual histories of the intercourse of angels, and Nature, and Christ, and God; with the desolate but never-abandoned soul of man. It puts for her, the whole universe of the Mysterious in motion, and teaches in a profound analogy how Adam and Eve, and they, Gabriel and Lucifer, and spirits of the earth, and spirits of Eden, of organic and inorganic nature, and infant voices and poet voices, and voices of revel, and the morning star and the zodiacal powers, discoursed with one another ere the outstretched hand shattered their harmony, and left them to be silent for many and many an age. She calls up the great Angel of Sin to stand in the foreground

> "A monumental melancholy gloom
> Seen down all ages; whence to mark despair,
> And measure out the distances from good!"

And around this central pillar spin, so to speak, all the powers of nature in tribulation, and appeal against the wrong which has jarred Adam out of the smooth, golden circuit he was keeping in harmony with them. They tell him what he was, and what he is not, and what he is to be. The awe and the strife, and the perplexity born of his woful error, anticipate their day, and come to him in one shape and another, direct from the heart of things, without disguise, and with no stammering utterance. The Morning Star sings to Lucifer, and there is consola-

* A Drama of Exile, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, Author of "The Seraphim," etc. *New York: H. G. Langley.* 1844.

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tion here, such truth and tenderness, that he fades away and utterly vanishes, as he needs must, as it proceeds.

"Henceforward human eyes of lovers be
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
With tears between the looks raised up to
me.
Ai, ai!
When, having wept all night, at break of
day,
Above the folded hills they shall survey
My light, a little trembling, in the grey.
Ai, ai!
And, gazing on me, such shall compre-
hend,
Through all my piteous pomp at morn or
even,
And melancholy leaning out of Heaven,
That love, their own divine, may change
or end,
That love may close in loss!
Ai, ai, Heosphoros!"

But further on, these sad exiles passing out from underneath this cheerful effulgence, come upon a wild open country, seen vaguely in the approaching night: the first night outside of Eden, the first night of an interminable line shooting on, onward through the time to come, and binding the ages together as with their gloomy links. An awful night—that first of all!

"*Adam.* How doth the wide and me-
lancholy earth
Gather her hills around us, grey and
ghast,
And stare with blank significance of loss
Right in our faces! Is the wind up?
Eve. Nay.
Adam. And yet the cedars and the
junipers
Rock slowly through the mist, without a
noise;
And shapes, which have no certainty of
shape,
Drift duskly in and out between the
pines,
And loom along the edges of the hills,
And lie flat, curdling in the open
ground—
Shadows without a body, which contract
And lengthen as we gaze on them.
Eve. O Life
Which is not man's nor angel's! What
is this?
Adam. No cause for fear. The circle
of God's life
Contains all life beside.
Eve. I think the earth
Is crazed with curse, and wanders from
the sense
Of those first laws affixed to form and
space
Or ever she knew sin!
Adam. We will not fear:
We were brave sinning.
Eve. Yea, I plucked the fruit
With eyes upturned to Heaven, and see-
ing there
Our god-thrones, as the tempter said—
not GOD.
My heart, which beat then, sinks. The
sun hath sunk
Out of sight with our Eden.
Adam. Night is near.
Eve. And God's curse, nearest. Let
us travel back,
And stand within the sword-glare till we
die;
Believing it is better to meet death
Than suffer desolation.
Adam. Nay, beloved!
We must not pluck death from the
Maker's hand,
As erst we plucked the apple: we must
wait
Until He gives death, as He gave us life;
Nor murmur faintly o'er the primal gift,
Because we spoilt its sweetness with our
sin.
Eve. Ah, ah! Dost thou discern what
I behold?
Adam. I see all. How the spirits in
thine eyes,
From their dilated orbits, bound before
To meet the spectral Dread!
Eve. I am afraid—
Ah, ah! The twilight bristles wild with
shapes
Of intermittent motion, aspect vague
And mystic bearings, which o'ercreep the
earth,
Keeping slow time with horrors in the
blood.
How near they reach . . . and far! how
grey they move—
Treading upon the darkness without
feet,—
And fluttering on the darkness without
wings!
Some run like dogs, with noses to the
ground;
Some keep one path, like sheep; some
rock like trees;
Some glide like a fallen leaf; and some
flow on,
Copious as rivers.
Adam. Some spring up like fire—
And some coil . . .
Eve. Ah, ah! Dost thou pause to say
Like what?—coil like the serpent when
he fell
From all the emerald splendor of his
height,
And writhed,—and could not climb
against the curse,

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Not a ring's length. I am afraid—afraid—
I think it is God's will to make me afraid;
Permitting THESE to haunt us in the place
Of His beloved angels—gone from us,
Because we are not pure."

And so we might wander on, it seems, for ever, through a boundless variety of hill and dale, in these early spiritual experiences and fortunes of that grey father of mankind, and that poor mournful mother. With what quickness and truth these sad convictions of loss and realizings of sorrow, come and go in the soul of Adam and Eve—how they rise and fall, with the motions acquired from a first wrong done first in the pure world by them, who knows not that has followed them so lately through these pages, where we have quoted it all, that no one might want proof or test to judge us by as we passed along, speaking as we have of this noble Drama of Exile? The poet, we may only add, has not failed to show the true catholicity in which she has considered the fortunes of the race, and that our own new, free land, was in her heart even at Eden gate, as partaking of the promises and chances of the Fall. Is there not something of this true, wide, great land, in words like these—when the spirits of the earth tell Adam how the world shall take its soul from him?

"Alp and torrent shall inherit
Your significance of will:
With the grandeur of your spirit,
Shall our broad Savannahs fill—
In our winds your exultations shall be springing.
Even your parlance which inveigles,
By our rudeness, shall be won:
Hearts poetic in our eagles shall beat up against the sun,
And pour downward in articulate clear singing.

Your bold speeches, our Behemoth,
With his thunderous jaw, shall wield!
Your high fancies shall our Mammoth
Breathe sublimely up the shield
Of St. Michael, at God's throne, who waits to speed him
Till the Heaven's smooth-grooved thunder
Spinning back shall leave them clear;
And the angels, smiling wonder,
With dropt looks from sphere to sphere,
Shall cry, 'Ho! ye heirs of Adam! ye exceed him!'"

Next, in these volumes we come upon sonnets, in which resolution is wisely expressed or determined on by the writer for her own sake: or Grief is moralised: or Irreparableness: Comfort: Work: with a good lesson, read once or twice from a scripture text: or a word spoken, as the sonnet allows, to a brother or sister that may be profited.

George Sand (would that there were no unwomanly associations with that man's name!) is not without the spell of this small, charmed round.

"Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man,
Self-called George Sand! whose soul, amid the lions
Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance,
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can:
I would some mild miraculous thunder ran
Above the applauded circus, in appliance
Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,—
Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,
From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place
With holier light! That thou to woman's claim,
And man's, might join beside the angel's grace
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame;
Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace,
To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame."

Her sonnets are compact, direct, generally clear and just, and worthy to be classed with the best of the best writers. Passing through sonnet-land we arrive at a region more peculiarly Miss Barrett's as we knew her before the present collection appeared. The 'Romaunt of the Page' and the 'Lay of the Brown Rosary' are ballads: not in the antique spirit exactly, but ballad subjects raised from the ground of common flesh-and-blood into an atmosphere, refined, slightly mystical, and, according to a general bias of Miss Barrett's mind, subjective in the handling. Of the three poems of this character the Romaunt of the Page has the advantage of a certain old chivalresque relish: the Lay of the Brown Rosary, Tennysonian somewhat in the treatment: and Lady Geraldine's Courtship the freshness of contemporary interest: with a reference or two like this to the

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author of 'Paracelsus,' after allusion to 'Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted Idyl,' 'Howitt's ballad-dew' and 'Tennyson's enchanted reverie,'

> 'from Browning some Pomegranate which if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity!'

Concluding the volume are also two lesser poems, one of which, 'The Mournful Mother,' is a fine lamentation over her dead Blind Boy, with a certain strength and agony, even, of feeling—tempered always with a color of hope and love—which we shall find illustrated in later poems. Proof enough that though oftenest raised to the rapture of spirituality and the unseen, this true poet has a heart that beats as vividly and passionately, when sufficiently prompted, as Homer or Dante.

And we shall see that in her second volume, upon which we now enter, she is found more frequently dealing with realities and the accepted emotions, or rather with certain phases of ordinary emotion (for Miss Barrett will always have her way), than heretofore. A 'Vision of the Poets,' for with this it begins—to be seen by us at the prompting of a poet, to have her for guide, and to feel all along that we are in truth breathing an element of genuine magic and wonder! We will not tarry on the threshold of the Vision, but hurry to where the sight we most desire to see is made known to us—only pausing for a moment to take notice that we are in a building where we observe

> "The arches, like a giant's bow,
> To bend and slacken—and below
> The nichéd saints to come and go.'

We become instantly conscious of 'a strange company around' and lo! we are in the mighty presence!

> "Deathful their faces were; and yet
> The power of life was in them set—
> Never forgot, nor to forget.
>
> Sublime significance of mouth,
> Dilated nostril full of youth,
> And forehead royal with the truth.
>
> These faces were not multiplied
> Beyond your count, but side by side
> Did front the altar, glorified;
>
> Still as a vision, yet exprest
> Full as an action—look and geste
> Of buried saint, in risen rest!
>
> The poet knew them. Faint and dim
> His spirit seemed to sink in him,
> Then, like a dolphin, change and swim
>
> The current—These were poets true
> Who died for Beauty, as martyrs do
> For Truth—the ends being scarcely two.
>
> God's prophets of the Beautiful
> These poets were—of iron rule,
> The rugged cilix, serge of wool.
>
> Here, Homer, with the broad suspense
> Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
> Of garrulous god-innocence.
>
> There, Shakspeare! on whose forehead climb
> The crowns o' the world! Oh, eyes sublime—
> With tears and laughters for all time!
>
> Here, Æschylus,—the women swooned
> To see so awful when he frowned
> As the gods did,—he standeth crowned.
>
> Euripides, with close and mild
> Scholastic lips,—that could be wild,
> And laugh or sob out like a child
>
> Right in the classes. Sophocles,
> With that king's look which down the trees,
> Followed the dark effigies
>
> Of the lost Theban! Hesiod old,
> Who somewhat blind, and deaf and cold,
> Cared most for gods and bulls! and bold
>
> Electric Pindar, quick as fear,
> With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear,
> Slant startled eyes that seem to hear
>
> The chariot rounding the last goal,
> To hurtle past it in his soul!
> And Sappho crowned with aureole
>
> Of ebon curls on calmed brows—
> O poet-woman! none forgoes
> The leap attaining the repose!
>
> Theocritus, with glittering locks,
> Dropt sideway, as betwixt the rocks
> He watched the visionary flocks!
>
> And Aristophanes! who took
> The world with mirth, and laughter-struck
> The hollow caves of Thought and woke
>
> The infinite echoes hid in each.
> And Virgil! shade of Mantuan beech
> Did help the shade of bay to reach.

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And knit around his forehead high!—
For his gods wore less majesty
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly,

Lucretius—nobler than his mood!
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said 'No God,'

Finding no bottom! he denied
Divinely the Divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber-side,

By grace of God! his face is stern,
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he could not learn.

And Ossian, dimly seen or guessed!
Once counted greater than the rest,
When mountain-winds blew out his vest.

And Spenser drooped his dreaming head
(With languid sleep-smile you had said
From his own verse engendered)

On Ariosto's, till they ran
Their locks in one!—The Italian
Shot nimbler heat of bolder man

From his fine lids. And Dante stern
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
For wine and milk poured out in turn.

Hard-souled Alfieri; and fancy-willed
Boiardo,—who with laughters filled
The pauses of the jostled shield.

And Berni, with a hand stretched out
To sleek that storm! And not without
The wreath he died in, and the doubt

He died by, Tasso! bard and lover,
Whose visions were too thin to cover
The face of a false woman over.

And soft Racine,—and grave Corneille—
The orator of rhymes, whose wail
Scarce shook his purple! And Petrarch pale,

Who from his brainlit heart hath thrown
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each perfumed with the name of One.

And Camoens, with that look he had,
Compelling India's Genius sad
From the wave through the Lusiad,

With murmurs of a purple ocean
Indrawn in vibrative emotion
Along the verse! And while devotion

In his wild eyes fantastic shone
Between the bright curls blown upon
By airs celestial, . . Calderon!

And bold De Vega,—who breathed quick
Song after song, till death's old trick
Put pause to life and rhetoric.

And Goethe—with that reaching eye
His soul reached out from, far and high,
And fell from inner entity.

And Schiller, with heroic front
Worthy of Plutarch's kiss upon 't—
Too large for wreath of modern wont.

And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine—
That mark upon his lip is wine.

Here Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim!
The shapes of suns and stars did swim
Like clouds from them, and granted him

God for sole vision! Cowley, there,
Whose active fancy debonaire
Drew straws like amber—foul to fair.

Drayton and Browne,—with smiles they drew
From outward Nature to renew
From their own inward nature true.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben—
Whose fire-heart sowed our furrows, when
The world was worthy of such men.

And Burns, with pungent passionings
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs
Are of the fire-mount's issuings.

And Shelley, in his white ideal,
All statue-blind; and Keats, the real
Adonis, with the hymeneal

Fresh vernal buds half sunk between
His youthful curls, kissed straight and sheen
In his Rome-grave, by Venus queen.

And poor, proud Byron—sad as grave
And salt as life! forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

And visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, with cadence up the Blue.

These poets faced (and other more)
The lighted altar booming o'er,
The clouds of incense dim and hoar:

And all their faces in the lull
Of natural things, looked wonderful
With life and death and deathless rule!

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All still as stone, and yet intense;
As if by spirit's vehemence
That stone were carved, and not by sense.

All still and calm as statue-stone!
The life lay coiled unforgone
Up in the awful eyes alone,

And flung its length out through the air
Into whatever eyes should dare
To front them—Awful shapes and fair!

But where the heart of each should beat,
There seemed a wound instead of it,
From whence the blood dropped to their feet,

Drop after drop—dropped heavily,
As century follows century
Into deep eternity."

We have quoted this at length: have been anxious to lose not a word of it: as one of the finest pieces of criticism in the language; or rather of delicate critical and poetical sympathy—where subtle and comprehensive learning are made to look unpedantic, and poetical description is reinforced by a 'learned spirit of dealing.' These, ye poets of this new world, are the shrines to look to—these the men that have the true gift of tongues—and this the spirit in which great things are reverenced and striven for.

In all that roll there is no small name, no petty tinkler's glory made much of; and enskied under these, how should the spirit grow, and seek to make itself at home among grand and beautiful and enduring conceptions. The philosophy and illustration by which this admirable passage is introduced and succeeded are excellent—full of subtle suggestions and fine analogies, and a consciousness of a right to speak on the part of the author. Then, with another of the ballads, 'the Rhyme of the Duchess of May,' striking, and effective and characteristic—we come upon a little piece of an altogether different spirit—the management of which shows how great individuality of power in the poet may overmaster the plainest and commonest material.

"THE LADY'S YES.*

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!
Colors, seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No!*

Call me false, or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you!*

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore."

Passing by two or three minor poems, each good in its kind, we hear "The Cry of the Children," a noble and stirring supplication, rising from the very depths of the poet's soul, to every other true soul in the realm, and in the world. It is known throughout America, and we only dwell upon it, to mark the pathetic truth in the career of the little overworked factory-child, that the morning comes at last, for come it must, when

"From the sleep wherein she lieth, none will waken her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day,'"

and that other passage, terrible and Dantesque to us, where

* It is to the credit of MR. GRAHAM'S Magazine at Philadelphia, where this poem originally appeared, that it was the first to publish in this country an original production of Miss Barrett's; and that from time to time others of her writings have been by that means widely circulated through the United States.

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"All day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

and sustained as well in what ensues.

'Crowned and Wedded,' and 'Crowned and Buried,' are counterparts to each other, the one being a graceful rendering of passages in the life of Victoria I., and the other a powerful commentary on the career of Napoleon; each of which is entitled to the praise of originality in subjects not easily treated with freshness and spirit. There are many lines in these worth quoting; emphatic and picturesque.

Then a charming little copy of verses to the Poet's Dog Flush, the gift of her 'dear and admired friend' (whose dear and admired friend, in a wider sense, is she not) 'Miss Mitford.' It is a happiness to know that Flush has not yet attained the age of baldness; we know he has not that of gravity, for the poet prompts him with an assurance,

"Leap!—thy broad tail waves a light,
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
Canopied in fringes.
Leap—those tasselled ears of thine
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
Down their golden inches."

Then we have—hark again! "The Cry of the Human," to class with "The Cry of the Children;" fearful and earnest, and full of power, and known as widely as that. "Bertha in the Lane," pastoral, tender, and well wrought out, but perhaps not one of the best. "The Wine of Cyprus," spirited and energetic; and other minor poems, closing, characteristically, with "The Dead Pan," in answer to a poem of Schiller's, in which Miss Barrett, of course, adopts the more thoroughly devotional view of the legend, and plants herself, as is her custom, on the ground of highest spirituality and refinement. These concluding poems are mostly written in the manner of pieces which occur earlier in the volumes; have her usual characteristics, and sustain the collection to the end.

And now that we have arrived at a point where we seem called upon to say something of the sum of Miss Barrett's powers, and of her rank in the literature in whose language she writes: we find her in possession of a spirit of profound devotion to her art, reverent of its great masters; skilled in the appliances which do not make poetry, but without which no poetry can be made, and wielding these successfully through a varied tract of different styles, topics, and measures. She is individual, distinct, and peculiar in what she does, and separated from every other poet of the day by leading characteristics. In aid of this, which is the spirit of her labors, we find her in command of a rhythm as well as a rhyme peculiar to herself: frequently employed, and almost always with success. Its singularity lying, perhaps, after all, in the extreme subtilty of her power of association, in right of which she is accustomed to take a wide circuit in the opening, and to come in from a great distance to conclude her measure in some altogether unexpected form. To this should be added, that she relies greatly on an understood fund of learning in her reader; and taxes him, close and frequent, for whatever resources of nice analogy and far-off allusion he may be master. Her appeal is oftener to the mind than to the eye; she describes things by their essence, and not by color. Her landscapes are in the mind projected outward: not drawn close to the mind from without. But in the midst of this powerful tendency of her intellect, we think we discover a process of concentration and objectivity going on, by which the external world is acquiring value in her eyes, from its relations to the world of the unseen. Whatever she writes, is supported by a profound religious feeling—taking most frequently the guise of a certain spirituality of the imagination—sometimes obvious, sometimes concealed—but always there. And she is always true and magnanimous in dealing with the great qualities

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of human nature, and will not blind her regard, for any reason, to what is excellent and praise-worthy, wherever it lies.

An eminent quality of her character we take to be truth, and the love of truth. It is not this, altogether, that has made her a poet; but it is this that gives her poems force and value. She will not be false to her convictions for the sake of a fine image; nor will she fail to speak her mind, though it bring her upon a bad rhyme. It must not be understood from this that there is anything like hardness, or want of passion in her writings: they are full of passion, but passion of a peculiar kind: the passion of a peculiar nature, subtly moved to show itself, and in a subtle utterance. It is her noblest praise that she belongs in spirit and purpose, to the great school of writers whose praise she has so well spoken. Her affections are true and generous; and should Heaven grant her more of that life which is dealt to her, as we know, so feebly now; lead her forth once more into the green fields, and allow her once more to stand under its blue shelter, out of the disquietude and pain and short-coming that attend on the lonely house—we know not what we might not promise her and ourselves of good and beautiful and true. But why do we seem to repine when Heaven perchance (no doubt it has!) has measured to her and to us its fairest measure, letting fall grain by grain, with a golden cadence, where it might have spread into discord and nothingness. It is enough for us to know that here is a true advance on former endeavors; and that enough has already been done to give our friend and benefactor a high rank, the very highest, among English women who have helped to speed our English tongue throughout the world!

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Death never came so nigh to me before,
Nor showed me his mild face: Oft I had mused
Of calm and peace and deep forgetfulness,
Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart at rest,
And slumber sound beneath a flowery turf,
Of faults forgotten, and an inner place
Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends;
But these were idle fancies, satisfied
With the mere husk of this great Mystery,
And dwelling in the outward shows of things.
Heaven is not mounted to on wings of dreams,
Nor doth the unthankful happiness of youth
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to bloom,
With earth's warm patch of sunshine well content:
'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love,
But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the smile of God.
With every anguish of our earthly past
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.

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Life is the jailor. Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.
He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest,—
Only the fallen spirit knocks at that,—
But to benigner regions beckons us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil.

In the hushed chamber, sitting by the dead,
It grates on us to hear the flood of life
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.
The bee hums on; around the blossomed vine
Whirrs the light humming-bird: the cricket chirps;
The locust's shrill alarum stings the ear;
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from farm to farm,
His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
Answer, till far away the joyance dies;
We never knew before how God had filled
The summer air with happy living sounds;
All round us seems an overplus of life,
And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.
It is most strange, when the great Miracle
Hath for our sakes been done; when we have had
Our inwardest experience of God,
When with his presence still the room expands,
And is awed after him, that naught is changed,
That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,
And the mad world still dances heedless on
After its butterflies, and gives no sigh.
'Tis hard at first to see it all aright;
In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back
Her scattered troop; yet, through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.

How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy child's!
He bends above *thy* cradle now, or holds
His warning finger out to be thy guide;
Thou art the nursling now; he watches thee
Slow learning, one by one, the secret things
Which are to him used sights of every day;
He smiles to see thy wondering glances con
The grass and pebbles of the spirit-world,
To thee miraculous; and he will teach
Thy knees their due observances of prayer.

Children are God's apostles, day by day,
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace;
Nor hath thy babe his mission left undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath given
Serener thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friend, and all: and oh, if Death
More near approaches, meditates, and clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,
God, strengthen thou my faith, that I may see
That 'tis thine angel who, with loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine
Doth waken thy beloved with a kiss!

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 3d. 1844.

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A LETTER TO FARMER ISSACHAR.

"Issachar is an ass, bowed down between two burdens."

FRIEND ISSACHAR: I find in your letters to me lately a good deal of complaint of hard times; and I have heard the same sort of language from some of your neighbors, who have come to see me here. I think you have some reason to complain; for the existing state of things is contrived expressly to put one burden upon you when you buy, and another when you sell. Everything you want to buy is advanced in price, everything you have to sell is reduced. Three years ago, a barrel of flour would sell for five dollars; and five dollars would buy you eighty yards of sixpenny muslin; but now the flour goes for four dollars and the muslin is up to ninepence; so you only get about forty-three yards, instead of eighty. This process, many times repeated, makes the deficiency you complain of at the end of the year. It has been a part of your employment to turn flour, beef, pork, cheese, lard, hay, corn, and oats, into woollens, calicoes, salt, sugar, molasses, and iron or iron instruments; and the employment of your representatives in Congress has been, to confine your markets, and make all these exchanges disadvantageous for you. They are now employed, these men and their accomplices, in endeavoring to persuade you that this loss is to be a benefit to you; and that it has always been the great object of the laws in question to raise you up a home market, which is to be better than the foreign markets they cut off. Indeed, they go further occasionally, and assert that you do not, or need not, lose the foreign market by these laws; they say that you are cut off from foreign markets by the legislation of foreign nations, and that our laws are merely retaliatory. They say that free trade ought to be reciprocal; and argue in effect, that if foreigners are fools enough to destroy one half of it, we are wise to destroy the other half. Foreign nations refuse to take certain commodities; we wish to sell to them; therefore, say these restrictionists in effect, let us cut off their means of paying us for what they are still willing to take. When men argue thus, it is because they have a sinister interest to advance; it is not Truth, nor the public good they are seeking; but private, personal, or party objects. Commerce is the vital principle which God himself has breathed into human society, at once to animate and unite it. As he has established heat in one part of our globe, and cold in another, that wholesome winds may blow to and fro, and noxious vapors be scattered; so he has created demands here, and supplies there, that wholesome intercourse might dissipate hatreds and prejudices, and good will grow up out of mutual benefits. Commerce is the great antagonist of war, and supersedes it exactly in proportion as the world grows wiser and more civilized. And France and Russia at this moment, the two nations of the earth which are most besotted with the restriction system, are at the same time those who are most mad for military glory; the two most dangerous armed bullies of the European continent. In France, the tariff doctrine originated near two centuries ago, under the conquering coxcomb, Louis XIV. He wished his kingdom to be "independent of foreign nations," in other words, independent of the blessings of peace, that he might more freely follow out by war, his schemes of self-aggrandizement. Russia acts now from the same feeling; but in France the nonsense which has descended from Louis XIV., is perpetuated by Louis Philippe, for another reason, as well as for the old one. He himself, one of the richest men in the world, is a great owner of forests, coal and iron mines; and the price of fuel and iron must be kept up, because it enriches the king. Many a poor creature dies in consequence every winter, of disease produced by cold, or of actual freezing. England is at hand with coal plenty; but they must not touch it; and a poor wood fire in the city of Paris, costs the wages of a poor mechanic's work.

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England is growing wiser; there the system is to a great extent cast off; but lords and rich men, and great land owners have still power enough to tax your flour, though that power will soon be taken from them. Grain and flour, and tobacco, are still heavily taxed, but all our other productions, with the sole exception, I believe, of timber, are at moderate revenue rates of duty. Timber is kept too high, but will fall with the fall of the corn laws; tobacco is not protected, but taxed for revenue only. So far indeed is England from protecting tobacco at home, that she does not even permit its growth; and the man who should plant an acre of it, would see it pulled up by a revenue officer, and would besides suffer a heavy fine. But cotton pays one cent a pound duty, rice about the same, pork two cents, beef four, dried fish half a cent, beeswax half a cent, lard half a cent, butter four cents, cheese two cents, and so on. As to manufactured goods, she is liberal enough; cottons and woollens pay ten to fifteen per cent., and made-up clothes and some excepted fine articles, twenty, which is the highest rate. Silk goods, twenty to thirty.

But, my good friend, while you are criticising these rates of duty, and finding fault about grain and flour, you must bear one thing in mind. England makes these laws only for Great Britain and Ireland, some thirty millions of people; but she rules over a hundred millions more in different parts of the world; with many of whom she allows us a free trade, not collecting for herself any revenue from it at all. The various colonies on the coast of Africa, for instance, take large quantities of our produce at duties laid for their own colonial revenues, and which are moderate and fair; indeed, in most cases, very light. And the port of Gibraltar, at the gates of the Mediterranean, is open to our trade free of all duty, a convenience by which we profit largely, and it is kept up for us and for all nations, free of cost, at the expense of Great Britain. But further, and more than this. We may and do carry our wheat to England, grind it there, bake it there into bread, and sell it in their rivers to their ships, going out to sea, free of duty. We cannot enter it for home consumption, except when the home prices are very high; but for export, in any shape, we may keep it there in bond, as long as we please, free of charge; and may supply their own ships, and all other ships in their ports, with their sea provisions, untaxed. Contrast this with our own government, which refuses to allow the duty to be paid back on the coal which a steamer carries out to sea from our ports. Contrast this, and ask yourself, if these restrictionists are sincere when they say they would be satisfied with reciprocity. Why do they not reciprocate this? And why do they reject the German reciprocity treaty? which would triple our trade with thirty millions of population!

But let us look a moment at the effects at home of these endeavors to protect the home market; it is sickening to repeat this nauseous and hypocritical cant; it is sickening to think that the boasted energy of American merchants and gentlemen has descended so low as to use it; that the good old times are past when, in a free land, every man stood up for freedom, and asked a clear field and no favor—for his own talents and enterprise. Protection is the principle of a donkey race, where men expect to win, not more by the exertions of the beasts they ride, than by the pulls at the tail and blows over the face they can contrive to deal to those of their competitors. Protection is the narrow, envious notion of people who think all prosperity not theirs, is so much injury and loss to them; who do not know, or do not believe, that in commercial matters the largest generosity is the truest policy; and restrictions are a stinting of seed corn, which shall surely be rued at harvest home. But it suits their temporary purpose and selfish views to shut out our import trade; to confine us all to the home-market; and now let us proceed to the results.

The Secretary of the Treasury sets some of them before you, in his annual report; he shows you that, in the year ending 30th June, 1843, you sent abroad eight millions of dollars less value of forest and farming products than in the year preceding. What became of all this difference? It remained at home to encumber the home market; and not only this amount, but also all the increase which this country produced in 1842 over its productions in 1841. We exported, in 1841–2, twenty-two millions of dollars of such produce; and

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in 1842–3, we ought naturally to have exported twenty-three, if exports had increased as fast as production does. Nine millions of dollars worth of your commodities were thus kept upon this market in competition with you; for instead of twenty-three, we only exported fourteen. Is it any wonder that a fall of prices was the consequence?

But the case becomes still worse when we consider what has been going on at the South, where we expect naturally our Northern and Western farmers should sell something; and at the East, where they must sell what they can, and where they are hereafter to be forced to buy. The exports of tobacco fell off nearly five millions; and though cotton increased nearly two, yet there is a balance of diminution of three millions and more in the exports of the South. And this diminution falls upon an article for which no new home market has been opened; for if the export of cotton had diminished, it might be said it was the home demand that had taken it up. There is no room for such a pretence about tobacco: there is a clear loss of foreign market for five millions of dollars worth of that article; and to that extent, the tobacco planters are disabled from buying your flour and provisions, and are forcibly put upon raising them for themselves. There is a loss to them and a loss to you; and such a loss as makes a very essential element of the hard times, of which you are at present complaining.

If you look to the Eastern States, you will see the effect which your sufferings produce on that manufacturing class for whose present benefit they are especially inflicted. You will see that, instead of sending abroad nine millions and a half of manufacturing produce, as in 1841–2, we sent in 1842–3 only five and a quarter; and this for the obvious reason that the advance of prices here made it much more profitable to sell you the other four millions than to ship them. The rest of the world was untouched by our tariff, and would not pay that advance of price to which you have been forced to submit. The home market thus obtained the preference, and paid well for it; though the advance of prices since the term of this report of the secretary has been still much greater, and we may look to see in the report to June, 1844, a proportionate effect upon the exports corresponding to the continued derangement of the markets here, to the injury and loss of the farmer, and to the advantage of the manufacturing capitalist and of the holders of factory stock.

Let us see now what effect this overstock of nine millions unsold farming produce ought naturally to produce upon the markets here. It is estimated that the whole annual value of the crops of the United States is about 400 millions, from which a hundred may be deducted for cotton, tobacco, sugar, and rice. There remains 300 millions in articles of Northern produce for consumption and sale; and if we export twenty-three, there will be 277 for home consumption. Now the agricultural population itself is five-sixths of the whole population, and of course must be supposed to consume five-sixths of the whole home consumption. If it therefore consumes five-sixths of 277 millions, there will remain about forty-six millions for the other sixth; and this is the amount which the farmer has for sale to the manufacturer, the merchant, and the rest of the non-agricultural population, provided he exports twenty-three millions. But if you stop this export, you increase this home stock; and we have seen that in the first year of the present tariff such a stoppage of exports, to the extent of nine millions, did take place, and, consequently, the farmers had to sell to the rest of their fellow-citizens fifty-five millions instead of forty-six.

Is it wonderful that his prices were reduced? You are not a fool, friend Issachar, though the tariff argument presumes you one; you know very well that an addition of nearly a quarter to the whole stock on hand in the market, must necessarily bring prices down; and if you did not know this principle, you are made now to feel its truth in the existing state of facts. Fifteen millions of people in these United States are engaged in agriculture; three millions only in all other pursuits, and it is a very large estimate indeed if we suppose that of these three millions one half are engaged in such mechanical or manufacturing pursuits as can derive any encouragement from a tariff. Now this one half of three millions, this million and a half of individuals, supposing them to be so many, must constitute the portion of the home market to which the tariff is to bring an increase, which

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is to compensate the farmer for being cut off from all the markets of the world. For heavy duty on imports is, in fact and in truth, a tax on exports also; and the farmer is just as much cut off from the markets of England by a tariff here of fifty or a hundred per cent. on coal and iron and salt, as he would be if we put the tariff at once upon the exportation of beef and corn and flour. Perhaps you do not immediately apprehend this; many persons do not; but I will proceed to make it indisputably clear to you. And if I succeed in doing this, I wish you to come back to these figures, and to observe, that as the farmers and planters are fifteen millions and the manufacturers at the very utmost only a million and a half, the proportion is at best one manufacturer to every ten farmers and planters. And the proposition to raise up a home market for our surplus produce that ought to be exported is, in fact, a proposal to enable this one manufacturer to absorb the whole surplus of these ten farmers and planters; to raise the prices of his productions and reduce the prices of theirs, until everything they can possibly dispense with shall pass into his hands without competition, for whatever he thinks fit to give them. Such is the narrow and selfish design, but such will not be exactly the effect. I shall consider by and by of the ultimate tendencies of the existing state of things, but just now I return to my proposition, that a tax on imports is also a tax on exports in its results, and this I shall proceed to prove.

Nobody will deny that the tariff checks and diminishes importation, and whoever admits that it does so, will see that consequently ships coming to America from countries whose productions cannot afford our duties, must find a deficiency in freights. A person residing at Cadiz therefore, and desiring to send hither a vessel to bring back a cargo of our flour, finds that he cannot as formerly obtain a freight by sending us a cargo of salt; and as the market for Spanish wines here is overstocked, he is obliged to send his vessel out empty, and thus the expense of his voyage, *hither and back*, must be all paid by the flour, instead of being divided, as heretofore it might have been, between the flour and salt. He calculates, therefore, the price he can afford to give for our flour under this disadvantage; and he does not send his vessel till flour falls low enough here to enable him to put a double freight upon it and still get a profit in Spain. A man in England makes the same calculation; there was a time when a vessel coming hither from England could obtain plentiful freights of many articles now in effect prohibited. Coal, iron, salt, woollen and cotton manufactures, and thousands of other products of that workshop of nations, were offered on all hands; but now none. Some fine articles not yet sufficiently protected are still sent; but the bulky ones which used to pay the freights are excluded; and the number of ships that come hitherward nearly or quite empty is so great that their freights are brought down to a song.—The thing is now notorious and is understood on all hands, and whoever now desires to ship cotton, or oil, or flour, or anything else from here to an European port, must pay a freight outward sufficient to defray the additional expense of bringing home an empty ship. In other words, he must pay double freight by reason of our oppressive tariff. And it is a notorious fact any time these two years, that freights from this country to Europe are at pretty high rates, while those from Europe hither are merely nominal: so that some of our great Liverpool packet ships have been known to come home with less than five hundred dollars freight; and the same thing has happened in the Havre line. These vessels, however, make so much money by passengers, that they will always keep going with such freights as they can get; and to the two ports of Liverpool and Havre, the freights both ways are kept at moderate rates by this circumstance. At this moment also, the packets are getting a harvest of home freights, by the momentary flood of the finer articles of foreign manufacture, which are entrusted almost only to packets, for the greater safety of those superior ships. But to the outports, and for ordinary vessels, the heavy freights homeward of old times are not to be had; and this is the matter which concerns you, as I am about to explain;—It is a fair calculation to put down average freights under the present state of things, from all ports in the United States to all ports in Europe, at a dollar and a quarter a

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barrel for flour, and a dollar and a half for provisions, beef, pork, &c. The return freights now earned do not exceed a quarter of the out freights, or in other words, of every five dollars earned by the vessel, out and home, the outward freight pays four. It ought to pay only two and a half; three-eighths of the whole outward freight is a tax put on your exports by our existing tariff.

A good, safe, and fast vessel, cannot make one of these voyages for less than the rates I have set down, say $1,56 for each flour barrel of her stowage out and home. But the coal, the iron, the salt, and the hemp which used to make heavy cargoes homeward, are all in effect prohibited. They cannot come here; and the few things that are offered to ships ready to come off empty, are reduced by competition to freights almost null. Therefore, the ship owner puts on to your flour what he ought to be allowed to obtain from the foreign articles; three-eighths at least of our now average freights, is a tax on exports, laid on by the present tariff. It is thus that the present tariff taxes the export of flour forty-seven cents a barrel, beef and pork fifty-six, and cotton, tobacco, rice, corn, oats, hay and timber in proportion, the bulky and less valuable articles paying always the most oppressive rates. Now some of these things depend entirely on the rates of freight for the possibility, in certain cases, of being exported. When freights to France are very low, hay goes there from New York; the packet ships have often taken it to fill up. But the tariff is a direct prohibition on this exportation of hay. Cotton, I suppose, pays five per cent. export duty, tobacco eight, flour fifteen or twenty, oats and corn fifty, hay and timber, a hundred. The merchant collects these duties and calls them freight, but you pay them, friend Issachar, or else, if you will not, your produce remains here, burdening that home market whose plentifulness already sits so heavy on your soul. The reduction of your prices is the tribute you pay, through the generosity of your representatives in Congress, to the pampered aristocracy of the cotton jenny. And as you are in for tribute, you must go on and pay more, not only by the inevitable increase hereafter of this very item of freight; but by the operation of other causes which I can point out to you, when I have disposed more definitely of this one. It is certain our shipping must decrease; and I have shown you why this ought to be expected theoretically, and as an inference from the existing state of freights. But experience and statistics confirm this inference; the records of the past show that heavy tariffs have always reduced our shipping; and enable us even to calculate the extent of injury to be expected in this quarter. Our foreign tonnage diminished under the effects of the tariffs of 1816, 1824 and 1828 by over 250,000 tons, and the coasting tonnage which ought to have increased under "*protection to American Industry*," actually lost 104,000 tons in the six years from 1824 to 1830. But when the effects of the compromise act, reducing duties and stimulating trade, began to make themselves felt, the American tonnage engaged in foreign trade, increased from 576,000 in 1831, to 900,000 tons in 1840—and the coasting tonnage doubled itself and something more; standing in 1840 at 1,281,000 tons. Of this amount, it has lost ten per cent. already since the blight of protection has been shed upon it again!

It is reasonable, from these circumstances, to suppose, that the foreign tonnage will fall back to where it stood in 1830, making a diminution of 325,000 tons. The domestic, having already lost near half that amount, may be set down for as much more, eventually, at least, say 650,000 tons of American shipping cut off by protection and vanished from the face of the waters. Now one hundred tons of shipping will employ on the average, five men in navigation, and at least five more in building, repairing and various contingent duties, all full of benefit to "American industry," and demanding large quantities of American hemp, tar, timber, and sundries to an amount not easy to calculate. But we can easily calculate the demands of the navigator, for it is a familiar matter to the merchant, that the maintenance of a ship's company in service, costs eight dollars per month per man, all told, from captain to cabin boy. For 650,000 tons of shipping, there will be 32,500 men required, and at eight dollars a month, they will require $260,000 per month to maintain them. The whole

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of this maintenance for the coasters, and two-thirds for the foreign trade, will be purchased in our own ports; thus creating a demand for the produce of the farmer to the extent of over $200,000 a month. Two millions and a half of dollars a year that used to be paid for farmer's produce, is thus struck off; and besides this, all the people who used to build and repair those ships, are now to seek other employment. They also used to buy flour and beef, but the chance is now that one half of them will take to raising them. Here is a pretty little addition to your home market, already overloaded. Nine millions exports cut off! two or three millions shipping demand destroyed! two or three of ship builders' demand gone too! Fourteen or fifteen millions of dollars worth, out of the forty-six you have to sell, are become an absolute superfluity; and do you wonder that you are ruined by low prices? and all this is calculated, too, from documents of 1843, while if we had the returns for this year, the case would show still stronger, as it no doubt, a year hence, will be much stronger again.

If you wish to be fully convinced that the sort of protection which our manufacturing lords are affording themselves, is one which benefits them to your injury, you have only to look at their proceedings upon the article of wool. You will see there that the principle they lay down for themselves, and the principles they lay down for you, cannot be reconciled to each other. In taxing the importation of goods which they make, they put the heaviest rates on the coarsest articles, so that a piece of cotton costing six cents the square yard will pay nine cents duty, or one hundred and fifty per cent; while if it costs thirty cents, it pays only thirty per cent. This is *their* dish; now look into yours. The only article imported from abroad that can at all compete with you, is wool, and on wool you are made to believe that you have a protecting duty of thirty per cent. Yes, but coarse wools are excepted; the low priced article which for them is protected by one hundred and fifty per cent, is reduced for you to five, and from ten to twenty millions of pounds of this wool comes in annually at this rate, supplying all the coarse manufactures.

Wool is, I believe, nearly or quite the only exception to the rule of putting protection on most heavily to the cheapest goods; but you must see that if there had been any sincerity in the protectionists, they would have done for the farmer exactly as they did for themselves.

The duties on coarse dry goods of all sorts (except linens, I believe) are from double to ten times as heavy as they are on fine ones; and as our own manufacturers have business enough with the coarse, our whole supply of fine goods must now be imported. Add to this the effect of the great rise of prices here, and you will see the reason why a flood of imports of certain kinds has been poured in upon us lately; but as the heavy and bulky articles are in effect prohibited, these fine goods have only made freights for a few first rate ships, and the general shipping interest of the country has not shared in the benefit at all. The exports, accordingly, have not been favored by any general fall of outward freights, and we see that they bear no due proportion to the imports. At this port of New York this year, we have imported, in eight months, fifty-six millions of dollars value, and only exported twenty-one. A packet ship of a thousand tons cannot carry off more than fifty thousand dollars worth of flour, but she can bring home a million in silk goods, or half a million in fine cottons and such other expensive articles as are now imported from France and England. Thus one ship can bring home as much value as will pay for ten cargoes carried out; and while one packet, being a costly and perfect vessel, commands a full freight of goods, which are only risked in such vessels; a dozen ships fit for coarse and heavy freights, are obliged to come home in ballast. Your outward freights are therefore little benefited by these imports; but when they come to be paid for; when the balance due to Europe for them, which we have not paid in exports, must be regulated with money; then in a general scarcity of money and fall of prices of evething, you will find a new consequence of the theory and practice of protection. The specie of the country will continue to be drained off, the increasing scarcity of money reducing the prices of American produce till they

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fall to a rate at which they can be exported, in spite of all the disadvantages that are thrown in their way. Then freights outward will rise still higher, and foreign markets fall lower; for we shall come upon them suddenly with a rush of heavy quantities of produce at once; which, had it been sent forward gradually and at due times, would have been taken up at fair rates as it arrived; but which now, arriving out of season, must be sacrificed.

In this reaction the manufacturers must have their share. Their goods also must first be reduced in value, and finally rendered nearly unsaleable; their manufacturing companies, increased enormously by the undue and unwise stimulus the tariff has given them, must break in all directions; and the home market you have heard so much of will become utterly unavailable, not for you only, but for them. It is a significant comment upon all this nonsense of a home market to consume all your surplus, that with all the stimulating protection the cotton manufacture has and has had, its proportion of consumption of cotton falls constantly in arrears. Fifteen years ago the cotton manufactures of this country took nearly one-fifth of the cotton crop. Now they take a seventh; the production has increased in a greater ratio than their demand, and from year to year the proportion exported has been regularly greater. If then, this branch, whose consumption of raw material is so very great in proportion to the labor it employs; if this branch of manufacturing industry, rich and prosperous as it is, cannot keep pace with the production of cotton, what are we to think of its consumption of other articles. If cotton gains upon it, what does wheat do? For cotton is an article produced only by slave labor; and slave labor receives no increase but from the natural progress of its population. No slaves are imported to add to the production of cotton; but our agricultural population in the free States has its natural increase, and besides, an immense immigration. The very tariff in question has a tendency to bring us swarms of immigrants, whose occupation at their homes it may break up, and who come here to compete with our farmers. Every great convulsion in society produces a fresh multitude of farmers. Every man thinks he is a born farmer, and if he quits his own profession or industry, whether because he is ruined, or because he is enriched, the first thing he looks for is a farm. If a crisis comes in the money market, and ten thousand people fail, five thousand will be tilling the ground within a year. One half of the traders and firms in all sorts of business, that existed in New York in 1837, have now disappeared from the directory, and it is reasonable to suppose that one half of these missing men who now survive, are in one shape or another at this moment agriculturists. There is every reason to think, therefore, that the general agricultural crops increase faster than the cotton crop; and if the surplus of cotton for export is constantly larger and larger in proportion to home consumption, no doubt can exist that the surplus of wheat is so also, in aggravated ratio. This wheat ought to go to that pauper labor, at which we have heard such savage sneers from the unprincipled organs of tariffism. The pauper laborers; in other words, the poor laborers of Europe; the men who, like our own laboring class, have only the use of their hands in toil to live by; and who, unlike the men of this yet happy land, are restricted to one industry, and deprived of that, must die; these are the people whom it is our boast to deprive of bread. If you had ever seen the population of an European manufacturing town, if you could know how wretched they are, how emaciated with want, how broken-spirited with the daily fear of starvation; and if with these sights before you, you were invited to join in some act to increase those wants, and turn those fears into reality; you would curse the inviter from your side for a tempter and a fiend. God has put the seas between those men and us, with much difference in our conditions; but he has given us means to cross those seas, and ordained commerce for reciprocal benefit, blessing those who give and those who take. Shall we, then, the superior, the richer, the more favored, break off this intercourse because those men are poor? Shall we show ourselves unworthy of our blessings by refusing to share with them, even were it true that by so doing our own share would be diminished? But it is not true; and on the contrary this narrow and hateful doctrine recoils in practice

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with injury on its authors; and not on them only, but on all of us, who suffer, or have suffered them to prevail. I can bear as much in a discussion on politics or political economy, as most men, with reasonable charity for my opponent, and without any disposition to change an argument into a quarrel. But when I hear this cry about pauper labor, I mark the man that utters it—he is certainly a parrot or a caitiff.

The demand from America for European merchandise and manufactures is, indeed, or has been, and ought to be, very large and important. Diminishing this demand here, does indeed distress and impoverish many people there; and the effect is that they emigrate if they can, and come to compete with us in all our branches of industry here. Farming, doubtless, gets most of them; but manufactures also receive accessions; and eventually the grasping monopolist will find he has only succeeded in realizing a transient profit at the expense of a permanent loss. He has shut out the foreign goods; but he has imported the foreigner who made them, and who will continue to make them here. This foreigner, by placing himself inside our boundary, immediately ceases to pay any revenue at all to our government, or any contribution of freight to our ships; and yet, by virtue of the tariff, he sells us his goods for a time, at higher prices than even before. This cannot last; competition must have its effect upon manufactures, and must eventually bring down prices to the lowest level at which they will afford any reasonable profit. Now we know, with regard to almost all the articles we protect, that they can be made here as cheap as anywhere in the world. Very many of our fabrics, before this tariff, were exported in all directions; low priced cottons were even sent to England and paid duty there, and were sold for English consumption. Without protection, prices here now for many such articles would be low enough to allow of exportation; but protection has raised them, and it becomes impossible. The tariff of '42 was passed at a time when the country had been suffering great financial disaster, and was still in a state of exhaustion. Few goods had been made or imported or demanded for a long time; and under the chilling effect of that tariff scarcely any were imported the first year. The market became totally bare: the demand even for the most economical consumption could not be met. Prices advanced, but the foreign supply was cut off, and it required a very large advance to enable that supply to come in and pay duty. The domestic manufacturers had secured a monopoly, but had not provided, and could not provide a supply: and prices have continued to rise until they have brought in the present flood of importations. A re-action is inevitable, injuring you and them, as I have sketched it to you already; an unhealthy violent re-action; but still a step towards an end which the tariffites have always held up to you as good. That end is the ultimate reduction of all prices of manufactured goods to such a level here, that importation, even without the tariff, could not compete with them. In that state of things, when the home production of manufactured goods, like that of wheat and cotton, shall be so great as to exceed all possibility of home consumption, there will no longer be any use for protection. There will no longer be any argument open between farmer and manufacturer, unless, indeed, as is most probable, these last shall insist on keeping the useless restrictions in force, even while admitting they are useless. They do so now, on coarse and heavy cottons, and no instance is known of their admitting that any manufacture was out of its infancy, and independent of foster-mother tariff.

But when this point is reached, what will follow? It will follow in the first place that duties on imports as now established, will no longer yield a revenue. Duties on imports are the best way to raise a revenue on all accounts; but as some out-and-out theorists go for direct taxation exclusively, I will tell you why I think indirect is better. Many are misled by the words,—direct seems democratic—much more so than indirect; but did it ever occur to you that direct taxation gives credit, while indirect gives none? Indirect taxation cuts at once into a given quantity of merchandise and takes out its dues, and then, and not till then, delivers up the rest. Every man who uses that article pays his share and cannot escape; but many escape from direct taxation. Direct taxation begins by declaring you a debtor to the state; you may owe this debt a long

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time. You may put it off, evade it, swear it down, or run away, and escape it altogether, or you may conceal your property, falsify its value, or cheat your creditor in a thousand different ways. These are the evils of credit to the creditor; but, on the other hand, what injustice is often done the debtor! Have we not heard of farms thrown away at auction to raise small sums and great costs; have we not known absentees defrauded by tax sales, widows and orphans oppressed and ruined, to get ten shillings perhaps out of a hundred acres of unproductive or neglected land? The tariff saves us from all this—let us save the tariff; we shall want it long after it has ceased to give a revenue on cotton, coal, iron, sugar or salt. We shall then tax the articles which are now free; the produce of climates with which we cannot compete; and be assured, friend Issachar, that from these and from these only, this nation at last will get a revenue by taxing imports. All manufactured goods now taxed will eventually, whether protected or not, arrive at prices here too low for importation, and the list is not very long of goods which must then take their places and bear the burden. Tea, coffee, some tropical fruits and woods, and some drugs and minerals, are all that occur to me at present; and in case of any emergency requiring revenue, the duties on imports may fall short and the tax-gatherer go his rounds to your door. Is it desirable to hasten this period? to bring it on sooner, through a series of ruinous convulsions, than it must come by a healthy and gradual approach? I think not, and you think so too, my good friend, and every sound man thinks so, whose opinion is not biassed by self-interest, or warped by narrow views and false logic.

I shall not undertake to entertain you, friend Issachar, with any general views of the advantages of freedom and disadvantages of restriction, nor with any details of contingent losses which must fall upon us if we put checks on the outgoings and incomings of the products of all the world in our ports. It is sufficient for me now to have explained to you, that your produce is burdened at this moment with a direct export tax; and in that fact you see a reason why the surplus quantity suffers a fall in the market equal to the amount of that tax; and if the surplus falls in price, the whole must. By checking trade and interchange, we no doubt injure our markets to a much greater extent than the real amount of tax we put on: but this additional injury cannot be stated with precision, and our argument is sufficiently strong if we leave all that out of view altogether. But I must remark to you that corrupt and dishonest governments have, in all ages, had one object in view, and have always held one language in relation to it. They have always sought to restrict the freedom of the people, and have always told them that freedom was not good for them: and that the restrictions were actually intended for their benefit. But I ask you to unite with me, and with the democratic party, in saying to our government that it shall not restrict us at all; that it is not constituted to restrain, nor even to protect us; it is a mere instrument, through which, with our united strength, we will protect ourselves; but not by oppressing each other. The power to suppress one trade, and build up another, is an arrogated power—the seed corn of a harvest of corruption. Men go to Washington to get laws passed, by which individuals make millions; and for such objects it is not to be doubted, but the cajolery which walks openly in our lobbies, has a twin brother of bribery prowling near them in secret. We have suffered Congress to "protect" American manufactures, and it went on in the last tariff so far as to protect pimento. Ten cents a pound upon pimento that cost five; and that line in a tariff made fortunes for men who had stores full of it here imported free. It may have been written accidentally; it may not have been paid for with hard cash, but it is difficult to say why it was put down so, upon any reasonable and honest supposition.

If this power is even admitted, then, to be capable of doing some good, it ought to be abolished for fear of the evil it is sure to do. It leads our legislators into temptation; it turns the heads of our manufacturers, and teaches them that wholesome competition is enmity and injury, and ought to be put down by law. It sets them speculating upon the means of making the govern-

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mental machine subserve their private purposes; and having once entertained this notion, they become anxious to increase the powers of the machine they intend to use. They associate themselves, consequently, with other schemers having similar intentions; one set that want to rule and pillage us with a general bank; another set that would "distribute" our revenues to themselves in dividends on broken stocks; and the whole together make an assault on the checks of the Constitution, that they may have absolute power should they succeed in clubbing to a momentary majority. This is the mass of opponents now banded against Democracy, and waving the banner of Henry Clay, and the only honest and disinterested mass to be found beneath that banner is the remnant of bigoted old Toryism and Federalism, which sincerely believes in a strong government, and seeks to give it all possible powers and independence of responsibility from an inherited disbelief in the people. Such are the elements of Whiggery; the tariff, the black tariff of 1842, is its basis and its gold mine; for bank and distribution just now are bankrupt; and honest old Federalism will not find its thousands for pipe-laying. Such is the noisy army now marching to overpower us; with what hopes let Louisiana tell Maine, and Maine shall tell it back to Louisiana. Let me tell you, in conclusion, some results that will come out of all this.

1. The unholy alliance indicated above will be pulverized by the election in November and for ever dissolved. Three of its elements, Bank, Assumption of State-debts (otherwise called distribution), and the Anti-veto, will never be held up again as political dogmas.

2. The Whig party will never again, nor any great party in this country, attempt to ring in voters with empty noise, like bees with tin kettles. The mighty uproar of 1840, now reduced to a miserable newspaper din of pretended exultation, will die away and never have an echo.

3. Mr. Clay will be the last great candidate for public favor that will cast in his lot with the Protectionists. He is now playing his last card, with a nervous mobility of doctrine, and a restless superabundance of letter writing that mark the approaches of desperation. The experience of the present tariff has taught our great farming interest how to distinguish and reward the man WHO MAKES WAR ON THE PRICE OF FLOUR.

HOPE.

LIKE the glad skylark, who, each early morn,
Springs from her nest among the weeds and flowers,
And whether stormy clouds or bright are born,
Pierces the realm of sunshine and of showers,
And with untiring wing and steady eye,
And never-ceasing song, so loud and sweet,
So full of trusting love, that it is meet
At Heaven's own gate to be uplifted high,
Offers his sacrifice of gratitude;
So hope, the one, the only hope, spreads out
Her wings from the heart's tearful solitude,
Darkened too oft by weeds, quiv'ring about
The cloudlike cares of earth, till sudden strength is given
To dart above them all, and soar with songs to heaven.

Philadelphia. C.

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UNITARIAN PORTRAITS

BY W. A. JONES.

As a mere system, or rather intellectual sect, Unitarianism stands the first of sects in this country. Among its numerous and steadfast adherents in England, it numbers some of the very greatest names in Poesy, Philosophy, Science and Divinity; while in this country, its prominent preachers and advocates are in the first ranks of society, the foremost men of our age, the ablest scholars and finest writers. They have had Channing and Brownson and Webster; and they now have, Dewey, Bancroft, Emerson, Bellows, the Everetts, the Sedgwicks, the Wares, Sparks, Palfrey, Furness, and many more of the first class. They write the best histories, the best review articles, that approach so closely the high European standard and which they sometimes equal; they deliver the best sermons, lectures and addresses. They are our most accurate men of research, our most thorough political as well as moral philosophers. They are not without their mystics and spiritualists, modern Platonists, nay Swedenborgians.

Their congregations are composed chiefly of the better class, as to wealth and intelligence; men of sense; men of reflection. It is a sect of scholars, thinkers and moral reformers. Learning and argument are necessary to enable them to preserve anything like union; to maintain their very existence, as an independent society. This has always been the case. The wise are ever, unfortunately for the rest of the world, in a minority. They are forced to make head against a strong current of popular prejudice, for the people can never become Unitarian. Hence, from a want of intellectual sympathy, results a great evil; the lack of moral sympathy. It is an exclusive sect; and here lies its greatest weakness, as it appears to us; it is not a religion for the ignorant and poor. You will see in their churches, very few of the wretched and miserable. It is too refined a theory for them; simplified as it may be, to the scholar! The congregations consist, generally, of well-dressed, well-behaved, well-to-do men of the world, and men of business. All-complacency sits there, alas! too often, side by side, with all-coldness!

But whatever be the defects of Unitarianism as a creed, we cannot help conceeding great talent and accomplished scholarship to the most distinguished promulgators of it. Indeed, as a body, as we have frequently before declared, the Unitarian clergy forms unquestionably the most intellectual class or order of men we have. We know this is sometimes disputed; the merit, genius and acquisitions of these sectaries (as the orthodox may pronounce them), are often underrated and most unjustly disparaged. For this reason we have collected together a few pen and ink portraits of a few leading Unitarians; who alone would give a character to any church, system, society or sect. We have selected Dewey, as the representative of the pulpit; Bancroft, the American historian; Emerson, the leading philosophic writer; Brownson, the political philosopher; and Edward Everett, the man of accomplishment and elegant orator.

The Rev. Orville Dewey is at the head of the Unitarian denomination in this city. His fame is not confined to it, however; for he has, by his writings, gained a very considerable general reputation. He has a great name in all New-England, from his native county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, to the city of Boston. He is spoken of with respect in England. But in his city congregation, Dr. Dewey is esteemed superior even to Channing. He has distinguished himself in the pulpit by his works, and as a lecturer. He is a leader in the path of social reform, as well as a teacher of moral duty. Who has written so pertinently on the topics of a city life—of beggars, to artizans, on labor, on art? To whom are we indebted for so many useful suggestions and illustrations in the conduct of life? What public instructor has handled the wide range of minor moralities so successfully? Mr. Bellows is rising rapidly into an almost merited rivalry. He is

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a young man of a very comprehensive understanding and considerable fancy; of great reach of thought, and freedom of style. These two gentlemen are the only settled clergymen of the Unitarian persuasion in this city.

Dewey is the ablest popular philosophical lecturer of our time. Others may have a more easy narrative style, may gossip more pleasantly, reason more cogently, speculate more profoundly, or imagine with greater intenseness. But no man teaches more agreeably, makes more out of a hackneyed subject, or unites more pleasantly the various separate excellences of others. Still he has defects; and to begin with them (which implies to end very soon), Dewey is not a man of an original, or a very deep intellect; that is, he rarely originates anything. In setting an old subject in a' new light, in imparting an air, at least, of novelty to trite topics, he is certainly original. But he never places a new subject in a new light, nor, indeed, in any light whatever. We may say of him, he has no quality of newness in him. Truth to him is dear, and truth is at once as old as creation, and as fresh as the cheek of childhood. Dewey is eminently skilful as a translator or expositor of other men's views. His illustrations, his refinements, his deductions, are entirely his own. As a lecturer, Dewey makes more abundant use of foreign materials; helps himself, unscrupulously, to whatever he finds in Carlyle or Guizot, or any writer of their stamp, suitable to his present purpose. He stands between these high intellects and the audience. He is their interpreter. With what tact, however, does he select, combine, methodise, and extract; how nice his distinctions; what point, what pithiness of sense! These are his own. Nor are his solemn declamation and thoughtful sentiment less borrowed. They are as individual as his peculiar traits of character and temper.

As a writer of sermons and moral discourses, Dewey is perhaps a little too elaborate, with an occasional tinge of affectation. He is scrupulously accurate and neat. But the fault of his books is the merit of his pulpit discourses. His style is a spoken style, and hence, when coolly criticised, and compared with high standards, it reads, perhaps, somewhat flatly. If Dr. Dewey only preached, talked, and lectured, he would pass for more, and deservedly too, than most mere readers of his books will allow him to be. Once disconnect the preacher or lecturer or private gentleman, from the writer, and we should not wonder if he were underrated. Still there is thought, sense, ingenuity, observation of life, and a noble humanity in all of Dewey's writings. What we object to in them are merely defects of style and manner. To see and hear Dewey to the best advantage, he must be heard from the pulpit. That is his throne. He is, there, the wise moral teacher; always taking high ground, yet always most liberal and considerate. On topics of doctrinal discussion this gentleman is extremely ready and ingenious in replying even to the best settled objections; he is admirably expert in detecting a fallacy, or exposing a popular error. Unaffectedly candid, he is the fairest of disputants. The manner of Dewey is disliked by most strangers, though habit and custom render it even agreeable. His apparent indolence is the effect of ill health; his suspected austerity only a harshness of feature, that benevolence renders gentle, and sincerity attractive. The true test of excellence applies to him, viz.—repeated attendance on his preaching. To use a familiar phrase, he grows on you, and the oftener you hear him the better you get to like him; until at last the preacher subsides into the friend, and the grave divine into the kind companion.

Compared with Channing, Dewey loses much in regard to a certain copiousness of thought, and expansive beauty of declamation. His mind is not spread over so wide a field of thought; is rather concentrated on a few striking points. Dewey has more ingenuity—his style is more epigrammatic than Channing's; but with less of elevation than of dignity. Dewey is perfectly free from all extravagance, all bigotry and intolerance. He is free from the oracular common-places that so frequently disfigure the fine thoughts and terse style of Emerson. He has none of the fierceness of our most powerful political writer—also a clergyman—Brownson.

He is eminently practical, and yet no mere practical man. Dewey has besides a poetical fancy, and a pure

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vein of humane sentiment, often glowing with a generous eloquence. He looks at life with a mild eye, and feels the wants and the sufferings of humanity. To supply the first, and remedy the last, is the constant aim of his thoughtful brain and feeling heart.

The great work of Mr. Bancroft is a criticism rather than a history. He has little skill in mere narrative, but he possesses the most philosophical spirit of any writer of history in England or this country since Hume. In some points he even surpasses Hume. Unquestionably his inferior in elegance of style, he atones for this defect by great ingenuity and boldness. He is often original in his views. He has some chapters that are independent essays in themselves, and in which he thoroughly exhausts his subjects: of this kind are those on the Quakers and on Roger Williams. We will venture to say that nothing has ever been written of the Quakers, that comprises, in the same space, so much liberality and acuteness. We will oppose Bancroft to old Barclay himself or Thomas Sewall. As a specimen of his originality, in an individual instance, take his character of Sir Harry Vane, so different a man from what other historians have represented him.

As a mere narrator Bancroft is deficient. He is abrupt and dry: wants continuity and harmony. But this very abruptness is sometimes quite effective. In the relation of hurried savage warfare, a sea fight, a sudden calamity, too terrible for the mind to dwell on a minute consideration of particulars, it comes very seasonably, to aid and heighten the general effect. In description our historian is cold and elaborate. His mind is without those soft melting colors that charm one in Robertson. But description is only a delightful incident in a history; it is not the main design. In portrait painting we should place Mr. Bancroft very high: on the same level with Hume, and only just below Clarendon. The general merits of his style are undoubted. He is close, connected, clear, with no little vigor, though without much elegance.

Mr. Bancroft is the historian for the people. Poets, now-a-days, write for the people, and why should not historians? He traces, with a masterly hand, the progress of the democratic principle,—the ultimately sovereign power in the State. In his history, a wise and reasonable democrat, this gentleman is said to be, in the field of actual politics, a fierce partisan. We can scarcely credit this. True democracy is a very different thing from jacobinism, let it be defined by what political lexicographer you please. A gentleman and a philosopher may, and indeed should be, in this country, a democrat of the old stamp: but it is a discredit to a man's heart, as well as a censure to his taste, to confound himself with the herd of ignorant, hireling, pot-house, self-styled democrats. These are the very men, who, when they acquire power or procure office, rival the czar himself in despotism and tyranny. Turbulent democracy is only the reverse of rigid autocracy, and extremes meet. Democracy is a principle, and depends not on the dress or fortune of the man who teaches or professes it.

Historians have heretofore thought it beneath them to notice any class but the highest, or perhaps, sometimes (with an air of condescension), the middling class. Bancroft more wisely looks for the future advancement of society from the elevation of the lower classes, who are at the very basis of the civil polity. The foundation of so vast a structure ought, surely, to be firmly laid.

If the value of a writer is to be estimated not only by the number of his judicious admirers, but also by the reputation and ability of his pupils and followers, great should be thy fame, as nobly won, O Goethe! The English critic and expositor of the great German is Carlyle, whom Goethe speaks of in Eckermann's Conversations, as having a finer insight into German authors, and as possessing higher æsthetic culture, than any man in Germany—questionless, a compliment to the admiring critic of Faust and Wilhelm Meister. Still, with all his credulity, his quaintness, and affectation, Carlyle is a powerful thinker and a bold writer. Often absurd, as often picturesque; frequently fantastic, and yet sometimes really profound.

The American commentator on Goethe is R. W. Emerson, also the disciple of Carlyle, or rather, perhaps, the disciple of Goethe through Carlyle—a sort of admirer and critic at second-hand. Mr. Emerson, we are told, tra-

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velled with Carlyle on the Continent, where he studied German literature exactly, and scanned the face of human as well as of external nature. Some years after his return home (meanwhile a correspondent of his gifted fellow-traveller), he collects his miscellaneous papers, reviews, and essays, and becomes the editor of his friend's writings.

We have thus traced the connection of Mr. Emerson with Carlyle and Goethe, to mark the resemblance between the mind of our American mystic and the living lights of the old world—to show the sources of his inspiration and the origin of his doctrines. The mind of Emerson may have been naturally of a speculative cast, colored with "figures and fantasies." And yet, there can be no doubt, he has derived much from the greater intellects with whom he has become familiar, both by study and personal intercourse. To employ a favorite instrument of criticism, the parallel, we may call Emerson the American Carlyle. Rather, however, from some peculiarities of style and certain doctrines, than from the general cast of his mind or the spirit of his philosophy. In this he is a mystic. Carlyle is no one thing, and of no sect. In originality of thought, Carlyle is superior: in purity of language, Emerson has the advantage. In style, he is quaint enough at times to suit Digby himself. He has less natural fancy, perhaps, than the English writer; but more of a scholastic humor. As a scholar, we suspect his studies fall pretty much within the same circle.

Mr. Emerson is the leader of the new Boston school of philosophy—the sect of wise men from the East; a school which has a certain daring, transcendental spirit of its own, but, so far as we can discover, holding no very precise doctrines, and without any one bond of union. Its sub-leaders and separate teachers each declare a modification of the grand doctrine for themselves; each are their own instructors. They compose an independency of opinion. They unite to differ. Referring everything to the individual soul, they must entertain within themselves a contrariety of belief, a mixture of systems. They are now shrewd and practical, again absurd and visionary, at last high and spiritual.

The tone of the sect is at once mystical, aphoristic, oracular. They are stiff dogmatists. In treating with them you must have a large share of faith, or rather credulity. By it they seek to move mountains of metaphysical difficulty, to unriddle the darkest problems of humanity, to disclose the secrets of the universe. Vain endeavor! To do them justice, they have high aims, spiritual views, but they rush in with boldness, where "angels fear to tread!"

They are hardly as clear and practical as they are daring and presumptuous. Their success is doubtful; their tendency injurious. Injurious, especially, in point of religious creed; for, the certain effect, the sure end of their philosophising, is, Pantheism. This, by making everything God, destroys the very idea of a Deity distinct from matter and from the creatures of his plastic hand.

The sect has a narrowing influence, not only from the very fact of its being a sect, but also from the reiteration of its favorite topics. These are of progress, of insight, of the individual soul. Most true and weighty are they; yet, by being eternally harped on and insulated, they lose their effect; and out of their proper place, like figures transposed, their force and complexion is entirely altered. In this way the highest truths may be converted into, may be made to assume, the appearance of the rankest falsehoods.

The style of these writers deserves to be noticed. Their favorite method of composition seems to be transposition, involution, a conciseness approaching to obscurity, and sometimes actually obscuring the thought. They are writers of maxims, thinking to make old thoughts appear new, by the striking form in which they are moulded. On the tritest topics they are on the look-out for some grand discovery. They will not believe truth has been and is; they think it is to come. They look for a revelation; they seek a sign; but their oracles are not always veracious. There are lying prophets among them. In all probability they employ this form to hide the truth. It is easy to speak falsely in enigmas; it is almost impossible to lie in plain phrase.

Much of this censure applies to Mr. Emerson as the exponent and grandmaster of the school. He has less, however, of these defects than his friends and followers, writers in the "Dial."

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Mr. Emerson has not published much under the sanction and with the warrant of his name;—chiefly addresses and lectures (unprinted), papers in the Dial, and a little book generally assigned to him—Nature.*

There are three points,. legally speaking, we would make in this sketch—three topics; the fancy, the style, and the voice of Mr. Emerson.

Mr. Emerson's fancy is the scholar's fancy; elaborate, quaint, artificial; a little exaggerated, slightly fantastical; caught, perhaps, from foreign sources; a revival probably of Plato, of the poetic Neo-Platonists, strangely mingled with the dreams of Swedenborg, the reveries of the Kantian philosophy, and the noble aspirations of Goethe. Emerson's fancy is generally illustrative; sometimes, richly descriptive. Take the following picture out of "Nature:"

"But in other hours, Nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth as a shore I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements? Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moon rise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of fairie; broad noon shall be my England of senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

"Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that Nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees become spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble ruined with frost, contribute something to the mute music."

This is what description ought to be—the actual landscape, with a coloring of reflection; in a word, a sentimental picture.

The style of Emerson is, with all its purity of mere language, in other respects most impure.

The prevailing defect is want of continuity. This very defect secures certain ignorant admirers, who

"Wonder with a foolish face of praise."

Yet it is startling and impressive. But it is very faulty; it discloses real weakness. It was said of Seneca that his writings were sand without lime. This may be much more truly said of Emerson, to whom Seneca is quite a flowing writer. It may be said, the book of books—the words of the wise man, and the sentences of the preacher—are purely fragmentary. But they are complete in themselves, and the Book of Proverbs is literally meant to be made up of detached sayings. Emerson, however, writes an address, or delivers a lecture, which is not one and the same throughout, but made up of centos, full of scattered and heterogeneous thoughts and fancies.

Emerson's voice is, in fashionable phrase, "a magnificent organ," full, rich, deep, with sweetness and expression. Unfortunately, it is rather monotonous. It suits his style admirably. It marks him as a sort of male sybil; with little action, and no grace of address, he is the most impressive lecturer we have heard.

He relies chiefly on a certain "precision" stateliness of manner and emphasis of elocution. He has somewhat the mortified look of a Puritan. But he is very far from being that.

Of his published works his addresses, with the defect of style we have mentioned, contain, notwithstanding, pointed sentences, shrewd remarks and oc-

* Since this character was originally written (some years since), an admirable volume of essays has been published by this writer, which places him in the first rank of the thinkers of this country.

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casional fullness of rich declamation. In his divinity address occurs the best definition of preaching we can recollect. 'Preaching is the expression of the moral sentiment, in application to the duties of life.' This may be called a low view, but let us not forget that model of all preachers, the sermon on the Mount. It was, strictly, a discourse of divine morality. He notices in a phrase, the capital secret of all preaching, 'to convert life into truth:' to import personal experience into religious doctrine.

"Nature" is an essay descriptive, æsthetical, moral, psychological and prophetic. It is full of matter, pithy, shrewd, and often eloquent. In the chapter on "commodity," there is a brilliant passage on the useful arts, a part of which we quote as a fine specimen of the volume.

"Under the general name of commodity, I rank all those advantages which our senses owe to nature. This, of course, is a benefit which is temporary and mediate, not ultimate, like its service to the soul. Yet, although low, it is perfect in its kind, and is the only use of nature which all men apprehend. The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight in this green ball which floats him through the heavens. What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between? this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year? Beasts, fire, water, stones and corn serve him. The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed.

'More servants wait on man,
Than he'll take notice of.'

"Nature, in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but it is also the process and the result. All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapor to the field; the ice, on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

"The useful arts are but re-productions or new combinations by the wit of man, of the natural benefactors. He no longer waits for passing gales, but by means of steam he realizes the fable of Æolus's bag, and carries the two and thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and, mounting a coach with a ship load of men, animals and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids is the face of the world changed from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon! The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post office, and the human race run of his errands; to the book shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens for him; to the court house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning and shovel out the snow and cut a path for him!"

As a thinker we have called Emerson a mystic. Mysticism being compounded, partly, of high spiritual instincts and partly of ignorant rashness, must be a very unsafe basis for any scheme of philosophy. It must run its followers into absurdities, as well as into noble trains of thought. It is an inspired revery, and when the dreamer awakes, he awakes to ineffectual aspirations and confusion of ideas. He wants precision, even if he has the power to effect anything. Mr. Emerson is a strong man, and can work himself clear of these incumbrances, but all of his admirers cannot.

As a critic we would place Emerson high, if he gave us more criticisms like that of Goethe. We conceive him to be a man of analytical rather than creative powers. He can dissect more easily than compose.

As a religionist we leave his Divinity addresses to speak for themselves. It is very easy to see that this gentleman is a man of theory, and not much given to practical logic. Strict argument might dispel some of these "cobwebs of the brain" he has so industriously spun, and precipitate the downfall of those visionary notions that are even now tottering on the verge of destruction.

The character of a Reformer, in the present state of civilisation, cannot with prudent thinkers be expected to meet with much favor. In the first place, it implies a presumptuous confidence, and

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an overweening assumption, that naturally excite opposition, since they appear to court it. Besides this, it displays some ignorance, certainly, and a great deficiency of reverence, to slight the endeavors and actual experiments commenced, and in some instances consummated, by the wise counsellors of a past age. The aims of the reformer are too often wild and unsatisfactory. He employs little discrimination in his schemes of ameliorating the world. He would undo all that has been done; the good as well as the bad. He seems to consider the whole body politic as corrupt, rather than that certain portions of it are diseased. He looks on all present ills as pervading every part of it—as chronic disorders, instead of being merely local, and in many instances temporary affections. Such is, too often, the picture of a modern reformer.

The true reformer, like Time, which Bacon represents as the greatest of innovators, is more cautious in bringing in new measures; before he concludes a plan, he first considers the cost. There are, doubtless, many evils in the world—much suffering—genuine wretchedness, not always brought on by folly or crime. There is ungenerous oppression, and virtual tyranny, and hardness of heart in the rich and powerful, and selfishness in the easy and luxurious. Still, evil is to be conquered by good, not by new evils.

The true government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves and allow full scope for independent, but intelligent action. Reformers are apt to talk of government as if the people did not create the state, but rather the state the people.

Mr. Brownson is, perhaps, the most prominent example we can present of the general class of reformers. Yet, as he has been so much noticed already as a political speculatist and theologian, we will not repeat the common criticisms on his versatile and somewhat fickle turn, but restrict ourselves to a few remarks on his literary criticisms and general claims as a writer and thinker. In his capacity of critic, Mr. Brownson's judgments are far from infallible. He tries matters too much by a political standard. Formerly, when smit with the spirit of an agrarian equality, he judged moralists, poets, historians, if not strongly tinged with the spirit of democracy, as harshly as Touchstone judged those not connected with the court—"Hast thou been at court, shepherd?—thou art in a parlous state—thou art damned." His style, too, with great merit, has equal faults. It is full of vigor and earnestness, but to the last degree copious, and running over into diffuseness. Still it is never vague and unmeaning, however prolix and tiresome: the metaphysical articles in this journal, by this writer, were unquestionably open to this charge—the threads were so fine spun, as to become almost indistinguishable. Clearness and fluency are the characteristics of Brownson's style, which seldom exhibits much condensed force or epigrammatic point. We think we can discover the secret of Brownson's manner. It was probably assumed, at first, for the purpose of impressing distinct ideas on common minds, as the vehicle of popular instruction. For this object it is exactly suited. But it is not the style for scholars, nor men of reflection. It is too thin—a transparent veil, disclosing all at first sight. It is gold, attenuated to the thinnest surface: mere leaf: all surface, without depth and bulk.

As a lecturer or pamphleteer, Mr. Brownson has rare merit. His celebrated pamphlet, in which he laid open his doctrine of property and inheritance, is not much inferior to the best political writing of Hazlitt, full of personal feeling and a certain colloquial energy. If not quite as polished and terse as Paine, it is, perhaps, still more popularly written. The lectures and addresses of the same author are models in their form and manner, however heretical. He is a ready, full, spirited speaker and thinker, on his legs; almost as much at home in a keen, logical discussion, as in a flowing strain of ardent declamation.

As a general thinker, a scholar and a man, the Editor of the Boston Quarterly is much entitled to respect. However we may censure apparent vacillations of the theorist (the result of a quick and restless intellect, and a singularly mobile, speculative character), still the sincerity of the man is unquestioned. A manly character, right or wrong, is not to be put down, least of all by enemies. To conquer this strong man by reason, by experience, by friendliness, by Love: this is the only way. A man of humanity,

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with a strong sense of justice: an honest religionist, a politician without being a partisan, Mr. Brownson must be instinctively a Democrat. He may be a Democrat distinguished from the mass of those so called, yet the bias of his feelings, his hopes, his tendencies must lie in that direction. As a philanthropist, he must see that the people, the body of the nation, are to be chiefly regarded by government. The rich may live in foreign climes. The scholar is partly (though by no means sufficiently) protected. The professions defend themselves: the arts depend upon all. But the people, confined to one soil, too busy for much acquisition, born to labor, have rights that they cannot be ever disputing and defending, but which government and law are bound to preserve pure and inviolate for them. Judging thus of our ablest political writer, by inference and the general scope of his labors, we think we may safely assert that he still will return into the bosom of the circle of principles, if not of associates, he has temporarily forsaken. A pure Democracy will not interfere with his churchmanship: for what church is more essentially democratic than the Roman? In this hope and with this belief we leave him.

With a slight characteristic sketch of our present minister to England we will close our portrait gallery, for the present. Edward Everett furnishes one of the best specimens of American eloquence. A finished scholar, a graceful writer, an accomplished orator, he is an incarnation of the very spirit of elegance. We can no more imagine his doing an awkward action than his writing a clumsy sentence. Ease, grace, propriety of sentiment, good sense and pure sentiment: these are his leading traits. To grandeur of imagination, brilliancy of fancy or vigor of argument, he has little pretension.

The chief character Everett will sustain with posterity will be that of a polished writer and graceful orator, an industrious scholar, with fine taste; his acquirements are select (we imagine) rather than profound; of his editorial career we know little. Few articles are ascribed with certainty to his pen. He wrote strongly, it is known, of the Hall and Trollope school of travellers: laboring to infuse an American spirit into our growing literature, and a high standard of right and duty into American politics. It is not as a periodical writer, however, (thus far) that Mr. Everett has attained his present position. Still we look for, at least, one classic work from the pen of this fine writer. His chief success lies in a different field.

The *literary address*, in the hands of Everett, has become a classic form of writing: a species of oratory the growth of the present century. Differing from the lecture, in being less strictly didactic, it is the elaborate eloquence of the fine scholar. The occasions of its display are generally either the celebration of a literary festival, or an epoch of a political history; or eulogies of the sorts so common with the French wits. Of these three classes, are the admirable orations before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the orations at Plymouth, Concord, Worcester, Cambridge, Charlestown and Lowell, and the masterpiece on Lafayette.

Mr. Everett does not limit himself to merely literary or purely historical orations. He occasionally addresses the mechanics' institutes and scientific lyceums. He makes capital dinner speeches before an agricultural society. He can turn the neatest compliment in the world, and delights his hearers even on the most ordinary occasions. Invariably his aims are high and generous. He is an ardent patriot, and wishes to diffuse the privileges of education and political intelligence throughout the country. His endeavors have ever been warmly excited on behalf of the people, though he is far from being a demagogue in his appeals to bad passions, or in his low views of practical politics. His innate purity of character would deter him from that, as well as the influence of his elevated pursuits.

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LEGENDS OF THE SIOUX.

TA TUNKA, OR THE LONE BULL.

[Having passed a winter among the Sioux Nation, I have learned from their own lips many wild legends, which to me were interesting and full of novelty. The following was related to me by the Two Hearts, a Chief of the Brule tribe of Sioux.]

Many, very many, winters since, the Sioux were proud to acknowledge as their head chief, the Master Bear. Renowned for his undaunted courage as a warrior, and for his wisdom and power of eloquence in council, in his single person, as head, he united in one common interest the many different bands of Sioux. His name was a terror to all inimical surrounding nations.

When victory was gained by him over our ancient foes, when returning from conquest, with many bloody scalps as trophies, or even when coming from the chase successful, he ascribed his successes not to his own power, but to that of the Great Spirit.

Strong was his influence over us, since we looked up to him as the beloved one of the Great Spirit.

But where is the man, whether red or white, that at some time will not err?

In an evil hour, he partook of the Minny-Warkă, strong water of the whites, and in a drunken brawl was killed by his intimate friends.

You must not, Bellocoscar, think this strange, for the red man, when under the influence of fire-water, becomes possessed with the Evil Spirit, and he knows not his friends from his foes. Blood, and only blood, he thinks of then, no matter from what source it flows.

In this disgraceful manner, the Master Bear fell into the long sleep. Having dressed him in his best suit, and furnished him blankets, robes, meat, tobacco and pipe, a bow and quiver, full of arrows, we placed him on a scaffold, and after killing a few horses for his use, we left him to find the trail to the Spirit hunting-ground. The Sioux long bemoaned his loss.

When the news of the death of the Master Bear reached his lodge, the distress of his squaw (who was left with an infant on her breast) exceeded all common bounds.

With her knife she cut her limbs and face, causing the blood to flow freely; tearing her hair, with frantic screams and wild imprecations, she upbraided the Great Spirit.

"Why have you taken from me the generous, the noble, and the brave? Why did not your arm fall on *me*, and spare *him*, that he might have died victorious over his enemies, singing his death-song? The death of a warrior should have been his; he should not have died like a dog! Since you have killed *him*, kill me, and this, his son (who has now no one to support him), and we will join him in the Spirit land." While uttering such imprecations, faint with the loss of blood, she fell asleep.

During her sleep, in a vision the Great Spirit appeared, and thus accosted her: "Squaw of the Master Bear, that you should bemoan the loss of your husband is natural, but that you should find fault with me is impious.

"You have done wrong, very wrong, but in consideration of your husband, who is now happy in the spirit land, and for whom I have strong affection, I will forgive your folly.

"Moreover, as a strong proof of how much I loved the virtues of your husband, and have always under my protection the widow and the fatherless, I will cause your child to grow to perfect manhood in three days' time. He must be called the Lone Bull, as his termination of life will justify his name. He shall be renowned among his nation as a hunter, warrior, and strong medicine man.

"When this I have told you comes to pass, forget not to place your entire dependence on me, and never urge with reproach the actions of the Great Spirit." With these few words the vision departed.

Judge of the astonishment of the squaw, when she awoke, to find the child of her bosom a lovely boy as large as boys generally are of ten or twelve winters. His features were not unlike those of his father, though more beautiful; manliness was not yet stamped upon his countenance.

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With fear mingled with joy, the mother related to the medicine men, and chiefs of the village, her vision, and showed the child as a proof that she spoke straight, and not with a forked tongue. All were astonished, as they well knew that but the evening before the child was a suckling.

Much did the astonishment of our people increase, when, in accordance with the vision, on the second night the lad had increased in size and appearance to a young man of twenty winters; and on the third night had attained perfect manhood.

Bold and stern were his features, and his brow indicated the mind of a resolute warrior. In bodily appearance, none in the nation were equal to him in height, strength, and activity of limbs. Singularly lonely in his character and manners, the name chosen by the Great Spirit was cheerfully accorded him by all. Solitary and apart from others he would eat his food, and smoke his pipe in silence. Alone would he depart from the village on the chase, to return with his animals loaded down with the choicest buffalo meat. Plenty reigned in the lodge of the Lone Bull, and those who visited him never went away hungry.

Silently would he enter the council of our nation, and never would he open his mouth until called on by the head chief. When he arose the silence of the coming tempest pervaded the assembly. I can hardly give you in words the full force of his oratory. He would commence like as, in nature, does the head stream of the father of waters with a peculiar *still, silent eloquence*, gradually increasing in power and volume, till none could withstand its flow.

The whole Sioux nation, acknowledging his manly eloquence and varied powers, with much ceremony, made him a chief, furnished him men, and allowed him to attempt his essay on his first war-path. At that time our ancient foes the Pawnees were much more formidable in numbers and strength than now; they had not become a nation of old women. The greatest caution and bravery were necessary for the Lone Bull to succeed in this his first enterprise.

After travelling for one moon, they came in view of the Pawnee village, and halted for council and deliberation. Seated in a circle, and having filled the big medicine pipe, the whole band, with the exception of the Lone Bull, smoked. Separate and apart from the rest, he smoked his pipe in silence. After having finished smoking, the Lone Bull came into the centre of the circle, and thus opened his mouth:

"Warriors, from my childhood to this hour I have been under the guidance of the Great Spirit, and without his aid I should be nothing. He has kindly manifested himself to me this day, and told me what course to pursue. The Great Spirit has said that you all must remain here and smoke, while I will approach the Pawnee village, and with my single arm will be victorious.

"Warriors, I ask your approval."

At first amazement was depicted on the faces of all, but after mature deliberation, they said, "It is the voice of the Great Spirit; we will listen and obey."

Under the cover of the darkness, while the unsuspecting Pawnees were buried in profound slumber, the Lone Bull approached the village, and indiscriminately wiped it out of existence.

Many were the scalps he took, and the darkness of midnight glittered with the blaze of the Pawnee lodges. Joyful was the sight to the sleepless warriors who were watching from the neighboring hill; their shrill war-whoop rent the air with acclamations.

The Lone Bull joined his companions. No pompous excitement of victory showed itself upon his countenance. Calmly and dispassionately he divided the fruits of his victory among the warriors, allowing himself no more scalps than he allotted to each.

On the return to their own village doubly great was the rejoicing of their friends, since so splendid a victory was achieved without the loss of a single man. Feasting, dancing, and singing in honor of this achievement lasted several days. Not long, however, did the Lone Bull enjoy the hard-earned fruits of his first war-path. "Green-eyed jealousy," with its thousand malicious reports, soon spread itself among the Sioux nations.

To the honor of our nation, this jealousy confined itself among the many young and inexperienced warriors; the older heads still looked on the Lone Bull as an agent in the hands of the Great Spirit.

The young warriors held a council

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among themselves, and determined to get up a war-party against the Crows. At the urgent solicitation of the warriors of many winters, though contrary to their own wishes, they invited the Lone Bull to partake with them in the glory of their intended exploit. Silently he accepted their insolent invitation, to the surprise of all, since he had not before been called in the council where they took into consideration this second expedition.

Approaching the Crow village, as before, all being seated, they commenced smoking the pipe prior to taking counsel of each other. The Lone Bull smoked his pipe by himself. After smoking, he came within the assembly, and for the first time since he had left his village, thus addressed them:

"Warriors! Closed must have been my eyes, and deaf my ears, not to have perceived and heard that jealousy, which is more cruel than death, has been exerting an influence over you, greatly to my prejudice. It is the wish of the Great Spirit that I should remain here and smoke, while you may go and fight.

"Warriors! Numerous as you are, and strong as are your hearts, but few of you will return home to tell the disgrace of your defeat. The Great Spirit has so willed it. He wishes to teach our nation the necessity of entire dependence on him, that they may never have occasion again to boast of numerical strength. I have done."

Angry and fierce declamation followed the reception of the speech of the Lone Bull. Boiling with rage, and shrieking the war-whoop, heedlessly the warriors rushed on to the combat. Warm was the conflict.

But a short time elapsed before the wind brought down to the ears of the Lone Bull the far off notes of the Crow song of victory. Only a few escaped to return with the Lone Bull to the Sioux village.

Solemn was the tread, and humble was the appearance of the small band as they approached the home of their friends.

Instead of being welcomed with merry songs and dances, wild shrieks of lamentation came painfully on their ears. The widow and the orphan met them, to upbraid them for their dismal defeat; while the old warriors hung down their heads in silence. Time alone could assuage the grief, deep-seated in the breasts of the Sioux, consequent on the loss of so many young warriors.

Many moons after this painful occurrence, news was spread among the Sioux nation, that the Crows and Snakes united, intended with one fell swoop to wipe out every Sioux lodge.

In this emergency, all eyes were turned towards the Lone Bull, and he was chosen unanimously the head War Chief. With the reluctance belonging to true merit, he wished to decline the arduous but distinguished honor; but at the urgent solicitation of the Medicine men and old chiefs of the nation, he was compelled to accept. The most effective preparations were made to meet the expected onset.

All hearts beat proud and strong in anticipation that the time would soon arrive, when they would be able to erase the memory of their last defeat, with the blood of their enemies.

In daily expectation of the contest, the Lone Bull would separate himself from his friends, and by humiliation and fasting, endeavor to propitiate the favor of the Great Spirit. We have reason to think that his efforts were not in vain.

The morning before the attack, the Lone Bull, coming into the council lodge of our nation, thus spoke:

"Warriors! For the last time in the shape of man, I now address you. In the din of battle you will hear my war-cry, and my death song; but they will be spoken to the Great Spirit. You will be victorious. I shall be the only one of you who shall fall. Much blood will revenge my death.

"Warriors! One favor I ask, and not only ask, but demand at your hands. So soon as I fall, rescue my body, and take it to the first herd of buffalo you meet; kill one of the largest bulls of the band, chop off his head from his trunk, and mine from my body; breathe on my head and on the trunk of the buffalo. You will see the result.

"Warriors! Soon shall I be allowed the high privilege of personal communion with the Great Spirit, and will at times have it in my power to warn you of impending danger.

"Warriors! In the hands of the Great Spirit (whose servant I am) I leave you.

"When you hear in the voice of the thunder, the deep tones of his wrath, forget not the warning; and when the

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sun of prosperity shines on your war-path, and his bountiful hand supplies you with game, forget not his benefits."

As the sun commenced falling towards the Big Salt Lake (Pacific Ocean) the war-whoop of the Crows and Snakes resounded through the valley where were the Sioux lodges, reverberating in shrill echoes from hill to hill.

Furious was their charge, but they were met by warriors strong of heart, burning with desire to fight hand to hand, for victory or death.

Prodigies of valor were enacted by the Lone Bull, contending in the midst of his enemies, where battle raged the hottest; numerous were the Crows and Snakes sent to the spirit land, deprived of their scalp locks by his hand. Not one of that war-party ever returned home to tell the news of their defeat.

The Lone Bull, pierced with many arrows, singing his death song, sank into the long sleep. Not alone did the squaws cry over his body; over the scarred features of our bravest braves, the big hot tears rolled.

The boldest warrior, the athletic hunter, the strong Medicine man and eloquent orator, had fallen. Our loss was irreparable.

In accordance with the wish of the Lone Bull, the Sioux took his body to the first herd of buffalo, killed one of the largest bulls, and did as he requested. Immediately on breathing upon the head of the Lone Bull, and the body of the buffalo, both showed signs of returning vitality. The man's head fastened and grew to the trunk of the buffalo. Silently rose the Lone Bull from the ground, and with a look of approval on all arouud, turned upon his tracks, and fled within the fastnesses of the mountains.

When threatening danger hangs over our nation, we often hear the low bellowing of his voice as warning. The favorite place of his resort (where he has been seen by a favored few) is around the head waters of the Yellow Stone. There, silent and alone, he communes with the Great Spirit.

B.

Norwich, Conn., Aug. 24th, 1844.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY;

OR, A SEQUEL OF THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

"Most of us read at school the little poem, entitled the 'Journey of a Day'—I have often thought that no more beautiful day's journey could be made than through this county, beginning at Greylock in the morning, and ending with the setting sun at the Eagle's Nest."
Passage from Pres't Hopkins's Sermon, at the Berkshire Jubilee.

This passage, which we give, as near as we can, from recollection, fastened itself on our minds, and we resolved to make the journey ourselves. The entire length of the county, from north to south, is fifty miles, and if the ascent of the Greylock was made the evening before, so that the journey should begin from the top at sunrise, it was possible in thirteen hours to pass down through the valley, ascend the Dome of the Taconac, and get a last view of the setting sun from the "Eagle's Nest."

The county, as is well known, covers the western part of Massachusetts, stretching across the entire breadth of the State. Separated from the other counties by the Hoosac chain of mountains, a branch of the Green mountains of Vermont, and from New York by a branch of the Taconac, it has been, until lately, very little known, except to its own people. Now, since the opening of the Western Railway, it is on the great highway between Boston and the West, and is as easy of access as any part of the country. At the extreme north and south, stand two gigantic mountains, like sentinels at the gates of the valley, the Greylock on the north and the Taconac on the south. Between these points, at an average breadth of twenty miles, is spread out one of the finest regions that the sun

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shines upon; a valley of various aspect, filled with gentle hills—

"Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen."

Here, too, we venture to say, is American rural life in its best aspect. Here is a hardy population, neither rich nor poor, accustomed to labor, generally intelligent and virtuous, and engaged principally in agriculture. Farmers they are called; but we have never liked that word; it does not express the true condition and character of our freeholding cultivators of the soil. Farmer really signifies a tenant, an intermediate person between the landowner and the laborer; an inferior to the higher person, the landholder. Neither "farmer," nor "yeoman," can be properly applied to our American cultivators and owners of the soil. Landowner or planter is a better word, and designates more accurately the occupation and character of the man.

The evening before the day fixed for the journey, we passed up from Pittsfield to North Adams, on the eastern side of the Greylock, through the valley of the Hoosac (where by the way there was rich scenery enough to reward one for a week's labor), and ascended the mountain on the north-east. The ascent was fatiguing enough to make us sleep soundly, though our eagerness brought us up the next morning by day-break, that we might see the sun rise. The morning was clear. The brightest stars were still twinkling in the heavens. The stillness was intense. As we sat upon the observatory, watching the dawn, we heard the beating of our own hearts. There was scarce a breath of air. The trees stood still as if they, like ourselves, were watching for the morning. One after another the stars went out, light streamed up the horizon, the long jagged ridge of the easternmost mountains became distinct, then the tops of the nearer hills, then the valleys, until the sun shot up from behind the great mountain wall seventy miles off. The effect, as the sun came forth in the clear sky, first brightening the mountain tops through the circle of a hundred and fifty miles diameter, then throwing light down their sides and into the valleys, and over the lakes and rivers, was indescribable. If any lover of nature desires to see her in her most magnificent aspect, let him go to the top of such a mountain as the Greylock and see the sun rise in a clear morning.

The mountain consists of three ridges, running north and south. The middle one is the highest, where stands the observatory, 2800 feet above the plain, and 3600 above tide water. Vast as is the prospect, the mountain itself, as you look down upon it, is scarcely less striking; with its immense proportions, the sea of forest which swells over it, the dark ravines into which you look, particularly the Hopper, a deep gorge, a thousand feet down. It is frightful to look into. The sweep of the eye from the observatory takes in a tract of not less than 15,000 square miles, embracing parts of Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, as far as the Adirondack chain, west of Champlain, and even, it is said, a part of New Hampshire.

Half an hour after sunrise, we left the observatory, and made our way down the mountain. An hour brought us to the valley of Williamstown. This is an irregular valley, walled in by high mountains. The Hoosac comes in at the southeast, and passes off to the northwest, through a part of Vermont, towards the Hudson. In the midst of the valley, there rise three hills, in and around which are the village and the colleges. Imagine three high ridges approaching each other to within four miles, one from the south, another from the west, and the third from the northeast, then three hills in the centre of the valley, a bright river coming in from the southeast, winding at the bottom of the central hills, and going out in the opposite direction; then imagine these hills crowned with college buildings, and the white houses of a New England village, and you have Williamstown. It has chanced to us to wander far in our day, and to see many seminaries of learning in our own and foreign lands, but we have never seen one in so beautiful a seat as this.

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Williams College has been founded fifty years, and though from its situation, the number of students has not been so great as at several of our colleges, it has done its full share in nurturing the minds of America. It is not a little to its honor, that with smaller endowments than most others of our colleges, it was the first in this country to build an astronomical observatory. Since then, it has received a princely gift from a gentleman of Boston, an additional means of usefulness, which we know will be well applied.

Williams, the founder, was one of those men, whose character and life are of the best example. In his youth he led a seafaring life, which he afterwards relinquished, at the desire of his father. In his voyages to England, Holland, and Spain, he acquired graceful manners and useful knowledge, which led him to see the deficiencies of his early education, and to desire to give others better advantages. In the first French war, he was a captain of infantry. After the peace, he was placed in command of Fort Massachusetts; which was established in this valley, and was one of the defences of New England, before the expulsion of the French from Canada.

On the breaking out of the seven years' war, he took command of a regiment, and was ordered to join Gen. Johnson, at the head of Lake Horicon. There on the morning of the 8th of September, 1755, at the age of 42, he was killed at the head of the advanced guard, attempting to arrest the assault of the French under Dieskau. The spot where he fell is still pointed out to the traveller, by the road side. Before night his comrades had avenged his death; for, falling back on the main body, they received and routed the French army. While Williams was absent on this expedition, and a few days only before his death, he made his will containing the bequest that has given rise to the college.

On the college catalogue are the names of many men who have borne high public trusts. Of such honors, Williams has her full share. But her highest are in the names of Bryant, young Larned, and the missionaries. The missionary undertakings of our day, out of which have come the civilisation of the Pacific islands, and so much else of good, were conceived and started here. The place is shown on the banks of the Hoosac, where the first missionaries, then students in the college, concocted and matured their plans. There are not many places on the globe, of more interest to the true philanthropist.

Leaving Williamstown, our road lay along the narrow Green River pass, through South-Williamstown to New Ashford, a thinly-peopled township on the rugged hills that spring from the roots of the Greylock. Out of these hills begins the Housatonic as a babbling brook. To say that the whole of the road was beautiful, would give but a vague idea of it. For the first four miles it lay along the base of the Greylock, with the Hopper in full sight. Then the pass became narrower. The hills were covered with wood; the streams ran chattering over beds of stones, and the grass, still wet with the dew, glistened and threw odors in the air. At New Ashford the level ceased, and the road rose and sunk with the hills. The approach of autumn was foretold by its first messenger, the yellow tinge on the leaf of the maple, which peered out from the midst of the summer green, as much as to say, "Autumn is coming."

The last New Ashford hill brought us in sight of Lanesborough, the Lake Pontoosuc, and the valley of the Housatonic, stretching far away to the south. A southerly breeze now sprung up, and bore to us the perfume of new mown hay and of innumerable flowers. Lanesborough has the aspect of a purely agricultural township. The village is a straggling one, and not attractive, though its situation on the broad green meadows, and in the face of the southern line of hills, goes far to redeem its other defects. One feature the place has of uncommon beauty, its lake Pontoosuc, or Shoonkemoonke, as it was sometimes called. It covers some fourteen hundred acres, and its bright water, the road along its margin, and the tall trees that shade it, make you sorry to leave it. We could not stay, and so hastened on to Pittsfield.

What shall we say of Pittsfield, the hospitable, the beautiful? Just fresh from the Jubilee; fresh from the open houses, and the open hearts of her people, we drove into the village with the scenes of those two days still in our vision. The intervening week vanish-

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ed. We stood again on Jubilee Hill; we went down to the field, where the feast was spread; we laughed under the old elm; we saw our friends, our fellows, as goodly a company as we shall see again in many a day. Truly, it was a high festival, worthy to be commemorated, worthy to be repeated.

The valley of the Housatonic here widens to its greatest breadth. Pontoosuc, the Indian name (pity that it had not been retained), signifies *field for deer*. Pleasant place for hunting must the red man have found it; and pleasant, too, for a sojourn is it to the white man. The village is the largest and most flourishing in the county. There are several pretty houses and ornamented grounds, and the general aspect of the place is that of business, thrift, and comfort.

There are four men of the former inhabitants of Pittsfield, whose names deserve especial mention: Charles Goodrich, the first settler; Thomas Allen, the first clergyman; Woodbridge Little, and John Brown, the two first lawyers. Goodrich was the beau-ideal of an American pioneer. In 1752, at 32 years of age, he cut his way for miles through the woods, and drove the first cart and team into the town, then an unsubdued wilderness. Here he settled, cleared the lands, planted fields, and bade others follow him. They did follow, till the land was filled and became a garden. Generations came and passed away under his eye. He lived a patriarch among many children. He saw one revolution and three wars, and, after the last peace, at the age of 96, was gathered to his fathers.

Thomas Allen had been settled as the clergyman of the town twelve years, when the revolution began. His zeal led him at once into the forces. In 1776, he was chaplain at White Plains; and in the next year, at Ticonderoga. When Burgoyne's invasion became alarming, he put himself at the head of the Berkshire volunteers, and reported himself to Stark, at Bennington. Before day-light, on the morning of the Bennington fight, he addressed that general—"We, the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again." Stark asked, "if he wanted to march then, when it was dark and rainy?" "No." "Then," replied Stark, "if the Lord should once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again." The sunshine came, and the fighting too, and well and bravely did that Berkshire band bear themselves. Some of the refugees, it is said, recognized him, and said, "There is Parson Allen —let us pop him." When the firing became heavy, he jumped from a rock where he stood, and cried, "Now, boys, let us give it to them"—saying to his brother, "you load and I'll fire." He was asked if he killed any one. He answered, "he did not know; but that, observing a flash often repeated in a bush hard by, which seemed to be succeeded each time by a fall of some one of our men, he levelled his musket, and, firing in that direction, put out the flash."

Woodbridge Little came here as a lawyer, in 1766—fourteen years only after the first white man moved into the town, and ten years after the settlement of the first clergyman; pretty good evidence that there was need of legal advice as well as spiritual instruction, as soon as ever the settlements were undertaken. Like many of those iron men, he lived to a great age—seventy-three. His earnings were devoted to the education of clergymen. During his life, he made a large gift to Williams College for that object; and at his death, more than doubled it.

John Brown came seven years later than Mr. Little. He had been a short time resident at Caughnawaga, New York, where he became acquainted with Sir John Johnson. They took opposite sides in the disputes then ripening between the colonies and England. Brown came to Massachusetts, and was soon employed by the committee of correspondence to go into Canada, to persuade the inhabitants to join the other colonies. He ran many hazards, but found, with Franklin, that the Canadians understood neither their interests nor their rights. After the battle of Lexington, a project was formed in Hartford to get possession of Ticonderoga by surprise. Two officers left Hartford, privately, on the 29th of April, 1775, with sixteen unarmed men, and, arriving at Pittsfield, communicated their plans to

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Brown and two other gentlemen, one of whom was Ethan Allen, who happened to be there. They collected a force of 230 Berkshire men and Vermontese, with which they took Ticonderoga on the 19th of May, and Crown Point immediately after. At the close of the same year he was with Montgomery under the walls of Quebec. In 1777, he was sent to relieve our prisoners at the outlet of Lake Horicon. Travelling all night, he attacked the enemy at day-break, relieved our own prisoners, made prisoners of 293 of the enemy, took 200 batteaux, several armed vessels, and a large amount of property. Soon after, he quitted the continental service, from dislike to Arnold, to whose character he had formed an unconquerable aversion. Even so early as 1776, he had publicly charged him with levying contributions on the Canadians for his own benefit, and violating his solemn promise of protection given to the inhabitants of Laprairie upon their submission. He said Arnold would prove a traitor, for he had sold many a life for money.

After retiring from the continental service, Brown was employed by Massachusetts. In 1780 his former acquaintance, Sir John Johnson, with the savage Brandt, desolated central New York. Brown marched up the Mohawk, with 180 men, to the relief of Fort Schuyler. Johnson was devastating the country to the north of the Mohawk. Brown received from his superior an order to attack him, with a promise of support from the rear. He obeyed; the support, owing to some mischance, never came; he was overpowered, and fell, fighting at the head of his little troop, on his birth-day, Oct. 17, 1780, at the age of thirty-six. Forty-five of his men fell beside him.

From Pittsfield, a drive of six miles over some gentle hills brought us to Lennox church. For a fine southern landscape, come here: mountain and hill-top, wide-waving wood, broad meadow, and green hill sides, are spread out before you. On a terrace below reposes the village, with the court-house on the crest of the next hill. In this church, two years ago, the 1st of August, 1842, the anniversary of West India emancipation, we listened to Channing's last public discourse. It was here that we heard him utter those stirring words:

"Men of Berkshire! whose nerves and souls the mountain-air has braced, you surely will respond to him who speaks of the blessings of freedom and the misery of bondage. I feel as if the feeble voice which now addresses you must find an echo among these forest-crowned heights. Do they not impart something of their own power and loftiness to men's souls? Should our commonwealth ever be invaded by victorious armies, freedom's last asylum would be here. Here may a free spirit, may reverence for all human rights, may sympathy for all the oppressed, may a stern, solemn purpose to give no sanction to oppression, take stronger and stronger possession of men's minds, and from these mountains may generous impulses spread far and wide!"

The clock was striking noon, as we descended the Lenox hill, on the road to Stockbridge. Gentle reader, if it ever chance to you to drive from Lenox to Stockbridge, and you will take our advice, be sure you take the Lake Road. You will then pass along the rim of the "Bowl," the prettiest lake in all the country, and you will come upon the village of Stockbridge, from the hill behind it, where, as everybody says, is the best view of the river and the "Plain." Come down at midday, as we did, or what is still better, come an hour before sunset on a summer's day—then say if you ever saw a fairer sight. Take in the whole circle, the Bear Mountain on your left, the tall flinty cliffs of the Monument before you, the exceeding richness of the intervening valley, with one evergreen hill rising in the midst of it, the Housatonic winding and winding again as if could not or would not find its way out, and tell me, if there is a spot in the world, where you would sooner bring a wounded spirit to repose, or where you could yourself, after the wearisome struggles of life, more readily possess your spirit in peace. There is nothing here to disturb you. No railway has ever pierced the circle of these hills. There is nothing but deep quietude, the freshness of nature, and her own sweet voices.

The peculiarity of the scenery of Stockbridge is an endless variety of pleasing pictures. There is not the bold scenery of Williamstown, but wherever you go a sweet scene of rural beauty. The frame-work and the picture shift with every step you

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take. Here is a little knoll with a clump of trees; there a nook, half hid, whence a brook utters wild songs, night and day; yonder is a glen, where a mountain has been rent asunder, and vast rocks thrown into the cleft as by the hands of Titans: and over the river there rises a little hill, founded on rock, and covered with laurel, where the voices of childhood and the laugh of young girls fill the air with gladness.

Stockbridge was originally a missionary station. John Sergeant, missionary to the Indians, was the first white man who set foot within the valley. He came in 1734, making his way through the wilderness from Springfield, and sat down by the wigwams of the Muhhekanews, to teach them the knowledge of God, while Woodbridge, the schoolmaster, whom he brought with him, taught them the rudiments of human learning.

The Stockbridge Indians were the ancient lords of all this country. According to their traditions, their forefathers came from a distant country west by north, crossed over the great waters, and after many wanderings, arrived at the Hudson. From the Hudson, they spread themselves eastward, and named the pleasant river, which they found beyond the Taconac ridges, the Housatonic, that is, *the river beyond the hills*. They called themselves Muhhekanew, which signified, *the people of the great waters continually in motion.*

They had become reduced by famine and wars, so that during the mission, their average number did not exceed four hundred. They were a brave and faithful people. They received their missionary as their friend, and from that day to this, in all their migrations, they have adhered to him and his successors. They were from that time forward the fast friends of the white man. Their friendship, no doubt, saved the early settlers from many calamities in the French wars. During the revolution, they served faithfully as our allies. In 1775, one of their chiefs thus addressed the Massachusetts Congress:—

"Brothers! You remember, when you first came over the great waters, I was great and you were little, very small. I then took you in for a friend, and kept you under my arms, so that no one might injure you. Since that time we have ever been true friends; there has never been any quarrel between us. But now our conditions are changed. You are become great and tall. You reach to the clouds. You are seen all round the world. I am become small; very little. I am not so high as your knee. Now you take care of me; and I look to you for protection.

"Brothers! I am sorry to hear of this great quarrel between you and Old England. It appears that blood must soon be shed to end this quarrel. We never till this day understood the foundation of this quarrel between you and the country you came from. Brothers! whenever I see your blood running, you will soon find me about you, to revenge my brother's blood. Although I am low, and very small, I will gripe hold of your enemy's heel, that he cannot run so fast, and so light, as if he had nothing at his heels.

"Brothers! You know I am not so wise as you are, therefore I ask your advice in what I am now going to say. I have been thinking, before you come to action, to take a run to the westward, and feel the mind of my Indian brethren, the Six Nations, and know how they stand; whether they are on your side, or for your enemies. If I find they are against you, I will try to turn their minds. I think they will listen to me; for they have always looked this way for advice, concerning all important news that comes from the rising sun. If they hearken to me, you will not be afraid of any danger from behind you. However their minds are affected, you shall soon know by me. Now I think I can do you more service in this way, than by marching off immediately to Boston, and staying there. It may be a great while before blood runs. Now, as I said, you are wiser than I. I leave this for your consideration, whether I come down immediately, or wait till I hear some blood is spilled.

"Brothers! I would not have you think by this, that we are falling back from our engagements; we are ready to do anything for your relief, and shall be guided by your counsel.

"Brothers! One thing I ask of you, if you send for me to fight, that you will let me fight in my own Indian way. I am not used to fight English fashion;

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therefore you must not expect I can train like your men. *Only point out to me where your enemies keep, and that is all I shall want to know.*"

They kept their word. At the very breaking out of the war they acted as rangers in the vicinity of Boston, under Yokun, one of their tribe. A full company, under another chief, named Nimham, was at White Plains, where they suffered severely both in the battle and from sickness.

In 1785 and 1788, the remnant of the tribe removed to a township in New York, given to them by the Oneidas. Here they resided with the missionary till 1822, when they began their removal to Green Bay. Now and then a pilgrim comes back to visit the graves of his ancestors. If the descendants of the white man, whom the Muhhekanews befriended, could know how much they owe them, no wrong would ever be done them. Peace and prosperity go with these simple-hearted red men.

Sergeant lived among them fifteen years, instructing and walking with them as their friend and guide. Of a Sunday evening, in the summer, after the church service, he would remain conversing with them in the most familiar manner. He died in 1749 at the age of 39. His successor was Jonathan Edwards, who here wrote the greatest metaphysical work of which America can boast.

If there ever was a country laid in the lap of beauty, it is here. Not only in this valley, but for twenty miles around it, nature has been munificent of her gifts. Take Stockbridge as the centre, and make excursions from it in any direction you please, you will find enough for a voyage across the sea. Come in June, when the laurel is in blossom; come in August, when the luxuriance of summer is at its height; come in October, when the thousand hues of our unequalled autumn are crowning every hill and every woodland; come here, and visit at your leisure Deowkook, the Monument, the Bear Mountain Glen, the sequestered Paquanhook, the Ice Glen; take a row on the Housatonic; penetrate the woods to Hatch's Pond; ride round the Mohawk Lake; sail on the Bowl; or go further and visit the Green Water of Becket, or the charming lakes of Otis; or the wild scenes of Tyingham; or the twin lakes of Salisbury; or the falls of the Housatonic; or the Taconac, Dome and Falls; forget the cares of the busy world, and—be happy.

Seven miles more, and we entered Great Barrington, known to theologians as the home of Samuel Hopkins, the founder of a new school of theology, and better known to us as once the home of Bryant. Ma-hai-we the Indians called it, signifying *down*, that is underneath the "monument." Your way hither is along the base of that mountain wall, from whose top, if you will diverge a little, you shall see a sight that shall charm you. But you shall think less of its wall of rock, or its wide prospect, than of its old romance.

"There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge grey wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side

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The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven."

"There is a tale about these grey old rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love,
And sorrows borne and ended long ago,
When over these fair vales, the savage sought
His game in the wild woods."

Gentle Ma-hai-we, leafy, almost hid behind the elms, fit home is it for a poet. The valley is compressed to its narrowest size, leaving barely room for the river and the village street beside it.

Instead of following the road to Sheffield, the southernmost and the oldest town in the county, we turned westward into the Egremont road, in order to ascend the Taconac. Three miles brought us to the neat little village of Egremont, and two more to Guilder Hollow, when we turned into one of the gorges of the mountain. Here we found a tolerable road, made along one of the streams, and followed it eight miles.

The Taconac is an immense pile, advanced into the valley of the Housatonic, and terminating a chain that stretches from the Highlands of the Hudson to the northeast. Its shape is remarkable: there is an exterior ridge, nearly straight on the eastern side, and semi-circular on the others; from which rise several peaks at intervals, like towers from a battlement. Within this exterior wall is a large plain, cultivated and inhabited, constituting the township of Mount Washington. The people were now in the fields gathering in their hay. We envied them their summers, passed in this elastic atmosphere, whatever we might think of their winters. The air was ethereal, and the thin white clouds sailed past so near to us, that it seemed as if we might almost throw a stone into them. But to the Dome.

From the centre of the eastern ridge a single peat rises higher than all the rest by several hundred feet, shaped like a dome. Its highest point is 2600 feet above the valley. We left our waggon in the road, and walked a mile or so by an easy path through the woods, to the base of the Dome. Here the scramble began, and a hard one it was, up a steep, rocky path, among the whortleberries and stunted pines. Half an hour sufficed for it, however, and we then found ourselves on a platform of bald rock, lifted far into the air above everything around us, everything, indeed, nearer than the Greylock and the Catskills. The first exclamation of "Oh! how grand," was followed by long silent gazing on the magnificent panorama. It is not so vast as that of the Greylock, but more beautiful, because the country around it is richer.

The Catskill, of course, bounded the horizon on the west, and the intervening country lay beneath us like a garden. We thought we could trace the Hudson, a bright line, at the foot of the mountains. And there, on the north and east, lay Berkshire. All its fair scenes, from the Greylock hither, were spread out as on a map—its fifty lakes, its hills, and its rejoicing river. And close beneath us, to the south, lay the twin lakes of Salisbury, two gems. But words cannot give you what the eye takes in. Come and see.

In the eastern ridge, four miles from the Dome, is a narrow gorge, where a mountain-stream leaps down and makes the Falls of the Taconac. The inhabitants call them the Bashbish, or simply the Bash. We prefer calling them, the Falls of the Taconac. We drove rapidly across the plain, and then walked a mile and a half to the Falls. It is not so much the fall of water, as the wild sublimity of the gorge, that will strike you. The mountain is rent, and the stream rushes down the cleft among the fallen rocks, in successive leaps, which are in all, perhaps, a hundred and fifty feet. On one side the rock projects twenty-five feet over the Fall, a dark, frowning mass of rock, nearly two hundred feet high, where the eagles used to build, and hence called the "Eagle's Nest." From the edge of this cliff you may stretch forward and look down into the gulf below—a dizzy height—and you may look westward, over the whole country between you and the Catskills. Here we stood, looking at the long blue line of mountain, as the sun went down behind it, and so ended our "journey of a day."

D. D. F.

August, 1844.

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INSTINCT—REASON—IMAGINATION.

BY C. WILKINS EIMI.

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

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

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

Your metaphysical philosophers are as thick as blackbirds in cherry time,—and quite as fussy. Every village pothouse has a genius with ragged breeches and a long score of "chalks" against him, who will prove to you that Christianity is a delusion, and the doctrine of immortality all nonsense, by such imposing logic as that "you can neither see a soul, hear a soul, taste a soul, smell a soul, nor"—an astounding climax which no one would think of doubting to be true in his case—"feel a soul!" But let them alone. It is all right. This is an age of progression and discovery.

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

Let them alone, we say! There is no telling what these "vulgar" Catos and Newtons may not accomplish. The chronicles of olden time are filled with wondrous tales, showing how they, once in a while, shake off the crust and step forth suddenly before the world's eye, *cap-à-pie* in shining armor, becoming men of renown in the fight of faith, or the weary marches of science. We have a strong inclination to set up for one of these vulgar Newtons ourselves, with the permission of the benevolent reader. We are going to be guilty of an audacious speculation, and if we were not more in fun than earnest, we should be glad to deprecate responsibility on the plea of "unsophisticated genius," &c.; but though one sense of "unsophisticated" might suit us well enough, yet we dare not claim to be a "genius;" that name is too sacred in the mythos of human hope for us to risk an eternity of infamy among its desecrators.

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

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page of the *living* revelation; for you recollect—

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

If this be true—then are we right to call earth a living revelation, and the dumb trees, and stocks, and stones, articulate language. But like that other Holy Revelation, which is only to be named in grave tone and with eyes reverently downcast, the types and symbols here must be devoutly studied, with a pious and earnest zeal. Though, perhaps, not very strictly pious in the common acceptation, we were zealous enough. Unconsciously to us, our translations—occasional glimpses of the sense which visited us—began to assume definiteness and connexion; the indigested chaos of rude forms to take an order; and before we were aware, an absorbing idea possessed us. All our readings might be summed up under the single head, "Life is one *linked* continuous chain from the Godhead to the atom!" and patiently we delved among the rocks, the shells, the bugs, all creeping things, the flowers, the birds, the brutes, and the swift arrowy fishes, to see if we might trace these links distinctly to the bounds of sense. We thought we could!

Then came the inquiry—If this linked gradation be a material law, the law of *forms*, may it not apply also to the immaterial essence which in such varied phases constitutes the life—the soul of these? Here we met with the hoary dogmatisms of the schools, and were rebuffed. We veiled our eyes in humility before such names as Bacon, Locke, Hume, Beattie, Brown—as we still bow, we hope, in becoming lowliness. We reverence these high names of Priests in the temple of the Most High! But reverence need not be blind. They said Reason and Instinct were altogether unlike; that Imagination was a mere adjunct, and Reason the supremest function of the mind; and how dare we think or say otherwise? We do not do it daringly, we do it humbly, inquiringly. We say we cannot help it that our eyes would not see as theirs have. They are poor weak visuals at the best, and but that there is something curious in the obstinacy of the hallucination they have persisted in all our life long, we should not presume to trouble any reader with it now. But let us strive as we may to see that these things are so, it is all in vain.

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

We said that our incorrigible visuals would not permit us to see that Reason and Instinct were altogether unlike. We took in our hands a definition of reason accepted by the sages, and went out among those sentient breathing forms of life, condemned by them to the blind guidance and fatality of Instinct, that we might compare the theory of the one with the reality of the other. The song-bird twittered at us; the wild deer turned to stare; the squirrel sputtered from his nut-crammed jaws, and the insect buzzed curiously around us—for the story got out that there was "a chiel amang them takin' notes," and they didn't understand but that we meant some impertinence; but they soon found out that we were harmless at least, and grew reconciled. Many a calm hour we spent among the cool, dim aisles of the mighty forests, still as the dark trunks around us, watching now the oriole with coy taste select a twig to hang her cradle from; and when her motherly care was satisfied that a particular one hung clear beyond the reach of the dreaded snake, or mischievous climbers one and all—that there was a tuft of leaves above it, which would precisely shield it from the noontide sun—then commence her airy fabric. How ingeniously she avails herself of the forks and notches to twist the first important thread around! How housewife-like she plaits and weaves the grassy fibres! The unmanageable horse-hair too is used; how soberly

* Shakspere's Sonnets.

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she plies her long sharp bill and delicate feet! Now she drops that thread as too rotten to be trusted, and reprovingly sends off her careless chattering mate to get another. He is proud of his fine coat, and dissipates his time in carolling; but in her prudent creed, sweet songs wont build a home for the little folk, and so she very properly makes the idle fellow work. At last, after a deal of sewing, webbing, roofing—and scolding, too, the while—the house is finished, thatch door and all. The softest velvet from the mullen stalk must line it now; and then elate upon the topmost bough she turns her bill toward heaven, and pours out her joy for labors done, in trilling gushes!

Or now, sitting upon a gnarled root, we would bend for hours over some thronged city of the ants. Why, how is this? Here from the great entrance roads branch off on every side. How clean and smooth and regular they are! See, yonder is a dead limb fallen across the course. Amazement! A tunnel! A tunnel! they have sunk it beneath the obstruction too heavy for the power of their mechanics! Follow the winding track. See, that thick tuft of grass! It is easier to go round it than to cut through it And there, behold a mountain pebble in the way; see how the road is made to sweep in a free curve round the base. Lay now that small stone across the narrow way! See! The common herd—the stream of dull-eyed laborers—how they are confounded by the interruption. They fall back on each other—all is confusion. The precious burdens they bore with so much care, are dropped—to and fro they run—all is consternation and alarm. But look! That portly, lazy fellow, who seemed to have nothing to do but to strut back and forth and sun himself, now wakes up. He rushes to the scene. All give way from his path, and close crowdingly in his wake. He is evidently one having authority. He climbs upon the stone; runs over it rapidly; measures it with his antennæ; and down he glides among the still, expectant crowd. Here—there—yonder—everywhere, in a moment—he selects among the multitude those best fitted for the purpose with which his sagacious head is full—touches them with the antennæ of command, and each one, obedient, hurries to the stone. No more confusion—every one is in his place awaiting orders, nor daring to begin yet. He is back now to the stone. The signal is given! Each of the selected workies lays hold of it. See how they tug and strain! What? Not strength enough? An additional number is chosen. They seize hold. Now they move it! My lord, the overseer, does not put a hand to it himself, or a pincer either,—but see how he plays round, keeps the crowd out of the way, and directs the whole. It is done! The stone is rolled out from the highway, and we will not put another one on it; it is cruel thus to use our giant's strength like a giant, and we are satisfied. The little laborers resume their burdens; away they go streaming on to the citadel; while the great man relapses suddenly into the old air of sluggish dignity. But follow that road; it leads a hundred yards—clearly traceable through, above, under, around, all impediments: here the main road branches off, and is lost, or ends at a tree with many insects on its bark, or at some great deposit of favorite food that has been found; and all this pains and labor have been expended in digging that road to secure the convenience of transportation! Talk of your Simplon or your Erie Canal, or your hundreds of miles of human railroads! Wonderful *Instinct*, indeed!

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

The vanquished are dragged into

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

The mocking-bird is a great favorite with us! Besides being "king of all earth's choir," it is characterized by the most remarkable and something like weird sagacity. We watched a pair of them once build their nest in a low thorn-bush, growing in what is called a "sink-hole," in the West. This had once or twice been filled with water by heavy rains, but at long intervals. This year the floods came. The birds had hatched, and four little downy yellow gaping mouths could be seen in the nest. The water commenced rising very rapidly in the sink. The birds became uneasy; they fluttered and screamed, and made a wonderful to-do. At length one of them flew down to the last twig above the rising waters; he sat there looking closely at it till it rose about his feet, and then, suddenly, with a loud chirp, flew away, followed by the mate. We thought they had deserted their young. "The inhuman creatures!" we exclaimed, from the force of habit; if we had had a gun, we should have had no scruple in shooting them. In about half an hour the water had risen to the bottom of the nest! when, suddenly, to our joy and penitent shame, the birds were back—flew down into the nest, and off again! each bearing a young one. They were not gone a minute, when, straight as the flight of an arrow and as swift, they were back, the other two little ones were carried off, and in another minute the nest was afloat. Close calculation that! We followed in the direction they went, and, after some search, found the callow family safe and snug in an old nest which they had repaired for their reception, as soon as they became convinced the water must reach them. Instinct must have wide play, indeed, to account for this.

We saw a large heavy cockroach, fully an inch long, fall into the web of a small spider. The great weight of the insect, and the height from which it fell, were sufficient to tear through the web, and it would have fallen clear but that the long sharp claws which arm the extremities of the hindmost pair of legs, gathered a sufficient quantity of the fibres as they rolled down the net, to sustain the weight of the cockroach, who thus hung dangling by the heels, head downwards, and body free. Out rushed the little spider, not half so large as a cherry-stone. What could *it* do with such a monster? You shall see. Without an instant's confusion or hesitation, it commenced rapidly throwing a new web with its hinder legs or spinners over the two claws that were entangled, so that the hold there might first be strengthened. The cockroach struggled desperately—his weight began to tear away the web from the beam. The spider felt that all was giving way—and faster than the eye could follow him, ran back and forth along the breaking cords from the beam to the heels of the monster, carrying a new thread from one to the other each time, until the breakage was arrested, and he was satisfied that the whole would bear all its weight and efforts. He then returned cautiously to the charge, and, after a dozen trials, succeeded in webbing the second pair of legs, and bound them down in spite of the tremendous writhings of the great black beast. The third pair were near the head, and he could not succeed in binding them from the front, so he tried another tack; he crawled along the hard sheath of the back (it hung back downward) and commenced with inconceivable rapidity throwing his web over the head. The roach seemed to be greatly frightened at this, and made more furious efforts than ever to get loose. The cords from above began to give way again. The spider darted along them as before, till they were strengthened a second time. He now tried another manœuvre. We had noticed him frequently attempting to bite through the sheath armor of the roach, but he seemed to have failed in piercing it. He now seemed determined to catch the two fore legs which were free. After twenty trials at least he noosed one of them, and soon had it under his control. This pair of legs was much more delicate than the others: he instantly bit through the captured one. The poison was not sufficient to affect the huge mass of the roach a great deal, but the leg seemed

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to give it much pain, and it bent its head forward to caress the wound with its jaws—and now the object of the cunning spider was apparent. He ran instantly to the old position he had been routed from on the back of the neck, and while the roach was employed in soothing the smart of the bite, he succeeded in enveloping the head from the back in such a way as to prevent the roach from straightening out again; and in a little while more had him bound in that position, and entirely surrounded by a web. A few more last agonies and the roach was dead; for the neck, bent forward in this way, exposed a vital part beneath the sheath; and we left him quietly luxuriating upon the fruits of his weary contest. This battle between brute force and subtle sagacity lasted one hour and a half, and if the history of Reason in our race can show a more remarkable conquest of superior mind over animal strength, we hope the wiles of the sagacious victor will not be robbed of their glory by being stigmatized as *instinctive.*

These are a few of the many incidents occurring under our own observation, which we have chosen to specify and become responsible for. But the books of natural philosophy are crowded with ten thousand such; no just detail of the habitudes of *any* form of animal life has been or can be given, which will not furnish such. Though the narrators themselves persist in naming these acts *instinctive*, yet common judgment must teach that no possible sense of Instinct can be made satisfactorily to account for them. Every day our horse and dog—to go no further—forced the conviction that this must be so; that they shared with us, to a certain point, reason and emotion. The most eager and accurate investigation showed us that the whole argument for Instinct was based upon error; that the *facts* upon which its most ingenious defenders founded their strong positions, melted into thin air before a close examination, and proved to be pedantic whims or mistakes of old writers, perpetuated by the careless ignorance of modern book-makers. Since such men as Cuvier and Audubon have taught the world how the meaning of the sublime pages of the living revelation was to be arrived at—have forced upon their fellows a realization of the astounding discovery that each individual of them possessed eyes of his own and might lawfully use them for himself, and that it was only by the exercise of this primitive and obsolete right that truth was to be made known—the universal mind has been restless on this point. Who has not noticed how common a thing it is, in the modern books of travel, to meet with surmises, doubts, hints, and even broad denials, in regard to the doctrine of Instinct. Scarcely a relation of a trait of natural history can be met with now, to which something of this kind is not appended. These men have left Locke, and Brown, and Stewart, upon the mouldy shelves at home, and there is no stern eye of scholastic bigot to rebuke them, out amidst the wilds and freedom of nature; and removed from the immediate terror of the lash, they dare to write what they see, and draw their own conclusions. Shakspere has writ the motto of these times—

"What custom wills in all things should
we do it;
The dust on antique time would be unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly
heaped
For truth to overpeer!"

Are we not in danger of "mountainous error" here? Aye! and since by its side the tumulus of Truth under the slow heaping of atoms through the ages, has grown and grown, until now even a pigmy upon tiptoe may outpeer and shout to the multitudes in shadow beneath, we will be that pigmy; and though the spectacled and lamp-dried book-man may shake his withered sides, and curl his lean lips in scorn, yet will we make articulate the voice which has so long been struggling in us for utterance. There are no blind fatal impulses known to nature! Reason is the impulse of volition! and wherever animal life exists, whether in the dumb stock or stone, the herb or molecule, brute or man, Reason directs it! The self-same principle which, through our organization, governs or wields the material forces, acting through the organization of the ant, the atom, and the elephant, produces like results to the full extent of the organic susceptibility and creative intention in each. Organization is the law of Reason!

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Now that our conscience had been unburdened, and our still small voice had gone forth with this portentous announcement—we shrank back upon ourselves abashed and horrified! Fear came upon us! What was it we had done? After all this flourish of trumpets little more than prolong the echoes of dull and stale materialism? Yes, this is it! If Reason be determined by organization, then, of course, the dissolution of the one is the end of the other! Who could fail to recognize the heavy and asinine front of this ancient philosophic bore? Shame! shame upon you! A metaphysician, and to get your boat staved against the very rock the light-house stands on! We writhed like a wounded worm. But we were over-wrought. One truth is as much as the mind can possess and enter into at a time. Long we paused, and wrestled on the threshold of the next. What! the thick rayless gloom, hopeless and aweary, of this sensual creed, to be our abiding place! Fairly and well, by the clear lamp of Truth, had we counted our footsteps heretofore. From link to link, carefully had we traced the interfusing grades through all forms, and saw and felt the universe of matter an harmonious whole—the harp of God!—each string accordant with the string last touched, and melting into the tone of that before. No jarring notes—no discord! but order the law, and music, such as Seraphim can hear and mortals *feel*, the expression! Then came a dim hint of what we sought and yearned for, like a distant ray of daylight to a lost wanderer in a cavern:

"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie
To lull the Daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune."*

Since Jubal's pipe awakened the young echo, so have the sage poets sung. The Poets! Who were these Poets! The Kings of Mind! Always their white swift feet have led the van of science—and the quick flash of their luminous eyes has startled the darkness of caverns where treasures were, and showed to the gaping crowd the heaps of gems! It is their mission to discover. They leave to those who followed them now, to drag the riches forth to day, classify, name, arrange, and add to the treasury of general science. In many a measured legend and guise of graphic allegory, they have said and sung that harmony. Order was the supremest law of God's created universe—the highest revelation of himself—the garment that we know him by, woofed of stars and clouds, colored by the many tints of the moon and sun, when they play on these, or on the shining earth, with her waters, mountains, trees, and herbs, and myriad forms that creep, and walk, and run, and fly, and swim—many and divers—a life and will to each, yet all softly and sweetly blending in those mellow hues which make it beautiful when seen from heaven—worthy to robe the limbs of Infinite Might. Well then, if the law of gradation be necessary to these harmonies—as applied to organization and form, consistent with them—then must the same law apply to animal life, when introduced into these grades of organized matter. One general principle, animal life, must animate them all. Why are they differently organized? Why not all after the same structure, size, and shape? The harmonious diversity of creation requires it should be so. The principle of life, passing into this variety of structure, gives this required diversity of result. Though the principle be the same, the machinery acted upon is different. In the higher forms of organization, the principle of life is active; in the lower, passive.

Those which are to be active, must have the means of self-direction; it would be fatal to the harmonies so jealously guarded, should they shoot into space sphereless and aimless, the restless life hurrying them to motion till they were self-destroyed, and confusion carried everywhere. No, they shall have senses which shall inform the life within of all external things, through the retina of consciousness. All impressions, then, of outward things, their qualities, etc., shall be retained upon that retina, and shall be called experience of life—memory. This experience shall be to the principle of life for a guide, and it shall have

* Milton.

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a power given it called *Reason—which is the highest result of the principle of life, educated by the experience of the senses!* This education will be justly proportionate with the power of the senses to inform; and therefore in the precise ratio of the sensitiveness, delicacy, and complexity of the senses, will be the corresponding attributes of this educated life, Reason. It is harmonious that it should be so! Animal existence is confined to a material earth. The forms and objects co-existing there, are to it all that necessity demands. Its powers, capabilities, wants, are filled and circumscribed by these. The end and object of its being, first defined by organization, is carried to the ultimate highest creative aim by Reason. The mite which builds its coral cell—the savage who piles his hut of bark, are equally guided by this principle to the consummation of all their sheer physical necessities, and gregarious or social duties.

The cause why Reason is not progressive in other forms of animal life, as we see it to have been in man, is this:—Man is a complex being—the animal is a simple one. The organic necessities of the bee led its *experience* simply and directly to the discovery of a mathematical law, by which the form and arrangement of its cells was perfected; though it knows nothing of mathematics as a system, yet the wants of its social habitudes, crowding it in great numbers into a small space, soon led to the assertion of the utmost power its experience was capable of furnishing Reason with, in regard to those lines and angles by the use of which space might be best economised. The result was as we see; this was the highest exertion of the mathematical faculty its organization admitted, or its necessities required; and here its display rested, and will continue to rest. Reason has carried it up to the ultimatum of its creative intention. So with the ant, the organization of which is more complicated, its necessities more diverse, and the results of its reasoning more varied and curious! So with all forms of animal life! We arrive at man—the perfection of organized matter. We find reason in him capable of nearly all the bee does or the ant can accomplish, and, as a general average, superior to all other animals—though in particular traits he is inferior to most of them. He has not the eye of the eagle or the vulture; the scent of the hound or the moth; the hearing of the deer; the sense of touch of the mole; the taste of the coy humming-bird. Therefore, the experience of his senses, or his physical ability, will not enable his Reason to accomplish just such feats as characterize these particular animals—but yet, the general superiority of his senses over those of any one of these—their more equal and perfect balance—the higher complexity, susceptibility, and delicacy of his whole organization—give to him the first position as the mere "reasoning animal." Though the migratory bird, or fish, from the superior acuteness of one sense, and familiarity its habits must give it with the currents of the element it dwells in, can traverse the world in a straight line, without other guide than this experience—yet man can do the same thing by a more roundabout process; his necessities gradually taught him the qualities of the magnetic needle, and by the aid of this, he can do what the fish or bird accomplish directly, by their superior sense. Here, then, we have man, *so far*, a mere form of animal life,—more perfect, indeed, than any other—but sustained by the same law which sustains them, and, like them, ceasing to be, when his organization is dissolved. For we have said, the office of Reason, like that of caution and the love of life, is to protect this existence, and carry it up to the consummation of its creative intention; to lead on the vital forces in the battle against decay. And when, in that unceasing war, decay has conquered, Reason must die. Its mission has been fulfilled—for all the objects, purposes, and duties of simply animal life in a material universe, it was sufficient,—the animal needs it no further. It has been resolved into the original elements, and the principle of life returns, to become again a part of the Spirit of Nature. That Reason carried man up to the highest point of physical perfection his organization was capable of attaining, there can be little doubt. "And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years, and he died"—is a sufficient comment on this point.

But we said, "man was a complex

being, the animal a simple one." We have thus far presented him as a mere form of animal life, and shown the disposal of all that portion of his being he holds in common with it! We have tarried long enough amidst the "flesh-pots!" Joy in Heaven and thanksgiving on Earth! The murky gloom of terrestrial materialism has been pierced and flooded by the keen joyance of a celestial light! Moses, the first Poet—the primeval "King of Mind"—has sung of how "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the *breath of life*—and man *became a living soul!*" He tells how "God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every living thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind," but he does *not* sing that He breathed into the nostrils of the beast of the earth the "breath of life," and that *it* became "a living soul!" Now, this was the crowning act of the six days' labor; and man, the last, the perfect work—the sublimation of material forms—alone was trusted with that awful gift—"the breath of life!" There is no mention of the "breath of life," when he made the beast, cattle, and creeping thing—yet in the common sense of these words, they too were given the breath of life. No! He before says—"God made man in his own image"—that is, in his spiritual image—for there can be no material likeness of spiritual existence, and these majestic words were used in reference to that spiritual resemblance of which the Eternal Life of God was the first feature. The *breath of life* from his own lips was the bestowal of the eternity of his own spiritual being. A distinct, peculiar act! adding another element to the animal framed of the same dust of which the beast was made—interfusing a portion of Himself, of His own ultimate and indivisible essence, into the subtlest, purest organism of compounded matter; *and man became a living soul,* and that soul in the image of its Maker! Between the atomic reasoner and the reasoning man, there is a mighty stride. The shadow, though far away, is like, for one and the same principle governs in each. The stride between the attributes of God, so far as he has chosen to reveal them, and the attributes of the Living Soul in man, made after his own image, is vast too; but the shadow, though cast from afar and dim, is still *like!* We cannot know how much more high those other attributes of which it has not pleased Him to instruct us may be; but we do know from His own words that the *Creative* Power is one of them, and Omnipresence and Fore-knowledge are others. Then has not the Imagination, or the Living Soul of man, in its own narrow sphere, the *creative power?* Out of the chaos of material imagery does it not body forth creations of its own, which had no being else, and with the reflex glories of this atom orb, people a universe? Does not the speed of thought in unappreciable time traverse all space like omnipresence? Has it not whilome cleft the dark-lined horizon of Now, and felt the Future shiver in cold prophetic beamings on its plumes? Says not the Sage Poet—

> Imagination which from earth to sky,
> And from the depths of human phantasy,
> As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
> The universe with golden beams!

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

> "Spirit, the Promethean spark,
> The lightning of our being"—

has passed beneath them; when, possessed of an immortal vigor, the self-same drooping vans bathing in silver exhalations at far starry fonts, take on the youth and splendor of eternity, and in long weariless flights traverse infinity, questioning the seraphim, front to front, of God and mysteries. Here is the mission of Imagination! We are of earth earthy; and all its grosser essences thrice winnowed through life, through death and through decay, meet once again in *The I Am*, without extension, weight, or form—the ultimation material being—buoyant and strong as angels are, and meet to bow with them before God's throne, and bide the awful Future. And as Imagination here has wrought His will, has faithfully tasked the poor wings of Reason lent

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it but for Time, and delved and soared in every secret place where they might bear it, searching for knowledge of that will—so shall its wages be.

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

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

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

Or, in the sublimer tale of Prometheus, who wrestled defiant with the Gods, and dared them, through torments without name, to quell that spark of their own life he won from heaven for his race, to overleap the ages. What is the Prometheus of Shelley but an impersonation of the Soul—of Imagination warring with the great powers of evil who cursed it with a body—the Rock, Animal Life—Reason, the Chain—and fell Disease, the Vulture; and when the Demons drove the Vulture off that they might be refreshed with taunting him, the fearfullest image of fierce torture they could conjure was—

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

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

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

To begin at the atom and trace the law of gradation up to man, furnishes the most complete train of analogical argumentation the mind is capable of realizing. The microscopic observation of Physical Philosophy through atomic existences up to sensible ones, has traced a perfect chain of life, with an individual standing between the extremes of each species, partaking of the character of both. When we arrive at the sensible, no ordinary thinker, who has walked with his eyes open, can have failed being astonished at the perfect symmetry of this gradation. Who has not seen in the Sensitive Plant, the first faint stir as in a dream before awaking, of the great active principle of life, which slumbers so profoundly passive in the mountain and the forest;

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and then in the (dionæ muscipula) Fly-catcher Plant, the smiling play of an odd conceit across the features of the half-aroused sleeper; and then the full waking in the Hydra Polypus, this strange creature, forming the link between vegetable and animal life, sharing the character of both, capable of disjection into a thousand fragments, yet reproducing from each a perfect polypus: and the Humming Bird, the link between Insects and Birds, agreeing with the larger species of moths in the character and manner of taking—(on the wing)—its principal food; though it cannot live long on nectar alone, but, as a bird, must have insects occasionally, or it will die; and then the feather which in the moths has been becoming gradually more perceptible to the naked eye, in this bright creature, is splendidly perfected. How beautifully the waves glide into each other in this calm harmony of being! Then at the other end of the scale of birds, we have the Ostrich and the Penguin, with wings incapable of flight; and then the Bat, the link between birds and animals; and, what is still more curious, an animal in New Holland with the horny bill of the duck and body of the hair seal. We have not time for more particular enumeration. We will go on up to the monkey, the ourang-outang, the man; the intermediate grades are filled up in the manner we have shown. And here we lay it down as a proposition of physics: that through the whole chain of being, whether what is called animate or inanimate, there is yet this connecting link between every change, not only of class, but of order, genus, and species—that the individual intermediate in this change possesses a double nature, embracing in a less degree the characteristics of the class, order, etc. left, and in a greater those of that entered upon—that this chain of progression is unbroken from the atom up to man! Taking for granted, of course, the proposition of Spiritual Existences, the irresistible inference from all this linked analogy is—that man, being the perfection and last gradation of material existence, forms the link between it and a spiritual; being the individual intermediate, possesses a double nature, embracing in a less degree the characteristics of the class left, and in a greater, those of that entered upon: that the two elements of this double nature are the material or reasoning, which he possesses in common with other forms of animal life; and the Spiritual or Imaginative which he possesses in common with angelic beings. Why, even a coarse-grained Russian could not resist this conclusion, and, with the vigor of the rude north, finely expresses the idea:

"I hold the middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the Spirit-land:
The chain of being is complete in me,
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity."

This chain of being is the Jacob's ladder of the allegory, the rounds of which, form 'principalities and powers in Heavenly places,' through all the orders of spiritual intelligences, lead down to man, resting with him, the link between earth and heaven. We have a perfect and just right to the argument, that the next step is pure spirit, unalloyed with matter—angelic being—and that there are grades and orders of this being swelling sublimely up to the Infinite. Before the discovery of the microscope, the world of the dew drop—the atomic legions 'from the low herb where mites do crawl,' to the myriads of 'far spooming ocean,' and the wide air, where all is as far beyond the apprehension of our senses as these spiritual existences now are. Yet the most patient investigation has gone to show that the analogies of higher existences hold good in these, and science does not hesitate in the application of these analogies to them. Why should they hold good at one end of the scale and not at the other? Is it because we cannot see, taste, smell, or handle thought and spiritual existences? Neither can we do all this with the atom; its very being is only arrived at through imperfect instruments; while the existence of spirit and thought is proven by our consciousness, than which there can be no higher evidence. Yet no man in his senses pretends to deny atomic existences because he cannot see them, nor the application of the laws of life which he can see in sensible existences to them; nor would any such man deny the same application at the other end of the scale to spiritual, especially, since he has higher order of proof, independent of revelation, that they are!

Though each of those two natures in man, is a unit capable of separate existence, yet the imagination is only *apparent* through the material, as electricity through the atmosphere, which conveys to us the flash and sound. We do not argue that electricity is a property of atmosphere, because we only hear and see it through this medium; nor do we argue that electricity is not, because it is not

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always apparent. We know it to be above us and around us, nevertheless, and gentle and familiar as the airs of home; but if we should forget! then, shaken with grandeur through the last quivering fibre, we are reminded that it is. Though it sleeps now 'with silence, in its old couch of space and airy cradle;' yet its articulations are all of the sublime, and the awed earth, and the reverberating heavens rock beneath its stunning shout, when it answers the far spheres in laughter. As electricity to nature, so imagination to man's material or reasoning part. It is not always apparent to his drowsy consciousness; yet it always is, subtle and silent, refining his coarse passions or making them more terrible; and its articulations, too, are all of the sublime; and when the gathering nations, with rapture on their multitudinous tongues, swell the huzza to glorious deeds, you may know that it has leaped from its 'dumb cradle.' All that is grand, magnificent, sublime, the Past has to tell—the Future has to hope;—Imagination wrought or must create. The Chieftain, the Architect, the Sculptor, the Painter, the Poet, are her slaves—and at her bidding, the world is showered with splendors. In a word—Imagination is the soul.

The cause of that gradual physical deterioration we notice from the times before the flood to the present, evidently may be traced to the unceasing antagonism of these two opposite elements of man's nature. Each successive generation marks the victorious progress of the spiritual in the declension of mere animal bulk: the more delicate and sensitive texture of nervous tissue, and greater frontal development, a falling off in the actual numerical span of life, but a corresponding increase in that which constitutes its true measurement—the number, variety and intensity of emotions and thoughts; in short, an every day and increasing recognition of all higher truths. Men are beginning now to appreciate the true offices of Imagination, and to separate them from the monstrous and unnatural fraternity of mere Machine Rhyming! and to know and feel that

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

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

Some change in the value of money has been temporarily created in the New York market, during the month, by a combination of circumstances, favoring an artificial action of the Banks, which, during the past year, have made several ineffectual struggles to advance the rate of interest. In February last, considerable speculation in stocks existed simultaneously with the absorption of a large sum of money for the holding of cotton, and in payment of duties, which were heavy in the months of January and February. The amount of speculative obligations outstanding, enabled the banks, by suddenly calling in their loans, to raise the rate of money to 6 and 7 per cent. for a few weeks. The amount of money in the hands of individuals and in those of the institutions of neighboring cities, soon flowed into the market in competition with that of the city banks, and reduced the rate lower than ever. Since then, speculation in stocks and cotton has, to a considerable extent, subsided, and large sums, probably $25,000,000, have been realized from cotton then held. This increased supply of money and diminished speculation prevented any advance in the rate of interest until August, when the amount of goods sent into the country, on consignment, for the fall trade, becoming very large, the payment of duties withdrew from its ordinary employments considerable amounts of money, and by placing it with the government banks enabled them to control the market and produce a rise of interest to 7 per cent. The customs received at the ports of New York and Boston, for eight months, from January 1st to September 1st, 1843, were $9,118,321; and have this year, in the same period, amounted to $20,720,100. The accumulation of

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surplus revenue in the government banks, consequent upon these large receipts, has reached, according to the official reports, $11,670,995. Of this amount, the deposits in the New York city banks were as follows:—

GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS IN NEW YORK BANKS.

	June 21.	July 27.	Aug. 26.
Merchants' Bank,	$1,066,890	$1,881,426	$1,440,126
Bank of America,	1,327,519	1,189,256	2,557,436
" Commerce,	1,870,472	1,206,277	1,275,356
American Exchange Bank,	119,280	997,280	830,583
Total,	$4,384,161	$5,274,229	$6,103,501

This was the amount on deposit at the date of each report. The amount of duties collected by the government at this port, in the sixty days embraced in the table was $5,891,270, of which, it appears near two million remained with the Banks, mostly the Bank of America and the Merchants' Bank. Those institutions being under the safety fund law of New York, are allowed to loan only twice and a half their capitals, which amount to $3,491,200. They are therefore allowed to loan $8,728,000. At the close of June, their actual loans rather exceeded this sum; consequently, the $1,603,153 of government money deposited with them subsequent to that time, they could not use, and its withdrawal from other banks in specie, compelled those institutions to restrict their loans, and enabled the whole to advance the rate of interest. The operation of selecting four banks only for the receipt of the public money, which was done at the close of the session, to the prejudice of the other banks, is to give the government Banks a kind of monopoly, by concentrating the specie in their vaults. The following table shows the amount of specie held by the government Banks in May and in August, and the aggregate held by the other city Banks.

SPECIE IN THE GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT BANKS, AND IN ALL OF THE CITY AND OF THE COUNTRY BANKS.

	May.	August.
Bank of America,	$768,498	$1,612,289
" Commerce,	1,030,949	1,101,851
Merchants' Bank,	1,305,684	1,219,559
American Exchange Bank,	227,922	404,937
Total,	$3,333,045	$4,338,634
" other Banks,	5,152,518	4,765,858
Total city Banks,	$8,485,563	$9,104,449
" country "	969,598	1,087,525
Total Banks of New York,	$9,455,161	$10,197,974

The government Banks added $1,000,000, or 33⅓ per cent. to the specie in their vaults, while that of all the other city Banks diminished, the aggregate having increased. The amount of money collected by the government, and paid into the four Banks during the three months, was $6,006,187, which was checked out of the other banks by the importing merchants into the government Banks, and the balance thus created drawn in specie. By these means, the institutions were enabled to advance the rate of money to 7 per cent., but the rate again speedily fell under the competition of individual capitalists, notwithstanding the large amount withdrawn from commerce by the government. The whole amount in the Treasury on the 1st of August, was scarcely more than the amount on hand at the same period last year. In 1843, however, the $10,000,000 in the Treasury was the proceeds of a loan for the redemption of the outstanding Treasury notes. That money was gradually applied to that purpose, and since then, the accumulation has been from customs, and will be to the extent of near $6,000,000, applied to the redemption of the stock debt, due in January next.

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The large import of goods which have been the cause of the improved revenues are already falling off, in consequence of the depression of prices, caused by a supply already too great for the wants of the market. The compromise tariff act expired on the 30th of June, 1842, and the present tariff came into operation on the 1st of September of the same year. The fiscal year now ends on the 30th June, according to the law of the last session of Congress. The custom revenues of the Government have been for the last three years ending June 30, 1844, as follows:

1842	-	-	$21,597,875
1843	-	-	$12,817,501
1844	-	-	$26,109,188

The average of the customs collected on dutiable goods in 1842, was 23 per cent. and in 1843 and 1844, under the present tariff, 36 per cent., an increase of 16 per cent. in the average duties, which in the year 1843 produced a decline in the amount collected, of 40 per cent. and in the average of the two years, 1843–44 of 10 per cent. as compared with 1842. This has been the practical effect of the tariff, an advance of 16 per cent. in the rate of duty has diminished the revenue 10 per cent. and the trade of the country 20 per cent. The following is a table of the import and consumption of foreign goods, and the gross duties on merchandise, for several years.

NET IMPORT OF FOREIGN GOODS—CONSUMPTION PER HEAD AND DUTIES COLLECTED.

	Imports.	Export Foreign Goods.	Net Import.	Specie Imported.	Goods Consumed.	Consumed per head.	Duties.
1829	76,492,527	16,658,478	57,834,049	2,479,592	55,354,467	$4.75	22,296,512
1830	70,876,920	14,387,479	56,489,441	6,914,342	49,575,099	4.20	22,833,573
1831	103,191,124	20,033,526	83,157,698		83,157,698	6.30	30,225,197
1832	101,029,266	24,039,473	76,989,793	250,964	76,738,829	5.50	28,465,437
1833	108,118,311	19,322,735	88,295,576	4,825,509	83,470,067	5.90	29,032,508
1834	126,521,332	23,312,811	103,208,521	16,235,374	86,973,147	6.00	16,214,157
1835	149,895,742	20,504,495	129,391,247	6,653,672	122,737,575	8.25	19,391,310
1836	189,980,235	21,746,360	168,233,675	9,076,545	159,157,130	14.00	26,325,839
1837	140,989,217	21,854,962	119,134,255	5,823,684	113,310,571	6.75	11,165,970
1838	113,717,404	12,452,795	101,264,609	14,239,070	87,025,539	5.40	16,155,655
1839	162,092,132	17,494,525	144,597,607		144,597,607	8.90	23,136,397
1840	107,141,519	18,199,312	88,942,207	518,488	88,423,719	5.75	13,496,834
1841	127,946,177	15,469,081	112,477,096		112,477,096	6.40	14,481,997
1842	100,162,087	11,721,538	88,440,549	373,477	88,067,072	4.60	18,176,720
1843	80,260,895	9,568,781	79,092,114	20,623,146	59,068,968	3.20	16,279,116
1844	100,000,000	100,000,000	90,000,000	5,000,000	85,000,000	4.46	27,000,000

The figures for 1844 are estimated from the data of actual returns for eight months already received. The consumption of foreign goods in the United States, as expressed in the fifth column, is the net quantity of merchandise remaining in the country after deducting the exports, and the balance of specie imported. The remainder is calculated per head to the population, according to its progressive increase: as, for instance, the ratio of increase from 1820 to 1830 was 33.26 per cent of the whole population, and from 1830 to 1840, 32.67 per cent., showing a small diminution in the ratio of increase. On this basis the increase of the population from 1840 to 1844 was therefore 11.74 per cent., which gives a population of 19,022,199, and a net import of $85,000,000 foreign goods, or a consumption of $4,46 per head. The consumption of foreign goods for the two years 1843–1844 averages $3,83 per head, which is 10 per cent. less than the consumption of 1831, the lowest of the series. The year of by far the largest revenue from customs was 1830, when the tariff of 1828 was in full operation, and the markets were in a position similar in some respects to what now exists. The high rates of duty in 1829 and 1830 had greatly diminished the supply of goods, and in 1831 a good demand existed in consequence of the reduced stocks in all the stores of the interior, and in the hands of consumers, consequently the consumption per head in 1831 increased 50 per cent. over that of 1830. This demand for goods found a powerful stimulus in the movement of the National Bank and other institutions of that period. The receipts of the Treasury were as follows:—

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Duties on merchandise, - - - - - -		$36,304,342
Tonnage, &c. - - - - - - - - -		67,970
Total, - - - - - - - - -		36,772,312
Drawback on foreign goods, - - - -	$4,687,876	
" and bounties on domestic goods, -	278,974	$4,966,850
		31,405,462
Expenses of collection, - - - - - -		1,180,265
Net revenue, - - - - - - -		$30,225,197

This was the largest customs revenue ever collected, and will greatly exceed that of this year, because the powerful agency of banks to promote sales is now wanting. In order to observe in how far the banks assisted the movement, we will take a table of leading features of several banks in 1830 and 1832.

MOVEMENT OF CERTAIN BANKS NEAREST TO 1830 AND 1832.

	1830.			1832.		
	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.
U. S. Bank,	40,663,805	7,608,076	12,194,145	66,293,707	7,038,023	21,355,724
Massachusetts,	27,987,234	1,258,444	5,124,090	38,889,727	902,205	7,122,850
New York,	20,370,693	1,560,291	7,959,280	57,689,704	2,657,503	17,820,402
Pennsylvania,	21,474,173	2,414,669	7,308,368	31,587,030	2,909,105	10,366,232
Total,	110,495,905	12,841,480	32,585,883	194,460,168	13,506,836	56,665,208

The late National Bank increased its loans 60 per cent. and its circulation 70 per cent. a movement which was promptly followed by all the banks over which it affected to have control. The banks of New York then commenced their discounts of long dated paper taken for goods sold in the interior, which greatly facilitated sales on credit but finally ended in revulsion. They then increased their loans near 72,00 per cent. The inevitable consequence of which was large imports and extraordinary revenues. The case is now very different. The National Bank has ceased to exist. The lesson of the past has taught the banks to avoid that long paper and accommodation notes, and the loans of the banks of the State of New York have increased from January, 1842, to August, 1844, $15,243,956 only. Hence as far as the late National Bank and those of New York are concerned, there has been an extension of loans since the new tariff commenced its action of $15,243,956 only against an extension from the same sources of $62,966,000 in 1831–2. In these facts we have a sufficient cause for the diminished trade. In 1828 the consumption of foreign goods per head was near $6 00. In September of that year the high tariff came into operation and in the succeeding two years the consumption of goods fell 30 per cent. In September 1842 the tariff of the extra session came into operation and followed by that of 1842 produced a decline of 50 per cent. in the consumption of foreign goods, leaving the consumption per head in 1843, less than in any year since the formation of the government. In 1831 and in 1844 a reaction and increased import took place, but the reaction was less in the present year than in the former one because of the different condition of financial affairs. The unhealthy sales of goods on the credit of "another crop," which were then made to so great an extent are now very limited—the proceeds of actual sales of produce forming the extent of purchases of goods. The manner of selling goods adopted at that time by continually shoving payments ahead through the medium of bank renewals, laid the train for that explosion which on the 13th of May, 1837, drew from Mr. Biddle, the author of the false system which produced the mischief, the following acknowledgment in his letter to J. Q. Adams, Esq.

"We owe a debt to foreigners, by no means large for our resources, but disproportionate to our present means of payment. We must take care that this late measure (suspension) shall not seem to be an effort to avoid payment of our just debt. We have worn and eaten and drunk the propuce of their industry—too much of all perhaps, but that is our fault, not theirs. We may take less hereafter."

Through the medium of national bank "regulations of exchanges," debts were accumulated and purchases

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continued to be made, until the proceeds of several years' industry had been consumed in advance. There was then but one remedy, either to continue to borrow in advance, or to stop paying. The former was impossible, and the latter was resorted to. The state of affairs is now entirely different. There being no national bank machinery to "regulate exchanges," or to extend loans, the year's business must be settled with its close. When the surplus produce of a section of the country, or of the whole, in relation to its external trade, has been sent forward and the proceeds applied to the payment of goods, if there is still a balance due, specie must discharge it, and the account of the new year opens anew. Under the bank system, the balance was, by the operation of creditors, transferred to the new year, which, at its close, presented an adverse balance enhanced more than 100 per cent., which was again thrown forward until payment became impossible. No systems of credits, how extensive soever they may be, can supply the place of actual payment. When the banks stopped in 1837, it was because, as Mr. Biddle stated, there was so large a balance due from the interior to the Atlantic cities, and from the latter to Europe that it could not be paid. The specie in the country was not sufficient to discharge the balance. From that time up to 1840, near $200,000,000 of State and company stocks were sent abroad and mostly sold; but even they were insufficient to discharge the balance, because the false system of credits was continued from Philadelphia as a centre. The result was, not that the solvency of the banks was restored, but that nine sovereign States were made bankrupt, and the remaining States narrowly escaped the same fate; and that only, as in New York, by the timely stoppage of loans. The changing of the form of credit while the same system of extravagance was continued, did not enhance the means of the people to pay; nor did it multiply the proceeds of their industry. No matter to what extent the credits might have been multiplied, the same result was inevitable. When the failure of individuals and banks was followed by that of States, it was proposed to substitute the credit of the federal government, by its assumption of State debts. That event would have prolonged the period of extravagance a few years, and have been followed by irretrievable national bankruptcy. Before the failure of the States, the interest due annually abroad had reached 16 per cent. of the whole value of exports. That is, of $6 worth of produce sent out of the country, one was for the payment of interest. Under the guarantee of the federal government, there is no doubt but that the foreign debts would have swollen until the interest would have absorbed a full half of the exports. In such an event, national ruin was inevitable; but happily the torrent of debt and extravagance was stayed before any fatal disasters had taken place.

In the existence and operation of the late National Bank, may undoubtedly be ascribed all the speculation which took place from the commencement of the operation of the tariff of 1828 to the explosion in 1837. It is true that emanating from London as a common centre, a stream of credits flowed over the face of the commercial world, carrying with it the germ of disaster. But the cheap money of England and the speculations which it engendered, found a response only in those quarters where a system of banking existed which employed the means obtained by credit in multiplying outstanding obligations through all the channels of trade. In those years money from England formed the capital of banks in all countries. Canada, the West Indies, Australia, India, Austria, Belgium, France, as well as the United States, all presented a banking mania. And it was through the instrumentality of these banks that all the world became indebted to England. When she called back her capital, universal ruin was the consequence. In the United States, the late National Bank was the direct instrument in extending credits, which were applied mostly to the purchase of foreign goods, and which eventually could not be paid for. In order to show how closely and intimately the tariff was connected with the movement of that institution, we shall take a table of its loans, specie and circulation in July for a series of years, and a table of imports of goods into the United States, as follows:—

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LOANS, SPECIE, AND CIRCULATION OF THE LATE NATIONAL BANK IN JULY, FOR A SERIES OF YEARS, WITH THE IMPORT AND EXPORT OF GOODS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CORRESPONDING YEARS.

July	Loans.	Specie.	U. S. BANK. Circulation.	Import.	Export.
1823	34,803,829	4,910,434	4,629,349	77,579,267	74,699,030
1824	32,694,096	5,588,000	6,383,647	80,549,007	74,986,657
Tariff					
1825	33,531,692	4,048,178	9,540,694	96,340,075	99,535,388
1826	35,020,490	6,194,275	10,210,412	84,974,477	77,595,322
1827	34,191,166	6,381,225	10,198,760	79,484,068	82.324,827
1828	38,506,410	6,621,734	10,890,343	88,509,824	72,264,686
Tariff.					
1829	43,018,132	6,641,958	13,691,783	74,492,527	72,358,671
1830	43,238,168	10,252,325	15,346,407	70,876,920	73,849,508
1831	56,562,044	12,175,476	19,195,817	103,191,124	81,310,583
1832	67,416,001	7,519,083	20,520,068	101,029,266	87,176,943
1833	63,369,897	10,098,816	19,366,355	108,118,311	90,140,433

In the year, September, 1828, the import of goods was large, to avoid the duties which were imposed in September of that year. Now we observe that the movement of the banks, in the six years, from 1823 to 1829, was very regular. The tariff of 1824, which was moderate in its effects, caused an increase of 50 per cent. in the specie, and enabled it to raise its circulation to $10,000,000, at which point it remained until the close of 1828. Now it is observable that the excess of import over export for the eight years, closing with 1830, was only $24,192,076. In the next three, with the *same* duty, the excess of imports was $53,710,742, because, in that period, the bank had doubled its circulation and increased its loans $20,000,000, or 50 per cent. Here is cause and effect very clearly established. Under the low tariff, prior to 1828, the annual excess of imports was $3,000,000; and in the subsequent year of high tariff, $16,000,000 per annum. The extension of the bank was more in proportion at the western branches than at the mother bank. The Kentucky branch, alone, increased its circulation as follows:

1829, - - -	2,420,795
1820, - - -	2,845,420
1831, - - -	3,525,080
1832, - - -	4,171,600

From July, 1830, to July, 1832, the bank loans increased $24,000,000. In the same time, the imports increased $30,000,000, and the excess of import over export was $36,000,000.

This was the movement of the "governing bank," and it was followed eagerly, not only by other banks in existence, but by all the new institutions created, mostly with the *means furnished* by the National Bank. They were simply the machine by which foreign goods were introduced into the country and sold not in profitable exchange for American produce, but on credit. That system is now done away with, but the project is still offered to the American people to establish it by the creation of a National Bank, with $50,000,000 capital, composed of the joint stocks of the Federal Government and the several States—a project which needs but to be named to be condemned.

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MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Prof. Von Raumer has a great philosophical work in progress on this country, its constitution, genius of its inhabitants, &c.; and it will form an admirable companion to M. De Tocqueville's popular volumes. The Professor, by the way, received the most marked attention by the citizens of Philadelphia, on his visits, recently, being invited to a splendid banquet on the occasion, at which numerous literary men were present.

Langley has announced a little Manual "On Headaches," by Weatherhead, author of sundry other treatises, &c. We hear Gregg's valuable volumes, "The Commerce of the Prairies," are selling rapidly, and that their meritorious author is likely to reap a *golden* harvest, not of opinions merely, but something more substantial.

J. S. Redfield announces the "Elements of Comparative Anatomy," designed especially for the use of students, by Rudolph Wagner, M. D., Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Göttingen, &c. &c. Edited by Albert Tulk, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; also, "The Pictorial History of the American Revolution," illustrated with several hundred engravings, in one volume, 8vo.; the "Military Maxims of Napoleon," translated from the French, with notes and illustrations by Col. D'Aguilar.

The lovers of the comic will be gratified to learn that an American edition of the inimitable "Punch," has just appeared, under the title of "A Bowl of Punch," comprising the best of the spicy ingredients of that creamy original. "Punch" has long been looked upon as the fountain of fun; he is often wonderfully clever, and always amusing. Some of the first pens of England have enriched his columns. While speaking of the humorous, we might mention another forthcoming novelty, which is shortly to appear, neatly embellished, and which we suppose the initiated will be glad to see; it is to be entitled "The History and Mystery of Puffing, or a Few Fragrant Whiffs from the Weed," &c.; a light and laughing mélange, by T. Buckey.

Lea & Blanchard are about to publish a valuable historical series, on the popular plan; including, among others, the following: "Ranke's History of the Reformation;" "Proctor's History of Italy;" "Thierry's History of the Conquest of England;" "Michelet's History of France;" "Walpole's Memoirs of George the Third;" "Kohlarusch's History of Germany;" "Guizot's Essay on History," the complete work; "The History of the United States of America, from the plantation of the British Colonies till their Revolt and Declaration of Independence, by James Grahame, Esquire, with notes, additions, and a continuation;" "Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs," and other works.

"Count Julian, or the Last Days of the Goths," is the title of a romance by the author of the "Yemassee," &c., which is now in the press.

Mr. Griswold is preparing "The Bench and Bar in America," a biographical history, which will be rich in the curiosities of legal experience, in anecdote, and in general information respecting the profession, from the first organization of the courts in New England.

Longfellow's volume, which, like Griswold's, will be issued by Messrs. Carey and Hart in a style to match the "Poets and Poetry of America," will comprise liberal selections from the poets of France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and the Sclavonian nations, translated by the learned editor, and other eminent poets and scholars, with an elaborate historical and critical introduction.

A large and superbly illustrated edition of Campbell will be issued very soon by Lea & Blanchard. It will be preceded by a Life of the Poet, by Washington Irving; an Essay on his genius, by Lord Jeffrey, and accompanied with notes by Mr. Griswold.

Dr. Copland's celebrated work, "A Dictionary of Practical Medicine," edited, revised, and brought up to the present time, by Prof. Charles A. Lee, has at length made its *debût*. We congratulate the profession upon the appearance of such a truly valuable work; and we cannot doubt that they will evince their estimate of its claims, by extending their unanimous and prompt support to it. It is to be completed in about twenty parts, fifty cents each, the first of which is now ready.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XV. NOVEMBER, 1844. No. LXXVII.

FIRST WORD AFTER THE ELECTION.

We have purposely delayed the issue of the present Number of the Democratic Review, to the middle, instead of the first of the month, to await the decision of the Great Issue, which at the date of our last hung trembling in the scales of a most deeply and intensely anxious suspense. No one will accuse us of having been content, meanwhile, with a place among the inactive spectators of the fray; a daily paper, hotly engaged in its very midst, having borne daily witness to the contrary. We wished to know, before again meeting our readers, to whom in October we addressed a "last word *before* the election," what tone was meet for the "first word *after*,"—whether we should have to rejoice with them over our country saved, or to sympathize in their grief over her sore calamity, if not her fatal ruin. Whether, in the latter event, our present article might not have been our last, and whether we should have had the heart to continue any longer, through this or any other organ of political action, the vain struggle against the rising and overwhelming tides of corruption and wrong, we seriously doubt. But, thank God, our trust in the people, in our cause, in the destiny of our country, and in the Providence that watches over it, has *not* been disappointed. All the long struggles of weary years, for the maintenance of the true principles of our government, have *not* been in vain. The strong labors of countless powerful minds, and the earnest prayers of as many noble hearts, for the firm establishment in the popular mind of those great ideas which constitute the political Faith of the Democratic Party, have *not* been all wasted. The country has *not* been committed to the government of that badly great man, Henry Clay, and the ascendency of all those false and fatal heresies of doctrine summed up in the word which he has given to the political vocabulary, "Clayism." Again, from the bottom of our heart, we exclaim, thank God for it!

We have grazed this great peril much closer than we had imagined we should. We have had a much more equal fight to fight, a much harder victory to achieve, than two or three months ago we dreamed could be the case. And when we dwell upon the small relative majorities by which we have carried the three great Democratic States of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia—together with our loss of some other States on which we had rested a confidence disappointed by the event—we feel as men who tremble as they look back on some fearful abyss miraculously crossed. But, slight and frail as may have been the narrow bridge by which the yawning gulf of political ruin has been thus cleared, we are at last triumphantly over, and again on solid ground, where a long career of happy and honorable success lies before us, smooth and safe, forward and upward, where no future perils, for many a prosperous

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year, menace our path, comparable to the one now so providentially escaped, so gloriously triumphed over.

We confess that we had expected a much more sweeping victory. We regret that the States of Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Ohio and (perhaps) Indiana, could have been brought, however small their majorities, to vote for Mr. Clay. We did indeed much underrate the power of an active organization, reckless of its modes and means; actuated by high-strung party passion; stimulated by unlimited profusion of money; warmed by an unprecedented personal enthusiasm for a leader; and pushed to the point of extremest desperation, by the universal consciousness that it was the very last chance left, between the alternatives of most splendid triumph or most irretrievable disgrace and dissolution. We knew that such a party organization could do a great deal, but did not suspect that it could have done so much, to bear up under the depressing weight of such a candidate and such a cause. But it is all over now—it was but the last struggling convulsion of departing vitality;—and the great Whig Party of the last twelve or fourteen years, with the Chief in whose person had been concentrated its most complete incarnate representation, now lies like the Philistine giant whose spear was a weaver's beam, lifeless and stark at the feet of the young Genius of Democracy, still quivering with the excitement of the victory achieved only by the aid of a higher power than its own simple sling and pebble from the brook.

The more reflection is bestowed upon it, the more strongly will the truth come forth, out of the confused background of the whole tumultuous movement of the late contest, that this is *the most important election that has taken place in this country since that of Jefferson in* 1800. Jackson's first and second elections were both very momentous ones—the first, for the sake of the vindication of the principle of the supremacy of the popular will over the corrupt intrigues of personal ambition, which made it necessary thus to punish and rebuke that first fatal great crime of Clay's political life, the Coalition;—and the second, for the preservation of the country from the perpetuated dominion of that mammoth money monopoly, now, thank heaven, disposed of for ever. But the present election has involved not only all the issues connected with these two, but also a great deal more. Mr. Van Buren's election did not immediately involve any other great point of political truth or public morality, than that of the importance of defeating an avowed attempt to frustrate the will of the majority of the people by the expedient of running three or four distinct opposition candidates, of various schools of political doctrine, in the different sections of the country, for the almost treasonable purpose of preventing an election by the people, and carrying the Presidency to be again bought and sold in the House of Representatives. And as for his second candidateship, which resulted in the election of Harrison and Tyler, though we had the great question of the Independence of the Treasury, yet it lost some of its importance from the non-committalism of the opposition on the subject of the currency and future fiscal system;—and though it was highly desirable to rebuke by defeat the disgraceful system of electioneering then brought into play, from the very contempt, entertained by those who used it, for the people whom they insulted while they betrayed, yet after all it was rather *in spite of*, than by *means of* that system, that they succeeded as they did, by the operation of causes mainly fortuitous, and temporary in their nature. None of these late previous elections can be compared, in point of importance to the very vitals of our politics, with the present one, which involves, concentrated into one comprehensive general issue, everything that they all involved—with, as before remarked, a great deal more besides.

The stakes won on all former victories were collected into one precious pile of hazard on this contest. This was the last closing campaign of the entire long war which began in Jackson's first term, and continued through various vicissitudes of success and defeat from that day to this. Henry Clay has been the great chief of the Bank Anti-Republican, Anti-Democratic party, in every battle of this prolonged and tremendous struggle of parties, principles and policies. If only once before, within that period, he was in person the actual Presidential Candidate of his party, it was from prudential distrust of his want of popularity,

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though he was still the main-spring of the movement, the true incarnation of the party, and the understood master-spirit of whatever Whig administration should be formed. But now he came up in actual person, and the whole Whig party, by the enthusiastic acclamation of its choice of him, formally held him up as the full embodiment of all that it was, the full expression of all that it thought, felt, wished and intended.

There he was, with his unforgotten betrayal of the people and the party whose cherished favorite he had been, on the occasion of his Coalition with Adams, and all the Federalism with which Adams at the same time coalesced.

There he was, with that fixed idea of a National Bank which he brought, deepened and embittered almost into a passion by the memory of all the defeats he had suffered, but suffered in vain, in his past tremendous struggles in its behalf.

There he was, with his determined opposition to the Independence of the Treasury, and to all those ideas of currency reform which tend in the direction of the larger infusion into it of the precious metals.

There he was, with his fatal federal scheme of Distribution, to buy the votes of the embarrassed States; to corrupt the Legislatures thus made stipendiaries of the national bounty; and to increase the wants of the government, to be supplied by more and more tariff taxation for the benefit of capitalist manufacturers.

There he was, with his intolerable heresy of the abolition of the constitutional Veto—a feature of our system only the more endeared to the Republican Democracy of the Union, by all those very instances of its exercise out of which had grown the bitterness of his opposition to it.

There he was, with all that infatuate devotion to the selfish interest of a small class of the wealthy lords of the looms, which makes him willing to drain all the natural rills that irrigate the farmer's field, to swell the artificial stream which his policy would pour, laden with sand of gold, upon the wheels of a few cotton and woollen mills.

There he was, with all that habit of latitudinarian looseness of construction, in regard to the Constitution, which would speedily revolutionize our beautiful federative system into a consolidated and unrestrained energy of central government soon to dislocate the Union by the inevitable violence of its action, and to burst its fragments asunder, never again to be re-united.

There he was, with the sympathies and support of all the old federal party, and of all that was anti-popular and anti-democratic in the country.

There he was, with the recollection of all those disgraceful arts of low demagoguism which marked the unforgiven electioneering campaign of 1840 only to be atoned for by a popular reversal of the verdict of that election; for which, though Mr. Clay was no personal participant in them, he stood before us fully responsible; still cherishing the same base party emblem then adopted, of one of the meanest of the thieving animals; and supported by the same men, and somewhat after the same manner.

There he was, with all that commanding energy of talents, and fascinating brilliancy of personal qualities, which, by giving him so much power for evil, made all these high political objections to him tenfold more momentous in his person than they would have been in the person of any inferior man.

There he was, with the demoralizing influence of the example of his long and restless career of ever-straining ambition—steady only to the one great end in view, reckless of the ways and means that seemed to lead to its attainment—elastic in every opinion, unsettled in every principle—addressing his court ever rather to the baser sympathies of the national pocket than to the nobler sentiments of the national heart—dictatorial to friends, fierce and insolent to opponents—and while abounding in those brilliant social and domestic graces that win the heart and dazzle the imagination of friends, yet wholly deficient in those more sober, steady, and upright qualities of intellectual and moral habit, which, in connection with soundness of doctrine, should constitute the true exemplar of the American statesman, the true representative expression of the aggregate American character.

There was the Man—and, as embodied alike in his political and personal character, there was the Party—with whom in this election, the Democracy

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has had to engage in a last death-struggle, in which the triumph of the one was to be the irrevocable destruction of the other. Had he succeeded, it would have stamped him, his ideas and his character, upon the future history of our government, with a fatal depth and extent of mischief never perhaps to be again effaced. Thank God, again the exclamation rises, with as devout a sincerity as ever prompted its utterance, that he did *not* succeed, and that the calamity of all these consequences has *not* fallen upon us, our children and our country!

The ship of the state is now safe again, clear of the breakers so narrowly grazed, and smoothly afloat once more, with a flowing sheet and a prosperous gale, on the good old "Republican tack." In the trusty and straight-forward pilotage to which, with her gallant and generous crew, she is now committed, we cheerfully bid her God-speed, along the glorious career that now smiles before her way.

A last word about Mr. Clay. His career is now closed. On this point there is no further question, whether by friend or foe. His name, still a noble and a great one, will long serve as a tall political monument to warn the future generations of American youth against those things through which such a man so failed and so fell. The day has not yet come for his biography to be written aright. It should neither be done during his own life, nor by any of those who have shared, on the one side or on the other, in the intense excitements of that long-memorable contest from which we are all now rejoicing to repose. But when the day and the historian come, to do full and fair justice to the task, with conscientious resolve to

Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down
In malice—

then it will be a book which we would have most earnestly and deeply studied by every young American disposed to indulge in the fascinating ambition of a high political career. In all the appeals ever made by us, urgently and anxiously, however feebly, against his elevation to the office for which—with all personal splendors we have never hesitated to concede to him—we have regarded him as the very worst man in the Union, we have never been influenced by any other spirit than that becoming a fair, conscientious and generous political opposition. He lies fallen and dead now on the field of his last and greatest battle, where he headed with all his characteristic gallantry the array of his host, never more devoted to a more splendid leader. Let him be buried with all the honors of war. Let his friends indulge, undisturbed either by needless exultation, or by the worse insult of pity, those pious lamentations which do credit to them, and to him an honor scarcely inferior to all that victory could have conferred. While for the Democratic Party we are free to make the avowal, which will not fail to command their general sympathy and assent, that he was a foe well worthy of our steel—whom we were forced to respect, even when forced by a still higher necessity and duty to deal his death-wound—and whose very fate, for the sake of what he once had been, we half lamented as we laid him low.

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FRANCIS LISZT.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It is especially desirable that the materials for the biography of a man of genius—a great artist, poet or scholar, should be ample, embracing even the most trivial details. We often remain in ignorance of the real character of a celebrated person, because we cannot possess ourselves of any faithful history of those circumstances of his life, which always exert a vast influence, and have perhaps chiefly contributed to render him what he is.

The position now occupied by Liszt, makes a notice of his life particularly interesting. He has scarcely attained the prime of manhood, and is already acknowledged to be the first pianist of the age. Europe, in all its length and breadth, is filled with his fame. He belongs to the whole world. Who takes so little interest in the progress of Art, in our day, as to be inattentive to the note of triumph, borne on the winds through Germany, France, and England? But it is not enough for the heedful listener that all is now light and enthusiasm; he would look back into years past, and catch the dull echo of the murmurings of envy and jealousy. He would admire and bless the artist's firmness and constancy, the energy of soul that persevered against all discouragements—that bore with the toil of study—and struggled onward, though burdened and weary, till the goal at last was reached, and labor crowned by success. To all who sympathize with him, it will be interesting briefly to observe his progress.

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Francis Liszt was born on the twenty-second of October, 1811, in Reiding, a village not far from Oedenburg, in Hungary. The year of his birth was remarkable for the appearance of a comet; a fact which did not fail to impress the mind of his father, Adam Liszt. He looked upon the phenomenon as a sign of his son's future eminence. This superstition of a fond parent may meet with some indulgence, when it is recollected how Goethe himself, who seemed in general most at home on earth, commenced his confessions of "Poetry and Truth."

Adam Liszt was in the service of Prince Esterhazy; and was so excellent a musician, that he could rank high as a virtuoso among the connoisseurs. His instrument also was the piano: and with his splendid execution, had he come forward, he might have obtained no small reputation. But he preferred to remain unknown, having no desire to acquire celebrity for himself. All his ambition and his hopes centered in his son. Often, when he had been playing, while the boy listened, absorbed profoundly, to the melody he drew from the instrument, he would seize the happy moment to impress the young listener with his counsels. "My son," he would say, "you are destined to realize the glorious ideal that has shone in vain before my youth. In you *that* is to reach its fulfilment, which I have myself but faintly conceived. In you shall my genius grow up, and bear fruit; I shall renew my youth in you, even after I am laid in the grave."

Such prophetic words call to recollection the poor woman in Genoa, who held her son upon her knees, and talked to him of heavenly visions. "Nicolo," said she to the boy, "an angel came to me last night, and told me thou shouldst be one of the greatest performers of thy time." That boy was

* A somewhat extended notice of the life and genius of the great pianist, Liszt, has recently been published in Germany, by Christern, a distinguished professor of music in Hamburg. As it has been intimated that Liszt is before long to visit this country, a translation of this sketch may not be unacceptable to the reader. Besides, all lovers of music will be glad to learn something of the personal history of one whose compositions have so often delighted them. To them I offer the following translation. E. F. E.

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PAGANINI. How wonderfully has the prophecy been fulfilled—both in PAGANINI and LISZT!

Before it bursts forth in its full splendor, genius shows itself in gleams and at intervals, revealed often by a look or word. The observing father, the tender mother, are usually first to discern it while unrecognized by others; and to anticipate, from slight intimations, the future greatness of the child.

With more than a parent's joy did ADAM LISZT observe the first germ of his boy's talent. He placed the small fingers on the keys; played simple tunes—which were readily imitated; he saw that all would be according to his wish! These exercises were commenced when the little Francis was six years old; at the age of nine he played for the first time in public at Oedenburg, Ries' Concerto, in three flats; and at the conclusion extemporized a *Fantaisie*. The boy improvised without difficulty the most striking *Rhythmen*, the most surprising cadences. The spectators were struck with surprise and admiration, and tears of joy bedewed the happy father's cheeks. All wondered at the genius of the young performer; his friends embraced and praised him; Prince Esterhazy put fifty ducats into his little hand, and gave him a warm recommendation to all the noble patrons of music in Hungary. This was the *first* step in his career; but one so important that he could no more go back.

The high commendations he received, were far from encouraging idleness in the young artist. On the contrary, they caused him to look into himself, and to contemplate earnestly the steep height he had to climb, if he would justify all these large expectations. The youth of Francis, therefore, was laborious and full of trouble. That noble ambition, which fills every great soul, was often a torment to him. The struggles of the spirit weakened the body; and sickness interrupted his exertions. This state of things brought about in him that delicate, nervous sensibility which renders the artist susceptible to all impressions; so that his excitable fancy is wrought upon by every idea or object. Vague religious feelings, sometimes pleasing, sometimes melancholy, took possession of him; his soul was divided between study and prayer. As the boy GOETHE, in his naive devotion, kindled pastilles on his father's desk, and watched the incense rise heavenward, the boy LISZT was absorbed in the mystical philosophy of a JACOB BÖHME, and walked with his imagination among apocalyptical visions. He thought he grew thereby stronger for his art, and more susceptible to the impression and power of dreams. He wandered, uncertain in Religion as in Art, often starting back shudderingly as he hovered over the infinite abyss.

These boyish visions—he was then from ten to twelve years old—were not without influence upon his genius in after life. Let us trace in some measure, the poetry of his progress, striving to throw the torch of fancy over his moments of romance. It is a task of importance, to analyze such a mind!

After the concert in Oedenburg, Adam Liszt proceeded with his son to Presburg. His success was the same, or even greater; for by means of the Counts Amaden and Zapary, the father obtained for six years a salary of six hundred florins, to enable him to give the boy suitable instruction and cultivation. A journey to Vienna, and a residence there for the purpose of study, were now in his power. This was soon accomplished. Both father and son went to Vienna; and Carl Czerny conducted the boy's lessons on the piano. Nothing better could have been done to perfect him in the *Technik*. Those who know what skilful pianists have come forth from that school, and that a LISZT was now the pupil, if they bear in mind the merits of the teacher and those of the scholar, will know how to estimate the result.

Here were added also his higher studies under Salieri; his diligent exercise in counterpoint; in the strict compositions of church music; of partition and reading. Eighteen months passed in such labors. Francis often knew not if it was night or day, so absorbed was he in his studies. He never shrank from the most tedious labors, nor from any task requiring the most intense application: ever anxious to win a smile of pleasure from his grave though gentle master, though he could not satisfy himself. It might indeed be said that he pursued music with a species of obstinacy. By way of recreation and encouragement amidst

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such exertions, his father arranged in Vienna a concert, in which the product, as it were, of eighteen toilsome months was to be exhibited.

At this concert, all the nobility and the musical *élite* of Vienna, were present; among them —— BEETHOVEN. For that hour, BEETHOVEN forgot his own sad lot, his own abiding sorrow, and in his earnest, laconic manner gave his encouragement and applause to the youthful artist. How happy would the great man have felt, with what delight would he have pressed that young artist to his wildly throbbing heart, could he have foreseen that Francis Liszt would be the most earnest worshipper of his lofty genius, the most admirable and judicious interpreter of his ideas!

In truth, the deep veneration Liszt now cherishes for Beethoven and his works, is the best and most certain evidence of his own spiritual depth. The history of all time has proved that a great mind can only be discerned and estimated at its full value by a kindred one. Liszt's appreciation of Beethoven is an indication of his own superiority as an artist. It may truly be said, this admiration and love are without parallel. Where is to be found one like him, whose whole being, productive, creative, combining—forming—expansive—has so passed into that of his exemplar, and lives on, not in slavish imitation, but with free and kindred impulse—working with the same will?

But to return to Vienna. We see our young artist for the first time in this old imperial musical capital; we hear repeated and stunning applauses poured in his ears, and see him return modest and astonished to the quiet chamber where he pursues his studies. For him an important period had come; and he looked abroad on the new world that opened upon him, not in hope of gaining praise or gold, but amidst such incitements to strive after the full development of his genius. At last he tore himself from the arms of his kind, parental friend, Salieri; closed in his loving heart a solemn, melancholy farewell look from Beethoven, and hastened to his father at Paris.

It was to be expected, the *Conservatoire* would receive one as gifted with open arms; would rejoice to number him among its pupils. But Francis Liszt was a stranger: Cherubini therefore treated him with chilling neglect, though he himself had been received in a foreign land! While the *Conservatoire* shut the door against the wonderful boy, all the saloons of Paris opened theirs to him with enthusiastic welcome. Everywhere he was fêted, caressed, applauded. All the world was mad about the fair blue-eyed lad, on whose high forehead already began to appear the impress of inspiration. He played in the Palais-Royal before the Duke of Orleans, and became the rage! A dangerous rock was before the youthful adventurer; ask we if he sailed safely past it, in spite of the storms of court-favor, and the shoals of self-love? Scholars, artists, wealth, beauty, aristocracy, all did homage to him; no soirée was complete without him; the gifted, proud boy was the idol of the day. The world flattered; his father admonished; and Francis obeyed the warning parental voice. He pursued the path his own energy had opened, with unwearied zeal. After a year's residence in Paris, he went over to London, where he was received with the same enthusiasm, expressed according to the national temperament of the English.

In the year 1824, both father and son returned to Paris, and the energies of Francis were particularly employed upon an opera—"Don Sancho, or the Palace of Love," which was produced in 1825 in the Royal Academy of music, with great applause, and highly esteemed by the connoisseurs. Our Artist was then fourteen years old. Adolph Nourrit led him upon the stage, at the call for his appearance, amid thunders of applause. Rudolph Kreutzer, then director of the Orchestra, embraced him with transport.

After these exertions and excitements, a time came again when Francis gave himself up to religious enthusiasm. In order to divert his thoughts by new objects, his father resolved upon short excursions into the Departments, and even a longer one to England; but the lad's indisposition gained the upper-hand, and they were obliged to take refuge in Boulogne for the sea-bathing. Here Francis lost his father. This mournful event, which caused the affectionate boy such deep affliction, naturally had a depressing influence upon his genius. He indulged freely his melancholy visions and sad fancies,

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which now presented themselves under the solemn aspect of religion, now assumed the colors of romance. He longed continually for some remote solitude, in which without interruption he might nurse his fantastic musings.

Probably never poet or artist was called upon thus to suffer. But the vigor of his mind was shown in his gradual self-recovery even after such wanderings; only by such discipline could he be restored to repose and serenity. And by an acquaintance with literature, and the philosophical sciences of the day, his views in art were enlarged, no less than those of life and the world. New wants, new claims, new inquiries opened upon him. He sought as it were a back-ground, against which he could appoint the true place and dimensions of art.

While his mind thus improved, and his conceptions enlarged—while step by step he advanced—his spirit more and more cleared—purified—exalted—the worst that can happen to a man earnest to fulfil his duty befel him also; enemies rose up; he became the object of envy; and their hate began to work its purposes in secret. But of this we will be silent. The murmurs of enmity have long been hushed, and an artist, particularly, is born to endure such things. Let us turn rather to those other days which exercised a singular influence on his excitable mind.

When absorbed in his religious enthusiasm, Liszt composed only Masses; being unable, in the tumult of his feelings, to attain to anything like self-possession or a calm activity. From the dominion of this kind of madness he was delivered by another——love. He loved a lady of high rank—loved with the same ardor with which his soul embraced everything, and yielded himself wholly to the new passion. His love was unhappy; what suffering must it not have caused him! He became misanthropical. He shut himself up for weeks together, confiding his complaints and his pains only to the keys of his instrument. Those alone who have suffered the same, can fully understand his condition at this time.

His personal history at this period is almost as obscure and involved as his genius itself; but it is said that he composed nothing except plans of Masses. Ere long, however, the elasticity of his temperament not only bore him out of his depression, but carried him to the opposite extreme; and he became for a time the votary of sense. St. Simonian sentiments took root and budded in his breast; to ripen all—came the Revolution. Liszt was carried away by the excitement of the people; by the visions of Freedom. He was animated by enthusiastic admiration of what he beheld; he felt an impulse *musico-political*, if so it might be called. He longed to produce in Art all that he saw of stirring importance in the world; to fix the experience of those tumultuous days in the expression of music; to concentrate the feelings of many hearts, and give the people a Revolutionary Symphony, in the same manner as Beethoven had conceived and represented his battle of Vittoria. Does some narrow mind ask why he did not execute this grand thought? Those who know what were the circumstances—what repose, and abstraction from exciting scenes without, were necessary for the conception and creation of such a work, will wonder at the artist for having imagined it; will admire him for the thought, and not condemn him because it was not completed. Had the requisite rest and leisure been his, he would *then* also, undoubtedly, have realized the lofty ideal at which he aimed!

After this, the writings of George Sand, or Madame Dudevant, took complete hold of his fancy. Not less wholly did he yield his soul to Paganini, by whom he was quite carried into enthusiasm. He used to say to Madame Sand, as to his other intimate friends, that he found in Paganini's playing on the violin something indefinite, inexpressible, which he always sought to attain on the piano.

We must take occasion here to speak of Liszt's relations to some modern pianists; and for this purpose avail ourselves of the criticism of the celebrated Fétis, in the "Revue Musicale Belge." As an illustration of some remarks on the subject of art and artists, he mentions Clementi, the first who introduced an elegant and brilliant style on the piano, the model of a thoroughly cultivated *Technik*,—of natural and spirited combination; of rounded periods. We see that he drew the attention of his contemporaries upon himself, that he exhibited himself to them as an exemplar, and prescribed the classic form of the bravour sona-

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ta, as Joseph Haydn had invented that of the harmonious sonata. If we view him in this splendor, when his fame spread everywhere without bounds, and the best pianists of his time were laid under the necessity of imitating him, we must regard him as the inventor; and yet he only perfected the ideas of others, and has displayed taste rather than genius. The proper inventor was Emanuel Bach, who presented Germany with sixty concertos. He gave to the sonata a harmonious as well as a brilliant side, which was particularly cultivated by Haydn and Clementi. Emanuel Bach appeared with this accomplishment before 1740; sixty years later it was exercised, not originated, by Dussek, Cramer, and Steibelt; and Clementi's manner improved it while he added modifications of his own.

The art of those worthy men exercised itself in the circle of the softer feelings. Their only aim was to please the ear and move the heart. They sought not to paint the vehement emotions; the forms of art were to possess rather a soothing and restraining power.

These ideas took another direction, when Mozart gave to instrumental music a character of passionate, dramatic expression. The ultimate object of this new path was not understood at first, and it met the disapprobation of those accustomed to the old way, who saw in this mingling of changeful feelings more matter for blame than praise. Mozart's compositions for the piano, full of expression, energy, and harmony, had to struggle long in rivalship with the light and elegant style of Clementi; then came to his aid the passionate fiery imagination—owning no rule but that of genius—of Beethoven, and the adherents of the new school increased from day to day. This powerful imagination, for the first time, showed the untenableness of stereotype forms in the new path. Beethoven, full of deep admiration for the glorious creations of Mozart, at first followed in the steps of that great master; but he soon indulged himself in freer and bolder flights. He gave new turns to the accustomed passages; bestowing much care on the completeness of harmony, greatly increased the dissonances, and hesitated not to introduce unions of accords and transitions, till then unheard of, yet which at this day appear to us so simple and natural.

The issue of these combinations was an entire change in the fingering, which was many times assailed by the scholars of Cramer and Clementi. Only the Viennese school adopted the alteration, and therefore took, in this respect, the first place in art. To this we owe the progress and the present elevation of piano music. Beethoven's works were still regarded by the pianists as too grave for a large and mixed public, and were given up to professed connoisseurs. They—the players—attained their end more readily by pleasing compositions, in the execution of which Hummel gave them a new study. A *virtuoso* of the first rank in that day, he stood also high as a composer; yet can he in no way be compared with Beethoven, either in boldness or originality; he was only a man of taste and of solid attainment. Under his hands a certain fine manner was cultivated, in which he knew how to introduce brilliant figures with singular effect.

We find it necessary to explain the history and progress of piano music as early as 1807, to enable us to determine the position and work of Liszt. Fifteen years had passed since Mozart's death, and already we see his form and method three times changed. For ten years Hummel governed the manner of playing. In the course of this time, C. M. Von Weber gave new movements of dramatic expression. In his piano music, he showed a glowing but wild and ill-regulated genius. Both artists and publishers were afraid to produce his compositions. Only his "Freischutz" snatched his name from the oblivion into which it had fallen.

In 1817, arose a new composer for the piano, of great merit, a *virtuoso*, who seemed born to give piano-playing a new direction. It was Moscheles. Bolder and more brilliant, more general and energetic in passages and figures than Hummel, he introduced new and tasteful embellishments; his variations on the "Alexander March" were examples in this kind for many skilful pianists. Afterwards he enlarged his style, and gave it more scope and elevation; for example, in his "Fantasies" upon Irish songs. Not less praise did he win in his graver compo-

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sitions; his concertos showed a deep knowledge of harmony, as well as of dramatic feeling. These gradually rose to his "Concert Fantastique" and "Pathétique," two works as remarkable for ground-work as for expression. The "Etudes," begun with Cramer, were enlarged with Moscheles. He gave them a higher and more refined form, and may therefore be regarded as having given in those "Etudes" the first impulse of importance. Moscheles was at this height of his fame, when, as has been mentioned, the boy Francis Liszt came to Paris, and was received with so much enthusiasm in all circles. He stood, indeed, remarks Fétis, beyond gainsaying, high in his technical cultivation; but he wanted that, which, besides his remarkable and interesting *personnel*, could be produced to the world as an abiding and decisive mark; in a word, his wild, fiery, eccentric genius, wanted the peculiar school which exhibited himself and him as a definite epoch in the history of art. His early compositions were full of difficulties; from all the figures shone the fire that blazed around the productions of the youthful artist. Those who asked for schools and industry in this awfully noble, wildly luxuriant, natural garden, were sure to be disappointed.

At this time suddenly appeared THALBERG in Paris, and produced such an impression as no pianist had before him. Not that in playing he could have surpassed, or even equalled Liszt; but he had the tact to seize upon a happy idea, which was at once understood. This related to the filling up of the keys in the space between the hands. (*See Revue, etc.*)

This innovation was not altogether suffered to pass as such; it was asserted that Beethoven had already availed himself of these means in his sonatas; and blame was now cast upon the very exaggeration, which gave a certain uniformity, perhaps more, to the structure and effect of his compositions. Thalberg shall remain unattacked; this view is only made prominent in order to obtain for Liszt the proper point of sight, from which to measure his reaction, and the gigantic height he gained.

Liszt had already left Paris, when Thalberg appeared there, but the rumor of his success and triumph reached his ears. It caused him sleepless nights. Let us imagine the feelings of an artist, conscious of his own power, knowing himself without a rival, yet seeing another suddenly elevated in popular opinion to an equality with him —perhaps generally judged to be his superior! Liszt felt that wrong had been done him, and hastened back to Paris. Thalberg was no longer there; but there was a division of opinion and judgment among the Parisians, as once there had been between the Gluckists and Piccinists. The talk was now of LISZTIANS and THALBERGIANS; strife ran high between the parties; and to observe it and hear their disputes was the most interesting amusement of the fashionable world. Liszt did not this time go before the public, to become acquainted, perhaps, only with his own enthusiastic partisans; but indulged his speculations in solitude. His clear spirit could discover the folly and worthlessness of popular idolatry, and scorn to win it by means he felt to be unworthy his genius.

Three years passed, in which the name of Liszt was but seldom, and at intervals, heard. The lives of gifted men seem to need such pauses to prepare for a full development of what is within them. The electric fluid must be gathered in secret, before the lightning of genius can break on the dazzled eyes of men, and its thunder amaze the world.

What he did during this interval, says Fétis, few know, notwithstanding the enthusiasm he everywhere excited. The charming "*Lucia fantaisie*," and the wonderful combination of *fantasies* upon "Robert the Devil"—give but incomplete evidence of his employment. Even those who heard him improvise at the concert at Liege an admirable capriccio on a thema, to all appearance barren, given him by the audience; those who heard his performance, *prima vista*, of the most difficult passages in accumulated pieces from illegible manuscripts, which he executed with so much readiness as to astonish the authors themselves, and with infinite ease; those who know how many great compositions are impressed on his memory, so that he can execute any one of them at any moment; all those know him for the most complete musician of our time, and the most gifted in his way; but they have no idea of the

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thorough change which took place in his creative power during the three years spent by him in retirement.

Fétis goes on, in his philosophical manner, to explain how the doings of Thalberg suggesting new combinations to the mind of our artist, already busy with improvements, wrought a change in him, and impelled him upon a path that was quite his own. The victory was accomplished ; and triumphantly could the question now be answered—" Is Liszt also distinguished as a composer ?"

Liszt has recorded his new views, and the forms invented by him in an immense work, which has not yet appeared, entitled " Three years of wandering." The first part contains recollections of Switzerland, the second recollections of Italy, the third of Germany. Fétis says, " I was indulged by the artist with a hearing of some portions of it; and must do him the justice to say, that these displayed most uncommon attainments in art. Perhaps it will be said, when the work appears, that the composer has had the orchestra more in view than the piano —yet I know not if this objection is not praise rather than blame. However it may be, I will not forestall the judgment of competent critics by recording my simple impressions. I merely quote the '*Etudes d'execution transcendante*,' which have particularly led me to this long exposition," &c.

We have found it necessary to follow this writer so far, because his remarks help to develope the personal history of Liszt, and to place his individuality with regard to Art in a strong light. Fétis is, besides, such a well-known and universally respected authority in the higher musical studies, that he will be gladly listened to in his observations on a genius so remarkable.

Those who venture to deny Liszt a general talent for composition, will find they have measured him by false and inapplicable rules. The foundation of composition is Imagination, the living, powerful creative faculty. Let us take only those works which show most clearly Liszt's art, and the subtlety of his spirit—the Transpositions* of Beethoven's symphonies, and the songs of Schubert. It cannot be doubted that a power of imagination has here been displayed by him, such as would not be needed for another original work.

Liszt in these has not merely copied; he has emulated with creative power; and so successfully that there is a second birth. These transpositions, grand in the symphonies, tender in the songs —are the culminating point of musical plastic power. It is impossible to particularize the expression with more subtlety; to express the spirit more accurately and fully. Therein lies a brilliant conception of harmonious completeness, that fills the heart and soul alike, when those spiritual graces press upon them. In truth, one should only hear that genesis of pastoral symphony; those wonderful pictures, called into life by the powerful and magic touch of Liszt. Any other virtuoso, were he the most accomplished and excellent of players, would have given us, instead of divine poetry, only massy, or at best, tasteful prose !

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In 1837, Liszt felt that earnest desire of poetical spirits, to visit the great world. The swan also spreads her silver wings, and sails southward, towards the land of beauty and song; of art and antiquity—towards Italy ! That is peculiarly the land of song ; it is well-known how the heart there opens to, and welcomes, all that bears the name of music. From Milan to Venice, from Florence to Naples, a dazzling flame of enthusiasm surrounded the artist. In all these places Liszt gave concerts, which were attended by crowded audiences. He abode some time in Rome, to the delight of the people; and the walls of the Engelsburgh resounded to the echo of his renown. External nature seemed to smile upon him: he himself says, he was wonderfully benefited by the pure air and the cloudless sky. He had not in a long time enjoyed such health and serenity. And his compositions have the same purity and clearness as the atmosphere. There originated those grand and marvellous transpositions, of which mention is made above; then were written his "*Nuits de Pausilippe.*" One may ask himself, if out of all these does not breathe a kind of classic repose—elevating the feelings and inspiring a calm delight, like the pure beauty of a moon-

* Uebertragungen.

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light heaven in that lovely land! Our artist confesses that he, at this period, passed beyond the time of wild exuberance in feeling—of stormy restlessness, of mystical fantasy; and that he owed the clearing up of his spirit to the country and nature around him. Thus composed, he went to Germany, Carlsruhe, Munich, Stuttgart; in short, all the principal cities of southern Germany heard his magical performance with astonishment. All the journals and papers held but one language respecting him—that of enthusiastic admiration. But in the midst of this appreciation and these honors, the longing to revisit home was awakened in his breast. One morning he sprang suddenly out of bed, and ordered his horse to be got ready. What to him was the applause, the homage of strangers! he longed to be again where he had been first seen and heard. "For Hungary!" This impatience was the pure desire of a grateful heart.

Liszt did not deceive himself. How he was received, how he was valued, all Hungary can witness. It is impossible to describe the joy with which he was welcomed by old and young, high and low; by artists and critics, even to the highest in the land. He was the loved theme of all tongues. Mothers told their children how the "little Francis" had become another Emperor Francis in the kingdom of Art; how he had made himself so great and famous; and how he could play a whole bookfull of strange and beautiful stories on the piano. He gave concerts—first in Vienna, then in Pesth—not to promote his own interest, but for the benefit of the poor, who had met with severe loses by the inundation; and for young artists, to enable them to prosecute their studies.

The noble and generous philanthropy of this conduct made a proper impression upon his countrymen. Two cities, Pesth and Oedenburg, created him an honorary citizen; a patent of nobility was solicited for him by the Comitat of Oedenburg; and the "Sword of Honor," according to Hungarian custom, was presented to him with due solemnities. This episode deserves particularly to be noticed. The following account is taken from an authentic journal:

"The national feeling of the *Magyars* is well known; and proud are they of that star of the first magnitude, which arose out of their nation. Over the countries of Germany the fame of the Hungarian Liszt came to them, before they had as yet an opportunity of admiring him. The Danube was swelled by rains; Pesth was inundated; thousands were mourning the loss of friends and relations, or of all their property. During his absence in Milan, Liszt learned that many of his countrymen were suffering from want. His resolution was taken. The smiling heaven of Italy—the *dolce far niente* of southern life—could not detain him. The following morning he had quitted Milan, and was on his way to Vienna. He performed for the benefit of those who had suffered by the inundation of Pesth. His art was the horn of plenty, from which streamed blessings for the unfortunate. Eighteen months afterwards he came to Pesth—not as the artist in search of pecuniary advantage—but as a Magyar. He played for the Hungarian National Theatre; for the Musical Society; for the poor of Pesth, and the poor in Oedenburg; always before crowded houses; and the proceeds, full 100,000 francs, were appropriated to those purposes and those institutions. Who can wonder that admiration and pride should rise to enthusiasm in the breasts of his grateful countrymen? The distinguished artist—the noble-hearted man—deserved it all! In the theatre, in the street—Liszt was everywhere greeted with acclamations and vivats. He was complimented by serenades; garlands were thrown to him; in short, the population of Pesth neglected nothing to manifest their respect, gratitude, and affection.

"But these honors, which might have been paid to any other artist of high distinction, did not satisfy them. They resolved to bind him for ever to the Hungarian nation, from which he had sprung. He was therefore made an honorary citizen of Pesth and Oedenburg, and a deputation of persons of consideration informed him that a patent of nobility had been asked for him from the Emperor and King. A still closer bond, however, was desired. The token of manly honor in Hungary is the sword; every Magyar has the right to wear a sword, and avails himself of that right. It was determined that their celebrated countryman should be presented with the Hungarian sword of honor. The noblemen ap-

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peared at the theatre in the rich costume they usually wear before the Emperor, and presented Liszt, amid thunders of applause from the whole assembled people, with a costly sword of honor. In receiving this, he was expected to enter into a solemn engagement *to bind himself for ever to the Hungarian people, and to reside in Hungary.*"

In the autumn of 1840, Liszt went from Paris, where he had been for some time, to the north of Germany, and particularly to Hamburg. Here also, where the people are colder and less impulsive, his reception was the same as it had been elsewhere, wherever his admirable performance had been heard. He saw even adversaries silenced and ashamed; and enemies converted into the warmest friends, who were loudest in his praise. To show Liszt's power of memory and his intimate knowledge of the best pieces of music, it is only necessary to mention one instance among many. One evening in public he was requested to select and perform one of Beethoven's sonatas. He announced his willingness to play, and desired that the piece might be chosen. "*Sonata quasi fantasia,*" cried some one. Liszt consented; did he go to fetch the work? No—he played it at once from memory!

From Hamburg Liszt went to London. Enthusiasm, applause, sympathy, met him everywhere; he was courted by all. In fourteen days he gave nine concerts. He spared no exertion to fulfil expectation and satisfy his friends. Here a misfortune overtook him; he lost, through the carelessness of an agent, the proceeds of three hundred concerts. Imagine the feelings of the artist, exhausted both in mind and body, at the receipt of this disastrous news! But he knew that his true riches lay in his art; and that it was his best support. With a cheerful spirit, notwithstanding his reverses, he left the British islands, to return to the banks of the Seine. From Paris, where he played for the Beethoven monument, and won universal applause by his *Robert-fantaisies*, he went a second time to Hamburg, to shine the brightest star in the north German firmament. The deepest admiration, the silent throb of heartfelt enjoyment, greeted his appearance. Thence he went to Kiel; where, immediately on his arrival, and as it were on the wing, he gave a concert, proceeding to embark for Copenhagen. He played not less than seven times before the court: and here, as among the Parisians, commanded unbounded admiration. The citizens thronged to the concerts, impelled by curiosity, and returned home full of enthusiasm for the great performer. Once more he went back to Hamburg, and thence to the Rhine. What an agreeable entertainment was prepared for him, under the purple clusters of those vineyards, the reader may presently judge.

After Liszt, with his wonted kindness, had offered to give a concert in Cologne, the proceeds of which were to be appropriated to the completion of the Cathedral, the Rhenish "*Liedertafel,*"* resolved to bring him with due pomp from the island of Nonnenwerth, near Bonn, where he had been for some days. This was on the twenty-second of August, 1841. A steamboat was hired expressly for this purpose, and conveyed a numerous company to Nonnenwerth at eleven in the morning. The "Liedertafel" then greeted the artist, who stood on the shore, by singing a morning salute, accompanied by the firing of cannon, and loud huzzas. They then marched, with wind instruments in advance, to the now empty chapel of the cloister of Nonnenwerth; where again they sang; and thence to Rolandseck, where an elegant dinner was prepared for the company. All eyes were fixed upon Liszt; all hearts were turned to him. He proposed a toast in honor of his entertainers; and at the conclusion of his speech observed with justice that nowhere in the world could any club be found like the "Liedertafel" in Germany. When the banquet was over they returned to Nonnenwerth, where a crowd of people from the surrounding country was assembled. The universal wish to hear Liszt was so evident that he was induced to send for a piano, to be brought into the chapel: and to gratify the assembly—listening, and rapt with delight—by a display of his transcendant powers. The desolate halls of the chapel once more resounded with the stir and voices.

* A musical club.

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of life. Not even the nuns, we will venture to say, who in former times used here to send up prayers to heaven, were impressed with a deeper sense of the heavenly, than was this somewhat worldly assembly by the magnificent music of Liszt, that seemed indeed to disclose things beyond this earth. At seven o'clock, the "Liedertafel," with Liszt at their head, marched on their return, and went on board the steamboat, which was decorated with colored flags, amid peals of cannon. It was nine, and quite dark, when they approached their landing. Rockets were sent up from the boat, and a continual stream of colored fireworks; so that as the city rose before them from the bosom of the Rhine, the boat seemed enveloped in a circle of brilliant flame, which threw its reflection far over the waters. Music and huzzas greeted our artist on shore; all Cologne was assembled to give him the splendid welcome, which in other times only monarchs received. Slowly the procession of the "Liedertafel" moved through the multitude to the hotel, where again and again, shouts and cheers testified the joy of the people at the arrival of their distinguished guest.

With the above illustration of the enthusiasm with which Liszt is received among those who know how to appreciate him, we end this brief sketch of his life.

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In the personal conversation of Liszt, there is nothing eccentric or bizarre, as is often found with celebrated artists. He is attentive, cordial, takes an interest in general subjects of conversation, and is affable to all. Only where his dignity as an artist is concerned, does he show that imposing manner, of earnestness bordering on severity or gloom, which has been noticed as belonging to him. He speaks with a measured propriety of his own performances; hears every opinion respecting it with careful attention; but will never depart from what tends to the development of his own ideas in art. He yields as much as justice requires to the critics, but will never permit them to mould him by their judgment. "As I have begun, and carried on thus far, I will complete," said he once. The original artist must live out his own system.

Liszt commonly speaks quickly, rapidly, and abruptly; he often hesitates in his speech, from the want of words. His mind is so active, his perceptions so quick, that it is difficult to find ready expression; and while thus embarrassed, his countenance assumes a fixed, stern look, the brow contracted as if in anger. But when any one helps him out with a word, he smiles, and nodding his head, replies "yes—yes"—moving his head while listening, and waiting for what the other will say. In social intercourse he is thoroughly at his ease, and seems to forget that he is at all distinguished. He always shows himself ready to comply with the most timidly expressed wish that he should play for a dance; but it pleases him well when his wild, original *Galoppe chromatique* cannot be danced by. "It will not do;" he will say. "It will not give up the place where it belongs."

Liszt's whole physiognomy is of the Hungarian character; his thick fair brown hair falls in masses on his neck, where it is cut off short; his features are all strongly marked; his eyes rather long than large, bright and deepset, shadowed by dark eyebrows. His look is penetrating, and has something in it of conscious superiority; yet though it may occasion uneasiness to the object, it has too much mildness to inspire fear. All the portraits represent him too strong and stout. Liszt is of a slight and thin figure; his shoulders are drawn up from constant playing, but his hands are delicate and well proportioned; seeing them, one can hardly understand how he can play such things as the Symphonies and the Robert-Fantaisies. In this respect, he has something that might be called *Paganinish;* unbounded energy of spirit, and indomitable strength of will—developed in the most delicate physical organization. In short, the whole appearance of Liszt betokens, to the most casual observer, the indwelling of that high and wonderful genius, before which the world has bowed in reverential acknowledgment. His entrance into the concert-room generally draws from the assembly—particularly from the ladies—the exclamation, "Ah! what an interesting man! What an interesting figure!"

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MILL'S LOGIC.*

THE THEORY OF PROOF—THE SCIENCE OF EVIDENCE.

It is a curious fact, observable in the history of mental as well as of physiological science, that the agencies and operations the most familiar and indispensable to man, are found to have been the latest to arrest attention, or to engage inquiry. The stars had been made a study for centuries before he was cognizant of the atmosphere around him, through the medium of which alone those distant objects were visible, and his own vitality for a moment sustained. The revolutions of the "heavenly bodies" had been ascertained or conjectured ages before the circulation of the blood was even imagined. Thinking is, *to a certain degree*, like pulsation, an "involuntary function;" the normal state, the vital law of the intellect. But what is done without effort, is commonly done without reflection. Had there not been disease, would any one have thought of a science of therapeutics? So, without error, and the consequent inconvenience, we should perhaps have been still without a science or a system of the reasoning process.

Logic had, indeed, been cultivated at an early period; but it was merely as an instrument of disputation, a corrective of false reasoning. In this character, and to this extent, it would not be slow to obtrude itself upon the notice, the necessities of men. But it is only very recently that the subject has been fundamentally examined, and distinctly comprehended in its entire amplitude and importance. Even Whately, one of the latest and most intelligent of its expounders, does not much enlarge the ancient and instrumental view of it, a circumstance which we should rather ascribe to the plan or purpose of his treatise, than an inadequate conception of the science in this most scientific of archbishops. However, it remained for Mr. Mill to lay open the deepest and most devious recesses of the subject, and to show that logic is not only itself a science, but that it is the basis and the law of every other.

Before proceeding to give some account of the book in which all this has been accomplished, we would respectfully urge upon our readers,—especially conductors of colleges and academies,—the more thorough cultivation of this science of sciences, *ars artium*.† It would be a reproachful anomaly, were it nothing worse, that a people claiming to govern their public as well as private conduct by moral persuasion—owning but reason as the sovereign sanction of their political institutions—should yet be singularly deficient in the higher developments and resources of this faculty. We are cumbrously rich in the details of information; mechanically expert in the processes of art. But of the great laws by which those are applied and explained; of the principles of method and order, principles indispensable alike to discovery and demonstration, we are, it must be owned, not only mischievously ignorant, but (what is perhaps more deplorable) contemptuously regardless. Is this ignorance denied? Whence, then, the prolixity, the confusion, the inanity that avowedly characterize our public speaking, forensic and parliamentary? This is obviously, and we may add, inevitably the consequence of want of definiteness in the object, or the arrangement of the means, or of both. The speaker who is prepared in both these prime requisites, will always speak *to* and *for* the purpose. He will thus, too, speak fluently as well as concisely. It is not want of words that often, if ever, occasions hesitation and embarrassment; it is a dearth or disorder of ideas. The advantages of such design and disposition in an argument or oration, are well illustrated in the

* *A System of Logic, ratiocinative and inductive, being a connected view of the principles of Evidence, and the method of Scientific Investigation.* By John Stuart Mill. London: Parker. New York: Appleton & Co.

† Bacon.

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composition of the arch, wherein each stone is so situated as to act not only upwards against the superincumbent mass, but also laterally, by a sort of mechanical "conduction," upon every other stone to the extremity of the segment; the whole thus combining economy of materials with convenience of structure, and beauty with strength. But when a speaker comes forward, trusting to his Providence or his "points" (by the latter of which you are rarely to understand any division of subject or distribution of argument), without fixed end or direction to guide him, it is almost inevitable that he will either "break down," as it is familiarly called, or ow on in a turbid stream of noisy nonsense. The oratorical *amour-propre* is imperative; and the latter alternative generally prevails from the greater facility of sustaining sound than sense. Here there is, of course, no assignable limit to the "orator," save that which Heaven or the "house" may in mercy have provided in weakness of lungs or the "one-hour rule," and so (as was said of a notable and a noble prototype),

"He spouts, and spouts, and spouts away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood"

of irrelevancy, repetition, and declamatory common-place. Our public men, then—lawyers and legislators—are especially interested in this subject. The private citizen, too, has to reason; but it is merely for himself, and he may reason soundly without being able to analyze the process, or vindicate his conclusions. To him the faculty is like a dark lanthorn, sufficient if it light the bearer. Whereas the class alluded to are like lamps erected for public illumination—are manufacturers, so to speak, of reason and arguments for the general consumption. With such as would qualify themselves for these duties, the work of Mr. Mill should be a hand-book, which, combining the qualities of an elementary and practical exposition of Logic, treats the subject, it will be seen, with especial reference to the purposes of Jurisprudence. This is the aspect, chiefly, in which we propose to introduce it to our readers. Indeed, it is the distinctive characteristic of the treatise. The subject, as described and denominated by the author, is—"The Theory of Proof;" "The Science of Evidence." The object—"An analysis of the intellectual process called Reasoning or Inference, and of such other mental operations as are intended to facilitate this; and on the foundation of this analysis, to frame a set of canons or rules for testing the sufficiency of any given evidence to prove any given proposition." Does not this, in fact, constitute and cover the whole art and part of the orator and the advocate?

Want of space forbids our giving a full analysis—of consequence, also, our attempting a criticism—of a book containing twelve hundred octavo pages, and professing to explain the foundations of all human knowledge, with its every possible method of acquisition and verification. We must content ourselves with a rapid account of its general character and leading topics—dwelling more particularly upon those which relate to the principles of moral and legal evidence.

In the most general point of view, the book may be regarded (though it makes no such profession) as a commentary on Bentham's Rationale of Judicial Evidence, and the *Novum Organon* of Bacon. Designed or not, it furnishes a needed explanation of both these original, profound, but somewhat obscure productions. Mr. Mill begins by dividing all knowledge into those things *which are susceptible of Proof*, and those *which are not susceptible of Proof*. The latter of these classes—comprising the essence of mind and matter, the nature of time, space, infinitude—being acquired through consciousness, are objects only of Belief, and belong to Transcendental Metaphysics. The former—comprising far the greater portion of our knowledge—are known through Inference or Proof, and constitute the province of Logic, whether as a science or an art.

This is a division, to be sure, not so new as it is important. It figures largely in the Kantian philosophy, under the various denominations and aspects of "Subjective" and "Objective" truths; "Phenomena" and "Noumena," etc. The difficulty (and of course the merit) seems to have always been to keep it steadily in view, or at least in practice. To the confusion of these two classes may be attributed most of the disputes (not merely verbal) which disgrace the history o

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metaphysical and theological controversy. Alive to the danger, and aware of the consequences of falling into this error, Mr. Mill is careful to produce, as he progresses, this line of separation. His book is, perhaps, the only metaphysical treatise—at least within our reading—wherein the objects of Intuition and those of Illation are never confounded.

Logic is then defined to be, "The science of the operations of the understanding, which are subservient to the estimation of evidence—both the process itself of proceeding from known truths to unknown, and all intellectual operations auxiliary thereto." To appreciate the pretensions of this definition to superior exactness, it will be but fair to peruse the preliminary discourse, where the author reviews his predecessors and ably expounds the nature and proper functions of definition. For ourselves, there is, among the several definitions of Logic which are scattered through the prodigal pages of Cicero, one (not that selected for commentation by Mr. Mill) which we must regard as still unexcelled in justness, as it is beyond question unrivalled in its union of terseness, precision and perspicuity:

"*Quæ (Dialectica) una continet omnem et perspiciendi quid in quaque re sit, scientiam, et judicandi quale quidque sit, et ratione ac via disputandi.*"

Much of this excellence, it must be owned, is due to the admirable language which seems to have been made for reasoning, as it has in fact been made by the finest reasoners of our race. But, observe how exactly both the modern branches of the subject are distinguished; the "*quid*" and the "*quale*" designating the inductive process; the "*ratione ac via*," the syllogistic. Yet, there are philosophers who will have it that the "inductive method" was not known, or, at least, not comprehended, prior to Lord Bacon!

Under the last clause of Mr. Mill's definition, language or "Naming"—being the principal instrument as well as a vehicle of thought—is carefully and comprehensively considered. Here, as indeed elsewhere, our author has rivalled the most valuable part of Locke's Essay. Thus is the first Book occupied with the preliminaries of Proof, not Proof itself—the import and functions of Words, the nature of Definition, of Classification, of Assertion; the several kinds of propositions, the number of Predicables, which, after a stringent review of the Ten Categories of Aristotle, Mr. Mill reduces to the five which follow: *Existence; Order in place; Order in time; Causation; Resemblance.* The *subject* of every possible proposition can be, in the last analysis, but a fact or facts of consciousness; the *predicate*, but one or other of the above categories. So that every proposition is resolvable into an assertion, that some given subject does or does not contain some attribute; or that some attribute is or is not conjoined with some other attribute.

The second Book proceeds to the analysis of proof or inference; which is shown to be the source of all our knowledge, what are called "self-evident truths" excepted. Proof consists of a two-fold process—inductions, and the interpretation of inductions or syllogism. The one is applicable where laws or principles are to be deduced from facts or phenomena; the other where facts are to be referred to established laws; the one proper for the philosopher or the legislator whose office is inquiry—the other, for the priest and the judge, who are restricted to interpretation. In this connection, the author has some valuable observations on the province and the principles of judicature. His view of the theory and use of the syllogism is somewhat peculiar, and, we think, perfectly just. Its chief value, he conceives to consist in its convenience for the detection and exposition of, and the security which it may afford against the commission of, bad argumentation. Dr. Whately contends that the syllogism is virtually *the* form in which all right reasoning *must* be performed. Mr. Mill admits the high authority of the metaphysical archbishop. Indeed, he assents to the prevailing exaggeration of his merits. We say, *exaggeration*. The practical services of Whately's treatise are perhaps not overrated, in reference *to England and this country*, where Logic had, as a science, been comparatively unknown, and, as an art, been driven into a sort of vulgar disgrace, by the intemperate assailants of the syllogism. But to the continent of Europe there was nothing new in his book. Substantially the same exposition of the nature and ob

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ject of the Aristotelian system may be seen in the clear and concise analysis of it in *Anacharsis Junior*, by the classic Abbé Barthélémy. Be this as it may, Mr. Mill thinks, in opposition to an authority so respected, that the syllogism is not only not the exclusive, but that it is merely an optional form. In the teeth of the venerable axiom, *A particulari ad universalem non valide concluditur*, he holds that every valid conclusion, universal and particular, is really drawn from particulars. It is, in fact, manifest that a universal term is nothing more than a verbal generalization from a necessarily *limited* number of individual instances—a mere *assumption*, that what is predicated of the few instances observed, is true of all others of the class. When, therefore, a new fact is to be referred to its class (which is the syllogistic process), is it done by virtue of the mere verbal assumption? Or rather, because of the resemblance, which it is supposed to possess, in the essential attributes of the class, to the facts, the particulars, which constitute the sole basis of the induction? For example:

> All men are mortal;
> Henry Clay is a man:
> Therefore, Henry Clay will die.

Now, the force of this conclusion manifestly does not consist (as the celebrated "*Dictum de omni*," &c. would have it) in the fact, that Henry Clay is comprised in the universal term, "All men." For how can I be assured that *all* men *will* die? We can know, and, therefore, predicate with certainty but of the past. In the language of the poet—

> "An age *may* come, font of eternity."—

It is only, then, because Henry Clay is supposed to possess the *attributes* connoted by (i. e. implied in) the term "man" and *common to Henry Clay with those particular men who are known, by observation or otherwise, to have died*, that we are warranted in concluding that he too will pay that irrepudiable debt of humanity.

It may be thought that Mr. Mill has made no discovery in denying to the universality or distribution of the terms, the conclusive efficacy of ratiocination. That those terms themselves, as well as the chimerical ideas they were once supposed to represent, have been already exploded by the force and the followers of the Baconian logic.

This would be to misapprehend the merits of our author's position, which differs, as we understand it, as much from the system of Bacon as from that of Aristotle; at least as both these systems are practically exhibited by their respective partizans. For, between these theories, there is in fact no *essential* difference, as far as the point in question is concerned. The cogency of the Syllogistic method consists in the *assumption* that the subject of the conclusion is contained in the subject of the Major premise; the cogency of the Inductive method lies in the *inference* that the fact or phenomenon to be accounted for falls under (i. e. is contained in) an established general principle or law—which, logically regarded, is but the "universal term" of the syllogism with a new name. The "law" may have more truth or certainty than the "major premise." But we speak of the *ground of conclusiveness* in reasoning, not the truth or certitude of premises.

Mr. Mill, if we comprehend him, would place the ratiocinative efficacy in the resemblance or difference or other relation, as the case may be, which is *felt* between the subject of the conclusion and one or more of a collection of ideas already cognizant to, or classified in the mind. He would not say that the new fact "is contained" in the facts, or in the "principle" of such his Induction; any more than he would suppose it contained in a "Universal Idea" or "Term." It is not this forceless fiction, but a *feeling*, a perception of the relation alluded to, which leads the mind intuitively and irresistibly to conclude of the new fact or subject, what it had observed to depend upon the point of resemblance in a class of facts, or even a single fact, of its experience. So that we do, it appears in effect, conclude, and may conclude validly, not only from a mere plurality of particulars, but even from a single instance!

If authority be desired, the best can be produced. From a passage in he Essay on Skeptical Philosophy, it may be inferred that Hume was of this opinion. Speaking of the erroneous views prevalent with respect to the

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nature of time and space, he remarks: "It seems to me not impossible to avoid these absurdities and contradictions, if it be admitted that there is no such thing as abstract or general ideas, properly speaking; but that all general ideas are, in reality, particular ones attached to a general term, which recalls, upon occasion, other *particular ones that resemble in certain circumstances the idea present to the mind.*"

The third Book treats at great length —though not incommensurately with the importance of its subject—of the nature, principle, and several methods of the Inductive process. In penetrating here, as usual, to the foundation, our author turns up some of the most formidable questions, perhaps, which the human intellect can encounter; such as the Ultimate Laws of Nature, Universal Causation, the doctrine of Chances, etc.—each of which he discusses and determines in a spirit of philosophy, and with a feeling of illustration, not unworthy of the great Founder himself, of the system he is unfolding. But this portion of the work, though invaluable to every cultivated mind, seems less immediately to concern the general scholar or the logician, than the student and inquirer in the physical sciences. We, therefore, hasten to the second branch of the process, Interpretation; which forms the subject of the fourth Book.

Here, particularly, the lawyer will find his "proper study"—Nomenclature, Terminology, Classification, the problem of a General, the requisites of a Perfect language. Under the last title, there are some admirable remarks on the neglected properties of language; as a conservator of the wisdom and experience of antiquity—"a keeper-alive of those thoughts and observations of by-gone ages, which may be alien to the tendencies of the passing time." This is the respect in which Coleridge, too, has called language "a sacred deposit—the property of all ages; and which no one age has a right to alter." The rare appreciation of this property of language constitutes, we may remark, the first and the distinctive merit of the Coleridge school of philosophy.

Let us explain a little this property. According to a well-known law of mind, general terms, especially when very complex, never call up all the ideas which they denote or involve; sometimes but one or two have immediate reference to the purpose; sometimes none at all. This is what is familiarly termed talking without a meaning. Nothing is more common than to repeat, and assert the truth of propositions to which the mind gives no assent, of which it was even unconscious. Hence it is, that the zeal of new converts has been proverbial; to the ear of the novice, the precepts of the religion, or the dogmas of the sect, have something more than a mechanical meaning, are not yet familiarized into barren formulas. So prevalent is this mental inattention, that all reasoning has come to be deemed by some (e. g. the Condillac school) a mere game, or disposition of words, according to a certain system of combinations.

But the human mind is, in different generations, occupied with subjects, surrounded by circumstances, that fix its attention on one property or aspect of a thing, rather than another; and the knowledge registered in the language, not being suggested by the pursuits or researches of the present generation, fades from the memory. This neglect of the *history* of words, of the changes in their meanings—a neglect that we hear daily made a subject of preposterous pride and praises by your "practical men," and march of mind philosophers—is probably the cause or the conservator of half the error in the world, and may sometimes become awful in its moral consequences. Of this change and these consequences, if we remember rightly, it is Thucydides who records a remarkable instance. During the Peloponnesian war, says the historian, the ideas and principles of the Greeks had undergone a complete revolution. Words the most familiar, changed their acceptation. The term for sincerity came to signify simplicity; duplicity to import talent. Prudence and moderation got the names of imbecility and cowardice; audacity and violence passed for patriotic intrepidity and public spirit. But a confusion of language, adds the philosophic writer, is one of the most frightful symptoms of the depravation of the people. To restrict the limits of virtue, is still to recognize her authority. But strip her of her *name*, you thereby dethrone her, and leave vice securely to usurp her seat.

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Not only would the distinctions of virtue and vice be thus totally confounded, but the treasures of experience would be lost irrecoverably, were it not for the formulas and the "musty volumes" wherein those moral landmarks and intellectual treasures are preserved. Here the lost meaning may at any time be traced historically. Like Lazarus, it is not dead, but only sleepeth. But, also, like Lazarus, it is to be called from its tomb by no ordinary power. This whole passage of our author, is so suggestive of the importance of classical studies,* as well as pregnant with instruction to the student of jurisprudence (a subject particularly lying in the past, and interwoven with language), that we cannot forbear quoting in full, the following, though rather long, paragraph. It will serve the additional purpose of a sample of our author's manner and style :

"Thus there is a perpetual oscillation in spiritual truths, and in spiritual doctrines of any significancy, even when not truths. Their meaning is almost always in a process either of being lost or of being recovered; a remark upon which all history is a comment. Whoever has attended to the history of the more serious convictions of mankind—of the opinions by which the conduct of their lives is, or as they conceive, ought to be, more especially regulated—is aware that while recognizing verbally the very same doctrines, they attach to them at different periods a greater or a less quantity, and even a different kind, of meaning. The words in their original acceptation connoted, and the propositions expressed, a complication of outward facts and inward feelings, to different portions of which the general mind is more particularly alive in different generations of mankind. To common minds, only that portion of the meaning is in each generation suggested, of which that generation possesses the counterpart in its own habitual experience. But the words and propositions lie ready to suggest to any mind duly prepared the remainder of the meaning. Such individual minds are almost always to be found; and the lost meaning revived by them, again by degrees works its way into the general mind.

"There is scarce anything which can materially retard the arrival of this salutary reaction, except the shallow conceptions and incautious proceedings of mere logicians. It sometimes happens that towards the close of the downward period, when the words have lost part of their significance, and have not yet begun to recover it, persons arise whose leading and favorite idea s the importance of clear conception and precise thought, and the necessity, therefore, of defini e language. These persons, in examining the old formulas, easily perceive that words are used in them without a meaning; and if they are not the sort of persons who are capable of re-discovering the lost signification, they naturally enough dismiss the formula, and define the name without any reference to it. In so doing, they fasten down the name to what it denotes in common use at the time when it conveys the smallest quantity of meaning; and introduce the practice of employing it, consistently and uniformly, according to that connotation. The word in this way acquires an extent of denotation far beyond what it had before; it becomes extended to many things to which it was previously in appearance capriciously refused. Of the propositions in which it was formerly used, those which were true in virtue of the forgotten part of its meaning, are now, by the clearer light which the definition diffuses, seen not to be true according to the definition, which, however, is the recognized and sufficiently correct expression of all that is perceived to be in the mind of any one by whom the term is used at the present day. *The ancient formulas are consequently treated as prejudices*, and people are no longer taught, as before, though not to understand them, yet to believe that there is truth in them. They no longer remain in men's minds surrounded by respect, and ready at any time to suggest their original meaning. The truths which they convey are not only, under these circumstances, rediscovered far more slowly; but when rediscovered, the prejudice with which novelties are regarded, is now, in some degree at least, against them, instead of being on their side."

The importance of the studies suggested in these profound remarks, with the peculiar merit which we have above claimed for Coleridge in this particular,

* One of our most popular writers, on a late occasion, declared that to him the Greek and Latin classics were like "dried grape skins." If the sentiment was honest, he deserves pity; if affected, contempt.

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our author has elsewhere* still more fully and felicitously elucidated. We, therefore, make no apology for adding to the preceding long extract the following pregnant passage. Mr. Mill is contrasting Coleridge and Bentham, whom he thinks to be one the reverse, but also the supplement of the other; and both to be the English philosophers of the last century who have exercised, and will continue to exercise, the greatest influence upon their countrymen:

"By Bentham men have been taught to ask themselves of any established opinion, *Is it true?* and by Coleridge, *What is the meaning of it?* The one took his stand *outside* the received opinion, and surveyed it as an entire stranger to it; the other looked at it *from within*, and endeavored to see it with the eyes of a believer in it, to discover by what apparent facts it was at first suggested, and by what appearances it has ever since been rendered continually credible—has seemed to a succession of persons to be a faithful interpretation of their experience. Bentham judged an opinion true or false as it accorded or not with the result of his own inquiries; and did not search very curiously into what might be meant by the proposition, when it obviously did not mean what he thought true. With Coleridge, on the contrary, the very fact that any doctrine has been believed by thoughtful men and received by whole nations and generations of mankind, was a part of the problem to be solved; was one of the phenomena to be accounted for. And as Bentham's short and easy method of referring all to the selfish interests of aristocracies, or priests, or lawyers, or some other species of impostors, could not satisfy a man who saw so much farther into the complexities of the human intellect and feelings, he considered the long and extensive prevalence of any opinion as a presumption that it was not altogether a fallacy; that, to its first authors, at least, it was the result of a struggle to express in words something that had a reality to them, though perhaps not to many of those who have since received the doctrine by mere tradition. The long duration of a belief, he thought, is, at east, proof positive of an adaptation in it to some portion or other of the human mind; and if, in digging down to the root, we do not find, as we generally do, some truth, we shall find some want or requirement of human nature which the doctrine in question is fitted to satisfy," &c.

The subject of the fifth Book is the interesting and important topic of Fallacies. This chapter is full of curious and ingenious speculation respecting, particularly,t he fallacies of what have been called *à priori* truths, and considered to be self-evident axioms. The fallacies of this class are two-fold—corresponding to what may, for distinction's sake, be termed the mathematical and the metaphysical axioms. Such propositions as (to take a strong example) "that two straight lines cannot close a space," are commonly held to be self-evident truths; known *à priori*, by intuition. Mr. Mill, contends that, on the contrary, they are, and can only be, deductions from experience; but that the process of inference takes place at an age so early, that either consciousness does not note, or memory does not retain it. This is the case with the physical sense of vision—which, by the bye, may have communicated its material fallacy to the figurative term Intuition. Centuries and sciences have been found necessary to discover that the distribution of objects in space is not the result of direct perception, but of a process of forgotten, or of unconscious (though actual) induction. This view is maintained, and in our opinion, the prevailing one fully refuted, with remarkable felicity of explication and force of Logic. In this class of axioms, the fallacy, it is to be observed, attaches rather to the *origin*, than the existence of the truth predicated. In the second—the metaphysical class, it respects the existence only.

That "Space is infinite;" "Time, or more properly, duration, eternal;" and the like, are accounted necessary truths. Why? Because (it is answered) the negative of them is *inconceivable*. But is nature to be restricted to our capacity of conception? a quality, moreover, which is in a great measure accidental, and varies with the particular history and habits of each individual. As a test of truth, then, the principle must be fallacious. Accordingly, that many of these supposed "necessary truths" have repeatedly proved to be in fact, no truths at all, Mr. Mill

* See Westminster Review, 1836, of Coleridge.

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goes on to exemplify, from the history of Science. The impossibility of there being antipodes had once been such an axiom. Their existence has come, however, to be an unquestioned fact. So of the axiom which led the Cartesians to reject the Newtonian principle of gravitation, and resort to the complex system of the "Vortices;" they found it impossible to *conceive* "that a body can act where it *is not*." Yet there is not, observes our author, an educated man in Europe, at the present day, who finds any difficulty in this exception.

Now, we entirely agree with Mr. Mill, as to the experimental origin of pretended *à priori* axioms of science. As a general rule, we assent to his protest against making the conceptive powers of the mind a measure of the creative powers, or of the created objects of nature. That is, indeed, the dangerous principle of modern rationalism, which has been formalized by Kant, in the well-known phrase of Forms of the Understanding, and was, we believe, first promulgated in one of the Definitions of Spinoza. Mr. Mill's position, then (or we should say his opposition, for he lays down nothing on this point), has at least one merit; it strikes, though without aim, the absurdities, and all but impregnable system of the Achilles of Pantheism, in the vulnerable heel. But, what a philosopher would, perhaps, regard as still more important, it tends to dispel the indolent and the superstitious acquiescence in axioms and apothegms; those despots of the mind, which have, perhaps, more retarded the intellectual progress of mankind, and occasioned more human suffering than all the tyrants whom history has consigned to the execration of posterity. But while, as we have said, we thus far concur with the author, we must be permitted, for once, to question the consistency, if not the principle, of his argument, and to dispute one of the examples by which he seeks to support it. First, the example:

Mr. Mills affirms that no educated person has now any difficulty in conceiving "that a body can act where it is not." Is this true? For ourselves, if we be allowed an humble place in the category of educated persons, we do not hesitate to declare at the risk of excaᴄtion, that there is at least one exception. Nor would we blush for an incapacity (though it should be singular in this enlightened age, as we believe it far otherwise), which drove Newton to the hypothesis of an "æthereal fluid," to explain the action of gravitation, *i. e.* to account for the *inconceivable* phenomena of a body acting upon another, at a distance, *without an intervening material medium*. But what would experience, Mr. Mill's own touch-stone, teach in the premises? It must be admitted (and this general fact, we consider to be the source of the very axiom in question), that we are accustomed from infancy to see bodies act upon each other, only when in *apparent* contact; whether in actual or only virtual contact, is a point involved in the general question. What evidence is there, on the other side, to diminish or counterbalance the force of this uniform experience? Not that of sense, certainly. Sense takes cognizance of only the existence of material objects, individually. Action or motion cannot be perceived, as it cannot be painted; it involves succession, and therefore implies *inference*, *reflection*. The *action* of bodies upon other bodies is, *in all cases*, an inference of the intellect, though, when the bodies are in contact, the action is illusively taken for a perception of sense. Sense, then, can never be competent to attest the mutual action of bodies. Its evidence is never received, even by the vulgar, when the bodies act from a distance. Hence the prevalence of the very axiom in question; and is it not more logical, as well as philosophical, to conclude, with Newton and Euler, and we may now add, with experience, that there is some fluid matter which pervades at least our system, and which escapes our imperfect, our incompetent senses, than to hold that the class of phenomena, which are nothing the more intelligible for getting the denomination of "attraction" or "repulsion," should form an exception to the general current of the observed analogies throughout material nature?

Mr. Mill's position, then, "That ability or inability to conceive, is in no case to be received as a criterion of axiomatic truth," may still be tenable. Indeed, he has, as above stated, shown, by several examples, that what had once been deemed axioms, have sub-

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sequently turned out to be absurdities, (and he might perhaps have produced instances also of the reverse.) But when he advances, as amongst those that have actually undergone this transformation, the ancient axiom, "That a body cannot act where it is not," and appeals for the falsity of the proposition to the actual sentiment and universal suffrage, upon the matter, of every educated man of Europe; we do not hesitate to affirm that he is unusually unhappy in his proofs. Clearly the felt impression of the illiterate—as, indeed, our author's qualification seems to admit—remains the same, upon the subject, that it had been two thousand years ago; because experience, the mother of the untutored mind, remains, as before shown, unalterably in favor of the axiom. But we can have no objection to the special jury of Mr. Mill's selection; the educated must be best capable of examining and analysing the states and operations of consciousness, especially of their own. We deny then,—and we do so with a deference which no other living opinion, upon a metaphysical subject, could inspire,—we deny, that all the educated (or the uneducated) men of Europe or America, or any *one* of them (Mr. M., of course, excepted), can, not only "without difficulty," but can by possibility, *really* conceive a body as *acting where it does not exist*.

To avert any imputation of presumption, as well as to present the issue as precisely as possible, let us be indulged in a brief definition of our terms. This will be effected by stating what we mean by "Conception," and what by "Action."

By *conception*, we understand the reproduction in the mind, and by the mind, of one or more of its *perceptions*. But, it was above shown that, really, there can be no perception of an *action* (which is properly a subject of inference); consequently no conception.

An *action* is an affection, or attribute, or mode of body, and is, of course, inseparable from the body wherein it inheres. To suppose the body to *act* where the body does not *exist*, is, therefore, to give the attribute an existence apart from, and independent of, the substrate; which is manifestly absurd!

So much for the exception which we have ventured to take to this particular of Mr. Mill's proof. We now proceed to the second and more important point, our objection to his principle.

Mr. M. denies impossibility of conception to be a test, or even a token, of metaphysical truth. Now, we do not dispute, we repeat our assent to, his general conclusion, viz. 1. "That all exact science is hypothetical, i. e. founded upon definitions—the degree of whose correspondence to nature measures the truth of the particular science; 2. And that axioms are but inductions from experience." But what we do dispute—or we should, perhaps, say dread—is the truth of a proposition that goes not only to sap the system of Spinoza; but, also, to shake the structure of human certitude to its foundation.

Under the head, and as an instance, of Metaphysical fallacies, the author adduces the old axiom, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," and assumes, as in the case just discussed, that it is now universally exploded. He seems strangely unconscious of what is very distinctly, as justly, signalized by the French philosophers, the difference between creeds or convictions of *feeling* (which include those of reason), and convictions and opinions of *prejudice*, of *authority*. Into the latter category would, if we mistake not, be found to resolve itself, upon a slight analysis, most of the new light upon old questions, about which modern times are so noisily self-complacent. Antiquity is commonly stigmatized as the age of *authority*, while this is exalted as the age of reason. The reverse is, we are convinced, much nearer the truth. Ours is the age of universal dogmatism as of superficial inquiry. The inquirers of antiquity, however defective may have been their methods, were conscientious and independent. The people, indeed, took the philosophers for their guides; whereas now, the philosophers take the people. But between the guidance of Aristotle and Cicero, on the one hand, and that of a multitude (even though a multitude of sovereigns) on the other, in a question of politics, morals, or metaphysics, we must leave the reader to choose according to his taste or his judgment. We will only say that it is calculated to inspire despair of the human intellect, to see one of the most powerful and independent minds of the day, thus yielding to this monstrous fallacy of the present age.

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Of the latter character, then, must be the conviction which Mr. Mill represents as general, respecting the falsehood of the axiom in question. One of the earliest lessons taught the modern child is, That God has made the world *out of nothing;* and this is not the only instance (as Mr. Mill well knows) where the convictions, as the creed of the adult and the aged, have no more rational basis than the theology of the nursery. But this is *credulity*, not *conception*. To us, at all events, it is clearly impossible for the human intellect to conceive *Nonentity generating Entity*. If we establish the impossibility, we will be allowed, it is hoped, to have disproved the *fact*, of this easy and universal conception.

Nonentity (not-being) is nothing but a name, a name for the absence or negation of all object or idea. But without idea or object to belong to, there can be, or be conceived, no attribute; and production or generation is an attribute.

Let us not be met with the irrelevant objection that to hold the affirmative of the axiom is to admit the eternity of matter, and consequently deny the existence of a deity. In the first place, we do not see, any more than Plato did, that the eternity of matter would necessarily exclude the existence or eternity of Spirit—the eternity of the two principles being to us as conceivable, or rather as inconceivable, as that of one. In the next, we are to regard the truth, not the consequences; the question here is not upon a deduction of reason from an assumed premiss, but upon a point of fact, viz.: Can we, or not, conceive the operation by which nothing could be imagined to produce something; or even, something be produced *from nothing?* "Do we not, it may be answered, conceive omnipotent power able to produce matter from the non-existence of matter?" To hasten out of this dizzy region, we disregard the assumption, concede the assertion of this proposition, and only say that the fact would be still compatible with the truth of our axiom. When it is affirmed, That God made the world out of nothing, the meaning is not (as the axiom and the argument of Mr. M. would require) that nothing or nonentity was the *material;* but only that whereas there *had been* nothing, the Creator had produced something—even the Universe. This explication is, we believe, of unexceptionable orthodoxy; and those who feel bound by it must be content with imagining the Creator to have united *in his own essence* the *material*, with the efficient, cause. But *we* can think better of the metaphysics of Moses. The Hebrew verb *Bara* does not signify "to create" something from nothing; but must be rendered "formed" or made (as indeed it generally is), which expresses the production of new things from *things already existing*, and properly is *composition*, not "creation." It seems clear, therefore, that the axiom of *ex nihilo nihil gignitur* has withstood the "march of intellect," and remains as impregnable as it had been twenty-three centuries ago, in the school of Xenophanes. Such, at least, is our conviction. And for this conviction (to apply this rather lengthy digression) we have no other ultimate ground than *because* we find it impossible to conceive the contrary.

But the impossibility, says Mr. Mill, is, possibly, in your narrow conception, not in nature or reality. Be it so. Mr. M. adopts that fundamental axiom of the science he has so profoundly treated, that "Contradictories cannot both be true—that is, cannot coexist *in nature*,"—in a propositive form, that it is impossible for a thing to *be* and *not* to be at the same time. And, *how* does he know this impossibility? Only, we presume, because he *cannot conceive* a thing to exist and not to exist simultaneously. But if it was not allowable in our case, it certainly is not in his, to infer an impossibility in nature and fact, from a defective capacity of conception. For, we confidently say, that any man of reflection, who compares and considers both these axioms, will not undertake to point out a shadow of difference, either in evidence or nature, between the two impossibilities. Nor will we be answered by the technical jargon, That one is self-contradictory, the other, not. This must be still an appeal to conception; and conception as a criterion of truth, or, at least, the ultimate basis of certitude, is the very matter in question. Where then are we to find a footing, if Mr. Mill's position be tenable? The awful importance of this question must be our apology for dwelling upon it, at this disproportionable length. To deny, with our author, that an impossibility to con-

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ceive is a justifiable ground of disbelief, or a reliable ground of knowledge, is it not, in fact, to strike the last plank of faith from beneath the human understanding, and set it, chartless, adrift on the shoreless ocean of the infinite, or, properly speaking, the UNKNOWN?

A parting remark upon the axiom, That a body cannot act where it is not. Is it not strange that an opinion which had been deemed self-evident, at least down to the present century, by all Europe, and which necessitated such minds as Newton, Des Cartes, Ptolemy, to devise severally the alternatives of "ethereal fluid," "vortices," "cycles and epicycles"—that an opinion thus clear and cogent should be cotemporary with the belief and the art of Astrology? *How* were the planets understood to act upon the remote earth and its inhabitants? What was meant by the *influence* of the stars? Or is this one of those inconsequences so common to our poor nature!

The subject of the sixth, and last, Book—the Logic of the Moral Sciences—is of peculiar and priceless value to the lawyer and the legislator. Herein, the author examines the practicability of what had been suggested by Locke, a *science* of morality and politics. He concludes for the affirmative. Not, however, a science of mathematical exactness—not founded upon absolute truth; but only upon approximations and tendencies. But this is sufficient for practical purposes—that which is only probable of human beings taken individually, being certain when affirmed of the character and collective conduct of masses. The method of investigation must be the deductive or Synthetic. The analytic method, or induction from history and experience, though the one in vulgar vogue, is, in a subject so "merged in matter," entirely fallacious. In these sciences, its proper province,—important, though subsidiary,—consists in *verifying* the conclusions drawn from general principles.

To arrive at the great principles, we must begin by studying the human mind psychologically—not in its *nature* (which the author relegates to the metaphysicians), but its phenomena, or states of feeling and consciousness, and the laws whereby they succeed each other. These laws, in the next place, must be considered under the various modifications of external circumstances, such as the government, climate, manners, religion, of the particular country. From this combination of general laws is deduced the science of the formation of character—a science to which Mr. Mill has, beside the method, contributed the name of Ethology. The corresponding *art* is Education.

Man, thus known individually, must, further, be studied socially; which study comprises the actions and motives of men in bodies, with the various phenomena of public life. The vast complexity of the former subject is here infinitely multiplied. What a multitude of sciences unfold themselves to the initiated eye! O, for the "euphrasy" of the angel or of the "schoolmaster," to purge, for such a prospect, the vision of these quack legislators and politicians, who, while they admit the necessity of serving an apprenticeship to shoe-making, hold every "democrat" to be born an adept in Sociology!

The neglected condition of the moral sciences, though the most useful of all, was attributed by Bacon to the fact that, deemed to be beyond the domain of certitude or general reasoning, they were left in the hands of empirics, who looked but to the present emergency, and were content with petty results—in his own pregnant language, who sought the *fructifera experimenta*, not the *lucifera*. Only take the description in a *selfish* sense, and how exactly does it fit the aims of the politician of our own day and country!

There has, however, been, we think, another obstacle to the very creation of the Moral and Political sciences. These, like every other science, presuppose a uniformity of succession in the facts or the phenomena of their subject-matter—in other words, a universal causation in the events. But the events which constitute the basis of the "social sciences" are human actions; which cannot, it is pretended, be subject to this law of universal causation, if man be, indeed, a "free agent."

Here, then, at the bottom, lurks that most contested, and, perhaps, most contestable question in the whole field of polemics—"Free Will or Fate." Mr. Mill, accordingly, takes up this thorny point at the threshold of his inquiry, and handles it with a combina-

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tion, quite his own, of the soundest sense and the subtlest sagacity.

According to the popular notion—and even to the theological dogma, if we except the Predestinarian sects—respecting the freedom of the Will, no science can possibly be founded upon human actions, because there is no *necessary* succession, no mutual dependence amongst them—no connecting principle, no controlling law. The Necessitarian doctrine, on the other hand, by asserting such a succession, is supposed to exclude all morality, all responsibility, from human conduct. Now, mark how Mr. Mill steers between this Scylla and Charybdis of metaphysical navigators. The whole difficulty lies, he thinks, in a verbal fallacy—in the term "necessity."

That every effect has a cause, every (voluntary) action, a motive, both the parties will agree. That every motive is, in turn, the effect of some cause, must, as a consequence, be also admitted. That the Will is free to *choose the motive it will act upon* (though not to act *without* a motive), neither logic nor consciousness will allow to be denied. How, then, stands the question? As it regards the *motive*, the Will, or, more accurately, the volition is free; the consequent *action* is necessary—but NECESSARY as importing, simply, a *fact of succession*, a certainty of conjunction, not as implying the compulsion of an extraneous agency. But it is the motive, not the act, that constitutes the morality of conduct. Thus, then, the Will, or volition, may be *morally* "free," while, as constituent links in the chain of uniform succession, the actions and the motives (which are actions regarded relatively) are *philosophically* necessary.

Such is, as we understand him, the "end" which Mr. Mill has found in the "wandering mazes;" such his essay to moor the "moral sciences" by the hauser of universal causation. Whatever be the merits of this disputed doctrine, we do not, for our own part, hesitate to declare our concurrence. Liberty, as far as man and morality are concerned, is not an absolute but an optional power, a faculty of choosing one of two lines, the good or the evil, —lines that lead, indeed, to different goals, but whose courses are predetermined, in the nature of things, with equal and entire certainty. We have, however, been careful not to suffer this pre-possession to bias our statement of the doctrine of the author. And should our representation of him be found unjust or inadequate, let it be remembered that it is an attempt to compress into a few lines, a long and elaborate Chapter on the Human Will.

The book concludes with a searching yet succinct review of the several systems of political philosophy, from Plato to Bentham inclusive. These, with the other great men alluded to in this work (and there are few of note in the history of science that he has not had occasion to comment and correct), are treated by Mr. Mill with a respectful, but no slavish hand. Indeed, if there be any one excellence which particularly distinguishes this critical work, it is the philosophical dignity, the spirit of liberal candor that uniformly pervades it. The calumniated schoolmen are credited for a logical terminology unrivalled to this day. The extravagant admiration, and the blind obsequiousness of the followers of Bacon and Locke, are rebuked and exposed. The 'common sense' principle of the Scotch philosophers is shown to be frequently but common nonsense. In fine, the balance of critical justice is held between the extremes into which all sects and systems are so prone to fall, with a hand that seems superior to the infirmities of human passion and reason; while, throughout the exercise of his magisterial office, the critic never once betrays a thought of self, a tincture of puerile exultation or of pedantic arrogance.

The style is suitably plain and unpretending, a model, in our judgment, of the philosophical; in thought as in method clear as crystal; in diction, perhaps, sometimes, unnecessarily prolix, because more solicitous of perspicuity than elegance; yet, in expression, precise (if possible) as the symbolical language of Algebra.

Our author is, we believe, a son of the historian of British India, the most illustrious of the friends and followers of Bentham. Or if not descended "according to the flesh," he certainly is according to the spirit, from the author of "An Analysis of the Human Mind and the admirable Treatises on Government.* Though thitherto known, we believe, in the world of letters or

* Since this was written, a friend, who has known Mr. Mill in London, verifies

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science, only by a series of remarkable papers in the Westminster Review, Mr. Mill had excited the highest expectation for the present undertaking. The papers alluded to announced, indeed, one of the first thinkers of the day, and perhaps the profoundest living political philosopher of England. By the by, why are not these noble essays collected and published in this country? We could almost excuse the theft in consideration of the credit which would redound to the author, and of the thoughtful impulse which they could not fail to impart to every reader amongst us, who is not utterly incapable of reflection. Even Macauley's, the best, perhaps, of the Collections of this description, are far inferior, in everything, except the glitter of style. The disquisitions of Mill are comprehensive expositions of their several subjects. He does not content himself with exhibiting the features and defining the boundaries of the particular region to be made known; but, unrolling to you a map of the whole field of human knowledge, he enables you to fix its relative position and bearings, to determine its latitude and longitude, on the globe of science. There is an article on political economy, which is worth to the inquiring student, any treatise on that science that has been ever written. Others, on Bentham and on Coleridge, branching off into their respective philosophies, have the same characteristic merits. The writer's judgment is not biased by the relation of his father to Bentham and his system, of both of which he presents, perhaps, the justest estimate that has ever been made. The "Negative Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," and "De Tocqueville's Democracy in America," constitute the texts of others; for a book or a philosophy is but a text to this gigantic intellect. There is, we should hope, sense and science enough amongst us to remunerate the undertaking suggested. However, it will be observed, from his selection of the topics enumerated (and the rest are of a similar kind), that the favorite subjects of our author are metaphysics and jurisprudence—not the wrangling metaphysics of the schools, whether ancient, middle, or modern; not the jurisprudence that would consecrate every absurdity of the past, and, under the lying title of *Commentaries*, accredit and perpetuate the crude compilation.

To this lofty predilection Mr. Mill has given full scope in the noble production, of which we here close the consideration—a production, we predict, which will distinguish the age; which no scholar should be without, who would comprehend the principles of his knowledge and the methods both of extending and applying it, but which, above all, should be the manual of every lawyer who is not infamously content with being a mere "*cantor formularum.*"

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our conjecture. This grave philosopher, our informant tells us, is but a youth of about thirty, and looks still younger—is said to wear the most magnificent head in England—magnificent, not as the word is interpreted in the dictionary of the ladies, where it means, "a mass of hair round a modicum of brain." This might, indeed, have been expected, if there be any truth in craniology.

ERRATA.

The author, not having seen a proof of the foregoing article, asks indulgence to the typographical errors, a few of which are subjoined:

Page 441, column 2d, line 38, for "of," read *in;* expunging "the."
" 445, " 1, " 25, for "feeling," read *fullness.*
" " " 2, " 2, between "two" and "have," insert *which.*
" 447, " 2, " 15, for "close," read *enclose.*
" 448, " 1, " 15, for "exception," read *conception.*
" " " 1, " 33, for "absurdities," read *obnoxious.*
" " " 2, " 8, for "phenomena," read *phenomenon.*

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A BOOK OF AUTOGRAPHS.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We have before us a volume of autograph letters, chiefly of soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution, and addressed to a good and brave man, General Palmer, who himself drew his sword in the cause. They are profitable reading in a quiet afternoon, and in a mood withdrawn from too intimate relation with the present time; so that we can glide backward some three-quarters of a century, and surround ourselves with the ominous sublimity of circumstance that then frowned upon the writers. To give them their full effect, we should imagine that these letters have this moment been brought to town by the splashed and way-worn post-rider, or perhaps by an orderly dragoon, who has ridden in a perilous hurry to deliver his despatches. They are magic scrolls, if read in the right spirit. The roll of the drum and the fanfare of the trumpet is latent in some of them; and in others, an echo of the oratory that resounded in the old halls of the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia; or the words may come to us as with the living utterance of one of those illustrious men, speaking face to face, in friendly communion. Strange, that the mere identity of paper and ink should be so powerful. The same thoughts might look cold and ineffectual, in a printed book. Human nature craves a certain materialism, and clings pertinaciously to what is tangible, as if that were of more importance than the spirit accidentally involved in it. And, in truth, the original manuscript has always something which print itself must inevitably lose. An erasure, even a blot, a casual irregularity of hand, and all such little imperfections of mechanical execution, bring us close to the writer, and perhaps convey some of those subtle intimations for which language has no shape.

There are several letters from John Adams, written in a small, hasty, ungraceful hand, but earnest, and with no unnecessary flourish. The earliest is dated at Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1774, about twenty days after the first opening of the Continental Congress. We look at this old yellow document, scribbled on half a sheet of foolscap, and ask of it many questions for which the words have no response. We would fain know what were their mutual impressions, when all those venerable faces, that have since been traced on steel or chiselled out of marble, and thus made familiar to posterity, first met one another's gaze! Did one spirit harmonize them, in spite of the dissimilitude of manners between the North and the South, which were now for the first time brought into political relations? Could the Virginian descendant of the Cavaliers, and the New-Englander with his hereditary Puritanism — the aristocratic Southern planter, and the self-made man from Massachusetts or Connecticut—at once feel that they were countrymen and brothers? What did John Adams think of Jefferson?—and Samuel Adams of Patrick Henry? Did not North and South combine in their deference for the sage Franklin—so long the defender of the Colonies in England, and whose scientific renown was already world-wide? And was there yet any whispered prophecy, any vague conjecture, circulating among the delegates, as to the destiny which might be in reserve for one stately man, who sat, for the most part silent, among them?—what station he was to assume in the world's history?—and how many statues would repeat his form and countenance, and successively crumble beneath his immortality?

The letter before us does not answer these inquiries. Its main feature is the strong expression of the uncertainty and awe that pervaded even the firm hearts of the Old Congress, while anticipating the struggle which was to ensue:—

"The commencement of hostilities," it says, "is exceedingly dreaded here. It is thought that an attack upon the troops, even should it prove successful, would certainly involve the whole continent in a war. It is generally thought that the Ministry would rejoice at a rupture in Boston, because it would furnish an excuse to the people *at home*;"—[this was the last time, we suspect, that John Ad-

ams spoke of England thus affectionately] —"and unite them in an opinion of the necessity of pushing hostilities against us."

His next letter bears on the superscription—'Favored by General Washington.' The date is June 20, 1775, three days after the battle of Bunker Hill, the news of which could not yet have arrived at Philadelphia. But the war, so much dreaded, had begun, on the quiet banks of Concord river; an army of twenty thousand men was beleaguering Boston; and here was Washington journeying northward, to take the command. It seems to place us in a nearer relation with the hero, to find him performing the little courtesy of bearing a letter between friend and friend, and to hold in our hands the very document entrusted to such a messenger. John Adams says simply —'We send you Generals Washington and Lee for your comfort'—but adds nothing in regard to the character of the commander-in-chief. This letter displays much of the writer's ardent temperament; if he had been anywhere but in the hall of Congress, it would have been in the entrenchment before Boston.

"I hope," he writes, "a good account will be given of Gage, Haldiman, Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe, before winter. Such a wretch as Howe, with a statue in honor of his family in Westminster Abbey, erected by the Massachusetts, to come over with the design to cut the throats of the Massachusetts people, is too much. I most sincerely, coolly, and devoutly wish, that a lucky ball or bayonet may make a signal example of him, in warning to all such unprincipled, unsentimental miscreants for the future!"

He goes on in a strain that smacks somewhat of aristocratic feeling:— "Our camp will be an illustrious school of military virtue, and will be resorted to and frequented, as such, by gentlemen in great numbers from the other colonies." The term "gentleman" has seldom been used in this sense subsequently to the Revolution. Another letter introduces us to two of these gentlemen, Messrs. Aquilla Hall and Josias Carvill, volunteers, who are recommended as "of the first families in Maryland, and possessing independent fortunes."

After the British had been driven out of Boston, Adams cries out,—"Fortify, fortify; and never let them get in again!" It is agreeable enough to perceive the filial affection with which John Adams, and the other delegates from the North, regard New England, and especially the good old capital of the Puritans. Their love of country was hardly yet so diluted as to extend over the whole thirteen colonies, which were rather looked upon as allies than as composing one nation. In truth, the patriotism of a citizen of the United States is a sentiment by itself, of a peculiar nature, and requiring a life-time, or at least the custom of many years, to naturalize it among the other possessions of the heart.

The collection is enriched by a letter —dated "Cambridge, August 26, 1775" —from Washington himself. He wrote it in that house—now so venerable with his memory—in that very room, where his bust now stands upon a poet's table. Down this sheet of paper passed the hand that held the leading-staff! Nothing can be more perfectly in keeping with all other manifestations of Washington, than the whole visible aspect and embodiment of this letter. The manuscript is as clear as day-light; the punctuation exact, to a comma. There is a calm accuracy throughout, which seems the production of a species of intelligence that cannot err, and which, if we may so speak, would affect us with a more human warmth, if we could conceive it capable of some slight human error. The chirography is characterized by a plain and easy grace, which, in the signature, is somewhat elaborated, and becomes a type of the personal manner of a gentleman of the old school, but without detriment to the truth and clearness that distinguish the rest of the manuscript. The lines are as straight and equi-distant as if ruled; and from beginning to end, there is no physical symptom—as how should there be?—of varying mood, of jets of emotion, or any of those fluctuating feelings that pass from the hearts into the fingers of common men. The paper itself (like most of those revolutionary letters, which are written on fabrics fit to endure the burthen of ponderous and earnest thought) is stout, and of excellent quality, and bears the water-mark of Britannia, surmounted by the crown.

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The subject of the letter is a statement of reasons for not taking possession of Point Alderton; a position commanding the entrance of Boston harbor. After explaining the difficulties of the case, arising from his want of men and munitions for the adequate defence of the lines which he already occupies, Washington proceeds:—

"To you, sir, who are a well-wisher to the cause, and can reason upon the effects of such conduct, I may open myself with freedom, because no improper disclosures will be made of our situation. But I cannot expose my weakness to the enemy (though I believe they are pretty well informed of everything that passes), by telling this and that man, who are daily pointing out this, and that, and t'other place, of all the motives that govern my actions; notwithstanding I know what will be the consequence of not doing it—namely, that I shall be accused of inattention to the public service, and perhaps of want of spirit to prosecute it. But this shall have no effect upon my conduct. I will steadily (as far as my judgment will assist me) pursue such measures as I think conducive to the interest of the cause, and rest satisfied under any obloquy that shall be thrown, conscious of having discharged my duty to the best of my abilities."

The above passage, like every other passage that could be quoted from his pen, is characteristic of Washington, and entirely in keeping with the calm elevation of his soul. Yet how imperfect a glimpse do we obtain of him, through the medium of this, or any of his letters! We imagine him writing calmly, with a hand that never falters; his majestic face neither darkens nor gleams with any momentary ebullition of feeling, or irregularity of thought; and thus flows forth an expression precisely to the extent of his purpose, no more, no less. Thus much we may conceive. But still we have not grasped the man; we have caught no glimpse of his interior; we have not detected his personality. It is the same with all the recorded traits of his daily life. The collection of them, by different observers, seems sufficiently abundant, and strictly harmonizes with itself, yet never brings us into intimate relationship with the hero, nor makes us feel the warmth and the human throb of his heart. What can be the reason? Is it, that his great nature was adapted to stand in relation to his country, as man stands towards man, but could not individualize itself in brotherhood to an individual?

There are two letters from Franklin, the earliest dated, "London, August 8, 1767," and addressed to "Mrs. Franklin, at Philadelphia." He was then in England, as agent for the Colonies in their resistance to the oppressive policy of Mr. Grenville's administration. The letter, however, makes no reference to political, or other business. It contains only ten or twelve lines, beginning—"My dear child"—and conveying an impression of long and venerable matrimony, which has lost all its romance, but retained a familiar and quiet tenderness. He speaks of making a little excursion into the country for his health; mentions a longer letter, despatched by another vessel; alludes with homely affability to "Mrs. Stevenson," "Sally," and "our dear Polly," desires to be remembered to "all inquiring friends;" and signs himself—"Your ever loving husband." In this conjugal epistle, brief and unimportant as it is, there are the elements that summon up the past, and enable us to create anew the man, his connexions, and circumstances. We can see the sage in his London lodgings—with his wig cast aside, and replaced by a velvet cap—penning this very letter; and then can step across the Atlantic, and behold its reception by the elderly, but still comely Madam Franklin, who breaks the seal and begins to read, first remembering to put on her spectacles. The seal, by the way, is a pompous one of armorial bearings, rather symbolical of the dignity of the Colonial Agent, and Postmaster General of America, than of the humble origin of the New England printer. The writing is in the free, quick style of a man with great practice of the pen, and is particularly agreeable to the reader:

Another letter, from the same famous hand, is addressed to General Palmer, and dated, "Passy, October 27, 1779." By an endorsement on the outside it appears to have been transmitted to the United States through the medium of La Fayette. Franklin was now the ambassador of his country at the court of Versailles, enjoying an immense celebrity, caressed by the French ladies, and idolized alike by the fashionable and the learned, who saw

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something sublime and philosophic even in his blue yarn stockings. Still, as before, he writes with the homeliness and simplicity that cause a human face to look forth from the old, yellow sheet of paper, and in words that make our ears re-echo, as with the sound of his long extinct utterance. Yet this brief epistle, like the former, has so little of tangible matter that we are ashamed to copy it.

Next, we come to the fragment of a letter by Samuel Adams; an autograph more utterly devoid of ornament or flourish than any other in the collection. It would not have been characteristic, had his pen traced so much as one hair-line in tribute to grace, beauty, or the elaborateness of manner; for this earnest-hearted man had been produced out of the past elements of his native land, a real Puritan, with the religion of his forefathers, and likewise with their principles of government, taking the aspect of revolutionary politics. At heart, Samuel Adams was never so much a citizen of the United States, as he was a New-Englander, and a son of the Old Bay Province. The following passage has much of the man in it:—

"I heartily congratulate you," he writes from Philadelphia, after the British have left Boston, "upon the sudden and important change in our affairs, in the removal of the barbarians from the capital. We owe our grateful acknowledgments to Him who is, as he is frequently styled in sacred Writ, 'The Lord of Hosts.' We have not yet been informed with certainty what course the enemy have steered. I hope we shall be on our guard against future attempts. Will not care be taken to fortify the harbor, and thereby prevent the entrance of ships of war hereafter?"

From Hancock, we have only the envelope of a document "on public service," directed to "The Hon. the Assembly, or the Council of Safety of New-Hampshire," and with the autograph affixed, that stands out so prominently in the Declaration of Independence. As seen in the engraving of that instrument, the signature looks precisely what we should expect and desire in the hand-writing of a princely merchant, whose penmanship had been practised in the ledger which he is represented as holding, in Copley's brilliant picture, but to whom his native ability, and the circumstances and customs of his country had given a place among its rulers. But, on the coarse and dingy paper before us, the effect is very much inferior; the direction, all except the signature, is a scrawl, large and heavy, but not forcible; and even the name itself, while almost identical in its strokes with that of the Declaration, has a strangely different and more vulgar aspect. Perhaps it is all right, and typical of the truth. If we may trust tradition, and unpublished letters, and a few witnesses in print, there was quite as much difference between the actual man and his historical aspect, as between the manuscript signature and the engraved one. One of his associates, both in political life and permanent renown, is said to have characterized him as a "man without a head or heart." We, of an after generation, should hardly be entitled, on whatever evidence, to assume such ungracious liberty with a name that has occupied a lofty position until it has grown almost sacred, and which is associated with memories more sacred than itself, and has thus become a valuable reality to our countrymen, by the aged reverence that clusters round about it. Nevertheless, it may be no impiety to regard Hancock not precisely as a real personage, but as a majestic figure, useful and necessary in its way, but producing its effect far more by an ornamental outside than by any intrinsic force or virtue. The page of history would be half unpeopled, if all such characters were banished from it.

From General Warren we have a letter dated January 14, 1775, only a few months before he attested the sincerity of his patriotism, in his own blood, on Bunker Hill. His handwriting has many ungraceful flourishes. All the small *d*'s spout upward in parabolic curves, and descend at a considerable distance. His pen seems to have had nothing but hair-lines in it; and the whole letter, though perfectly legible, has a look of thin and unpleasant irregularity. The subject is a plan for securing to the Colonial party, the services of Colonel Gridley, the engineer, by an appeal to his private interests. Though writing to General Palmer, an intimate friend, Warren signs himself, most ceremoniously,

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"Your obedient servant." Indeed, these stately formulas in winding up a letter, were scarcely laid aside, whatever might be the familiarity of intercourse: husband and wife were occasionally, on paper at least, the "obedient servants" of one another; and not improbably, among well-bred people, there was a corresponding ceremonial of bows and courtesies, even in the deepest interior of domestic life. With all the reality that filled men's hearts, and which has stamped its impress on so many of these letters, it was a far more formal age than the present.

It may be remarked, that Warren was almost the only man eminently distinguished in the intellectual phase of the Revolution, previous to the breaking out of the war, who actually uplifted his arm to do battle. The legislative patriots were a distinct class from the patriots of the camp, and never laid aside the gown for the sword. It was very different in the great civil war of England, where the leading minds of the age, when argument had done its office, or left it undone, put on their steel breast-plates and appeared as leaders in the field. Educated young men, members of the old colonial families—gentlemen, as John Adams terms them—seem not to have sought employment in the Revolutionary army, in such numbers as might have been expected. Respectable as the officers generally were, and great as were the abilities sometimes elicited, the intellect and cultivation of the country was inadequately represented in them, as a body.

Turning another page, we find the frank of a letter from Henry Laurens, President of Congress,—him whose destiny it was, like so many noblemen of old, to pass beneath the Traitor's Gate of the Tower of London,—him whose chivalrous son sacrificed as brilliant a future as any young American could have looked forward to, in an obscure skirmish. Likewise, we have the address of a letter to Messrs. Leroy and Bayard, in the handwriting of Jefferson; too slender a material to serve as a talisman for summoning up the writer; a most unsatisfactory fragment, affecting us like a glimpse of the retreating form of the sage of Monticello, turning the distant corner of a street. There is a scrap from Robert Morris, the financier; a letter or two from Judge Jay; and one from General Lincoln, written, apparently, on the gallop, but without any of those characteristic sparks that sometimes fly out in a hurry, when all the leisure in the world would fail to elicit them. Lincoln was the type of a New England soldier; a man of fair abilities, not especially of a warlike cast, without much chivalry, but faithful and bold, and carrying a kind of decency and restraint into the wild and ruthless business of arms.

From good old Baron Steuben, we find—not a manuscript essay on the method of arraying a battle—but a commercial draft, in a small, neat hand, as plain as print, elegant without flourish, except a very complicated one beneath the signature. On the whole, the specimen is sufficiently characteristic, as well of the Baron's soldierlike and German simplicity, as of the polish of the Great Frederick's aide-de-camp, a man of courts and of the world. How singular and picturesque an effect is produced, in the array of our Revolutionary army, by the intermingling of these titled personages from the continent of Europe, with feudal associations clinging about them—Steuben, De Kalb, Pulaski, La Fayette!—the German veteran, who had ridden from the smoke of one famous battle-field to another for thirty years; and the young French noble, who had come hither, though yet unconscious of his high office, to light the torch that should set fire to the antiquated trumpery of his native institutions! Among these autographs, there is one from La Fayette, written long after our Revolution, but while that of his own country was in full progress. The note is merely as follows:—

"Enclosed you will find, my dear Sir, two tickets for the sitting of this day. One part of the debate will be on the Honors of the Pantheon, agreeably to what has been decreed by the Constitutional Assembly."

It is a pleasant and comfortable thought, that we have no such classic folly as is here indicated, to lay to the charge of our Revolutionary fathers. Both in their acts, and in the drapery of those acts, they were true to their severe and simple selves, and thus left nothing behind them for a fastidious taste to

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sneer at. But it must be considered that our Revolution did not, like that of France, go so deep as to disturb the common sense of the country.

General Schuyler writes a letter, under date of February 22, 1780, relating not to military affairs, from which the prejudices of his countrymen had almost disconnected him, but to the salt springs of Onondaga. The expression is peculiarly direct, and the hand that of a man of business, free and flowing. The uncertainty, the vague, hearsay evidence respecting these springs, then gushing into dim daylight beneath the shadows of a remote wilderness, is such as might now be quoted in reference to the quality of the water that supplies the fountains of the Nile. The following sentence shows us an Indian woman and her son, practising their simple processes in the manufacture of salt, at a fire of wind-strewn boughs, the flame of which gleams duskily through the arches of the forest:—"From a variety of information, I find the smallest quantity made by a squaw, with the assistance of one boy, with a kettle of about ten gallons capacity, is half a bushel per day; the greatest, with the same kettle, about two bushels." It is particularly interesting to find out anything as to the embryo, yet stationary arts of life among the red people, their manufactures, their agriculture, their domestic labors. It is partly the lack of this knowledge—the possession of which would establish a ground of sympathy on the part of civilized men—that makes the Indian race so shadowlike and unreal to our conception.

We could not select a greater contrast to the upright and unselfish patriot whom we have just spoken of, than the traitor Arnold, from whom there is a brief note, dated, "Crown-Point, January 19, 1775," addressed to an officer under his command. The three lines, of which it consists, can prove bad spelling, erroneous grammar, and misplaced and superfluous punctuation; but, with all this complication of iniquity, the ruffian General contrives to express his meaning as briefly and clearly as if the rules of correct composition had been ever so scrupulously observed. This autograph, impressed with the foulest name in our history, has somewhat of the interest that would attach to a document on which a fiend-devoted wretch had signed away his salvation. But there was not substance enough in the man —a mere cross between the bull-dog and the fox—to justify much feeling of any sort about him personally. The interest, such as it is, attaches but little to the man, and far more to the circumstances amid which he acted, rendering the villainy almost sublime, which, exercised in petty affairs, would only have been vulgar.

We turn another leaf, and find a memorial of Hamilton. It is but a letter of introduction, addressed to Governor Jay in favor of Mr. Davies, of Kentucky; but it gives an impression of high breeding and courtesy, as little to be mistaken as if we could see the writer's manner and hear his cultivated accents, while personally making one gentleman known to another. There is likewise a rare vigor of expression and pregnancy of meaning, such as only a man of habitual energy of thought could have conveyed into so common-place a thing as an introductory letter. This autograph is a graceful one, with an easy and picturesque flourish beneath the signature, symbolical of a courteous bow at the conclusion of the social ceremony so admirably performed. Hamilton might well be the leader and idol of the Federalists; for he was pre-eminent in all the high qualities that characterized the great men of that party, and which should make even a democrat feel proud that his country had produced such a noble old band of aristocrats; and he shared all the distrust of the people, which so inevitably and so righteously brought about their ruin. With his autograph we associate that of another Federalist, his friend in life; a man far narrower than Hamilton, but endowed with a native vigor, that caused many partisans to grapple to him for support; upright, sternly inflexible, and of a simplicity of manner that might have befitted the sturdiest republican among us. In our boyhood we used to see a thin, severe figure of an ancient man, time-worn, but apparently indestructible, moving with a step of vigorous decay along the street, and knew him as "Old Tim Pickering."

Side by side, too, with the autograph of Hamilton, we would place one from the hand that shed his blood. It is a few lines of Aaron Burr, written in

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1823; when all his ambitious schemes, whatever they once were, had been so long shattered that even the fragments had crumbled away, leaving him to exert his withered energies on petty law cases, to one of which the present note refers. The hand is a little tremulous with age, yet small and fastidiously elegant, as became a man who was in the habit of writing billet-doux on scented note-paper, as well as documents of war and state. This is to us a deeply interesting autograph. Remembering what has been said of the power of Burr's personal influence, his art to tempt men, his might to subdue them, and the fascination that enabled him, though cold at heart, to win the love of woman, we gaze at this production of his pen as into his own inscrutable eyes, seeking for the mystery of his nature. How singular that a character, imperfect, ruined, blasted, as this man's was, excites a stronger interest than if it had reached the highest earthly perfection of which its original elements would admit! It is by the diabolical part of Burr's character, that he produces his effect on the imagination. Had he been a better man, we doubt, after all, whether the present age would not already have suffered him to wax dusty and fade out of sight, among the more respectable mediocrities of his own epoch. But, certainly, he was a strange, wild off-shoot to have sprung from the united stock of those two singular Christians, President Burr, of Princeton College, and Jonathan Edwards!

Omitting many, we have come almost to the end of these memorials of historical men. We observe one other autograph of a distinguished soldier of the revolution, Henry Knox, but written in 1791, when he was Secretary of War. In its physical aspect, it is well worthy to be a soldier's letter. The hand is large, round, and legible at a glance; the lines far apart, and accurately equi-distant; and the whole affair looks not unlike a company of regular troops in marching order. The signature has a print-like firmness and simplicity. It is a curious observation, sustained by these autographs, though we know not how generally correct, that Southern gentlemen are more addicted to a flourish of the pen beneath their names, than those of the North.

And now we come to the men of a later generation, whose active life reaches almost within the verge of present affairs; people of great dignity, no doubt, but whose characters have not acquired, either from time or circumstances, the interest that can make their autographs valuable to any but the collector. Those whom we have hitherto noticed were the men of an heroic age. They are departed, and now so utterly departed, as not even to touch upon the passing generation through the medium of persons still in life, who can claim to have known them familiarly. Their letters, therefore, come to us like material things out of the hands of mighty shadows, long historical and traditionary, and fit companions for the sages and warriors of a thousand years ago. In spite of the proverb, it is not in a single day, or in a very few years, that a man can be reckoned "as dead as Julius Cæsar." We feel little interest in scraps from the pens of old gentlemen, ambassadors, governors, senators, heads of departments, even presidents though they were, who lived lives of praiseworthy respectability, and whose powdered heads and black knee-breeches have but just vanished out of the drawing-room. Still less do we value the blotted paper of those whose reputations are dusty, not with oblivious time, but with present political turmoil and newspaper vogue. Really great men, however, seem, as to their effect on the imagination, to take their place amongst past worthies, even while walking in the very sunshine that illuminates the autumnal day in which we write. We look, not without curiosity, at the small, neat hand of Henry Clay, who, as he remarks with his habitual deference to the wishes of the fair, responds to a young lady's request for his seal; and we dwell longer over the torn-off conclusion of a note from Mr. Calhoun, whose words are strangely dashed off without letters, and whose name, were it less illustrious, would be unrecognizable in his own autograph. But of all hands that can still grasp a pen, we know not the one, belonging to a soldier or a statesman, which could interest us more than the hand that wrote the following:—

"Sir:

"Your note of the 6th inst. is received. I hasten to answer that there was no man 'in the station of colonel, by the name of

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J. T. Smith,' under my command, at the battle of New Orleans; and am, respectfully,

Yours,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"*Octr. 19th*, 1833."

The old general, we suspect, has been ensnared by a pardonable little stratagem on the part of the autograph collector. The battle of New Orleans would hardly have been won, without better aid than that of this problematical Colonel J. T. Smith!

Intermixed with and appended to these historical autographs, there are a few literary ones. Timothy Dwight—the "old Timotheus" who sang the Conquest of Canaan, instead of choosing a more popular subject, in the British conquest of Canada—is of eldest date. Colonel Trumbull, whose hand, at various epochs of his life, was familiar with sword, pen, and pencil, contributes two letters, which lack the picturesqueness of execution that should distinguish the chirography of an artist. The value of Trumbull's pictures is of the same nature with that of daguerreotypes, depending not upon the ideal but the actual. The beautiful signature of Washington Irving appears as the endorsement of a draft, dated in 1814, when, if we may take this document as evidence, his individuality seems to have been merged into the firm of "P. E. Irving & Co." Never was anything less mercantile than this autograph, though as legible as the writing of a bank-clerk. Without apparently aiming at artistic beauty, it has all the Sketch Book in it. We find the signature and seal of Pierpont, the latter stamped with the poet's almost living countenance. What a pleasant device for a seal is one's own face, which he may thus multiply at pleasure, and send letters to his friends,—the Head without, and the Heart within! There are a few lines in the school-girl hand of Margaret Davidson, at nine years old; and a scrap of a letter from Washington Allston, a gentle and delicate autograph, in which we catch a glimpse of thanks to his correspondent for the loan of a volume of poetry. Nothing remains, save a letter from Noah Webster, whose early toils were manifested in a spelling book, and those of his latter age in a ponderous dictionary. Under date of February 10, 1843, he writes in a sturdy, awkward hand, very fit for a lexicographer—an epistle of old man's reminiscences, from which we extract the following anecdote of Washington, presenting the patriot in a festive light:

"When I was travelling to the South, in the year 1785, I called on General Washington at Mount Vernon. At dinner, the last course of dishes was a species of pancakes, which were handed round to each guest, accompanied with a bowl of sugar and another of molasses for seasoning them, that each guest might suit himself. When the dish came to me, I pushed by me the bowl of molasses, observing to the gentlemen present, that I had enough of *that* in my own country. The General burst out with a *loud laugh*, a thing very unusual with him. 'Ah,' said he, 'there is nothing in that story about your eating molasses in New England.' There was a gentleman from Maryland at the table; and the General immediately told a story, stating that, during the Revolution, a hogshead of molasses was stove in West-Chester by the oversetting of a wagon; and a body of Maryland troops being near, the soldiers ran hastily, and saved all they could by filling their hats or caps with molasses."

There are said to be temperaments endowed with sympathies so exquisite, that, by merely handling an autograph, they can detect the writer's character with unerring accuracy, and read his inmost heart as easily as a less gifted eye would peruse the written page. Our faith in this power, be it a spiritual one, or only a refinement of the physical nature, is not unlimited, in spite of evidence. God has imparted to the human soul a marvellous strength in guarding its secrets, and He keeps at least the deepest and most inward record for His own perusal. But if there be such sympathies as we have alluded to, in how many instances would History be put to the blush by a volume of autograph letters, like this which we now close!

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HARRO HARRING: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

[*Continued from our last Number.*]

CHAPTER III.

Independently of the influence exercised upon the mind of Harro in diverting him from the career of the artist to that of the political reformer, by the opinions prevailing around him, or in the common phrase, the spirit of the age, there were several circumstances in his personal position and that of his connexions, which contributed to produce this effect. His father's political opinions were, as we have seen, decidedly republican. He was accustomed to comment upon the newspapers, as he read them aloud in the family circle, and though not of a communicative character, would naturally instil his own feelings into the minds of such an audience. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, until the hero proved recreant to the cause of liberty. A grandfather of Harro by the mother's side, a gentleman of good estate and respectable character, was so strongly wrought upon by the prevailing passion of political reform, that he quitted his home and procured a commission in the French army, in which he served with distinction for several years. When Napoleon declared himself Emperor, he threw up his commission in disgust and retired to Ibenshof, where his lady had resided with the Harring family during his absence. His account of his military adventures tended to nourish the enthusiasm which was already glowing in the breast of the young poet of liberty.

The fate of this gentleman was singular and tragical. After passing some time with the family at Ibenshof, he had returned to his own residence, and was living there quietly as a private citizen, when the country was occupied by the vanguard of the allied army under the command of Bernadotte in the year 1813. One of the Russian officers attached to this corps laid a wager with a Danish civil functionary that he would send a party of six or eight Cossacks from Holstein, where he was quartered, through the midst of the Danish armies to Skagen, the north point of Jutland. The offer was accepted, and the wager won; the Cossacks having performed the march to Skagen and back again with the loss of only two of their number. On their way, they stopped at the residence of Harro's grandfather to obtain provisions. A quarrel arose between them and the family, in the course of which the master of the house was brutally slaughtered at his own fireside. Such, even in its gayer moods, are the beauties of the military system.

Prepared in this way by his deep afflictions to sympathize strongly with the friends of liberty, Harro was brought very naturally under the influence of another cause, which guided still more directly in determining his course—I mean his connexion with the political societies which existed at this time in all the German universities. It had been usual in these institutions for the students from the same part of the country to form societies among themselves, called *Landmannschaften*. These associations maintained a sort of hostile position in regard to each other, and their mutual brawls gave rise to most of the duels which have always been so frequent in the German universities. When the struggle for independence and liberty commenced, the nobler spirits felt that this was a sort of child's play, entirely inconsistent with the aspect of the times, and laid the foundation of a general association of the students from all parts of Germany under the title of the *Burschenschaft*. The old societies were still kept up, and the number of members belonging to the new one was comparatively limited. They were, however, the most active and energetic persons of this age, and contributed efficiently within their spheres—nor unfrequently by actual service in the field—to the successful result of the war of independence. After the close of the war, the organization was continued, and the object now

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was the reform of the existing governments.

The reigning sovereigns comprising the German confederacy, had solemnly bound themselves by an article, in the act of union, to establish representative constitutions in their respective states; but when the immediate pressure of the times was over, many of them either positively refused, or unreasonably delayed, to fulfil this promise. The disgust and disappointment created by this impolitic course, was intense throughout Germany; and the popular sentiment changed at once from patriotic enthusiasm to discontent and bitterness. One of the earlier and as yet harmless movements of the associated youth was the celebration of the third centennial anniversary of the imprisonment of Luther in the castle of Wareburg by an immense meeting on the spot in honor of the great Reformer—whose image, it may be remembered *en passant*, the once liberal King of Bavaria has not condescended to place in his Valhalla among those of the great men of Germany. Some years later the altered humor of the times was significantly evinced by the assassination of the poet Kotzebue. It cannot be doubted, however, that the intentions of the young men engaged in these associations were originally generous. Even Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, was a youth of the purest and loftiest cast of character. The constitution of one of the societies, which was drafted by him, is written in a style of the noblest eloquence. "We, the young men of Germany," it begins, "have chosen for our watchwords, Virtue, Science, Fatherland." One of the leaders,—perhaps I might almost say, the leader in this Burschenschaft, was the late lamented Follen, since so well known in this country, and so well esteemed for talent, learning and the highest social elevation of character. Harro speaks of him in several passages of his notes with a sort of enthusiasm: "The sublime idea of the resurrection of Germany in the form of one great united people, the firm belief that it was reserved for the young men of Germany to effect this splendid result—were the great principles that inspired the generous soul of Charles Follen, one of the noblest and loftiest characters that have adorned the annals of his country. He was at this time at Jena—the centre and radiating point of the patriotic enthusiasm of the time. A branch of the general association was established at Dresden among the students in the Academy of Fine Arts, chiefly under the influence of the excitement produced by his songs and other writings. I was a member of this body, which kept up an active correspondence with the central society at Jena." In another passage of the notes, he speaks of himself as a "pupil in the school of Follen." I allude the more particularly to this circumstance because it will doubtless be interesting to the numerous friends of Follen in this country, to know that the poet and martyr to liberty who has now taken refuge among us, drew his political inspiration from the lips of one so much beloved and so dearly lamented by all who knew him.

Among the students from other parts of Germany, who visited Dresden at this time for the purpose of keeping up the communication between the different branches of the *Burschenshaft*, was William Boldeman, a resident of the University of Wurzburg—described by Harro as an "adept of Charles Follen." Boldeman found in Harro a person whom he thought well fitted to promote the objects of the union, and invited him to proceed upon a secret mission into Hungary, the object of which was to form an understanding with the students at the University of Pezt.—Harro, after some consideration, determined to accept the proposal. In the spring of 1820, he took leave of the Danish Minister, who gave him letters of introduction to the Ambassador in Austria, and proceeded, by way of Prague, where he passed a few days, to Vienna.

The Austrian police, which was at this time very active, observed his movements while he was at Prague. On reaching Vienna he found some difficulty in obtaining the usual permission to reside. He was an object of suspicion as a student habited in the old German dress, which was the uniform of the *Burschenschaft*, and the protection of the Crown Prince, whose position at home was, of course, known at Vienna, were rather injurious than useful to him. After two or three weeks of solicitation he was permitted—on condition that he would from time to time make his appearance at the Police office,—dress in the Aus-

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trian fashion, and wear his hair short —to remain one month at Vienna.

Vienna was, I need not say, the metropolis of *legitimacy*. Prince Metternich, sometimes called by the friends of liberty Prince MIDNIGHT (*Mitternacht*), from his aversion to the extension of intellectual light throughout Europe, had collected round him a circle of literary men of his own opinions, whom he employed to aid him with their pens in sustaining the cause. Harro had been furnished by his literary friends at Dresden with letters to several of these persons—particularly Hammer, the distinguished orientalist —Frederic Schlegel and Pilat, private secretary to Metternich, and editor of the famous *Austrian Observer*—which was regarded as the organ and oracle of the Holy Alliance. Pilat received Harro with great kindness, and viewing him as a young man of brilliant promise, instead of taking offence at his political predilections, sought rather in a quiet way to bring him over to his own party. Pilat entertained his friends every Thursday at his country residence near Vienna, and several times sent his carriage to bring Harro to these meetings. Among other persons whom he encountered there, were the most distinguished members of the society of the Jesuits, who had been recently expelled from Prussia, where they were permitted to take refuge, when the order was suppressed by the Pope, and had now found an asylum at Vienna. After passing some time very agreeably in that city, Harro sought to obtain a passport for Pezt—the place of his destination. He was at first refused permission to go to Hungary, but finally succeeded in getting a passport for Presbourg, with strict injunctions not to quit that city—under penalty of being forthwith arrested. After making this first excursion he returned to Vienna, and applied to the police for permission to go to Wurzburg by the way of the Tyrol and Switzerland. This was refused, and he was ordered to return to Dresden by the same route by which he had left it.

These details, in themselves of little importance, illustrate very curiously the strictness with which the movements of individuals were watched by the police. After a confidential communication with the Danish minister, Harro determined to pay no regard to their vexatious injunctions, and to pursue his own course, at his peril. He accordingly passed the gates of the city one Sunday among the crowd of citizens who were going to the suburbs, proceeded without molestation to Nuremburg, and thence went to Wurzburg, where he rejoined his comrade Boldeman. The Wurzburg branch of the union had just decided to send a delegate to condole with the family of Sand at Wunsiedel, upon his recent execution for the assassination of Kotzebue, and Boldeman had been designated for this purpose. He was authorized to select some person to accompany him, and invited Harro to accept the commission. They accordingly proceeded on foot—the usual mode of travelling with the German students—to their place of destination. The details of their reception are not given. The interest exhibited by the students at Wurzburg in the fortunes of this unhappy family was not confined to them, but was shared by the most respected members of society throughout Germany. De Wette, then Professor of Theology at the University of Berlin, and one of the most distinguished divines of the day, wrote a letter of condolence to the mother of Sand, which was opened in the Post-office by the police of Prussia, and occasioned his immediate removal from his place. At a time when the ardor of the gravest professors had risen to such a height, a student may perhaps be excused for what might otherwise appear an excess of zeal in the cause of liberty.

Harro was determined to return to Denmark. He had in the course of the year composed a number of patriotic songs, which had passed in manuscript from one hand of the Union to another, and rendered his name familiar to all. His friend Boldeman accompanied him on his return. They proceeded as before, on foot, along the banks of the Rhine to Holland, and after remaining a short time at Amsterdam, embarked for Tonningen, in Denmark. His brother was placed as a clergyman in a village near that city, and their mother resided with him. The two friends and travelling companions now parted. Boldeman, after a few days' repose, set forth again by way of Kiel fo: Germany, and Harro took up his

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abode temporarily at his brother's parsonage.

Such are the particulars of the first conditions of poor Harro in the character of a political reformer. He seems to have returned from it with a disposition to resume his career as a poet, or rather to unite the two professions, by employing his poetical talent chiefly on subjects connected with the political movements of the times. On leaving Vienna he had written to the Crown Prince, who was then at Naples, and soon after reaching home, received from him, through his Secretary, satisfactory assurances of his continued protection, with permission to resume his studies at the Prince's expense at the capital. In the mean time, he had published two volumes of poems, with a dedication to his patron and protector. These had been well received by the public as well as by the Prince, and extensively noticed and copied in the German newspapers. After the arrival of the Prince's letter, he immediately left his brother's house, and proceeded without delay to Copenhagen. The friendly stars which had shed so propitious an influence on his fortunes, were still in the ascendant, and with such advantages of every kind, as he enjoyed, he had reason to anticipate a brilliant and prosperous career as a literary laborer in the cause of improvement, humanity and freedom. But events had already occurred, which gave his efforts another direction.

CHAPTER IV.

On reaching Copenhagen he was met by the startling news that Greece had risen in arms, and was determined to be free. We all recollect the thrill of transport,—I may almost say ecstasy, which shot, like a galvanic shock, at the receipt of this intelligence, through every feeling heart in every corner of Christendom. Greece, the beautiful mother of our modern civilisation, was about to throw off the hateful mask of a false religion, and a ferocious foreign despotism, by which she had been so long disguised, and stand forth again in all her ancient loveliness, such as she was in the days of Pericles and Plato. There was much illusion in these anticipations, which the result, though an improvement on the preceding state of things, has by no means fully realized; but the enthusiasm was for the time genuine, and all but universal,—at least in countries where the form of government permitted the public expression of liberal political principles. The delightful associations that cluster around the memory of youthful studies, the charms of poetry, the sanctity of religion, and all the influences that operate most strongly on the feeling heart and the cultivated mind, concurred in raising the popular sympathy in the first movements of the Greek revolution, to a sort of passion. Nowhere, perhaps, was this passion felt more sincerely and ardently than in the United States, and nowhere did it result in more judicious and successful efforts in the way of actual assistance. The generous souls who went forth from among us to devote themselves to the cause of Greece, whether as soldiers, surgeons, teachers or missionaries, distinguished themselves most honorably among the foreigners who followed the same impulse, and have left among the natives the most favorable impressions of their own and the national character. England was not insensible to this spirit-stirring call, and deputed her greatest poet to die for a land which he had already tasked his highest powers to celebrate. In Germany, all alive as it then was with political agitation, the sympathy with Greece became a perfect frenzy, and nothing but the all-pervading system of police, which involved the whole population in its irresistible meshes, prevented a general rush to the scene of action. As it was, great numbers joined the crusade, including among them our adopted countryman, Lieber, who soon after his return published an account of his expedition.

Harro, from his temperament and personal position, was naturally one of the first to feel the general impulse imparted by the early movements of the Greek revolution. He remained, however, at Copenhagen several months after his arrival. He here renewed his acquaintance with the sculptor Bissen, and the two friends passed the greater part of their time in company. In the month of June he visit-

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ed his mother for the purpose of consulting her in regard to his project of taking part personally in the Greek revolution. Such was the excited state of his feelings that he often passed whole nights without sleep, pouring out, as he lay awake, the flood of enthusiasm with which his heart was swelling, in the form of lyrical poems. These he read to his mother, who was a lady of elevated character and partook of the generous sentiments of her son. "Yes," said she, "these poems are the fruits of a real inspiration, and I feel that you are called to act as well as write in defence of liberty." "It was my intention," says Harro, "to join the Sacred Band, under Prince Ypsilanti, of which the uniform was black. On mentioning this to my mother she brought me her wedding dress, which, according to the custom of the country, was a robe of black cloth, and requested me to have it made into a uniform. This I did, and wore it during my campaign in Greece. I composed upon this little incident a poem, which was printed in a French translation with my work on Poland, but of which I have no copy with me."

In the autumn of 1821 Harro left his home, and proceeded through Germany and Switzerland to Marseilles, which was the rendezvous of the volunteers in the cause of Greece. Here he embarked with forty companions, and reached Navarino in January, 1822. The fortress of Modon was still in possession of the Turks. He had made arrangements to meet at Calamata his friend Boldeman, who had preceded him by several months; but on arriving at Navarino, he heard the news of his death. He had labored both as soldier and surgeon with exemplary activity, but had been arrested in the midst of his exertions by an attack of fever, which consigned him to a foreign and untimely grave.

The result of Harro's expedition to Greece was, like that of so many others of a similar character, undertaken under the same circumstances, complete disappointment. The Sacred Band of Ypsilanti, to which he had intended to attach himself, had been already cut to pieces, and the Prince himself, as we shall presently have occasion to see, immured with his brothers in an Austrian fortress. No military operations whatever were in progress in Greece; and no arrangements had been made for the subsistence and lodging of the auxiliaries from the other parts of Europe. These were abandoned entirely to their own resources; and excepting so far as they had the means of supporting themselves, were constantly in danger of absolute starvation. So complete was the disorder, that the auxiliaries were often attacked and plundered by the Greeks themselves. Harro states that as he was marching from Navarino to Argos with a detachment of thirteen emigrants like himself, they were set upon by the Greeks on the borders of Arcadia, and driven back to Calamata. A singular fashion this of "backing your friends." Harro good-naturedly excused it on the ground that nothing better could be expected from a people who had been suffering, for four hundred years, under a grinding tyranny. If he had said two thousand, he would not have gone beyond the truth, for the only variation that has occurred in the fortunes of Greece, since the first conquest by the Romans two centuries before the Christian era, has been a change from one form of oppression to another. The wonder is, not that the Greeks of the present day appear to have degenerated from the virtue of their ancestors, but that there should still remain among them the slightest vestige of the language and character, that stamped the name of ancient Greece on the annals of the world in lines of unfading glory.

It is apparent that under these circumstances the field was untenable for all who were not provided with abundant resources for carrying on the war at their own expense. The Greeks themselves were quitting the country, and Harro, after a very short residence, embarked at Armizo, a small landing place on the gulf of Messenia, about two leagues from Calamata, for Ancona, in company with an aide-de-camp of Prince Cantacuzee, Alexis Glarallis of Scio, whom I had myself the pleasure of knowing two or three years before as a medical student, at one of the German Universities, and a young German from Dresden, named Mossdorf, who afterwards distinguished himself as an active friend of liberty, and died a martyr to the cause, having been strangled in prison by the Police, at Köningsten, in Saxony. The third

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day after they set sail, Harro was attacked with the fever of the country (*fièvre moraitique*), which he describes as a variety of the plague, and remained for several days entirely insensible to everything around him. After a passage of fifteen days, they reached Ancona, and the same day Harro recovered his senses, and afterwards by slow degrees his health and memory. His friend Mossdorf, knowing his relations with the Crown Prince, wrote immediately on their arrival, to the Danish Minister at Rome, Baron Bloustedt, who in turn instructed the consul at Ancona, to lend such aid as he might want to their distressed countryman, and invited him, as soon as he should find himself in travelling condition, to repair to the Eternal City.'

On reaching Rome, he was received by the Baron and by his celebrated countryman, the sculptor, Thorwaldsen, with great kindness. They were both familiar with his name, through the medium of his poems, which had been communicated to them by the Crown Prince, during his residence in Italy. The Prince was now in England. Harro has recorded in this part of his notes the advice given him by Thorwaldsen, in regard to the manner of employing his time at Rome, which may be regarded as curious, from the high authority on which it rests :

"Pass your whole time in making researches, and endeavor to explore every corner and crevice in the city. Not a step that you take for this purpose will be lost to you. It is not uncommon with artists, and men of letters, who come here, to shut themselves up in their rooms, in order to complete some work, which they may afterwards say was executed or written at Rome. Some of them scarcely ever go out, except to the Greek coffee-house. This is all very foolish. You may paint a picture, or write a poem, anywhere; but it is only at Rome that you can see Rome. I have been here twenty years, and I find every day something interesting which I had not met with before."

The complete failure of his lofty aspirations in regard to the regeneration of Greece, and the severe attack of illness under which he had been suffering, appeared, for a time, to have nearly discouraged our enthusiastic poet. He felt himself unequal to any literary effort, and passed a year or two in visiting several parts of Italy. He was still an object of suspicion to the police of the great European alliance, and was arrested at Alexandria by a party of Austrian soldiers, who were conducting him to some unknown destination, probably a fortress in Bohemia or Hungary, when he fortunately succeeded in making his escape. At this time, he received letters from his protector at London, advising him to repair to Munich, and continue his studies under the patronage of the Prince Royal of Bavaria, to whom he was strongly recommended by the Crown Prince. The Prince Royal, now King of Bavaria, was a personal friend of the Crown Prince, whom he had known at Rome, and was a politician of the same class—liberal, as heir-apparent, but as King, not very different from his neighbors. He has been, however, to do him justice, both before and since his accession to the throne, a warm and active friend of learning and the arts. He published, in his youth, a volume of poems, which, considered as the work of a prince, are not without merit: and since his accession he has rendered Munich a sort of metropolis for Germany of sculpture, painting and architecture. Although, as I have remarked before, he had the bad taste to exclude Luther, as a heretic, from his Valhalla, the plan of a national temple in honor of the great men of Germany was a noble one, and seems to have been carried out, in general, with judgment and success. His father, the then reigning King of Bavaria, Maximilian, was himself not illiberal in his political opinions, and had been one of the first among the sovereigns of the German confederacy to establish in his dominions a representative government, in compliance with the engagement to this effect in the act of union. He was the person, who, in earlier life, when he bore the name of Duke of Deux-Ponts, had extended his patronage to our countryman, Benjamin Thompson, upon whom he afterwards, as Count Palatine and administrator of the empire during the vacancy of the throne, created by the death of Joseph II., conferred the title of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, by the right belonging to an administrator, under such circumstances, of naming two Counts during the period of his administration. He became King, in his later years, by the grace of Napoleon, and was one of

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the last German sovereigns to abandon the cause of his patron. The Queen was an Austrian Princess, and had studied politics in the school of Metternich.

Such was the complexion of the court at which Harro was again to set forth under auspices, not less brilliant than those which attended his début at Dresden, or his career as a poet and a man of letters. To his success in this career, especially as a dramatic writer, the complexion of the court was not a matter of indifference, for in the monarchies of Europe, and particularly of Germany, the theatre is a department of the administration, and a poet who does not enjoy the favor of the court, has no chance of seeing his pieces acted. With the recovery of his health Harro had recovered his spirits and literary activity, and on arriving at Munich had in his portfolio several poems, including a drama on the struggle for independence and liberty in Greece, entitled, "The Mainotes" (*Die Mainotten*). These, it will be recollected, are the modern inhabitants of the territory of the ancient Sparta. In June, 1824, this drama was brought out at the Theatre Royal in Munich, and represented with great success. The subject was popular in consequence of the interest generally felt in the fortunes of the Greeks; and the author of the successful tragedy became at once a public favorite. About this time, however, a change took place in the administration of the theatre. Baron Weichs, who had been at the head of this department, and who had been very friendly to Harro, resigned his place on account of some difference with the king, and was succeeded in it by another Baron of a much more conservative character. In consultations that now took place at court upon the selection of the pieces to be represented, those of Harro were regularly passed over. The Queen, who had received her lesson from Vienna, said, on one of these occasions, that "she did not wish to hear his name mentioned in her presence." This hint was sufficient for our conservative Lord Chamberlain, and during the life of the old king, nothing more was seen or heard at the theatre of Harro's pieces. After passing nearly two years at Munich, he at length became fatigued with this treatment, and was determined to change his residence. During his abode in Bavaria he had written three plays, five novels, and two narrative poems. In January, 1825, he left Munich, and went to visit a friend at Turin. On his arrival here he fell into another fit of despondency, from which, however, he recovered himself by a vigorous mental effort, and wrote in less than a week another drama, entitled "The Student of Salamanca." He then proceeded to Switzerland, where he passed some months, partly in exploring the magnificent scenery of the Alps, and partly in preparing for the press a collection of his poems, which was published in five small volumes at Turin and Luzerne. In the beginning of October he left Switzerland with the intention of proceeding to Leipsic for the purpose of continuing his studies at the University; and passing through Augsburg on the 13th of October, the anniversary of the birth-day of the king of Bavaria, reached Munich the following day.

On his arrival he was informed that the king had died suddenly of apoplexy the preceding night. This event changed again his plan of operations. It was probable that the accession of the new king would materially improve the political aspect of the court, and affect, in a favorable manner, his own position. He determined in consequence to remain at Munich; renewed his acquaintance with his old friends, and resumed his poetical and literary labors. The administration of the theatre remained in the same hands as before; but the chamberlain, who was aware of Harro's relations with the court, so far relaxed from his former system as to receive his pieces, and make him the allowance usually granted on such occasions, but did not bring them out. The king, though himself, as we have seen, a poet, was chiefly occupied with his plans of building, sculpture, and painting, and paid but little attention to the theatre. His majesty, however, pretty soon settled the question at issue between the director and Harro, in favor of the latter, by extending to him unequivocal marks of personal regard. He was summoned to attend the king at a private audience, the account of which may be given in his own words.

"In the beginning of February, 1826, I was honored with an order from the king to attend him at a private audience after

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dinner, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The conversation lasted about three quarters of an hour, and turned chiefly upon the affairs of Greece. The king desired me to inform him in what way I thought he could render the most effectual service to the Greek cause. I replied, that arms and ammunition were greatly needed, and that much good might be done by skilful and experienced officers of inferior rank, who would not pretend to the higher posts, which the Greeks are not willing to see in the hands of foreigners. It was not yet publicly known that the king had formed a plan, which has since been executed, of placing one of his own sons upon the throne of Greece. The king then spoke of my princely protector, and of his acquaintance with him during their residence at Rome,—upon the fine arts, and, finally, upon my own dramatic pieces. He said that he intended to have some of them acted, as soon as the court should be out of mourning, and should be able to attend the theatre. On retiring, he requested me to come and see him, telling me that I should obtain admittance at any time by addressing myself to the aide-de-camp in waiting at the palace."

A general invitation to the king's private apartments is considered in Germany—and, indeed, in all monarchical governments—as no trifling matter; and Harro found himself again an object of universal attention. The courtiers assiduously sought his acquaintance. Mothers, who had marriageable daughters, invited him to their *soirées*. The Jesuits, who were in great favor at court, attempted to convert him to the Catholic religion. At length, in the spring of the same year, his play, *The Mainotes*, was, by royal order, brought out at the court theatre. One of the king's objects in ordering it to be represented, was no doubt to nourish the enthusiasm of the people in the cause of Greece; but he appears, in general, to have treated Harro with great personal kindness. He had taken lodgings near the palace garden, where he often met the king in his walks. He was also frequently sent for to the palace, and was evidently basking in the full sunshine of royal favor. If he had had a little more of the courtier about him, he might, probably, have availed himself of his position in such a way as to make a brilliant fortune. The natural independence of his character, and his fixed political principles, prevented him from taking advantage of the favorable circumstances in which he was now placed to push his way at court; perhaps a still more serious obstacle to any further progress in the path of preferment may have been found in his disinclination to embrace the Catholic religion,—a point upon which the king seems to have been, for a professed liberalist, a little tenacious. Whatever might have been the result had he remained longer at Munich, for the period of his residence was hardly sufficient to afford opportunity for a fair experiment upon the king's disposition, his course was again very suddenly changed by an overture from a quarter whence he had least expected any mark of attention.

CHAPTER V.

In the month of July, while engaged in his poetical and literary pursuits, he was surprised by an invitation from Vienna, to come and take the place of dramatic poet for the Imperial theatre. This is a post of some distinction, and had been recently held by the lamented Körner, and at a former period by the still more celebrated Metastasio. The proposition was communicated to him by the manager of the Munich theatre, who explained the conditions, and desired him, should they prove agreeable, to enter on his duties immediately. Under the impression that this situation, while it agreed very well with his tastes and habits, would be more independent and permanent than that which he occupied at Munich, he accepted the proposal; without, perhaps, sufficiently reflecting upon his previous relations to the Austrian police, and the danger that something might occur to arouse its suspicions. His arrangements for departure were made without delay, and in due time he arrived safely at Vienna.

He afterwards felt himself compelled to believe, that this proposal, which proceeded ostensibly from the direction of the theatre, was itself a mere stratagem of the police to bring him again

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within their reach. Whether this was really the case, or whether after his arrival at Vienna, he had by any imprudence rendered himself obnoxious to the government, it is certain that, after a few months' residence, he was removed on some evidently frivolous pretence from his place, and about the same time summoned to appear at the police office, where he was interrogated by the same commissioners who had examined him in the year 1820. After a long interrogatory, and the exhibition of various documents purporting to have been extracted from the archives of the central police commission at Mentz, he was informed that he could be permitted to remain at Vienna only on condition that his passport should be renewed every fifteen days. He had previously made up his mind so fully to a permanent residence in that city, that he was on the point of inviting his mother to come on from Denmark and take up her abode with him, when he received, about the time of his arrest, intelligence of her death. The shock occasioned by this event, in connection with the agitation created by the fresh persecutions of the Austrian police, threw him into a violent nervous fever. During his illness, sentinels were posted at his door, and his apartment was visited from time to time by the agents of the police, who made a very thorough examination of his papers and effects. Before he was well enough to leave his bed, he received an order to leave the Austrian dominions within ten days. This was in the month of January, 1827. The physicians assured him that he could not obey this order without exposing his life to imminent danger, and upon the urgent intercession of the Danish minister he was permitted to remain till the opening of the spring. His apartment was still besieged by the spies and agents of the police. Among these was a bookseller, who represented himself as enjoying the confidence of the director of the police, Count Sziedlizki, and even of Metternich himself; and who appears to have been authorized to sound him on the part of the Austrian government. This person told him, that Count Sziedlizki had remarked, in speaking of Harro, that if he continued in the same way of thinking as in 1820, he would not permit him to remain in Austria if he were his own son; but that if he would give any satisfactory evidence of having changed his views, he should have any place that he might prefer in the Austrian service, either in the offices at home or the foreign legations. Harro took no notice of this suggestion, and the negotiation ended. In the month of March, while still in very feeble health, he was removed, under escort of a sergeant-major, to Prague, on the way to the borders of Saxony. The severity of the weather and the fatigue of the journey increased his illness, and he was attacked on the road with hæmorrhage. On reaching Prague, he was at first refused permission to remain a single day; but on the certificate of the physician of the University that his health made it absolutely necessary, he was allowed to stay a fortnight, under strict observation of the police. On receiving this permission, he returned to his hotel, and retired immediately to bed.

Details like these, while they afford a curious picture of the internal administration of the Austrian empire in one of its most important branches, at this period, are full of instruction for the citizens of our favored country. In the bitterness of our indignation at the abuses, real or supposed, which we remark in the working of our own political system, we are sometimes tempted to forget the security for personal rights, and the undisturbed possession of the entire fruits of our own labor, which are the great practical results of a good government, and which we have never ceased to enjoy for a moment, under all the changes of policy in minor matters that have occurred in our history. A citizen of some distinction once remarked, on a public occasion, that no people on earth were ever so much oppressed and trampled on by their government, as that of the United States. The immediate ground of his complaint was, the necessity of paying his postage bills in specie instead of paper-money, not by the effect of any arbitrary requisitions of the government, but by the regular operation of a law passed at the suggestion of one of his own party associates. A very slight experience of the administration of almost any other country, would probably have been sufficient to correct the error of this and other censors of the same description. Without recurring to the history of the semi-barba-

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rous nations of the East, which scarcely pretend to observe the rules of humanity and justice, such a person might derive a useful lesson from a case like that of Harro, in which under the eye, and probably by the powerful direction, of the most enlightened and distinguished of the legitimate statesmen of Europe, a young man of unblemished character and uncommon literary accomplishments, was persecuted for years in succession, watched, arrested, interrogated, imprisoned, and carted about from country to country, as a common malefactor, at his imminent risk of health and life, not for having done or attempted anything against the Austrian government, but simply for *holding opinions* at variance with those of Prince Metternich. On the other hand, it may not be amiss to recollect, that when we hate or despise our neighbors merely for holding opinions on religion or politics at variance with our own, we exhibit an intolerance not less odious and criminal, though happily more innocent in its mode of expression, than that which governs the conduct of the arbitrary princes of Europe.

In the capital of Bohemia, the unfortunate poet found himself an object of marked attention. He had formed some friends there on his first visit in 1820; and the interest with which he had then inspired them, had been kept alive, from time to time, by the successive publication of his poems, of which ten or twelve volumes were now in print. The condition in which he arrived, a state prisoner under military escort, persecuted for his opinions, and suffering in his health, converted this feeling of simple interest into one of the tenderest and warmest sympathy, especially in the hearts of the gentler sex. The aristocracy of Bohemia—as happens in most countries that are governed as dependent provinces—were not particularly partial to the policy of the ruling State. It was, in their eyes, no unpardonable crime not to enjoy the favor of Prince Metternich. The young men and ladies of the highest families were acquainted with the poetry of Harro, and now sought with eagerness the society of its author. While yet confined to his bed, he received the visits of many of the most distinguished persons in the city, and, as soon as his health permitted, was presented to the viceroy, Count Choteck, and to the military governor, who was at the head of the police. The viceroy treated him with uncommon civility, and expressed his surprise that he had not been employed in the public service. He was strongly urged to remain for some time at Prague, and by virtue of the general favor with which he was now surrounded, found no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission, though still considered as a State prisoner, under the observation of the police.

These friendly demonstrations from the highest political and military authorities of the place, were, however, in the view of Harro, as nothing, in comparison with the kindness and sympathy which were extended to him by the fairer portion of the society. The Polish ladies have been always regarded as among the most fascinating in Europe, uniting, as they do, the highest personal graces and the utmost refinement and elegance of manner with the noble frankness that naturally indicates a lofty and generous character. No one who has seen them, either in their own country or in the polished circles of the other courts of Europe, carrying off with ease the palm of grace and beauty from all competitors, who has read in the multifarious memoirs of the last century the accounts of the effects of their influence, will hesitate to acknowledge the justice of this eulogy. These charming creatures now crowded round the sick bed of Harro, overwhelmed him with the warmest demonstrations of sympathy, and, when his health was restored, welcomed him with brotherly and sisterly familiarity to their castles and palaces. In one of their families, in particular, of the highest rank—the name of which is judiciously suppressed—and of which the prominent members were a most accomplished mother and two lovely daughters, he appears to have been received on a still more confidential footing than in the others, and to have formed an attachment of a deeper and more abiding character than mere friendship—which, at the time, he had reason to flatter himself was not wholly unrequited, and which had a marked influence on his subsequent course in life. In the midst of these blandishments, the seven months of his residence at Prague passed insensibly

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away; and although the delightful dream in which he then indulged, was destined never to be realized, he has always looked back upon this period as the golden moment in his varied and generally anxious life.

The attention of Harro was not, however, entirely engrossed, during his residence at Prague, by the fascinations of the attractive social circle in which he moved. I have already had occasion to remark, that Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, who was at the head of a select corps, to which he gave the name of the *sacred band*, opened the Greek revolution on the 1st of January, 1821, was defeated, and his troops broken up. Compelled to take refuge in the Austrian territory, he was there received with the same sort of hospitality which, five-and-twenty years before, had been extended, under the same circumstances, to our own illustrious Lafayette—the hospitality of imprisonment in a dungeon. The Prince, with his two brothers, and George Lassanes, a native of Olympus in Thessaly, and a distinguished poet, were confined for five years in the castle of Munkacz in Hungary, after which they were transferred to that of Theresienstadt, about seven leagues from Prague, near the frontier of Savoy. Inspired with a zeal similar to that which was felt by Huger and Bolleman for the delivery of Lafayette, Harro determined to attempt the rescue of these interesting prisoners. Though himself under strict observation, and not permitted to leave the neighborhood of the city, he found means to communicate with them, and even to visit them in their place of confinement. As he often passed several days in succession at the country residences of his friends, an occasional excursion from the city was not a cause of suspicion. When he wished to visit the prisoners he left town at night, and repaired to the castle of an acquaintance not very far from that in which they were confined. Thus far the agents of the police would generally follow him, but having no suspicion of his communications with Ypsilanti, either returned to the city or continued their watch with so little vigilance, that, under cover of the night, he found no difficulty in reaching Theresienstadt. In what way he succeeded in effecting a passage through the well-secured walls and gates of the fortress, and in eluding the observation of the five sentries whom he was obliged successively to pass, before arriving at the apartment of the prisoners, he has not explained. It is well known, however, that bars and bolts of iron give way before the influence of a more seductive metal, the lustre of which occasionally dazzles the eyes of the most sharp-sighted sentries.

Having placed himself in communication with the prisoners, Harro took charge of their correspondence. This was carried on through the medium of a Russian lady residing at Vienna, who had been from her youth upward an intimate friend of the Princess. In regard to their escape, two plans presented themselves, and it was thought best to make arrangements with a view to both, in order that on the failure of either, resort might be had to the other. One was predicated on the interest supposed to be felt by the King of Bavaria in the Greek cause, and contemplated that Ypsilanti should take refuge, in the first instance, at Munich, where it was presumed that he would be protected by the King. The other plan was to be carried into effect through the aid of the Russian lady alluded to before. The former was considered the more feasible one, and was that which chiefly occupied the attention of the parties concerned. In going to Bavaria it was necessary to pass the frontier of Savoy, and for this purpose to have an understanding with the commandant of a detachment of Austrian troops which were stationed at several posts along the road. Having reached the frontier, the prisoner might cross it without a passport, in the disguise of a peasant of the neighborhood. In arranging these particulars it was thought that there would be no great difficulty. In order to secure the good graces of the King of Bavaria, Harro, who had been authorized by His Majesty to correspond with him, wrote him a letter on the subject; and not caring to submit it to the inspection of the *black bureau* in the Austrian Post-office, enveloped it in a roll of tobacco, which he entrusted to a lady, the wife of an officer in the army, who was going to Italy by way of Munich, and undertook to deliver it to a person in the King's confidence, to whom it was addressed. The lady was not

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made acquainted with the scheme, although she was aware that the roll contained letters. Harro dares not venture to mention the name of this obliging fair one, nor even the country to which she belonged, though he describes her as a person of the highest class. Similar means had previously been resorted to in carrying on the correspondence of the prisoners with Vienna, and with the mother of Ypsilanti in Bessarabia. In this passage of his notes, Harro takes the opportunity to acknowledge with gratitude the kind assistance which he has uniformly received under all the trials and emergencies through which he has been called to pass, from the sex, which, as Scott so well remarks, however "uncertain, coy and hard to please, in our happiest moments, never fails to appear, in times of pain, sickness and distress of any kind, as a ministering angel."

As the time approached for the execution of the plan, it was thought, on considering the details, that there would be less risk of failure if the prisoners left the fortress separately. A struggle then arose between them, as to which of them should be the first to escape—neither being willing to abandon the others. They had been companions in imprisonment for seven years, two of which Lassanes had passed in chains. Unfortunately, the occasion for bringing this friendly contest to a decision, never occurred. At the moment when the plot was ripe, a slight imprudence on the part of Ypsilanti himself excited the suspicion of the Austrian police, and defeated the whole arrangement.

On one of his visits to the prisoners, Harro had given to Ypsilanti a volume of his poems, upon a blank leaf of which the Prince had written some verses addressed to the author. It so happened that Ypsilanti, who had served as an officer of hussars in the Russian army during the war for the independence of Germany, had lost his right arm at the battle of Dresden in 1813, and was obliged, in consequence, to write with his left hand. His chirography was of course very peculiar, and was recognized at once by any one who had ever seen it before. Having obtained permission to visit the baths at Toeplitz under escort of the police, Ypsilanti had accidentally taken his book with him, and while there, lent it to a lady of his acquaintance. While in her hands, it fell under the observation of a secret agent of the police, belonging to the highest class of society, who at once drew the conclusion, that there was an understanding of some sort between the Prince and Harro. The police were very soon on the alert, and a day or two after, he was informed at the theatre by one of his friends—a cavalry officer—that his person was in danger, and that he must make his escape at once.

The most painful ordeal was that of parting with his fair friends of the nameless family. One of them, in the course of the conversation, inquired what would become, after his departure, of the prisoners at Theresienstadt? Harro was struck with astonishment at this question, having never communicated to these, or any of his other friends at Prague, with a single exception, the secret of his plan. He inquired in what way she had heard of his intercourse with Ypsilanti. "Fear nothing," replied the lady. "The person, from whom I received the information, so far as I know, is the only other one acquainted with the secret; and she, I am sure, can be depended on to keep your counsel." This was the younger sister, a lovely creature, who was present at the interview, and who was, it seems, an adept in the art or science, which passes under the name of *Mesmerism*. From the interest felt by the family in Harro, she had been led, while in the somnambular state, to accompany him in the spirit upon one of his excursions to the fortress of Theresienstadt; and though she had never been there in the flesh, now described, minutely, the interior of the castle, and the various obstacles which he had been compelled to encounter in reaching the prisoners:—thus adding another to the long list of marvels of this description, which, whether we consider them as founded in fact or fiction, seem to be equally inexplicable. It is not, perhaps, surprising that, after this renewed experience of the efficacy of *Mesmerism*, Harro should have remained a firm believer in its reality. It appears, in fact, that he has tested its truth on various other occasions, of which he promises a particular account in a separate work.

After parting with his friends, Harro

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left Prague, and arrived safely at Munich, in October, 1827. He immediately made known to the King the arrangements for the escape of Ypsilanti, in a written communication, transmitted to his majesty, through the medium of his aide-de-camp, the Prince of Taxis; and, shortly after, was admitted to an audience. The King, however, did not enter upon the subject, which Harro, according to the etiquette observed in the courts of Europe, was not at liberty himself to introduce, so that nothing was said about it in the conversation that passed on the occasion. Subsequent events in the history of Europe, have shown that the King of Bavaria had plans of his own in regard to the affairs of Greece, which might not, perhaps, have been promoted by the release of this distinguished martyr in the cause of Greek independence; who, from the importance of his family, his high personal qualities, and his devotion to his country, was generally looked to by the friends of Greece as the probable President of a future Greek republic. Whether the King communicated to the Austrian cabinet the information received from Harro, or whether that cabinet acted merely upon the suspicion inspired by the discovery of a personal relation between him and Ypsilanti, it appears that immediately after his departure from Prague, the prisoners were removed to the Emperor's residence, in Vienna, where they were still more closely watched than before. Alexander Ypsilanti had been suffering for some time with an affection of the heart. The fatigue of this journey aggravated his illness, and three months after, in January, 1828, he died at Vienna.

In consequence of the correspondence which had passed between the prisoners and the Princess Ypsilanti, through the hands of Harro, steps were taken, by the effect of which the brothers and Lassanes were set at liberty. The elder of the two surviving princes went to Bessarabia to join his mother and sister. The younger, Prince Nicholas, accompanied by Lassanes, proceeded to Munich, where Harro had the satisfaction of seeing them on their arrival. So eager were they, in fact, to thank their deliverer, that before getting out of the travelling carriage, in which they arrived, they despatched a messenger to request his presence. He afterwards accompanied them on their presentation to the king. Ypsilanti soon after went to Paris, and Lassanes remained with Harro at Munich. He is described by Harro as a person of extraordinary talent and energy, the soul, as it were, of the Greek *Hetairia*, or brotherhood, which began the revolution. During their stay at Munich, the two friends and brother poets wrote together a drama in German upon the events in Greece, under the title of the "Renegade in the Morea." (*Der Renegat auf Morea.*)

Thus terminated this interesting little episode in the great revolutionary epic of our contemporary history. Had Ypsilanti succeeded in effecting his escape, the state of his health would probably have prevented him from exercising much influence in the affairs of Greece, so that the failure of the plot had no very important practical results. The conduct of the King of Bavaria can hardly be considered very creditable to him, although it would perhaps be unfair, without further evidence than what can be gathered from the notes of Harro, to suppect him of positive treachery. On the proceedings of the Austrian cabinet, it is impossible to pass so mild a sentence.

Charity herself can look with no other feeling than unmingled detestation upon the seizure, imprisonment and virtual assassination, by a Christian prince, of one of the noblest and most accomplished young men in Greece, for no other crime than that of attempting to rescue his country from the yoke of a ferocious foreign despotism, and on no better pretence than a wish to maintain the existing state of things,—a position which would have been equally valid, if Ypsilanti, instead of seeking to liberate his country, had been trying to eradicate the plague from Constantinople.

Harro employed the winter in writing memoirs of his life, in the form of a fictitious narrative, intended chiefly for the perusal of his friends at Prague. In April of the following year he learned the death of the youngest of the two sisters, to whom allusion has been made. She had been for some time in a feeble state of health, and the result seems to show, that her *mesmeric* gifts were connected, as appears to be the

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case in most other instances of the same kind, with a morbid condition of the physical constitution. The Ypsilanti family had urged Harro to accept a donation of a part of their possessions in Greece in return for his disinterested efforts for their relief; but this he declined. He also declined the proposal of Lassanes to accompany him to his residence in Thessaly. The Emperor of Russia, who stood before Europe in the attitude of the great champion and protector of the Greek cause, was at this time preparing to make war upon Turkey. The deep interest which Harro had taken in the affairs of Greece, and which was still his predominant passion, now determined him to repair to the Russian army, and endeavor to obtain a commission in the service. In addition to the political motive for taking this course, he was not without hope that after a successful campaign against the Turks, he might return, in the uniform of a Russian officer, under better auspices than those which attended his former visit, to the capital of Bohemia. He consulted his friend Lassanes on the subject, and after obtaining his consent, despatched a confidential messenger to Prague to inform his friends of his plan. He then took leave of Munich, and set forth by way of Nuremberg, Dresden, Breslau and Warsaw for Jassy,—then the head-quarters of the Russian army.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

PRESENT STATE OF CUBA.

We insert below a Memorial, which has recently been addressed to the Spanish Government, on the present state of Cuba, by a native of the Island, now travelling in Europe, and which has not before been published. We are indebted for a manuscript copy to a foreign correspondent. It will be read with interest, as well on account of its statements of important facts, not generally known, as of the view that it gives of the character of public opinion in the Island. The name of the author, who is one of the most intelligent and accomplished inhabitants of the colony, would add weight to his opinions: but, although there is nothing in the memorial which is not highly creditable to his discretion, as well as to his talents and information, we deem it improper, without his express permission, to place him personally before the public. The memorial will be recognized, at once, on internal evidence, as the work of one who is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and handles it, in every respect, with a perfect mastery. We consider it, indeed, as no slight evidence of the recent progress of improvement in this noble Island, to find such a paper going up to the seat of government from the cabinet of a citizen, not employed in political affairs: and we trust that it will be received at Madrid with the attention due to its merit and to the great importance of the subject.

We incline, indeed, to the opinion, that the memorial, which was presented some months ago, has already produced some practical results. It appears by the last accounts from Havana, that steps have recently been taken by the government to encourage by bounties and prizes the introduction of white laborers.* This, it will be seen, is one of the measures recommended

* From Havana.—The Real Junta de Fomento have proposed a number of prizes, some of which are worth mentioning. One of $1,200 to each of the three first owners of plantations, who shall, during the years 1845, 1846 and 1847, settle on their lands fifty white families, provided with all the necessary implements of agriculture. Six thousand dollars to each of the three first sugar planters who, within the same period, shall settle 25 white families, in lots—one half of these settlers to plant the sugar cane. Twenty thousand dollars to the individual who will cultivate, within the same period, a sugar plantation, producing, annually, 45,000 arrobas of sugar,

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by the writer of the Memorial. For ourselves, we consider all attempts of this kind valuable, rather as evidence of an improved state of feeling in the government, than as likely in themselves to produce any important effect. A just and liberal system of government and administration is the only lure that will bring men to a foreign country, as it is the only principle of the increase of wealth and population at home. Let the metropolitan government restore to the Island the representation in the Cortes, of which it has been, without a pretence of right or reason, deprived; encourage the efforts of patriotic and enlightened citizens to improve the state of education and to diffuse knowledge among the people, instead of rewarding them, as it has hitherto done, by imprisonment or exile; reduce the enormous duties that now crush the trade of the Island in some of its most important branches; suppress *bonâ fide* the already prohibited slave trade; establish, under proper legal restraints, the liberty of speech, writing, and action; substitute, in short, a civilized and Christian system of administration for the present Algerine despotism; and there will be no necessity for bounties or prizes to invite foreigners into a region, which, though man has made a prison of it, God intended for a Paradise.

The situation of Cuba is, at the present moment, under every point of view, exceedingly interesting. The first effect of the revolution which deprived Spain of her vast possessions on the continent of America, was favorable to Cuba. The liberal system adopted by the metropolitan government in authorizing a representation of the Island in the Cortes, and opening the ports to foreign trade, at once secured its dependence and gave a new impulse to its prosperity. After lingering out a period of nearly three centuries in a sort of stagnation, it now started forward in the race of improvement, with a rapidity not unlike what we have seen in our own country, and which, under all the present disadvantages, is far from being entirely suspended. Unfortunately the liberal ideas that prevailed for some time in the administration of the Island, seem to have been exchanged for others of a directly opposite character; and the colony now struggles, like a young giant in fetters, with a weight of oppression, unparalleled, in some particulars, in the history of the world. A white population of less than half a million is subjected to an annual tax of more than twelve millions of Spanish dollars, hard money. No such extent of taxation was ever heard of before in any age or country. Even this burden, however, if a proper use were made of the money collected, might become a blessing; but with so ample a revenue at her disposal, nothing whatever is done by the government for the improvement of the Island. Not a good road is to be found in it, excepting one or two railroads recently constructed by private corporations;—hardly a public school.* Of the vast amount levied upon the people, about half is sent home to Madrid: the other half is employed in keeping up the establishments and paying the troops by whom it is collected, virtually at the point of the bayonet.

Under ordinary circumstances the suppression of the right of representation by an arbitrary act of the Cortes in open defiance of the constitution, would have occasioned, as it would certainly have justified, an immediate declaration of independence. Notwithstanding this provocation the inhabitants of the Island have thus far given evidence of a fidelity for which the mother country has every reason to be grateful, and which merited a different return. The general prosperity resulting from the opening of the ports, and which contrasted so favorably with the confused condition of the new States on the continent, checked for the time all thought of separation: and even now the most enlightened and patriotic citizens are willing and anxious that the connexion with Spain should be continued for an indefinite period. They only wish to possess the share in the government which is secured to them by the letter

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purified by concentration or in a vacuum—the cane to be cultivated exclusively by thirty white families, possessing each a certain measure of ground. There are a number of other heavy prizes offered for the best machinery for purifying and boiling sugar, for the improvement of the breed of horses, &c.—*N. O. Bee, Sept.* 10.

* See on the *State of Education in Cuba,* an article in the Southern Quarterly Review, for April, 1842.

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of the Constitution as well as the plainest dictates of natural justice, and to be treated by the mother country, not as they have hitherto been, like galley-slaves, but like Christian men.

The difficulties in the present state of the Island have been very much increased by the injudicious and unfortunate, though possibly well-intended, interference of Great Britain. An attempt by one government to reform abuses, real or supposed, in the administration of another, if submitted to, is always dangerous, and generally fatal to national independence. Great Britain after purchasing of Spain, only a century ago, a monopoly of the slave trade with the colonies, in the exercise of which she stocked with blacks the island of Cuba, where there had been but few before, now purchased of the same power a formal renunciation of the trade, and permission for Great Britain to enforce this renunciation by her naval armament and by courts of her own having jurisdiction within the Spanish territory. Conditions like these, though unguardedly permitted to assume the form of voluntary stipulations, could not be otherwise than disgusting to every patriotic citizen of a country, which, though sadly shorn of its power, has not yet lost its national pride. The Government itself, though induced in some way to consent to the arrangement, never seems to have considered it as really obligatory. The local authorities have, with scarcely an exception, connived at the continuance of the trade, and received themselves a regular payment of half an ounce ($8) upon every imported negro. Even at Madrid, it has been hardly thought necessary to maintain the appearance of good faith. Within the last year, as will be seen in the Memorial, a Royal Order, providing for the more effectual execution of the treaties, is prefaced by a preamble, declaring the continuance of the trade essential to the prosperity of the island! By the effect of this unfortunate policy of the British government, the continuance of the trade has been associated in public opinion with the ideas of national honor and independence. Thus a traffic which ought to be, and in a natural state of things would be, viewed with unmingled detestation, is made to wear an aspect which recommends it almost irresistibly to the favor of every patriotic citizen. We attribute to this motive quite as much influence as to the cupidity of the planters and slave-traders, in perpetuating the constant importation of blacks, which so seriously threatens the future tranquillity of the Island.

Not content with their formal encroachments upon the national independence, Great Britain has interfered far more dangerously in the affairs of the Island, by the encouragement which she has more recently extended to the Abolitionists for the entire emancipation of the slaves. The appointment of Turnbull, as British Consul at the Havana, his efforts to procure emancipation by placing himself at the head of a servile insurrection, and his probable concern in the late conspiracy, are matters of general notoriety. The only parallel case to be found in modern history was the result of the frenzied zeal for propagandism of the earlier apostles of the French Revolution. At that time a French Consul at Algiers, M. Jean Bon St. André, undertook to establish a democratic society in that city. The Dey, who, it seems, had an aversion to clubs, and who cared but little for legal forms of any kind, ordered him at once to execution. Mr. Canning, then in the earlier stages of his political career, and one of the writers in a periodical called the Anti-Jacobin, was greatly amused with this occurrence, which he celebrated in his journal in a pleasant strain of burlesque poetry:

> The Consul quoted Wicquefoil,
> And Puffendorf and Grotius;
> And proved from Vattel
> Exceedingly well
> That the deed would be quite atrocious.
>
> The Dey gave out his orders
> In Arabic and Persian—
> "Let no more be said,
> But bring me his head!
> These clubs are my aversion."

Mr. Canning hardly anticipated, at the time when he wrote these verses, that within half a century a British consul would play precisely the same game, in a still more open way, at the Havana. Had he met with the same retribution, there would have been, perhaps, no great reason for complaint in any quarter. But the affront would not probably have been regarded as a very exquisite piece of pleasantry in the portico of St. James's Palace.

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One would suppose that such a result as has now occurred in Cuba, would have enlightened the British government upon the practical operation of their plan for abolishing slavery in foreign countries; but it does not seem to have had this effect, for it was just at the moment when the late conspiracy reached its tragical catastrophe, and when the streets of the principal cities in Cuba were running with the blood of the poor wretches who had been seduced into it, that the government of the United States received through Mr. Packenham, official notice from that of Great Britain, that the latter would on no consideration desist from the "open and honest" efforts which it has been making for some years past for the abolition of slavery in foreign countries. Whatever may be thought of the "honesty" of the efforts of the British consul at Havana, they have certainly been "open" enough to leave no doubt about his immediate intentions or those of his government, which, so far as is known abroad, has inflicted upon him neither punishment nor censure for his outrageous conduct. Whether the ultimate object be the occupation of the Island by Great Britain, or its nominal independence as a black republic under British protectorate, is less certain, and is a point of no great importance.

The present state of the Island is too violent to be of long duration. What precise length of time it may last, and in what way it may terminate, are questions which we cannot here undertake to discuss. They are obviously, under every point of view, of the deepest interest to the government and people of the United States; and deserve a greater share of attention than they have hitherto received from the public press.

MEMORIAL ON THE PRESENT STATE OF CUBA, ADDRESSED TO THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT BY A NATIVE OF THE ISLAND.

The Island of Cuba is at present in imminent danger of being irrecoverably lost, not only to Spain, but to the white race and the civilized world, unless the Spanish government shall adopt immediately some energetic measures to remedy the evil. The blacks, as might have been expected, threaten the political and social existence of the colony. As early as the year 1842, an insurrection broke out in the sugar-plantation of Alcancia, one of the largest in the district of Cardenas, and this movement also included a hundred blacks belonging to the rail-road corporation. The owner of the plantation, Don Joaquin de Peñalver, lost about $60,000, and the corporation as much more. It was thought, at first, that this insurrection was planned by the carriers in revenge upon the planters for sending their sugar to Matanzas and Cardenas upon the rail-road, instead of employing carts, as before. This opinion was strengthened by the subsequent conflagration of the plantation Santa Rosa, belonging to Don Domingo de Aldama, he and his brothers-in-law, the Alfonsos, being the largest stockholders in the rail-road from Havana to Matanzas; but was afterwards corrected by the character of the insurrection which took place in November of last year on the plantation Triumvirato. On that occasion, the blacks, not content with setting fire to the cane, and making their escape to the mountains, as had been their usual course in similar cases, assassinated all the whites to the number of six, and proceeding to the neighboring plantations, attempted to rouse the slaves by proclaiming the emancipation of the whole colored race. It was now seen, that these repeated rebellions had a different origin and character from any that had ever occurred before.

A few days only after the insurrection of the *Triumvirato*, by the effect of which the owner of that plantation lost $80,000, the discovery was made by Don Esteban de Oviedo, a rich planter of Sabanilla, seven and a half leagues from Matanzas, of a conspiracy formed and matured among his own slaves and those of the neighboring plantations, to the number of sixty thousand, and which, according to the last accounts from the Havana, also included numerous colored persons, bond and free, belonging to the capital and the other principal cities. A careful review of the details of the plot, as unfolded in the confession of the conspirators,

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renders it certain that this movement was under the direction of an intelligence superior to that of the blacks. As no white man of Spanish extraction has ever been known to take part in any such movement, and as the government and people of England have for many years past been laboring assiduously for the emancipation of the black race, particularly in the island of Cuba, it appeared natural to conclude that the direction came in some way from England. This conclusion has been confirmed by the direct testimony of some of the conspirators, who represent Mr. Turnbull, lately British Consul at the Havana, as the leader of the conspiracy, and the provisional ruler of the Island in the event of its success.

What else, in fact, was to have been expected from the offended pride of this powerful nation, considering the unaccountable perseverance with which the slave-trade is still carried on with Africa, in direct violation of the treaties for suppressing it, and in spite of the continual remonstrances of the British Government. Great Britain maintains, at large expense, official agents in Cuba, and a squadron on the African coast, for the purpose of enforcing these treaties. The special correspondence between the department of foreign affairs and the agents at the Havana and in Madrid, on this subject, occupies more than forty folio volumes of parliamentary documents, consisting, for the most part, of reports upon the daily infractions of the treaties of 1817 and 1835, and remonstrances against these infractions to the court of Madrid. The British Government, in view of all these circumstances, may well be expected to favor, directly or indirectly, any plan intended to prevent the slave-trade between Cuba and the African continent: and it would not be matter for surprise if, in the event of an insurrection of the blacks, they should be found to receive aid from the British army at Jamaica. It may be added that the British people is still more strongly bent on abolition than the government. It is well known that Prince Albert, and many other persons of the highest class, are at the head of the two anti-slavery societies established at London. The memorials from these societies to the government, and to both houses of Parliament, are constantly received with great attention nd favor. The societies have recently, under the patronage of the government, been making attempts to civilize the interior of Africa; and although the expedition up the Niger proved a failure, the idea has not been abandoned. The London Herald of the 15th March, contains accounts of the favorable reception given by the king of Dahomey to the Wesleyan Missionaries, and of their visit to Bekida, a city of more than forty thousand inhabitants, distant a hundred and sixty miles from Lagos, also of their negotiations with the king of Ashantee and other chiefs on the African coast.

It is needless, however, to enlarge upon these details, in order to prove the great interest felt by the British Government and people in the abolition of the slave trade, and the emancipation of the slaves. The confessions of the conspirators, as has been remarked, show that English agents, employed probably by the Abolition Societies, have been at work in fomenting insurrection among the slaves; and it appears that the Abolitionists have been attempting to make use of the trade itself to effect their object. Among the slaves who have recently been imported into the Havana and Matanzas, there are many who have been baptized and speak English, and there is reason to suppose that they have been sent out in this way by the missionaries in Africa, to aid as apostles of liberty among their enslaved brothers in Cuba, at the risk of martyrdom.

Soon after the discovery made by Oviedo of the conspiracy at Matanzas, the neighboring planters, fully aware of the cruel cause of these movements, and greatly alarmed at their increasing frequency, addressed a memorial to General O'Donnell, begging him to put an end to the slave trade with Africa. The principal citizens of the Havana were preparing to do the same, but desisted on learning that the petition from Matanzas had been badly received by the Captain General, and that he had expressed his disapprobation of any similar proceeding at the capital. The course taken by the Captain General in this subject has much increased the alarm of the judicious inhabitants of the island, and not without reason: for no sooner was it ascertained that no impediment would be thrown by the local authorities in the way of the illicit

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slave trade, than it began to be carried on, as might have been expected, with fresh vigor. It appears from a letter published in the Madrid Herald of the 21st of last February, under date of December 22d, 1843, from the Havana, that at that time not less than ten thousand blacks of the Lucumi nation—the most courageous and warlike in Africa—were expected every day to arrive in Cuba.

General O'Donnell, who is new to the business, may have been led into error by the false representations of the planters and slave traders, who affect to consider the continuance of the trade as necessary to the agriculture of the island, and rather beneficial than otherwise to the blacks themselves. Whatever his intentions may have been, the fact that he protects the trade is but too certain, and has been made already a subject of remark in the British Parliament. On the 6th of March, a member of the Cabinet, in answering a question addressed to him in the House of Commons respecting the decline of the British trade with Brazil, took the opportunity to render justice to General Valdez for the manly vigor which he had shown in suppressing the contraband slave trade; and, at the same time, to express his regret that this officer had been removed, and another appointed, who had immediately returned to the former plan of connivance.

It is true that General Valdez, who is a person of the most honorable and disinterested character, refused to receive the payment that had been made by the slave traders to preceding Governors: but it is not true that he displayed much vigor in his efforts to suppress the trade. A great many blacks were imported during his administration, at first, with some attempt at secresy, but, afterwards, with the usual freedom, and with increased profits to the slave traders, who were now relieved from the customary tax of half an ounce ($8) for each slave. In short, the slave traders and the planters succeeded, between them, in removing the Governor's scruples, and managed the business in their own way.

There was a time, no doubt, when it was erroneously supposed that the continuance of the trade was necessary to the agriculture of the Island, on the ground that white men could not work in our climate. The deputies from Cuba to the Cortes of 1812 and 1820 defended the trade against those who proposed that Spain should imitate the example set by England on this subject. The treaty of 1817 was regarded in Cuba as a public calamity, and was evaded without scruple. Such was the demand for slaves, and the consequent increase in the importation, that half Africa seemed to be pouring into Cuba; nor was any considerable check put upon this constantly rising flood either by the concession of the right of search to the British cruisers, in the treaty of 1835—though carried into effect by them with great vigilance—or by the proceedings of the Mixed Commission at the Havana; or even by the alarm recently excited by the singularly indiscreet conduct of the British Consul, Turnbull, an avowed Abolitionist. The slave traders—inspired by the expectation of making 300 per cent. on their capital—carried on the trade, in spite of all opposition, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. The planters, equally eager for gain, overlooked all consequences in the hope of making as much more out of their estates. In 1832, an intelligent and patriotic native of the island (Saco) foretold, with singular sagacity, the dangers that would ensue from this excessive increase of the black population, in an essay published in the *Cuba Review*. He was rewarded for his trouble by an order of exile, and he has never been permitted to return to the island. The journal in which the article appeared was suppressed.

Since that time sad experience has considerably changed the public opinion upon this subject. In addition to the dangers regularly incident to a slaveholding country, as such, the continual intervention of the British government, and the moral influence of the ideas of emancipation which they have propagated by example and precept through the whole West Indian archipelago, has thrown in among us a new element of disorder. Insurrections have become more frequent, and have assumed a more alarming character. Instead of being prompted, as they formerly were, by the accidental severity of some overseer of whom the blacks wished to rid themselves, they are now the result of a settled conviction in the slaves of their own rights and those of their race.

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In the months of February, March, April and September, 1841, memorials were addressed by the principal corporations of the island through the captain-general to the proper department at Madrid:—the two first on the occasion of a rumor which was then in circulation, that the Spanish government was negotiating a treaty with England for the emancipation of the blacks in Cuba: and the two last in compliance with the royal order of June 25th of that year, requiring from the corporations in question an expression of their opinion respecting the proposed treaty. These documents, which are doubtless preserved in the archives at Madrid, prove at once the strong indisposition of these corporations to the immediate emancipation of the slaves, and their anxiety to effect the suppression of the contraband slave-trade.

The Royal Association for Improvement (*Junta de Fomento*), composed of respectable merchants and wealthy planters, under the Presidency of the present Intendant, Count de Villa-Nueva, concludes with praying that "the Government will take such measures as they deem expedient and suitable to the national honor for the immediate cessation of the trade." They add, with evident propriety and consistency, the request, that "measures may also be taken for the introduction of white laborers, so extensive as to include native Spaniards and foreigners of all countries,—that the execution of these measures may be entrusted to the corporations most interested in the public improvement,—and that the expenses which they may occasion, should be paid, in preference to any other claims, and out of the revenues of the island."

The Chamber of Commerce, consisting of wealthy merchants, natives of the peninsula, express themselves as follows:—"Let the Government, without waiting for any foreign intervention, cut off once for all, and for ever, the contraband trade in slaves, which is still carried on in open defiance of the treaties with England and the laws of the land."

The municipality of the Havana is still more explicit: and it is worthy of remark, that the captain-general is President *ex officio*, of this body, which never acts without his approbation. "The public tranquillity," says the address of the municipality, "demands the entire abolition of the slave-trade. It is a matter of vital interest to the inhabitants of Cuba, that the number of colored persons should not be increased. The laws and a solemn treaty with England have already prohibited the continuance of the trade; and although it may be reasonably suspected, that the philanthropy which was alleged on the part of England, as the motive of proposing this measure, may have had its origin, in part at least, in jealousy of the prosperity of the colonies of other nations, and a wish to relieve those of England from the competition with them,—yet the inhabitants of Cuba will never defend a trade so objectionable under every point of view. If treaties have been violated, and an illicit traffic in slaves permitted, these abuses must be checked. Those who have committed them are, however, not inhabitants of the island; nor is it just, that citizens of Cuba should suffer punishment in their persons or property for the crimes of others,—crimes committed, not unfrequently, under the false impression that an augmentation of the number of slaves strengthens the bond of dependence which connects the colony with the mother country. This dependence is in no danger, so long as the existing elements of order are preserved, and the security of property maintained: it is in no danger, provided the enlightened government of Spain will afford us the necessary protection. If we have already resisted the temptations to a struggle for independence presented by the example and the suggestions of other colonies,—if we have shed our blood in defence of this authority of the government, and furnished important financial supplies for use in the peninsula and in America,—we have a right to expect that full confidence will be placed in our tried fidelity,—from which nothing can ever induce us to deviate but the case, which must be supposed impossible, when we shall be compelled to submit to the irresistible mandate of the necessity of self-preservation. Let the slave-trade, then, be abolished for ever."

It is impossible to speak with more distinctness and good sense upon this great subject. The memorials just alluded to must have been received a

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Madrid before November of the same year, and it might reasonably have been expected, that the Government, on recurring to the subject, would have taken them into consideration. Two years after, however, on the 2d of June, 1843, General Valdez received from the Department of State, a Royal order, issued on the 20th of March, in consequence of a request from the British Ambassador at Madrid, directing the General to appoint a Commission from the planters and merchants of the island, who should be instructed to prepare the plan of a law for the punishment of such persons as might be found guilty of violating the slave trade treaties. The preamble to this order is worthy of remark, and is as follows: "Whereas, the treaty of 1835 is supplementary to that of 1817, and whereas, both have for their object to prevent the trade in slaves, *whose labor is so necessary to the cultivation, wealth and prosperity of the island,* therefore," &c. The body of the order breathes a similar spirit of protection to the trade—confounding the former condition of the island, when it was supposed that the blacks were mere laboring machines, and the whites incapable of cultivating a tropical soil, with the present state of things, in which these supposed machines are giving pretty significant proofs that they are men, and men not without some notions of liberty, and in which the planters and the whole population would gladly sacrifice the profit to be obtained by any further importation of blacks, to the care for their own safety, even were it not as it is, already certain that the climate of Cuba is as favorable to the natives of the Canaries and Spain, as that of Valencia or Andalusia.

General Valdez, during his subsequent stay on the island, omitted to give effect to this order; but on the 8th of last January, General O'Donnell communicated it to several of the planters, and organized the commission for which it provides. What the result will be may be readily conjectured, from the character of one of the Commissioners, who is precisely the person that has been most extensively engaged in the slave trade before and since the conclusion of the treaties, a wealthy, and, in other respects, very estimable citizen.

This is all that was done under the Provisional Regency of the Kingdom, for the preservation of the island of Cuba. Much might be expected from the present enlightened Captain General, if, without regard to the suggestions of persons interested in the continuance of the present abuses, he would apply his own strong sense to the examination of the slave question. He would then see what has already been suggested, and what I will now repeat in a more succinct form:

1. That the measure most urgently required by the present situation of the island of Cuba, is the immediate and effectual suppression of the contraband slave trade.

2. That this trade is the immediate and exclusive cause of the dissatisfaction with which England contemplates the progress of the island in wealth and prosperity; and the real motive which has induced her to make it the scene of unfriendly machinations.

3. That this trade has irritated the English abolitionists, who are constantly laboring, by lectures, books, pamphlets, associations, and the action of legislative bodies, to urge on the British Government to exact from ours, at all hazards, the fulfilment of the treaties.

4. That it was this trade which led the British Government to acknowledge the independence of the Republic of Hayti, and thus obtain a neighboring station, from which they might threaten us with injuries from which the imagination itself recoils with horror.

5. That the trade increases annually in the island the number of the natural enemies of the white race, which is now 60 per cent. on the whole population, whereas in 1775 it was only 44 per cent.

6. That the trade prevents the immigration of white persons into the island, notwithstanding the great encouragement given to such immigration by various royal orders to that effect, and this to such an extent that in the five years from 1835 to 1839, both included, there entered at the port of Havana only 35,203 white passengers, while there were landed clandestinely, on the coast of the western department only, not less than 63,000 slaves.

7. That the firmest courage must be shaken by a view of the condition of the countries in the immediate neighborhood of Cuba, all

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swarming with blacks, who seem to cover, as if with a dark and ominous cloud, the whole horizon :—in the east, the military republic of Hayti, with its population of 900,000, a regularly disciplined, though ill-provided army, and the transports of England at her disposal :—at the south, Jamaica with her 400,000, waiting only for a signal for their haughty liberators to cross the channel, and in a single night form a junction with the fugitives in the eastern mountains of Cuba :—in the Bahama group and the small islands on the coast of Cuba, 10,000 more, placed there by the policy of England to serve her future purposes, as her cruisers have successively released them from the power of the slave traders :—in the French islands, another mass of uncertain amount just about to be emancipated by the metropolitan government: and finally, at the north, on the vast continent with which we are brought into daily contact by the waters that embosom our shores, 3,000,000 of blacks —a multitude sufficient to strike with consternation, not only the island of Cuba, but the colossal confederacy of the United States, which they already fill with alarm, and must ultimately shake with tremendous convulsions.

8. And lastly, that the suppression of this trade is a matter of so much urgency, that were it even certain, as some persons erroneously suppose, that without a further importation of blacks, the progress of our agriculture would suffer some check, we should, without a moment's hesitation, make our election to live poor, if you will, but safe, rather than grasp, with insane cupidity, at an increase of wealth, at the risk of losing it immediately, and with it the whole island, by the effect of a general or partial insurrection of the slaves, like those that are now happening from one day to another.

The island of Cuba is the most important colony which has ever been possessed by any European nation, with the exceptions of Peru and Mexico. It is now the most important belonging to Spain, and supplies the place of the vast western empire, over which she held dominion in other times. It furnishes a considerable item in the annual revenue of the government, and a market for the agricultural and other products of the Peninsula. It supplies seamen for the merchant ships, which form the natural nucleus of the royal navy ; and it is the best station for exercising influence on the political affairs of the Continent. England, France, and the United States all envy Spain the possession of a prize of so much value. Indeed, if the two first-named powerful nations are now disputing with each other so warmly the good graces of the paltry chief of Tahiti, how eager must they not be to include in their dominions this "bulwark of the western Indies," "Key to the Mexican Gulf," and "Guardian of the Bahama Channels," as Cuba is justly denominated in the old Spanish chronicles.

I would say then, in conclusion, that the constitutional government of Spain, now re-established on a legal basis by the Queen's attainment of her majority, is called upon by the strongest motives to provide for the security of this only remnant of our colonial empire :—that they ought not to rest satisfied with sending out to Cuba—as if it were another Oran or Ceuta—a simple military chieftain, ignorant and careless of his duty, who can only plunder and ruin the island, under pretence of governing it. A more rational system of administration should be adopted. The privilege of appearing in the Cortes by regularly authorized deputies, should be restored to the island, so that its interests, which are identical with those of Spain, should be fairly represented in the great council of the nation. A ministerial department should be instituted exclusively for colonial affairs, which might furnish, in conjunction with the deputies from the island, all the information that may be wanted by the Cortes and the council of ministers for the determination of questions relating to these countries. Finally, the island should be treated by Spain, as she has always treated her kingdoms and provinces in the Indies, from their first discovery and settlement up to the revolution which set aside the *Royal Statute*—that is to say, as an integral part of her territory; for it is but just, as Herrera remarks, "that being her offspring and her colonies, they should have the benefit of the same laws and customs that prevail in the Peninsula."

Paris, March 15th, 1844.

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MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In getting my books, I have been always solicitous of an ample margin; this not so much through any love of the thing in itself, however agreeable, as for the facility it affords me of pencilling suggested thoughts, agreements and differences of opinion, or brief critical comments in general. Where what I have to note is too much to be included within the narrow limits of a margin, I commit it to a slip of paper, and deposit it between the leaves; taking care to secure it by an imperceptible portion of gum tragacanth paste.

All this may be whim; it may be not only a very hackneyed, but a very idle practice;—yet I persist in it still; and it affords me pleasure; which is profit, in despite of Mr. Bentham with Mr. Mill on his back.

This making of notes, however, is by no means the making of mere *memoranda*—a custom which has its disadvantages, beyond doubt. "*Ce que je mets sur papier*," says Bernardin de St. Pierre, "*je remets de ma mémoire, et par consequence je l'oublie*;"—and, in fact, if you wish to forget anything upon the spot, make a note that this thing is to be remembered.

But the purely marginal jottings, done with no eye to the Memorandum Book, have a distinct complexion, and not only a distinct purpose, but none at all; this it is which imparts to them a value. They have a rank somewhat above the chance and desultory comments of literary chit-chat—for these latter are not unfrequently "talk for talk's sake," hurried out of the mouth; while the *marginalia* are deliberately pencilled, because the mind of the reader wishes to unburthen itself of a *thought*;—however flippant—however silly—however trivial—still a thought indeed, not merely a thing that might have been a thought in time, and under more favorable circumstances. In the *marginalia*, too, we talk only to ourselves; we therefore talk freshly—boldly—originally—with *abandonnement*—without conceit—much after the fashion of Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Sir William Temple, and the anatomical Burton, and that most logical analogist, Butler, and some other people of the old day, who were too full of their matter to have any room for their manner, which, being thus left out of question, was a capital manner, indeed,—a model of manners, with a richly marginalic air.

The circumscription of space, too, in these pencillings, has in it something more of advantage than of inconvenience. It compels us (whatever diffuseness of idea we may clandestinely entertain), into Montesquieu-ism, into Tacitus-ism (here I leave out of view the concluding portion of the "Annals")—or even into Carlyle-ism—a thing which, I have been told, is not to be confounded with your ordinary affectation and bad grammar. I say "bad grammar," through sheer obstinacy, because the grammarians (who should know better) insist upon it that I should not. But then grammar is not what these grammarians will have it; and, being merely the analysis of language, with the result of this analysis, must be good or bad just as the analyst is sage or silly—just as he is a Horne Tooke or a Cobbett.

But to our sheep. During a rainy afternoon, not long ago, being in a mood too listless for continuous study, I sought relief from *ennui* in dipping here and there, at random, among the volumes of my library—no very large one, certainly, but sufficiently miscellaneous; and, I flatter myself, not a little *recherché*.

Perhaps it was what the Germans call the "brain-scattering" humor of the moment; but, while the picturesqueness of the numerous pencil-scratches arrested my attention, their helter-skelter-iness of commentary amused me. I found myself at length, forming a wish that it had been some other hand than my own which had so bedevilled the books, and fancying that, in such case, I might have derived no inconsiderable pleasure from turning them over. From this the transition-thought (as Mr. Lyell, or Mr. Murchison, or Mr. Featherstonhaugh would have it) was natural enough:—there

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might be something even in *my* scribblings which, for the mere sake of scribbling, would have interest for others.

The main difficulty respected the mode of transferring the notes from the volumes—the context from the text—without detriment to that exceedingly frail fabric of intelligibility in which the context was imbedded. With all appliances to boot, with the printed pages at their back, the commentaries were too often like Dodona's oracles—or those of Lycophron Tenebrosus—or the essays of the pedant's pupils, in Quintillian, which were "necessarily excellent, since even he (the pedant) found it impossible to comprehend them:"—what, then, would become of it—this context—if transferred?—if translated? Would it not rather be *traduit* (traduced) which is the French synonym, or *overzezet* (turned topsy-turvy) which is the Dutch one?

I concluded, at length, to put extensive faith in the acumen and imagination of the reader:—this as a general rule. But, in some instances, where even faith would not remove mountains, there seemed no safer plan than so to re-model the note as to convey at least the ghost of a conception as to what it was all about. Where, for such conception, the text itself was absolutely necessary, I could quote it; where the title of the book commented upon was indispensable, I could name it. In short, like a novel-hero dilemma'd, I made up my mind "to be guided by circumstances," in default of more satisfactory rules of conduct.

As for the multitudinous opinion expressed in the subjoined *farrago*—as for my present assent to all, or dissent from any portion of it—as to the possibility of my having, in some instances, altered my mind—or as to the impossibility of my not having altered it often—these are points upon which I say nothing, because upon these there can be nothing cleverly said. It may be as well to observe, however, that just as the goodness of your true pun is in the direct ratio of its intolerability, so is nonsense the essential sense of the Marginal Note.

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Who has seen the "*Velschii Ruzname Naurus*," of the Oriental Literature?

—

There is about the same difference between the epicyclic lines of Shelley, *et id genus*, and the epics of Hell-Fire Montgomery, as between the notes of a flute and those of the gong at Astor's. In the one class the vibrations are unequal but melodious; the other have regularity enough, but no great deal of music, and a trifle too much of the *tintamarre*.

—

The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Butler) once asked Dean Tucker whether he did not think that communities went mad *en masse*, now and then, just as individuals, individually. The thing need not have been questioned. Were not the Abderians seized, all at once, with the Euripides lunacy, during which they ran about the streets declaiming the plays of the poet? And now here is the great tweedle-dee tweedle-dum paroxysm—the uproar about Pusey. If England and America are not lunatic now—at this very moment—then I have never seen such a thing as a March hare.

—

I believe that Hannibal passed into Italy over the Pennine Alps; and if Livy were living now, I could demonstrate this fact even to him.

—

In a rail-road car, I once sat face to face with him—or, rather, προσωπον κατα προσωπον, as the Septuagint have it; for he had a tooth-ache, and three-fourths of his visage were buried in a red handkerchief. Of what remained visible, an eighth, I thought, represented his "Gaieties," and an eighth his "Gravities." The only author I ever met who looked even the fourth of his own book.

—

But for the shame of the thing, there are few of the so-called apophthegms which would not avow themselves epigrams outright. They have it in common with the fencing-school foils, that we can make no real use of any part of them but the point, while this we can never get fairly at, on account of a little flat profundity-button.

—

I make no exception, even in Dante's favor:—the only thing well said of Purgatory, is that a man may go farther and fare worse.

—

When music affects us to tears,

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seemingly causeless, we weep *not*, as Gravina supposes, from "excess of pleasure;" but through excess of an impatient, petulant sorrow that, as mere mortals, we are as yet in no condition to banquet upon those supernal ecstasies of which the music affords us merely a suggestive and indefinite glimpse.

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One of the most deliberate *tricks* of Voltaire, is where he renders, by

Soyez justes, mortels, et ne craignez qu'un Dieu,

the words of Phlegyas, who cries out, in Hell,

Dicite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere *Divos*.

He gives the line this twist, by way of showing that the ancients worshipped *one* God. He is endeavoring to deny that the idea of the Unity of God originated with the Jews.

—

The theorizers on Government, who pretend always to "begin with the beginning," commence with Man in what they call his *natural* state—the savage. What right have they to suppose this his natural state? Man's chief idiosyncrasy being reason, it follows that his savage condition—his condition of action *without* reason—is his *un*natural state. The more he reasons, the nearer he approaches the position to which this chief idiosyncrasy irresistibly impels him; and not until he attains this position with exactitude—not until his reason has exhausted itself for his improvement—not until he has stepped upon the highest pinnacle of civilisation—will his *natural* state be ultimately reached, or thoroughly determined.

—

Our literature is infested with a swarm of just such little people as this—creatures who succeed in creating for themselves an absolutely positive reputation, by mere dint of the continuity and perpetuality of their appeals to the public—which is permitted, not for a single instant, to rid itself of these *Epizoæ*, or to get their pretensions out of sight.

We cannot, then, regard the microscopical works of the *animalculæ* in question, as simple nothings; for they produce, as I say, a positive effect, and no multiplication of zeros will result in unity—but as negative quantities—as less than nothings; since — into — will give +.

—

I cannot imagine why it is that Harrison Ainsworth so be-peppers his books with *his own* dog Latin and pig Greek—unless, indeed, he agrees with Encyclopædia Chambers, that nonsense sounds worse in English than in any other language.

—

These gentlemen, in attempting the dash of Carlyle, get only as far as the luminousness of Plutarch, who begins the life of Demetrius Poliorcetes with an account of his death, and informs us that the hero could not have been as tall as his father, for the simple reason that his father, after all, was only his uncle.

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To persist in calling these places "*Magdalen* Asylums" is absurd, and worse. We have no reason to believe that Mary Magdalen ever sinned as supposed, or that she is the person alluded to in the seventh chapter of Luke. See *Macknight's* "*Harmony*"—p. 201—part 2.

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Nothing, to the true taste, is so offensive as mere hyperism. In Germany *wohlgeborn* is a loftier title than *edelgeborn;* and, in Greece, the thrice-victorious at the Olympic games could claim a statue of the size of life, while he who had conquered but once was entitled *only* to a colossal.

—

The author* speaks of music like a man, and not like a fiddler. This is something—and that he has imagination is more. But the philosophy of music is beyond his depth, and of its physics he, unquestionably, has no conception. By the way—of all the so-called scientific musicians, how many may we suppose cognizant of the acoustic facts and mathematical deductions? To be sure, my acquaintance with eminent composers is quite limited—but I have never met *one* who did not stare and say "yes," "no," "hum!" "ha!" "eh?" when I mentioned the

* H. F. Chorley, author of "Conti."

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mechanism of the *Sirène*, or made allusion to the oval vibrations at right angles.

His mind*—granting him any—is essentially at home in little statistics, twaddling gossip, and maudlin commentaries, fashioned to look profound; but the idea of his attempting original composition, is fantastic.

All the Bridgewater treatises have failed in noticing *the great* idiosyncrasy in the Divine system of adaptation:—that idiosyncrasy which stamps the adaptation as Divine, in distinction from that which is the work of merely human constructiveness. I speak of the complete *mutuality* of adaptation. For example:—in human constructions, a particular cause has a particular effect—a particular purpose brings about a particular object; but we see no reciprocity. The effect does not re-act upon the cause—the object does not change relations with the purpose. In Divine constructions, the object is either object or purpose, as we choose to regard it, while the purpose is either purpose or object; so that we can never (abstractedly, without concretion—without reference to facts of the moment) decide which is which. For secondary example:—In polar climates, the human frame, to maintain its due caloric, requires, for combustion in the stomach, the most highly ammoniac food, such as train oil. Again:—In polar climates, the sole food afforded man is the oil of abundant seals and whales. Now, whether is oil at hand because imperatively demanded?—or whether is it the only thing demanded because the only thing to be obtained? It is impossible to say. There is an absolute reciprocity of adaptation, for which we seek in vain among the works of man.

The Bridgewater tractists may have avoided this point, on account of its apparent tendency to overthrow the idea of *cause* in general—consequently of a First Cause—of God. But it is more probable that they have failed to perceive what no one preceding them, has, to my knowledge, perceived.

The pleasure which we derive from any exertion of human ingenuity, is in the direct ratio of the *approach* to this species of reciprocity between cause and effect. In the construction of *plot*, for example, in fictitious literature, we should aim at so arranging the points, or incidents, that we cannot distinctly see, in respect to any one of them, whether that one depends from any one other, or upholds it. In this sense, of course, perfection of plot is unattainable *in fact*,—because Man is the constructor. The plots of God are perfect. The Universe is a Plot of God.

"Who does not turn with absolute contempt from the rings, and gems, and filters, and caves, and genii of Eastern Tales, as from the trinkets of a toy-shop, and the trumpery of a raree-show?"—*Lectures on Literature, by James Montgomery.*

This is mere "pride and arrogance, and the evil way, and the froward mouth." Or, perhaps, so monstrous a proposition (querily put) springs rather from the thickness of the Montgomery skull, which is the Montgomery predominant source of error—the Eidolon of the Den wherein grovel the Montgomery curs.

The serious (minor) compositions of Dickens have been lost in the blaze of his comic reputation. One of the most forcible things ever written, is a short story of his, called "The Black Veil;" a strangely pathetic and richly imaginative production, replete with the loftiest tragic power.

P. S. Mr. Dickens' head must puzzle the phrenologists. The organs of ideality are small; and the conclusion of the "Curiosity-Shop" is more truly ideal (in both phrenological senses) than any composition of equal length in the English language.

A good book;† but, for a modern book, too abundant in faded philosophy. Here is an argument spoken of as not proving the permanency of the solar system, "because we know, from the more sure word of prophecy, that it is not destined to last for ever." Who believes—whether layman or priest—that the prophecies in question have any farther allusion than to the orb of

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* Grant—author of "Walks and Wanderings."

† *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons"—By the Rev. Henry Duncan—Ruthwell, Scotland.*

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the Earth—or, more strictly, to the crust of the orb?

—

It ranks* with "Armstrong on Health"—the "Botanic Garden"—the "*Connubia Florum.*" Such works should conciliate the Utilitarians. I think I will set about a lyric on the Quadrature of Curves—or the Arithmetic of Infinites. Cotes, however, supplies me a ready-made title, in his "Harmonia Mensurarum," and there is no reason why I should not be *fluent*, at least, upon the fluents of fractional expressions.

—

In general, we should not be over-scrupulous about niceties of phrase, when the matter in hand is a dunce to be gibbeted. Speak out!—or the person may not understand you. He is to be hung? Then hang him by all means; but make no bow when you mean no obeisance, and eschew the droll delicacy of the Clown in the Play—"Be so good, sir, as to rise and be put to death."

This is the only true principle among men. Where the gentler sex is concerned, there seems but one course for the critic—speak if you can commend—be silent, if not; for a woman will never be brought to admit a non-identity between herself and her book, and "a well-bred man" says, justly, that excellent old English moralist, James Puckle, in his 'Gray Cap for a Green Head,' "a well-bred man will never *give himself the liberty* to speak ill of women."

—

It† is the half-profound, half-silly, and wholly irrational composition of a very clever, very ignorant, and laughably impudent fellow—"*ingeniosus puer, sed insignis nebulo,*" as the Jesuits have well described Crébillon.

—

The Germans, just now, are afflicted with the epidemic of history-writing—the same *cacöethes* which Lucian tells us beset his countrymen upon the discomfiture of Severianus in Armenia, followed by the triumphs in Parthia.

—

The sense of high birth is a moral force whose value the democrats, albeit compact of mathematics, are never in condition to calculate. "*Pour savoir ce qu'est Dieu,*" says the Baron de Bielfeld, "*il faut être Dieu même.*"

—

I have seen many computations respecting the greatest amount of erudition attainable by an individual in his life-time; but these computations are falsely based, and fall infinitely beneath the truth. It is true that, *in general*, we retain, we remember to available purpose, scarcely one-hundredth part of what we read; yet there *are* minds which not only retain *all* receipts, but keep them at compound interest for ever. Again:—were every man supposed to read *out*, he could read, of course, very little, even in half a century; for, in such case, each individual word must be dwelt upon in some degree. But, in reading to ourselves, at the ordinary rate of what is called "light reading," we scarcely *touch* one word in ten. And, even physically considered, knowledge breeds knowledge, as gold gold; for he who reads really much, finds his capacity to read increase in geometrical ratio. The *helluo librorum* will but glance at the page which detains the ordinary reader some minutes; and the difference in the absolute *reading* (its uses considered), will be in favor of the *helluo*, who will have winnowed the matter of which the *tyro* mumbled both the seeds and the chaff. A deep-rooted and strictly continuous habit of reading will, with certain classes of intellect, result in an instinctive and seemingly magnetic appreciation of a thing written; and now the student reads by pages just as other men by words. Long years to come, with a careful analysis of the mental process, may even render this species of appreciation a common thing. It may be taught in the schools of our descendants of the tenth or twentieth generation. It may become the method of the mob of the eleventh or twenty-first. And should these matters come to pass—as they will—there will be in them no more legitimate cause for wonder than there is, to-day, in the marvel that, syllable by syllable, men comprehend what, letter by letter, I now trace upon this page.

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* "*Poem de Ponderibus et Mensuris,*" *by Quintus Rhemnius Fannius Palæmon.* Its conclusion:—found by Denis, in the Imperial Library, Vienna.

† "The Age of Reason."

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Is it not a law that need has a tendency to engender the thing needed?

—

"The nature of the soil may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are caused by subterraneous fires, and such fires are kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur. But their times and effects appear to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher will discreetly abstain from the prediction of earthquakes, till he has counted the drops of water that silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and measured the caverns which increase by resistance the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without assigning the cause, history will distinguish the period in which these calamitous events have been rare or frequent, and will observe, that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the reign of Justinian. Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes, of such duration, that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days: of such extent, that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe, or at least of the Roman Empire."

These sentences may be regarded as a full synopsis of the *style* of Gibbon—a style which has been more frequently commended than almost any other in the world.

He had three hobbies which he rode to the death (stuffed puppets as they were), and which he kept in condition by the continual sacrifice of all that is valuable in language. These hobbies were *Dignity—Modulation—Laconism.*

Dignity is all very well; and history demands it for its general tone; but the being everlastingly on stilts is not only troublesome and awkward, but dangerous. He who falls *en homme ordinaire*—from the mere slipping of his feet—is usually an object of sympathy; but all men tumble now and then, and this tumbling from high sticks is sure to provoke laughter.

His modulation, however, is *always* ridiculous; for it is so uniform, so continuous, and so jauntily kept up, that we almost fancy the writer waltzing to his words.

With him, to speak lucidly was a far less merit than to speak smoothly and curtly. There is a way in which, through the nature of language itself, we may often save a few words by talking backwards; and this is, therefore, a favorite practice with Gibbon. Observe the sentence commencing—"The nature of the soil." The thought expressed could scarcely be more condensed in expression; but, for the sake of this condensation, he renders the idea difficult of comprehension, by subverting the natural order of a simple proposition, and placing a deduction before that from which it is deduced. An ordinary man would have thus written: "As these formidable concussions arise from subterranean fires kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur, we may judge of the degree in which any region is exposed to earthquake by the presence or absence of these minerals." My sentence has forty words—that of Gibbon thirty-six; but the first cannot fail of being instantly comprehended, while the latter it may be necessary to re-read.

The mere *terseness* of this historian is, however, grossly over-rated. In general, he conveys an idea (although darkly) in fewer words than others of his time; but a habit of straight thinking that rejects non-essentials, will enable any one to say, for example, what was intended above, *both* more briefly and more distinctly. He must abandon, of course, "formidable concussions" and things of that kind.

E. g.—"The sulphur and iron of any region express its liability to earthquake; their fermentation being its cause."

Here are seventeen words in place of the thirty-six; and these seventeen convey the full force of all that it was necessary to say. Such concision is, nevertheless, an error, and, so far as respects the true object of concision, is a *bull*. The most truly concise style is that which most rapidly transmits the sense. What, then, should be said of the concision of Carlyle?—that those are mad who admire a brevity which squanders our time for the purpose of economizing our printing-ink and paper.

Observe, now, the passage above quoted, commencing—"Each year is marked." What is it the historian wishes to say? Not, certainly, that every year was marked by earthquakes that shook Constantinople forty days, and extended to all regions of the earth!—yet this only is the legitimate

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interpretation. The earthquakes are said to be of *such* duration that Constantinople, &c., and these earthquakes (of *such* duration) were experienced every year. But this is a pure Gibbonism—an original one; no man ever so rhodomontaded before. He means to say merely that the earthquakes were of unusual duration and extent—the duration of one being so long that Constantinople shook for forty days, and the extent of another being so wide as to include the whole empire of Rome—"by which," he adds *sotto voce*—"by which insulated facts the reader may estimate that *average* duration and extent of which I speak"—a thing the reader will find it difficult to do.

A few years hence—and should any one compose a mock-heroic in the manner of the "Decline and Fall," the poem will be torn to pieces by the critics, *instanter*, as an unwarrantable exaggeration of the principles of the burlesque.

—

I never knew a man, of so really decent understanding, so full of bigotry as B——d. Had he supreme power, and were he not, now and then, to meet an odd volume sufficiently silly to confirm his prejudices, there can be no doubt that he would burn every book in the world as an *auto da fe*.

—

It is a deeply consequential error this:—the assumption that we, being men, will, in general, be *deliberately* true. The greater amount of truth is impulsively uttered; thus the greater amount is spoken, not written. But, in examining the historic material, we leave these considerations out of sight. We dote upon records, which, in the main, lie; while we discard the *Kabbala*, which, properly interpreted, do *not*.

—

"The right angle of light's incidence produces a sound upon one of the Egyptian pyramids." This assertion, thus expressed, I have encountered somewhere—probably in one of the Notes to Apollonius. It is nonsense, I suppose,—but it will not do to speak hastily.

The orange ray of the spectrum and the buzz of the gnat (which never rises above the second A), affect me with nearly similar sensations. In hearing the gnat, I perceive the color. In perceiving the color, I seem to hear the gnat.

Here the vibrations of the tympanum caused by the wings of the fly, may, from within, induce abnormal vibrations of the retina, similar to those which the orange ray induces, normally, from without. By *similar*, I do not mean of equal rapidity—this would be folly;—but each millionth undulation, for example, of the retina, might accord with one of the tympanum; and I doubt whether this would not be sufficient for the effect.

—

How many good books suffer neglect through the inefficiency of their beginnings! It is far better that we commence irregularly—immethodically—than that we fail to arrest attention; but the two points, method and pungency, may always be combined. At all risks, let there be a few vivid sentences *imprimis*, by way of the electric bell to the telegraph.

—

I am far more than half serious in all that I have ever said about manuscript, as affording indication of character.

The general proposition is unquestionable—that the mental qualities will have *a tendency* to impress the MS. The difficulty lies in the comparison of this tendency, as a mathematical *force*, with the forces of the various disturbing influences of mere circumstance. But—given a man's purely physical biography, with his MS., and the moral biography may be deduced.

The actual practical extent to which these ideas are applicable, is not sufficiently understood. For my own part, I by no means shrink from acknowledging that I act, hourly, upon estimates of character derived from chirography. The estimates, however, upon which I *depend*, are chiefly negative. For example; a man may not always be a man of genius, or a man of taste, or a man of firmness, or a man of any other quality, because he writes this hand or that; but then there are MSS. which no man of firmness, or of taste, or of genius, ever did, will, or can write.

There is a certain species of hand-writing,—and a quite "elegant" one it is, too; although I hesitate to describe it, because it is written by some two or three thousand of my personal friends,—a species of hand-writing, I say, which seems to appertain, as if by prescriptive right, to the blockhead, and which has been employed by every donkey since the days of Cadmus,—has

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been penned by every gander since first a grey goose yielded a pen.

Now, were any one to write me a letter in this MS., requiring me to involve myself with its inditer in any enterprise of moment and of risk, it would be only on the score of the commonest civility that I would condescend to send him a reply.

—

These gentlemen may be permitted to exist yet a very little while, since it is "the darling public" who are amused, without knowing at what—

Mais moi, qui, dans le fond, sais bien ce que jen crois,
Qui compte, tous les jours, leurs larcins par mes doigts,
Je ris—etc.

Fellows who really have no *right*—some individuals *have*—to purloin the property of their predecessors. Mere buzzards; or, in default of that, mere *pechingzies*—the species of creatures that they tell us of in the Persian Compendiums of Natural History—animals very soft and very sly, with ears of such length that, while one answers for a bed, the other is all that is necessary for a counterpane. A race of dolts—literary Cacuses, whose clumsily stolen bulls never fail of leaving behind them ample evidence of having been dragged into the thief-den by the tail.

—

In the Hebrew MS. (172 Prov. 18–22) after the word אשה, is an erasure, by which we lose some three or four letters. Could these letters have been anything but טובה? The version reads, "whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing;" a proposition which cannot be mathematically demonstrated. By the insertion suggested, it would be converted into "whoso findeth a *good* wife, findeth," &c.—an axiom which the most rigorous caviller for precision would make no scruple of admitting into Euclid.

—

"His imagery* is by no means destitute of merit, but is directed by an exceedingly coarse and vulgar taste."

Quite true; but the remark would have come with a better grace from almost any other lips than those of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Dr. Lardner thus explains the apparent difference in size between the setting and the noon-day sun:—

"Various solutions have been proposed, and the one generally adopted by scientific minds I will now endeavor to make plain, though I fear its nature is so remarkable that I am not sure I shall make it intelligible. But here it is. If the sun, or another celestial object, be near the horizon, and I direct my attention to it, I see between me and that object a vast number of objects upon the face of the earth, as trees, houses, mountains, the magnitudes and positions of which are familiar to me. These supply the mind with a means of estimating the size of the object at which I am looking. I know that it is much farther off than these; and yet the sun appears, perhaps, much larger than the top of the intervening mountain. I thus compare the sun, by a process of the mind so subtle and instinctive that I am unconscious of it, with the objects which I see between it and myself, and I conclude that it is much larger than those. Well, the same sun rises to the meridian; then there are no intervening objects whereby to space off the distance, as it were, and thus form a comparative estimate of its size. . . . . I am prepared to be met by the objection, that this is *an extremely learned and metaphysical reason. So it is.*"

How funny are the ideas which some persons entertain about learning, and especially about metaphysics!

Whatever may be the *foible* of Dr. Lardner's intellect, its *forte* is certainly not originality; and however ill *put* are his explanations of the phenomenon in question, he is to be blamed for them only inasmuch as he adopted them, without examination, from others. The same thing is said, very nearly in the same way, by all who have previously touched the subject. And the reasoning is not only of very partial force, but wretchedly urged. If the sun appears larger than usual merely because we compare its size with mountains and other large objects upon the earth (objects, the Doctor might have said, *beyond* all which we see the sun), how happens it that the illusion does not cease when we see the orb setting where no such objects are visible? for example, on the horizon of a smooth sea.

* That of John Randolph.

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We appreciate *time* by events alone. For this reason we define time (somewhat improperly) as the succession of events; but the fact itself—that events are our sole means of appreciating time—tends to the engendering of the erroneous idea that events *are* time—that the more numerous the events, the longer the time; and the converse. This erroneous idea there can be no doubt that we should absolutely entertain in all cases, but for our practical means of correcting the impression—such as clocks, and the movements of the heavenly bodies—whose revolutions, after all, we only *assume* to be regular.

Space is precisely analogous with time. By objects alone we estimate space; and we might as rationally define it "the succession of objects," as time "the succession of events." But, as before.—The fact, that we have no other means of estimating space than objects afford us—tends to the false idea that objects *are* space—that the more numerous the objects the greater the space; and the converse; and this erroneous impression we should receive in all cases, but for our practical means of correcting it—such as yard measures, and other conventional measures, which resolve themselves, ultimately, into certain natural standards, such as barley-corns, which, after all, we only *assume* to be regular.

The mind can form *some* conception of the distance (however vast) between the sun and Uranus, because there are ten objects which (mentally) intervene—the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Ceres, Vesta, Juno, Pallas, Jupiter, and Saturn. These objects serve as stepping-stones to the mind; which, nevertheless, is utterly lost in the attempt at establishing a notion of the interval between Uranus and Sirius; *lost*—yet, clearly, not on account of the mere *distance* (for why should we not conceive the abstract idea of the distance, two miles, as readily as that of the distance, one?) but, simply, because between Uranus and Sirius we happen to know that all is void. And, from what I have already said, it follows that this vacuity—this want of intervening points—will cause *to fall short* of the truth any notion we shall endeavor to form. In fact, having once passed the limits of absolutely practical admeasurement, by means of intervening objects, our ideas of distances are *one;* they have no variation. Thus, in truth, we think of the interval between Uranus and Sirius precisely as of that between Saturn and Uranus, or of that between any one planet and its immediate neighbor. We fancy, indeed, that we form different conceptions of the different intervals; but we mistake the mathematical knowledge of the fact of the interval, for an idea of the interval itself.

It is the principle for which I contend that instinctively leads the artist, in painting what he technically calls distances, to introduce a succession of objects between the "distance" and the foreground. Here it will be said that the intention is the perspective comparison of *the size* of the objects. Several men, for example, are painted, one beyond the other, and it is the diminution of apparent size by which the idea of distance is conveyed;—this, I say, will be asserted. But here is mere confusion of the two notions of abstract and comparative distance. By this process of diminishing figures, we are, it is true, made to feel that one is at a *greater* distance than the other, but the idea we thence glean of abstract distance, is gleaned altogether from the mere succession of the figures, independently of magnitude. To prove this, let the men be painted out, and *rocks* put in their stead. A rock may be of any size. The farthest may be, for all we know, really, and not merely optically, the least. The effect of absolute distance will remain untouched, and the sole result will be confusion of idea respecting the comparative distances from rock to rock. But the thing is clear: if the artist's intention is really, as supposed, to convey the notion of great distance by perspective comparison of the *size* of men at different intervals, we must, at least, grant that he puts himself to unnecessary trouble in the multiplication of his men. *Two* would answer all the purposes of two thousand;—one in the foreground as a standard, and one in the background, of a size corresponding with the artist's conception of the distance.

In looking at the setting sun in a mountainous region, or with a city between the eye and the orb, we see it of a certain seeming magnitude, and we do not perceive that this seeming

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magnitude varies when we look at the same sun setting on the horizon of the ocean. In either case we have a chain of objects by which to appreciate a certain distance;—in the former case this chain is formed of mountains and towers—in the latter, of ripples, or specks of foam; but the result does not present any difference. In each case we get the same idea of the distance, and consequently of the size. This size we have in our mind when we look at the sun in his meridian place; but this distance we have *not*—for no objects intervene. That is to say, the distance falls short, while the size remains. The consequence is, that, to accord with the diminished distance, the mind instantaneously diminishes the size. The conversed experiment gives, of course, a conversed result.

Dr. Lardner's "so it is" is amusing to say no more. In general, the mere natural philosophers have the same exaggerated notions of the perplexity of metaphysics. And, perhaps, it is this *looming* of the latter science which has brought about the vulgar derivation of its name from the supposed superiority to physics—as if *μετα φυσικα* had the force of *super* physicam. The fact is, that Aristotle's Treatise on Morals is next in succession to his Book on Physics, and this he supposes the rational order of study. His Ethics, therefore, commence with the words Μετα τα φυσικα—whence we take the word, Metaphysics.

That Leibnitz, who was fond of interweaving even his mathematical, with ethical speculations, making a medley rather to be wondered at than understood—that *he* made no attempt at amending the common explanation of the difference in the sun's apparent size—this, perhaps, is more really a matter for marvel than that Dr. Lardner should look upon the common explanation as only too "learned" and too "metaphysical" for an audience in Yankee-Land.

—

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is an adage for ever in the mouth of the uninformed, who quote it as they would quote any other proposition which to them seemed paradoxical—for the mere point of the paradox. People who read never quote the saying, because sheer truisms are never worth quoting. A friend of mine once read me a long poem on the planet Saturn. He was a man of genius, but his lines were a failure of course, since the realities of the planet, detailed in the most prosaic language, put to shame and quite overwhelm all the accessory fancies of the poet.

If, however, the solemn adage in question should ever stand in need of support, here is a book will support it.*

—

Some richly imaginative thoughts, skilfully expressed, might be culled from this poem†—which, as a whole, is nothing worth. E. g—

And I can hear the click of that old gate,
As once again, amid the chirping yard,
I see the summer rooms open and dark.

and—

—How calm the night moves on! and yet,
In the dark morrow that behind those hills
Lies sleeping now, who knows what horror lurks?

—

The great force derivable from repetition of particular vowel sounds in verse, is little understood, or quite overlooked, even by those versifiers who dwell most upon what is commonly called "alliteration." How richly melodious are these lines of Milton's "Comus!"

May thy *brim*med waves for *this*
Their full *tri*bute never *miss*—
May thy *billows roll ashore*
The beryl and the *golden ore!*

—and yet it seems especially singular that, with the full and noble volume of the long ō resounding in his ears, the poet should have written, in the last line, "beryl," when he might so well have written "onyx."

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* *Ramaseand; or a Vocabulary of the peculiar language used by the Thugs, with an Introduction and Appendix descriptive of the System pursued by that Fraternity, and of the Measures adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its Suppression.—Calcutta,* 1836.

† "*The Bride of Fort Edward.*"—Anonymous.

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Moore has been noted for the number and appositeness, as well as novelty of his similes; and the renown thus acquired is indicial of his deficiency in that noble merit—the noblest of all. No poet thus distinguished was ever richly ideal. Pope and Cowper are instances. Direct similes are of too palpably artificial a character to be artistical. An artist will always contrive to weave his illustrations into the metaphorical form.

Moore has a peculiar facility in prosaically telling a poetical story. By this I mean that he preserves the tone and method of arrangement of a prose relation, and thus obtains great advantage, in important points, over his more stilted compeers. His is no poetical *style* (such as the French have—a distinct style for a distinct purpose) but an easy and ordinary prose manner, which rejects the licenses because it does not require them, and is merely *ornamented into poetry*. By means of this manner he is enabled to encounter, effectually, details which would baffle any other versifier of the day; and at which Lamartine would stand aghast. In "Alciphron" we see this exemplified. Here the minute and perplexed incidents of the descent into the pyramid, are detailed, in verse, with quite as much precision and intelligibility as could be attained even by the coolest prose of Mr. Jeremy Bentham.

Moore has vivacity; verbal and constructive dexterity; a musical ear not sufficiently cultivated; a vivid fancy; an epigrammatic spirit; and a fine taste—*as far as it goes*.

—

The defenders of this pitiable stuff, uphold it on the ground of its truthfulness. Taking the thesis into question, this truthfulness is the one overwhelming defect. An original idea that—to laud the accuracy with which the stone is hurled that knocks us in the head. A little less accuracy might have left us more brains. And here are critics absolutely commending the truthfulness with which only the disagreeable is conveyed! In my view, if an artist must paint deçayed cheeses, his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeses as possible.

(*To be continued.*)

INFATUATION.

(A poem spoken before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, October 9, 1844.)

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Once on a time, as sacred books proclaim,
There lived a man, and Adam was his name.
Without a peer, sublimely lone he stood
In that fair world, pronounced by Wisdom "good."
Monarch of all, the last of all was he;
Lo! Earth was there and firmament and sea,
Bird, beast, fish, insect, perfect in their kind,
The myriad subjects of a single mind.
Vast was his empire, uncontrolled his reign,
Lake, river, forest, mountain, desert, plain;
Wide wastes of sand beneath the torrid zone,
And isles of ice where Winter builds his throne,—
All, though unseen, were his by Heaven's command,
The first, great bounty of his Maker's hand.
But not the best: the best was yet to rise;
A softer star was glimmering in the skies,
A fresher flower was waiting to be born,
A sweeter warbler to salute the morn.

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Thoughts, wishes, dreams, emotions, passions came,
And lit the altar of his soul with flame.
Asleep, at noontide, in a bower he lay,
Screened by thick foliage from the gaze of day;
Asleep indeed, if that be sleep which knows
The joy alone, the rapture of repose.
The air was hushed, and leaves no motion made
Enough to break the picture of the shade;
No note was heard, no murmur broke the spell,
And deeper slumber upon ADAM fell.

He woke. What vision bright before him glowed!
Through every vein what new enchantment flowed!
What strange, sweet odors filled the purple air!
The earth how green, the firmament how fair!
How with exulting billows laughed the sea!
How danced the winds in sportive, tameless glee!
He knew not why—but sense and being seemed
Lost in the dawn of tender light, that beamed
Like the soft plumes of seraphs, far descried
When lovely day in lovelier evening died.
Oh, let me not with feeble pencil trace
Thy form, most beauteous of thy charming race!
Thou had'st a bard, transcendant and alone,
And now a sculptor claims thee for his own.
By MILTON's muse endeared, thy beauties live
In all the fame that Poetry can give;
The marble soon shall equal charms receive,
And POWERS, Heaven-guided, mould a second EVE.

The happy hours, those blissful shades among,
Of our first parents, minstrels oft have sung;
Bright eyes have wept, and blooming cheeks grown pale
O'er the sad pages, that record the tale
Of curs'd INFATUATION, which we call,
With gallantry unequalled, "*Adam's* fall."
Enough that he from realms of peace was hurled,
Enough that he, unhappy, lost a world,
Lost through temptation, that by woman came—
Why should the sin she prompted bear his name?
'Tis ever thus; the captive hugs his chain,
The exile welcomes years of grief and pain,
The conqu'ror yields the empire he has won,
By woman's wiles enchanted and undone.
Yet, by parenthesis, I'm free to say
I would have been like Adam every way;
If Eve had erred I would have shared her lot,
And ate the apple, had she asked or not.
Of her bereft, could Eden Eden prove,
Or that be Paradise, which was not Love?

Infatuation! In the serpent's hiss
First came thy power to banish human bliss,
To blind the spirit, dim the spark divine,
And quench the lamp that burns on Reason's shrine.
Thou wast in oldest time the bane, the ban,
As thou art now the plague and pest of man.
From thee spring num'rous evils, great and small;
Youth bows to thee, and manhood heeds thy call;
Maids, wives and widows hasten to obey
Thy voice, and follow where thou point'st the way;

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No matter what thy words, or where they lead,
Crowds rush tumultuous, and fresh crowds succeed.
Thus have I seen beneath an open sky,
Long lines of geese on balanced pinions fly;
Thus have I seen along a broken plain
Full flocks of sheep run on with might and main;
Thus down the rock, that stays a river's course,
Leap the piled waters with resistless force!

Infatuation governs all by turns;
Now here, now there with various force it burns;
Fanned by the gale of popular desire,
Nothing can stop its swiftly speeding fire;
But far and wide the flames increasing roll,
Rejoice in havoc and defy control.
So on some boundless prairie of the West,
When constant suns have scorched its fertile breast,
The hunter sees, perchance at day's decline
When moon and stars in Heaven's soft azure shine,
Wherever he directs his wondering gaze,
The rank, tall grass for miles and miles ablaze:
Wave dashed on wave, the conflagration roars—
A sea of fire with no surrounding shores.
Secure in distance, and the gale behind,
The hunter gazes with a placid mind;
Amazed to think how one small spark that came
From one small flint should fill the sky with flame.
Thus looking on, with philosophic thought,
The ruin oft by human folly wrought,
The humble bard may venture to deplore
The same wild scenes enacted o'er and o'er,
And find enough, however scant and stale,
"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Oh, Philadelphia! how dost thou disgrace
The name and creed of that peace-loving race,
That band of quiet, mild and silent men,
Who date their ancestry from William Penn!
What drops of pity must the patriot shed,
When he remembers thy illustrious dead;
When he laments thy violated trust,
Sees Riot trample on their honored dust,
And Rapine stalk with Carnage hand in hand
Among the tombs that consecrate the land!
That land, once called the refuge of mankind,
Home of the poor and haven of the mind,
Where, free as air, th' oppressed of all the earth
Might come like children to a father's hearth.

Tell me, my countrymen, are these the times
Boasted in speeches, magnified in rhymes,
By turgid period and bombastic phrase
Extolled so boldly on our festal days,
When flaunting flags delight the truant eye,
And bellowing guns with loud declaimers vie?
And is this Freedom? Such the welcome given
To those who leave for our their native heaven?
Stranger! return upon your ocean-path;
Here sweeps the flood of patriotic wrath,
Here glow again the sacrilegious fires,
Here justice droops and charity expires,

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Sometimes a convent, then a church we burn,
The pleasant pastimes that our children learn;
Anon we slay—to quell these horrid scenes—
An end that surely sanctifies the means.
Talk not of injuries! God's statutes still
From Sinai thundered, bid "Thou shalt not kill:"
And tell me not that all beneath our clime,
Share not the blame, though guiltless of the crime;
We are Americans by bond and blood,
From Georgia's swamps to Niagara's flood,
Let Riot rage or credit fail and die,
We all are culprits in the general eye;
The voice of Europe no distinction draws,
A common country makes a common cause.
The deeds and laws of States alike unknown,
To foreign powers the Union speaks alone.
If Pennsylvania refuse to pay,
If Indiana name a distant day,
If Illinois and Mississippi act
Like brave defaulters and confess the fact,
If Maryland suspend on either shore
Her legal payments twenty years and more;
Not they, except in name, the judgment bear,
Though on their brows the slavish brand they wear.
We are accused: *our* fame and honor lost,
And they are swindlers at the country's cost.

When will ye learn, oh ye of little faith,
That crime is worse than indigence and death;
And honesty, high theme of Franklin's pen,
Best policy of nations as of men!
Oh, sage philosopher! could'st thou behold
How changed are all things since the days of old,
When from the clouds thou drew'st the lightning down
And to "poor Richard" gave a wide renown,—
How would amazement seize thee at the word,
Repudiation; first by mortals heard
In this our age, our country, and confessed
The stamp, the blazon of Columbia's crest!
Unfold what counsel would be thine to-day:
What would "Poor Richard" to his readers say?
"Oh, friends! oh, brothers! hear a patriot's prayer:
Pay all your debts, no matter how or where;
Pay all your debts, leave not a penny more
Than keeps starvation from a beggar's door:
Sell your best coat, your hat, your shoes beside—
Bare-footed honesty may strut in pride,
Bare-headed worth maintains a special grace,
Credit in weeds shames villainy in lace;
And he who pays is always he who rules,
For debt make slaves as idleness makes fools."
Thus might the voice which Senates heard with awe,
In homely lines proclaim a righteous law.

Not bankrupt states, exulting o'er the spoil
Of riches stolen from the hoards of toil;
Not men, grown furious as the fagot's blaze
Unveiled Christ's symbols to their fiend-like gaze;
Not these alone, with all their awful train,
Inspire deep dread and infinite disdain.
The star of empire on its westward sway
On mobs and murder pours its tranquil ray.

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False prophets preach and false believers throng
In fanes accursed by violence and wrong.
Still from the South Disunion's impious hand
Flings a dark banner to the startled land;
Waves o'er the altar which our fathers raised
The same red torch, that long in terror blazed,
Till he who ruled, a monarch save in name,
Denounced the treason and suppressed the flame.

From themes unpleasing turn we to survey,
The giddy dance that makes the people gay.
Thus after tragedy the farce appears,
And ladies smile through overflowing tears:
So smile the rainbows cloud and vapor through,
So smile the roses 'mid their tears of dew.
Now o'er the world Infatuation sheds
The Polka's poppies into vacant heads.
Asleep, the Polka seems a tangled maze,
Awake, the Polka prompts a hundred lays;
Polka the halls, the balls, the calls resound,
And Polka skims, Camilla-like, the ground.
Where roves in groves the nonsense-doating nymph,
And dreams by streams as smooth and clear as lymph,
Some leaf as brief as woman's love flits by,
And brings dear Polka to her pensive eye.
So in swift circles, backward forward wheeled,
The Polka's graces were at first revealed:
Perchance some posture-master—happy man!
From Nature drew the Polka's pretty plan.
Oh, wondrous figure, exquisitely stepp'd!
In thee who would not, should not be adept?
Oh, Polka! Polka! wherefore art thou so?
I've asked ten dandies, and the ten "don't know."
How wide, how absolute must be thy reign,
When ancient dames attempt the task in vain,
When modern Shatterlys affect the beau,
And feebly twirl the paralytic toe!
Oblivious, wrapped in thy delicious trance,
See girls, turned Bayadères, complete the dance;
With grace so witching and with art so true,
Ellsler might pale with envy at the view,
Cerito languish, Taglioni sigh,
To think their nights of triumph fleeted by.
The modest waltz, by Byron fitly sung,
And coyly tripping from Anacreon's tongue,
Yields to the Polka's more bewildering arts,
That weave new meshes over female hearts.
We want a poet—can our clime afford
One pure as Little, moral as my Lord?
Oh, spar'd by satire, let the passions play,
While music speaks what language cannot say!
I love to see, where Fashion holds her court,
Such harmless freedom with such pleasant sport;
It shows a proper disregard of forms,
The brain it softens and the bosom warms,
And this great truth in striking light reveals—
Where wit is absent, heads succumb to heels.

My muse, discursive, takes a bolder spring,
And "transcendental" soars on lofty wing.
Let none imagine I shall dare to spend
My little strength upon so vast an end,

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As in my language, plain as Quaker suit,
To mock the style which strikes creation mute!
An humbler purpose, lowlier aim be mine
Than in fantastic, borrowed robes to shine.
Mine be the task in simple, Saxon verse,
With some faint meaning, clear, direct and terse,
Though friends of cant and foes of fact despise,
An old acquaintance to apostrophize.
Hail, Understanding! in the days of yore
More prized than jewels and the golden ore;
By book-men deemed essential as the light
That guides a traveller through the gloom of night.
With Common-sense 'twas thy delight to go,
Inseparably linked for weal and wo.
To faithful wife no husband ever clung
More close than ye, ere license loosed the tongue,
And taught the pen more antics to perform
Than zig-zag lightnings in a summer storm.
Bound by no stronger ligament are they,
Who prompted, Bulwer, thy prodigious lay!
As well might Eng from Chang attempt to fly,
Or Chang to Eng for ever bid "good by,"
As thou, bright Understanding, to dispense
With thy twin-brother, sober Common-sense.
And are there any, who have dared to part
Those joined by Nature and attached by Art?
Reply, ye mystics, minions of the moon;
Strayers in shadow, while it yet is noon:
Loiterers in labyrinths without a clew;
Perverse explorers after something new!
Ye modern oracles, whose leaves contain
More hopeless riddles for the reeling brain,
Than ever Sybil in her maddest mood,
Tossed on the wind that waved her sacred wood,
Arise, ye dim, and mutter answers odd,
Vouchsafe, like Burleigh, a mysterious nod;
Declare how sense and sound were first divorced,
How to strange jargon language can be forced;
How tropes and similes can be displayed
Like scenes on teacups, landscapes on brocade—
So mixed and jumbled, twisted and turned round,
Trees elbow seas, and sky contends with ground;
And how, in sentences as long as psalms,
Meaning is rare as motion is in calms.
Oh, for a blast from some rude Borean pen,
Mover of mighty, scourge of little men,
To drive afar these leaden clouds once more,
Melt the mirage, reveal the solid shore,
And over all Wit's sparkling sunshine pour!
Yet sport, ye gossamers, your little day;
Soon shall ye float like morning-mist away.
From nothing, nothing comes, to nothing goes;
The air's thin bubbles vanish whence they rose,
And on Fame's sea full many a silken sail
Buoyed by the zephyr, perish in the gale.
But let the critic, loving justice, tell
Of that respect these mystics merit well:
Wild, vain, abstruse, deluded as they are,
The cause of virtue never do they mar:
They are not scoffers, skeptics and profane,
Give law no scandal nor religion pain,—

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Unlike—transcendent praise!—a brainless set,
Existing, scribbling, ranting, tippling yet!
Pale as their paper, poetasters ply
The furious pen and roll the ecstatic eye,
String rhymes regardless of rhetoric rules,
Call Dryden dull, and Pope and Cowper fools:
At one short sitting dash you off a score
Of love-lorn lyrics, quicker far than Moore;
Or in a mournful, misanthropic mood,
Sing songs of shirts, like any one but Hood.
Oh silly creatures! strive to imitate
As best ye may the vices of the great:
Act noble Byron in the wild desire
To catch some spark of his immortal fire;
In vacant musing waste the hours of light,
And drink for inspiration all the night.
Not yours the triumph, but the shame and sin,
Ye lack the genius, though ye have the gin.

Not such wast thou—of such the pioneer;
Oh minstrel sweet, to hope and memory dear!
England's best poet, Scotland's favorite son,
Thy wreath was gained before thy race was run.
While in the present thine the past appeared,
Familiar hands to thee a temple reared;
And fame and honors, that await the dead,
Enshrined thy name and crowned thy living head.
Now thou art gone, and o'er thy sculptured tomb
Britannia bids her freshest field-flowers bloom.
By thee her battles to the end of time
Are borne victorious in undying rhyme,
And till her navies sink to rise no more,
Thy lyre shall sound from stormy Elsinore.
Hope has more pleasures since by thee embalmed,
And with thy aid more human sorrows calmed:
Oh tender poet! let me trust and pray
That on thy soul she poured a heavenly ray,
And, never more by Time's horizon sealed
The realms thy fancy painted all revealed!
Thy vale, fair Wyoming, when Campbell died,
Was clothed in Summer's garniture of pride:
On thy soft bosom should his rest be made,
And thou enfold him with thy deepest shade,
Where Gertrude oft by Susquehannah strayed.
Put on thy robes of sober Autumn brown,
And mourn the hand that planted thy renown,
And let thy birds in saddest strains bewail
Thy poet dead,—beloved, romantic vale!

Infatuation! not by them alone
Who twattle, *write*, is thy dominion shown;
For some who speak and many more who hear,
More mad than they who write and read appear.
Those quiet keep, while these go rambling round
Peripatetics on no classic ground.
Precarious livelihoods some people earn,
By teaching them from whom they ought to learn;
Pedlars of knowledge, far and wide they roam
To barter wares unsaleable at home.
Such tricks of trade, such puffing and such tales
Might vend a cargo full of damaged bales;

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What waste of breath, what lavishment of sins
On one poor pack of calico and pins!
I do not marvel that to sell they try,
I only wonder that the people buy.
The partial law a license oft requires
From vagrant cheats, whom walking never tires,
And stops the driver of a store on wheels,
Who, uncommissioned, in bright buckets deals;
Then why, oh why, should wisdom-pedlars be
To vex the town and scour the country free?
Is sense less precious grown than tin and tape?
Must hucksters qualify and dolts escape?
Forbid it, ye wise Solons of the land!—
Who statutes frame that few can understand,
Who use more words to signify your will
Than self-styled doctors when they laud a pill,
And twist up phrases into snarl and plot
Till every sentence is a Gordian knot,
That none can loose, naught sever but the paw
Of some great Alexander of the law!
Forbid this throng, this wandering at large,
Of private beggars at the public charge,
And make it penal for a man to prate
To crowded houses with an empty pate.

Chief, master Mesmer, for thy sleepy band
Should whips be placed in every honest hand—
Not to chastise, but quicken, lest like those,
Who sink on snow, their misty brains be froze.
Such constant foldings of the hands to sleep,
But half-alive these modern sluggards keep;
And if somnambulists must ofttimes fall,
Unless awakened by a touch or call;
'Tis passing strange that some, more stupid grown,
Permitted are to go about alone.
Great faith it needs, according to my view,
To trust in that which never could be true.
"From Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike."
A truth immortal in immortal verse,
That boys at school unceasingly rehearse,
But which grown men infatuated spurn
As only fit for boys at school to learn.
Laugh not or sneer, my magnetising friend,
I reverence things I cannot comprehend,
But doubt if Nature interrupts her rules
To foster charlatans and tickle fools.

And yet what marvel? why the age upbraid?
Since men, like maidens, love to be betrayed;
And quacks, like rakes, though all the world detest,
Are always praised, rewarded and caress'd.
Rich Vice, full-feasted, looks with scorn behind
On poor Integrity, who has not dined;
Great Humbug, driving, deigns not to salute
Ignoble Science, trudging home on foot:
By Doctor Dunce is Doctor Skill reviled,
And Doctor Jackson yields to Doctor Wild:
But let the bard, who quackery makes his song,
Record this fact—her triumphs are not long;

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To-day's best remedy to-morrow dreads,
And some new Mesmer turns unsteady heads.
Here one with doses infinitely small,
And here another with no dose at all;
Here one avers that naught but brandy's sure,
And here another puffs the water-cure.
Thus, through all grades, Infatuation sways
The minds of people in a thousand ways,
Which more white sheets would sully, fitly told,
Than the whole earth, not filled with books, would hold.

All ages have their rages, more or less,
As changeful quite as creeds or modes of dress.
From that far period of chivalric power,
When Arms and Hearts alternate ruled the hour;
When kings and princes sought the Holy Land,
And priests and hermits led a countless band;
When knights with levell'd lances rode amain,
And scores of squires and serving men were slain;
When Beauty then and then Devotion held
The world in thrall and fierce barbarians quelled;
When gay Romance the dullest brain could lure,
And every lady owned a troubadour—
Down to our day when talents toil for pelf
And no man fights for any but himself;
When cold Reality at Fiction mocks,
And Fancy gives no title, save to stocks;
Have all mankind and mankind's better half
Bowed, like the Hebrews, to some temporal calf;
And whether low or lofty, meek or bold,
Adored that most which most was made of gold.
Gold! matched with thee, what necromancer's arts
Can arms subdue or conquer human hearts?
What folly, madness could the serpent tempt
From which thy myriad creatures are exempt?
What rage so absolute has ruled so long,
The praise of satire and the scorn of song?
More than Ambition's are thy victims told.
And Beauty bends, Devotion stoops to gold.
In the great city, full of whirl and din,
The shrine of pleasure and the haunt of sin,
Where Pity meets along the crowded way
Precocious guilt and premature decay,
And tottering eld with looks profanely cast
On bare-faced lewdness sweeping boldly past;
Nobs with sleek steeds and snobs on meagre nags,
Pride robed in silks and Poverty in rags—
So throng the money-changers, faith believes
That prayer's high houses are but dens of thieves.
From all Gold's votaries let me picture one,
No object new or strange beneath the sun.

Yon pallid wretch, on whose bent brows you trace
The frequent furrows Time can ne'er efface,
Though by no hand of his implanted there,
The slave of avarice and low-thoughted care,
Lives in a dungeon, drags a weary chain,
And fills his mind to basest use of gain.
Wears Heaven to him the aspect of a friend?
Do vernal airs one consolation lend?

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Comes genial warmth in summer's early hours?
Breathes there a blessing from autumnal flowers?
Joy to his heart and vigor to his frame
Brings generous winter with its fireside flame?
To him alike all seasons and their change,
Few are his wishes, circumscribed their range;
Through the dull streets indifferent he goes
When the breeze rustles and the tempest blows.
Intent on gold, bright planets in the skies
Seem but half-eagles to his yellow eyes,
And light of poetry his soul esteems
Except when silver mingles with its streams.
Old ere his prime, existence wastes away,
His full-fed lamp emits a flickering ray,
His once firm footsteps falter near the tomb,
Disease proclaims and Death will seal his doom.
Some day when Fortune shall her favors send,
And brilliant luck on long-laid schemes attend,
When gained the prize for which his peace was sold,
He shall depart and leave his life in gold.

A little longer, to adorn my page,
Keep we the curtain up from Mammon's stage.
Some slight amusement may the scene afford—
Who looks for learning at a broker's board?
Behold a table, not with dainties spread,
But ink and pens and slender books instead.
Who are the guests? Some fifty eager souls,
Whom money charms and lust of gain controls.
How cool and calm and yet how swift the flow
Of conversation through that cyphering row!
They question figures, figures they reply—
Those crooked falsehoods, which they say can't lie.
Who would imagine thousands lost and won—
This fool enriched and that wise man undone;
By words so rapid that their sense is lost
To all save those who count and feel the cost?
Not in your halls, FRASCATI, hung with lights
Enough to decorate Cimmerian nights,
Were sums more dazzling staked on red and black,
Or the wierd pictures of a pasteboard pack.
There dukes with princes, lords with generals played,
Here "bulls" and "bears" promiscuous are arrayed.
The former spent no fortunes but their own,
The latter lavish others wealth alone.
What's theirs is no one's: bubbles are not rocks,
The synonym for money is not stocks:
The high to-day to-morrow are the low,
They come like shadows and like shadows go.
Blown by a breath, the foam-bells upward soar,
A breath assails them and they touch the shore;
Perchance again to float, again to sink,
And draw more venturers to Ruin's brink.
Sweet Speculation! CIRCE never gave
A cup so charming as thy gilded wave;
Her's transformed men, the legend says, to swine,
But larger animals are made by thine.
And well they know who at the table sit,
Where practised cunning takes the place of wit,
Thy power to dupe, infatuate, and win
All who have that the vulgar christen "tin;"

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Therefore to thee are full libations poured,
Oh fickle goddess, at the broker's board!
Yet health to enterprise, success to trade,
Increase to wealth by honest labor made;
Long may the merchant prosper—Commerce keep
Her well-won empire o'er the subject deep.
Long through the land may Thrift by Science led,
New powers develope and new bounties spread.
Blessed be the hand which, liberal as the sun,
Dispenses gold by toil and talents won.
Stewards of Heaven, a few there are who live
As if to get were poorer than to give,
And more true joy in acts of goodness lay
Than all that Fortune gives or takes away.
Though, like all poets, gold I worship not,
And may not keep the little I have got,
Lest through my heart the rust of avarice eat
And then Fame's garland money seem more sweet,
In riches fairly gained and nobly spent,
I see the longed-for prize of life—content;
Albeit the jewel we should covet most
Is Faith's and Virtue's, never Fortune's boast.
Though purse-proud cits with smoothly-shaven chins,
Who think one Sunday blots a week of sins,
And patriot-sharpers, who on bargains dote,
And sell their honor as they sell their vote,
The humble man who strives to earn his bread,
The way his hands can best subserve his head,
May, with a hearty generous hate abjure—
He scorns to shout "the rich against the poor."
Insensate cry! by demagogues and knaves,
Pealed in the ears of drones and dupes and slaves,
And echoed back with all a rabble's rage,
To shame Republics and disgrace our age.

But cease, oh Muse, nor thus the theme prolong,
Lest it turn out a sermon, not a song;
Lest gentle sleep descend with downy plume
And seal at once fair eyelids and my doom.
Let folly flourish! *vive la bagatelle!*
Be blithe and merry—for the world is well;
To make it better why should I aspire?
Frail is my harp and faint its master's fire.
Not his the skill to wake the slumbering mind,
Establish truth and meliorate mankind.
To softer melodies that harp attune,
With sweeter visions let my soul commune;
And best of all this strain shall be confess'd;
The last new nonsense ever is the best.

There is a madness, gentle as the dove,
Well-known to poets, and they call it *love*.
What tales are told to celebrate its power!
What dainty ditties sung in hall and bower!
What vows! what sighs! darts, duels, and despair,
Embroidered slippers, rings, and locks of hair!
What tears of pleasure and what smiles of grief!
Short pain too lasting and long joy too brief.
Though dark yet fair, a falsehood yet a truth;
Old age's retrospect and hope of youth;

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Was ever so much compassed in a word?
Was ever contradiction more absurd?
By love inspired, fops take a world of pains
To prove that bodies may exist *sans* brains;
The former so fantastically dress'd,
The latter's absence may be safely guess'd.
By love inspired, the scholar quits his books
And finds no learning save in Mary's looks;
How bright the lesson! how sublime the style!
Greek in her glance and Sanscrit in her smile.
By love inspired, the cautious man of trade
Starts from his store and seeks the solemn shade,
Leaves his large ledger and his "pots" and "pearls"
For pic-nic parties and gregarious girls.
By love inspired, the statesman yields the power
Of ruling Senates for a lady's bower;
Great minds are swayed by passion more than fame—
NAPOLEON felt and TYLER feels the flame.
Controlling Love! breathes there a man or boy,
Who has not known thy dear delicious joy,
Who has not writ on paper or on slate
Rhymes without reason, letters without date,
In praise of her his darling that must be,
"The fair, the soft, the inexpressive she."
If there be any let him speak at once,
"For him have I offended:" he's a dunce;
A heartless wretch to fly thy witching toils,
And "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."
No music thrills his cold, insensate soul,
For him in vain the stars harmonious roll;
For him in vain the earth puts on her bloom,
The Spring's gay garland decks cold Winter's tomb:
The fountains flash, the frolic zephyrs play,
And budding trees assume their green array.
In vain for him, bright in her cloudless noon,
Sails the slow splendor of the harvest moon,
While the hushed landscape in the mellow beam
Sleeps as if conscious of some happy dream.
For him the roses, lovers of sweet dews,
In vain their perfumes through the air diffuse
And show the diamonds in their velvet laps:
At him in vain the ladies set their caps.
He lives that lonely, miserable thing
Of whom to frighten babies nurses sing—
A horrid, hateful, selfish, naughty one,
Whom matrons scandalize and misses shun,
Whom no brief nights console for tedious days—
Y'clept *a bachelor*, in common phrase.
Yet I would not with recreant jest profane,
Controlling Love, thy undisputed reign!
What though to me thou hast no favor shown,
I kneel still suppliant at thy air-built throne:
Thy smile's sweet promise single men resign,
But when life's ray itself has ceased to shine.
Oh charming folly! beautiful deceit!
Making rough smooth, dim clear, and bitter sweet;
If thou'rt a phantom still let me pursue—
A fond delusion, still believe thee true.

A word to close this free, discursive strain:
Not uttered idly, nor, I trust, in vain.

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Your summons hither promptly I obeyed,
A little frightened, though not quite dismayed.
What! write a poem in these rail-road times!
Supply young merchants with domestic rhymes!
A home-made poem! made "to order" too,
And for Bostonians! ah, what can I do!
Boston, the mart of literature and taste,
Where diamonds pass for diamonds, paste is paste!
Have they no bards, no minstrels of their own?
Has SPRAGUE's high Muse to ampler regions flown?
Is the pure lyre of DANA silent still?
Flows not "Hyperion" at his own sweet will?
Where murmurs now the harp of Palestine?
And where that gay, enchanting verse of thine,
My early friend, whose faintest numbers fell
Like the clear cadence of a deep-toned bell?
Still, slave and conqueror of science, roams,
Where duty calls the brilliant mind of HOLMES.
Hard is the task to sing, when music fails
In such a nest of tuneful nightingales.
I thought of LESSING's fable and applied
Its humbling moral to my soaring pride:
Let me not tempt too bold, too grand a strain;
Plain is my subject, let my verse be plain.
Resolving thus, my rapid pen sped o'er—
Like some light barque that seeks a grateful shore—
A sea of paper: has it sought in vain,
Attendant friends, that grateful shore to gain?
Has my swift voyage a single care beguiled?
On my recital has one kind lip smiled?
If any so "infatuated" be,
Right welcome is such guerdon unto me.
For such what songster would not dare to try
His feeble wings beneath a favoring sky?

Yet, let me not deny a loftier aim
Than that which I have ventured thus to claim.
If by my aid *one* truth has triumphed, then
Contented I resign thee, faithful pen!
Go to thy rest where never hand of mine
Can trace with thee the rude yet earnest line.
Go to thy rest with all that thou hast done—
Sallies of sense, experiments at fun,
Songs, sonnets, satires, epigrams and plays,
The sport of younger, toil of older days—
Let none survive! (a most superfluous prayer)
But all thy quiet, thy oblivion share.
Then, unregardful of your praise or blame,
Ye critic-tribe, ye almoners of fame!
I shall beg nothing of your mercy, save
A name unnoted and a peaceful grave.
Enough for me if partial love can tell
"He worshipped truth and kept her precepts well;
The false he hated, though the world received,
And in imposture never once believed;
He loved his kind, yet sought the love of few,
And valued old opinions more than new."
Be this my epitaph: from man I ask
This meed alone for life's laborious task;
No further recompense, no more renown,
No greener laurel and no brighter crown.

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MRS. BUTLER'S POEMS.*

The announcement which appeared in the Democratic Review some months since, of a forthcoming volume of poems from the pen of Mrs. Butler, must have been received with unusual pleasure, if our own individual satisfaction may be in any degree the criterion of the general feeling. To the many thousands, who, a few years since, thronged nightly to witness her personification of "the beings of the mind," when, in the dramatic world she was the brightest particular star of two hemispheres, she must be the embodied ideal of all those beautiful creations of the fancy that float indistinctly before us like dreams or shadows, till we recognize them incarnate in some living, breathing form; and all those we imagine, to whom she is such a bright remembrance, would look for her re-appearance in another department of art, with great interest and high expectations. The few short poems that appeared in the newspapers and magazines while she was yet Miss Kemble, evinced the possession of great undeveloped power, of a depth of sentiment and force of expression that gave promise of a fuller and more perfect utterance. The volume has at length appeared, and to judge again from our individual experience, it has disappointed in a measure the high anticipations that were formed of it. That the interval of nine or ten years since the last appearance of Mrs. Butler before the public has not been passed in sacrificing to Apollo at the foot of Parnassus, is evident from the small number of the poems contained in the volume, many of which have already appeared in print. Indeed, if we are rightly informed, Pegasus has been put in harness, or what amounts to the same thing, into the hands of the publishers, to secure the welfare of a certain favorite *wingless* steed, and not with any premeditated intention of obtaining immortality. But whatever comes before the public in the questionable shape of a book, critics will speak to, without regard to the causes of its appearance. The poems themselves would confirm the suggestion that they were published without any strict reference to literary reputation, and show evidently that the fair author had not the fear of criticism before her eyes. Many of them are the mere ebullitions of her lively fancy, thrown off apparently without the slightest effort, and never re-touched afterwards. The perfection of a work of art is, doubtless, in concealing the labor that produces it; but there is a carelessness, or too evident absence of effort, that is perhaps more objectionable than the appearance of labor itself.

Many of these poems, and some among the best of them, are disfigured by lines either a syllable too long or too short, or by an unmusical arrangement of words; all of which could have been remedied by a stroke of the pen, and it is the certainty of the author's ability that renders the sin the less pardonable in the eyes of criticism. For instance, in the otherwise exquisite sonnet, "I would I knew the lady of thy heart," one line by being eleven syllables long instead of ten, and most inharmoniously arranged, mars the beauty of the whole fourteen: and in the next poem two lines are introduced of an entirely different measure, which destroy the harmony of the whole piece. The frequent recurrence of such small faults constitutes one great fault of the volume.

Another defect in many of these poems is their want of completeness, and an absence of the constructive faculty or artistic power. Too many of them are mere fragments; brilliant, to be sure, and promising well for the wealth of the mine from whence they came,—but still fragments. In the midst of a train of pleasant fancies we turn over the leaf, and lo! she has changed her theme to begin a new strain, and to end it in the same way, leaving us with taste excited but unsatisfied. But to conclude our ungracious task of fault-finding in as few words as possible, our impression is that Mrs. Butler has not done herself justice in the volume before us; but it

* Poems, by Frances Anne Butler. Philadelphia. Cary & Hart. 1844.

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is valuable inasmuch as it intimates what she could do, an' if she would. It is but the fluttering of wings that should soar to the empyrean.

Many of these poems indicate the intensest love of nature, a spirit exquisitely susceptible to her beautiful scenes and voices, and that finds repose as on a mother's bosom, in her leafy solitudes, by the rushing streams and the sounding ocean. Opening the volume at random we come upon this sonnet:

"Cover me with your everlasting arms,
Ye guardian giants of this solitude!
From the ill sight of men, and from the rude,
Tumultuous din of yon wild world's alarms!
Oh, knit your mighty limbs around, above,
And close me in for ever! Let me dwell
With the wood-spirits, in the darkest cell
That ever with your verdant locks ye wove.
The air is full of countless voices, joined
In one eternal hymn; the whispering wind,
The shuddering leaves, the hidden water-springs,
The work-song of the bees, whose honey'd wings
Hang in the golden tresses of the lime,
Or buried lie in purple beds of thyme."

And in the following invocation we seem to breathe the air of a summer noon in the shade of the overhanging trees:

Spirit of all sweet sounds! who in mid air
Sittest enthroned, vouchsafe to hear my prayer!
Let all those instruments of music sweet,
That in great nature's hymn bear burthen meet,
Sing round this mossy pillow, where my head
From the bright noon-tide sky is sheltered.
Thou southern wind! wave, wave thy od'rous wings,
O'er your smooth channels gush, ye crystal springs!
Ye laughing elves! that through the rustling corn
Run chattering; thou tawny-coated bee,
Who at thy honey-work sing'st drowsily;
And ye, oh ye! who greet the dewy morn
And fragrant even-tide with melody,
Ye wild-wood minstrels, sing my lullaby!"

The Poems entitled "Absence," and "The Prayer of a Lonely Heart," are two of the most perfect in the volume. The latter, a litany, which will wake a response in every lonely heart, we cannot forbear to extract.

THE PRAYER OF A LONELY HEART.

"I am alone—oh be thou near to me
Great God! from whom the meanest are not far:
Nor in presumption of the daring spirit
Striving to find the secrets of itself,
Make I my weeping prayer; in the deep want
Of utter loneliness, my God! I seek thee;
If the worm may creep up to thy fellowship,
Or dust, instinct with yearning, rise towards thee.
I have no fellow, Father! of my kind,
None that be kindred—none companion to me,
And the vast love, and harmony, and brotherhood
Of the dumb creatures thou hast made below me,
Vexes my soul with its own bitter lot.
Around me grow the trees, each by the other,
Innumerable leaves, each like the other,
Whisper and breathe, and live and move together.
Around me spring the flowers; each rosy cup
Hath sisters leaning their fair cheeks against it.
The birds fly all above me; not alone,
But coupled in free fellowship, or mustering
A joyous band, sweeping in companies
The wide blue fields between the clouds; the clouds
Troop in society, each on the other
Shedding, like sympathy, reflected light.
The waves, a multitude, together run
To the great breast of the receiving sea;
Nothing but hath its kind, its company,
Oh God! save I alone! then, let me come,
Good Father! to thy feet, when even as now,
Tears, that no human hand is near to wipe,
O'erbrim mine eyes; oh wipe them, thou, my Father!
When in my heart the stores of its affections
Piled up unused, locked fast, are like to burst
The fleshly casket, that may not contain them,
Let me come nigh to thee;—accept them thou,
Dear Father! Fount of Love! Compassionate God!
When in my spirit burns the fire, the power,
That have made men utter the words of angels,

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And none are near to bid me speak and live:
Hearken, oh Father! maker of my spirit!
God of my soul, to thee I will outpour
The hymns resounding through my troubled mind;
The sighs and sorrows of my lonely heart,
The tears and weeping of my weary eyes:
Be thou my fellow, glorious, gracious God,
And fit me for such fellowship with thee."

The poems of passion scattered through the volume are energetic and eloquent, as the expression of all true passion must be, and glowing as the songs of Sappho. They are the utterances of womanhood in her strength of heart, that can suffer and break, but that can never sentimentalize. Indeed in this department of poetry Mrs. Butler has but one equal among the poets of her sex, a countrywoman of her own, celebrated not less for her beauty and her genius than for her misfortunes. To express the poetry of passion, a certain force is necessary that few women possess. Mrs. Hemans, one of the most beautiful and gifted spirits of the age, is the poet of sentiment rather than of passion; and the same may be said of almost all the female writers of the present day. To give expression to the perception of objective beauty or the beauty of sentiment, is by no means a rare power, and requires far less force of original genius than the expression of the poetry of passion. The artist, in the one case, fashions the statue, perfect, it may be, in its proportions, and beautiful in its repose; in the other, like Pygmalion, he wrestles with the gods till he inspires his creation with the Promethean fire. To illustrate Mrs. Butler's power of giving expression to passion, we extract the following poems:

"A PROMISE.

"In the dark, lonely night,
When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men,
False love! in thy despite
I will be with thee then.
When in the world of dreams thy spirit strays,
Seeking in vain the peace it finds not here,
Thou shalt be led back to thine early days
Of life and love, and I will meet thee there.
I'll come to thee with the bright sunny brow
That was hope's throne before I met with thee;
And then I'll show thee how 'tis furrowed now,
By the untimely age of misery.
I'll speak to thee in the fond joyous tone
That wooed thee still with love's impassioned spell,
And then I'll teach thee how I've learned to moan,
Since last upon thine ear its accents fell.
I'll come to thee in all youth's brightest power,
As on that day thy faith to mine was plighted,
And then I'll tell thee, weary hour by hour,
How that spring's early promise has been blighted.
I'll tell thee of the long, long, dreary years
That have pass'd o'er me hopeless, objectless;
My loathsome days, my nights of burning tears,
My wild despair, my utter loneliness,
My heart-sick dreams upon my feverish bed,
My fearful longing to be with the dead;
In the dark, lonely night,
When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men,
False love! in thy despite
We two shall meet again!"

"TO ——.

"Is it a sin to wish that I may meet thee
In that dim world whither our spirits stray,
When sleep and darkness follow life and day?
Is it a sin that then my voice should greet thee
With all that love that I must die concealing?
Will my tear-laden eyes sin in revealing
The agony that preys upon my soul?
Is 't not enough, through the long, loathsome day,
To hold each look and word in stern control?
May I not wish the staring sun-light gone,
Day and its thousand torturing moments done,
And prying sights and sounds of men away?
Oh, still and silent Night! when all things sleep,
Locked in thy swarthy breast, my secret keep:
Come, with thy visioned hopes and blessings now!
I dream the only happiness I know."

The lines to a picture are most thrilling and vivid:—

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"TO A PICTURE.

"Oh, serious eyes! how is it that the light,
The burning rays, that mine pour into ye,
Still find ye cold, and dead, and dark as night;
Oh, lifeless eyes! can ye not answer me?
Oh, lips! whereon mine own so often dwell,
Hath love's warm, fearful, thrilling touch no spell
To waken sense in ye? Oh, misery!
Oh, breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?
Thou soulless mimicry of life! my tears
Fall scalding over thee; in vain, in vain,
I press thee to my heart, whose hopes and fears
Are all thine own; thou dost not feel the strain.
Oh, thou deep image! wilt thou not reply
To my fond prayers and wild idolatry?"

The prevailing tone of Mrs. Butler's poems is profoundly melancholy. In reading them, we feel too deeply the truth of her impromptu lines:

"Castalia! famed of yore, the spring divine,
Apollo's smile upon its current wears;
Moore and Anacreon found its waves were wine,
To me it flows a sullen stream of tears."

They seem to be the wailings of a spirit that has looked appalled on the realities of life, on its friendships that change, on its love that becomes indifference, on the hollowness of fame and on death, the certain and awful consummation of this life-tragedy. This is one view of life, but it is not the highest nor the truest; nevertheless it is a view that we must take in our ascent to a higher and better. That glow of youthful feeling which paints life as a pastime and a revel, is not more false than the despair which succeeds it, when the world seems a charnel-house, and life a funeral pageant. The valley from which we set forth on our pilgrimage lies bathed in sunlight around us; flowers bloom under our feet with their dew unexhaled and their perfume unwasted;—farther on dark clouds gloom heavily over us, and their lightning flashes cast a lurid glare over all things; but upward and onward the eternal stars shed their cloudless beams, and God and Heaven are above us. Not brilliant and rapturous, not hopeless and joyless, but solemn and sublime is the pilgrimage of a human soul. It would be with pain that we should read such lines as the following, did not their very hopelessness foretell the dawning of the steady and serene light of faith:

"A RETROSPECT.

"Life wanes, and the bright sunlight of our youth
Sets o'er the mountain tops, where once Hope stood.
Oh, Innocence! oh, Trustfulness! oh, Truth!
Where are ye all, white-handed sisterhood,
Who with me on my way did walk along,
Singing sweet scraps of that immortal song,
That's hymned in Heaven, but hath no echo here?
Are ye departing, fellows bright and clear,
Of the young spirit, when it first alights
Upon this earth of darkness and dismay?
Farewell! fair children of the eternal day,
Blossoms of that far land where falls no blights,
Sweet kindred of my exiled soul, farewell!
Here I must wander, here ye may not dwell;
Back to your home beyond the founts of light
I see ye fly, and I am wrapt in night."

The lines on a sleeping child are fearfully prophetic of what overshadows each:—

"Poor exile! from thy happy birth-land driven,"

for exiles they are

"That daily farther from the east, must travel."

This poem brings forcibly to mind one of Byron's most *Byronic* climaxes. Speaking of a mother watching her infant, he says:

"From out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves;
What may the fruit be yet? I know not. Cain was Eve's."

The lines addressed to the young gentlemen leaving the Academy at Lennox breathe a spirit of the deepest despondency; as, for instance, the following passage:—

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"Life is before ye; oh! if ye could look
Into the secrets of that sealed book,
Strong as ye are in youth, and hope, and faith,
Ye should sink down and falter, "Give us breath!"
Could the dread Sphinx's lips but once disclose
And utter but a whisper of the woes
Which must o'ertake ye in your life-long doom,
Well might ye cry, "Our cradle be our tomb!"
Could ye foresee your spirit's broken wings,
Earth's brightest triumphs, what despised things;
Friendship, how feeble; love, how fierce a flame;
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,
Hollowness, weariness, and, worst of all,
Self-scorn, that pities not its own deep fall,
Fast-gathering darkness and fast-waning light,
Oh! could ye see it all, ye might, ye might,
Cower in the dust, unequal to the strife,
And die but in beholding what is life."

It would seem that all subjective poetry must be desponding in its tone, and that whatever may be the nature of the outward life, no one who draws from the inward of his experience, will sport in gaiety of composition. The authors who have written most of themselves, are those whose works are the most melancholy. Rousseau, the most subjective of late writers, is deeply melancholy, and Byron's poetry is that of the individual. It is—

"Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same."

And that image was himself. Objective authors, on the contrary, are those who write with cheerfulness. Chaucer is as buoyant in cheerfulness as in fancy, and he deals mostly with outward life. A like tendency in literature might be traced, we apprehend, from Chaucer down to Byron. But it does not follow that we have the individual life either in the one case or the other. Rabelais was a solemn spirit; and Sterne was, through life, an unhappy man. Cowper, who has throughout written cheerfully, was predisposed to gloomy insanity, and more than once attempted his own life. The cause of this distinction must be, that subjective writers, taking small account of those passing sensations of which life is in a great measure composed, fall back upon the boundless and enduring soul which no sensations can fill, and life in this aspect must always be disconsolate. The opposite tendency may be equally one-sided, but it is not disheartening. Outward existence draws men from the sources of their sorrows, and they lose the sense of individuality in sympathy or interest. It is well, then, to paint life as it appears to our hopes as to our despair; and as there is nothing absolute in our condition, relatively, the painting will be as true to the reality. The highest genius is that which gives us a comprehensive and total humanity.

In our later poetry, two marked and different tendencies are apparent, one personal and the other impersonal; one which breathes out from the individual existence, and the other which lives in the imaginative and the ideal. Byron is the highest example of the one, Shelley of the other. Poetry would be complete in the union of these two; in the actuality of Byron, enlarged and elevated by the grandeur of Shelley, or the spirituality of Shelley made incarnate in the force and passion of Byron. Should any one arise having affinity with our times, to unite these separate tendencies, he will be the true and great poet of the age. No era has been when mightier poetic elements existed than in the present, but they are chaotic, and await the brooding of some great spirit to give them form and utterance. Whether such a spirit will arise from the worn-out monarchies of the old world, or the free governments of the new, is a point yet to be determined. Miss Martineau, in her "Society in America," after speaking of witnessing the process of world-making, both natural and conventional, in this country, says:

"Some genius will yet arise. The expectants take a wail here and a flourish there, to be the music; but the hour has not yet struck, the leader has not yet come to his place, to strike those chords that must echo over the world."

And Mrs. Butler, in that most spon-

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taneous and amusing book, her Journal, asks, eloquently:

"Where are the poets of this land? Why, such a world should bring forth men with minds and souls larger than any that ever dwelt in mortal flesh; Homers and Miltons, Dantes and Shakspeares. Have these glorious scenes poured no inspirings into hearts worthy to behold and praise their beauty? Is there none to come here, to worship among these hills and waters till his heart burns within him, and the hymn of inspiration flows from his lips and rises to the sky? Is there not one among the sons of such a soil, to send forth its praises to the universe, to throw new glory round the mountains, new beauty over the waves? Surely there will come a time when this lovely land will be vocal with the sound of song; when every close-locked valley and waving wood, rifted rock and flowing stream, shall have its praise."

That America is destined to produce a literature worthy of herself, is a question that cannot be doubted. Startling, almost, as the first dawning of the continent on the eyes of the old world, was her political birth, and she commences her career, not as other nations have done, gradually to emerge from the midnight of barbarism, but to bask in the meridian sun of European civilisation. Fettered by no antiquity, borne down by no hereditary aristocracy, humanity here takes a new stand. With the recognition, if not the practice, of great principles for the foundation of government, with a magnificent country, whose shores are washed by the great oceans, whose lakes are seas, whose rivers the most majestic that water the earth, whose commerce whitens every sea, whose railroads and canals, like great arteries, intersect its whole surface, and bear life and activity to its remotest corner, here it would seem the human mind is destined to develop its highest powers. The materials for a great national literature are not yet exhausted. There are sublime moral truths, that as yet have found no utterance in any literature; but which, when spoken in the trumpet tones of eloquence and poetry, must vibrate through the universal heart of humanity. The great end of all literature has been to idealise the actual. The new and higher literature must aim at the realisation of the ideal. As yet there has been properly no Christian literature. The sublime truths of the New Testament, the "Peace on earth and Good Will to men," that was sung by angel voices over the plains of Judea, have wakened no echoes in Christendom; nor could they ever in those countries where the Divine rights of the many were sacrificed to the one or to the few. A new theatre, a new world was necessary to the development of those great truths, and here, if ever, they must be realized.

This country presents the widest sphere for individual influence, for here mind is most plastic. Mrs. Butler has made this country her home; with her strong original tendencies and force of character, she could not find a more ample field for their exercise, and such as she should not pass away without leaving "Footsteps on the Sands of Time." Among the voices of the *New Generation* that are now faintly heard above the uproar of business and care, and the din of party strife, we shall listen earnestly to distinguish hers in a higher and more hopeful strain.

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ALFIERI.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Alfieri was a great favorite with Lord Byron, and his tragedies were one of the four books the English bard always kept on his table. And their characters presented many points of likeness. Both were born to rank—both possessed wealth and personal accomplishments—yet both gloried chiefly in their mental endowments, and were prouder as poets than as noblemen. Both were fiery and impetuous creatures, scorning restraint, defying their own age, trampling on the critics that could not understand them, and building for themselves a fame in spite of the prevailing taste and literature of their times. Both were restless beings, scouring the world to rid themselves of the uncontrollable passions that raged within. Both were gloomy and excitable in youth, and even in boyhood exhibited those strange extremes of feeling which so often mastered them in maturer years. But though their characters present such strong points of resemblance, yet in many things they were totally unlike. And what is stranger still, the moment the resemblance ceases, Alfieri becomes more like an Englishman, and Byron more like an Italian. Alfieri was a more earnest, sincere man, than Byron. He had more strength of character, more firmness and steadiness of will, and a bolder heart. His impetuosity was not passion, but the steady action of a most vehement nature. Byron's paroxysms of anger were splendid poetry, terrible to look upon, but harmless as the dagger strokes of Macbeth on the boards of a theatre; Alfieri's were fearful facts, and his own life and the life of others were forgotten in them. Byron was always *acting*, and studied effect in everything he did; Alfieri *never*. The former was often reckless, sometimes desperate, but not steadily brave; the latter scarcely knew the sensation of fear. One *wished* to be thought brave, and endeavored to act as he imagined a hero should act; the other gave himself no thought on the subject, but when bravest, seemed to think he was doing nothing more than any man would do in similar circumstances. Byron wished to be thought proud and solitary as Lara, or Conrad, or Childe Harold; Alfieri, on the contrary, was so proud and solitary, that he was too much occupied with his own feelings to care what others thought about it. Thus we find Byron making a whole tragedy about the threats of a miserable lazzaroni; writing to half a dozen different friends of the same wonderful event, telling how he dressed, what arms he wore, and how he bore himself through it all. And yet, with all his vaporing and romance, it leaks out that he and some three or four others were barricaded for some time in their house by this miserable wretch, whose terrible threats ended after all in the pitiful sycophancy of an Italian beggar. Alfieri, on the contrary, goes out alone in the night, and encounters an enraged husband, where the chances are that he would be killed, and, with a sword-cut on his arm, returns to his friends, concealing both the reckless adventure and the pain under which he suffered. Byron is a misanthrope, who is ever telling us how weary he is of life, and yet very careful never to rid himself of his burthen. Alfieri scarcely speaks of his recklessness of life, except in explanation of his rash yet ineffectual attempts to take his own. Byron was gloomy because he would analyse his own feelings—scornful because he was perfectly conscious that half the world were fools, and quite a proportion of the other half villains—and savagely defiant because he found himself in the midst of moral mysteries and contradictions he could not solve, and yet which held him fast and forced him irresistibly on. Alfieri was gloomy from the same cause, as deeply poetic natures always must be, while his scorn arose from seeing one-half of mankind degraded sycophantic slaves, and the other half ignorant feeble-minded tyrants, and his defiance was towards man alone, not God. The former was

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penurious, and yet succeeded in making half the world believe he was generous and prodigal to a fault; the other records with shame the only two instances in which avarice had any control over him. Byron, when in Genoa, by unpardonable importunity, prevailed on Lady Blessington to sell him a favorite horse she had brought into Italy for her own use; and then refused to give the price (the *least* that *could* be named) she paid in England. Alfieri, on the contrary, was constantly giving away his fine blood-horses, and often to those who were mere acquaintances, and scarcely thanked him for the gift. The former loaned money to the Greeks to aid them in their struggle for freedom, but took good care to have ample security for the debt; while the latter gave away for ever his entire fortune, reserving to himself only a moderate income, that he might be personally free from all allegiance to the petty tyrant of Piedmont.

Both were men of great mental power, and of volcanic passions, yet the Italian was a downright sincere man. He raged over the world, intent only on getting rid of himself, and thinking of scarcely anything else at the time. The Englishman did the same thing, but resolved the while the world should know all about it. One was hurried on—lashed by his fierce passions as with whip of scorpion, and finding no vent to his feelings save in stifled curses; the other went proudly into voluntary exile, yet making rhymes all the time, to let the men he despised know how much after all he thought about them.

Such were these two strange beings, and such their points of resemblance and difference; and in thus contrasting them together, we think we have given the best outline of Alfieri's character. He was so silent on his own affairs, that we should have known little of him but for his autobiography, found among his papers after his death. It is seldom that a proud and passionate man leaves us a plain and simple history of himself, both mentally and outwardly as he has done. To coolly and faithfully record his own follies and disgraces, and draw the knife across his own nerves in laying bare his deepest mortifications when he was under no obligation to do it, shows an amount of sincerity that should cover a multitude of sins. Had Byron thus exposed all the secret motives that prompted him; laid bare the miserable trickery to which he often resorted, and torn away the mask he always wore, many of his poems would draw tears of laughter rather than tears of sorrow.

Alfieri, according to his own account, was born in Asti, Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749, "of noble, opulent, and respectable parents." Of feeble health, and passionate temperament, we find in his childhood the germ of his after melancholy and recklessness. When he was but seven years of age, he attempted, in a fit of despondency, to destroy himself. At ten, we find him at the Academy in Turin, laying the foundations, as he termed it, of his "no education." Though not tortured with a club foot like Lord Byron, he was afflicted with what seemed equally bad—dreadful eruptions, which drew on him the most disgusting nicknames, and drove him into solitude, and fed with bitter food his already growing melancholy. At the age of thirteen, he was allowed to go to the opera, where his strangely sensitive and passionate nature felt for the first time, the full power of music. The tones that ravished his ear and heart struck the finest chord of his being, which kept vibrating on to the harmonies within, so that for weeks he wandered around buried in a profound, yet pleasing melancholy. In this dreamy state, the fancies of the poet crowded thick and fast on his vision, but finding no language in which to speak out these new emotions that struggled for utterance, he sought relief in solitude. Though weak in body, and violent in his feelings, yet so great was his candor and love of truth, that he escaped those quarrels to which boys of his temperament are liable. Yet even at the age of fifteen, he exhibited the indomitable nature of his will, and his unconquerable resolution in bearing confinement for months, rather than yield to what he considered an unjust demand. At seventeen, he entered as ensign in the provincial army, and soon after commenced his roving life, which lasted for nine years. Having by degrees got rid of his "curator" and everything but his faithful servant Elia, he passed through the south of

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Italy, staying at the different cities, according as the mood was on him. Having finally determined to visit the more northern countries of Europe, and finding the allowance furnished him not equal to the expenditures he anticipated, he suddenly became exceedingly parsimonious, denying himself all places of public amusement, and even withholding from his servant his just dues. Attempting to go from Rome to Venice by Vettura, instead of post, to save expense, he became so exasperated by the slow progress he made, that he forgot his avarice, paid his Vetturino, took post, and became a free man again. Disgusted with Paris, he went over to London, to which he seemed to take a sudden fancy. But after awhile becoming tired of the heartless assemblies, and suppers, and banquets, he turned coachman, driving his friend up to the door of places of amusement, and showing his skill in bringing his carriage out safely from the jam that blocked up the entrance. All winter long he rode on horseback four or five hours in the morning, and sat on the coach-box two or three in the evening, without regard to weather or temperature. From England he went to Holland, and at the Hague first fell seriously in love. True to his Italian origin, the object of his passion was a married woman—the young bride of the Portuguese ambassador to Holland. This affection was returned, and Alfieri felt for the first time the full strength and power of his passions. Lapped in this first dream of love, he gave way to its intoxicating power, and was lifted for awhile into the third heaven of happiness. But the guilty dream had its waking, and he was forced to separate from his mistress for ever. She departed for Switzerland to join her husband, and he gave himself up to despair. Feigning sickness to escape the society of his friends, he sent for a surgeon, and requested to be bled. A vein was opened, and after a slight blood-letting, the arm was bandaged, and Alfieri left alone. Struck down by the violence of his grief, he determined to die, and tearing off his bandages, he re-opened the vein with the design of bleeding himself to death. A little longer and it would have been over with him, but his faithful servant, Elia, who had seen the desperation of his master, kept a constant watch on him, and entered the room just in time to save him. Thus, at twenty years of age, he found his first great sorrow, and burdened down with a gloom that shadowed all his future, he turned his steps homeward. He had scarcely arrived at Turin, before he set about with the energy of an unconquerable will to shake off his settled melancholy. But what could he do? Full of passion, sentiment, fire and intellect, he undoubtedly was, but ignorant as a peasant. In this crisis of his life and feelings, Plutarch's Lives fell into his hand, and he fed his youthful imagination on Timoleon, Cæsar, Brutus, Pelo pidas, Cato, and others, till fired with their high patriotism, or lofty achievements, he would spring to his feet, and rave round his room like a madman, weeping and cursing the day he was born in Piedmont.

About this time his friends wishing him to become a diplomatist, prevailed on him to offer himself to a lady of wealth and influence, thinking such an alliance would aid his prospects in obtaining a situation. Fortunately for him she rejected his proposal, and happy in his deliverance he started again on his travels, and visited Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, Holland and England. The restless feeling within him found not even momentary relief except in motion. It would not allow him to stop long in any place, but spurred him on from one new scene to another and sometimes well nigh out of existence. A second love intrigue in London, the termination of which we should think might have cured him for ever of unlawful passion, kindled into a blaze all the exciting elements of his nature. We find him, from mere desperation, spurring his horse over a high fence, and though in the fall that followed the mad attempt, he dislocated his shoulder and broke his collar-bone, yet so raging were his passions that he was wholly unconscious of the injury, and remounting his horse, forced him to the same leap again. This is Saturday evening; yet Sunday evening he is in his carriage driving to the villa of his mistress, nay walking two miles on foot with one arm in a sling and the other holding a drawn sword, in order to keep an appointment with her. But all the passions that had heretofore scourged him were calm emotions compared to his maniac fury and rage on learning

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that this worthless woman whom he loved with such absorbing passion, had given him but the second place in her favor—the first being reserved for her husband's *groom*. Guilty as his love had been, he had resolved to marry her the moment she was free from her husband. But now all the fury of a fiend was roused in him. He raved and tore and screamed, a prey to the consciousness of wasted affection, mortified pride, merited degradation and a merciless conscience.

Broken down in spirit, the ferocity of the man gave way for awhile to settled melancholy, and he commenced again his travels. Spain alone remained to be seen, and he turned his restless footsteps thither. But change of scenery could no longer charm him. He visited Madrid without becoming acquainted with a single being there but an artist and a watch-maker. Here occurred one of those outbreaks of passion which so often proved nearly fatal to himself and others. His servant Elia, in dressing his hair, accidentally pulled one of his curls a little too strongly. Alfieri sprung upon him like a tiger, and inflicted a ghastly wound on his head. The enraged servant fell on his master to kill him, and would have done it but for the interposition of others. After the quarrel was over, Alfieri told Elia he would have been perfectly right to have killed him, and though the servant's anger was not wholly cleared up, went to bed, leaving the door open between their rooms. After he had been in bed some time he called out to Elia, bidding him come and kill him, for he was now defenceless, and he richly merited death. Such was this man, carrying a volcano in his bosom, yet, in his sane moments, just and true.

At length, at twenty-three years of age, we find him again bending his footsteps homeward. Satiated with travelling, disgusted with everything, and more than all with himself, he endeavored to compose himself at Turin. A third love entanglement more disgraceful and longer continued than the others, transformed him for awhile into a half brute. A severe illness brought on by his miserable life, dispelled this dream, and he awoke to more serious thought. Soon after his mistress was also taken ill, and watching by her side, he commenced without purpose or plan, and solely to occupy the silent hours, his first tragedy. It was a miserable thing enough, but it awoke a new passion within him, and he felt at once that he had found a full vent to the fires that were consuming him, viz.: VERSE. He resolved on a new life, and the first thing was, to break the guilty chain that had degraded him. After days and weeks of torture and suffering, compelling his servant to tie him down in his chair that his wavering resolution might not carry him back to his low bondage, he finally conquered. From this moment the history of Alfieri begins to brighten. He celebrated his victory in a sonnet, the first he ever wrote. It is full of feeling, and is entitled "Primo Sonetto." It commences

"Ho vinto alfin si non m'inganno, ho vinto
Speuta è la fiamma che vorace ardeva."

Which has been translated—

"I've conquered at last, if I do not deceive me,
And spent is the flame which burned up my heart,
I've broken the fetters of iron which gave thee
The power of a Demon—I've rent them apart.

"Ere I loved thee, base one, I knew that the fire
That burned on thine altar was passion's fierce flame;
I swore I would quench it, I swore on my lyre,
But thy conquest still lives in my deep blush of shame.

"It still burns on my cheek—while the tears are still falling,
And torments still tear me—no ray from above
Breaks in to dispel this gloom so appalling,
Which broods o'er the soul of the victim of love.

"But these tears shall be dried—the daylight shall gleam,
And who shall deride me when once I am free,
Or tell me that virtue is only a dream?
Be it so—it's the only bright dream for me."

The fierce struggle was at last ended and a new life opened on the poet. The passion, the melancholy, the indomitable will, even in things wrong, had

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shown that he was no ordinary man. The disgust with everything that satisfies most men proved him to be worthy and capable of better things. He seized the Lyre, and though its strings made at first strange discords under his fierce strokes, yet he loved the power of its tone and prepared at once and for ever to unburden the feelings that had lashed him over the world. At this time, he was unable to read the Italian poets, so ignorant was he of the Italian language. The miserable *patois* of Piedmont had become changed for French, and he wrote his first two tragedies, *Il Felippo* and *Il Polenice*, in French prose. But he immediately set about learning his own language, and the better to prosecute his studies retired for two months to the *mountains* of Piedmont. Thus, at the age of twenty-six, he first commenced his studies. The same energy, the same vehemence which had characterized all his actions was carried into his studies. Fierce and sudden both in his conceptions and his compositions, yet he was patient under criticism, and did not disdain to receive instructions from the humblest. His failures were constant, but he arose from each with fresh determination. He was compelled first to *master* a language, and then *mould* it, to *learn* it and then teach his countrymen its great power. The history of his trials, his toil, and success, is among the most interesting of literary biographies. Thus he went on for eight years, gaining laurels even from his defeats, and showing to the world the inherent greatness he possessed. At length a third and last passion enslaved him for ever. At Florence, while prosecuting his literary pursuits, he became acquainted with the Countess of Albany, the wife of the last Stuart that made pretensions to the throne of England; and became irrevocably attached to her. Not to dwell upon the moral character of this *liaison*, we will only say, that her husband was a brutal drunkard, who had long ago destroyed all her affection for him, and that the connection between her and Alfieri, like that of husband and wife, lasted till death. His forced separation from her, till she was released from her husband, interrupted for awhile his literary pursuits, and brought back those strange paroxysms of feeling that had so blasted his early life.

About this time, weary with the restraints his own government placed on his actions, and resolved to be free at any sacrifice, he gave his entire property to a married sister, and reserving to himself a certain income, took up his residence in Florence. Prompted to this act by his hatred of tyranny and love of letters, it threw him more entirely upon his own genius, and his genius triumphed. He went on composing, till nineteen tragedies and six comedies were completed, to say nothing of his sonnets and satires. His love of liberty increased with his love of letters, and the revolutionary sentiments he uttered brought on him the displeasure of the Pope, and the jealous watchfulness of the petty tyrants of Italy. But secure in the freer state of Tuscany he learned to scorn alike the worthless criticism of his time, and the vengeance of despots. After having mastered perfectly his own literature, and gone back to the Latin classics, he at length, at the age of forty-seven, commenced the study of the Greek. But his frame, strengthened though it had been by hardship and exposures, could not always endure the exhausting demands his tempestuous spirit and incessant toil made upon it; and at the age of fifty-six, after a short illness, he closed his career, and was buried in Santa Croce, that receptacle of the mighty dead. Over his remains the Countess of Albany has placed a beautiful statue made by Canova.

The *moral* character of Alfieri we will not discuss. It is difficult to "judge righteous judgment" of an Italian, and such an one as Alfieri was. With a better education, and under higher influences in his childhood, he would have been a very different man. But as he was—guilty of many crimes—we have no doubt he conquered more evil passions, resisted more temptation, and came off victor in more moral struggles than the majority of those who condemn him. A man's moral worth is not to be graduated by his negative virtues—the evil he merely refrains from doing—but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his defeats alone, but also by his victories. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter

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may have called to his aid more principle, overcome more evil, before he yielded, than the former, either from circumstances or his physical constitution, was ever called to do. It would be as unnatural, it would require as great an effort for the cold, phlegmatic and passionless being to be vehement, wild and headlong, as for the fiery and tempestuous man to be quiet and emotionless. *Victory* is nothing. It depends upon the nature of the conflict and the odds overcome. Greater generalship, cooler bravery and loftier effort may be shown in one defeat than in a hundred victories. We have no patience with those moralists of mere animal organization, who place the finest wrought spirits God ever let visit the earth on their iron bedstead, and stretch and clip according to the simple rule of long-measure. A higher and juster standard is needed. Such a passionate and highly strung nature as Alfieri's can be no more understood by the dealer in stocks and real estate, or the dull plodder in the routine of his daily duties, than the highest paroxysm of the poet can be comprehended by his dog.

We wished to speak of the separate works of Alfieri, but the length which this article has already reached forbids it. We will only say that Italian tragedy underwent an entire revolution by his works. The palmy days which the scholar saw who lived in the 16th century, had passed away in the 17th, and an effeminate literature, fit only for courts, had taken its place. Mimics of Spanish and French levities, amateurs and farce makers occupied the Italian stage. Goldoni had scourged this degenerate taste with his keen satire, but not killed it. Martelli, who exchanged Greek and Roman verse for French—Maffei who succeeded him, and Antonio Conti, who came last, had all accomplished but little. The high and commanding power of Alfieri's genius was needed to arouse the degenerate Italians. The grand and the terrible, which entered so largely into his composition, swept away as with a tornado the whole race of mimics, sonnet makers and courtier poets. The Italians crowded to the theatres, no longer to be pleased by fooleries, but stirred with lofty sentiments. Strong and fearful in his conceptions, he wielded the soft Italian with the energy and force of our stern Saxon tongue. Stirred in his inmost heart with love of liberty and hatred of farces and mockeries, he spoke to the nation's soul till it caught fire, and the petty despots of Italy trembled for their thrones.

Darkness has again settled on Italy, and the pulse that bounded in momentary freedom is once more chained up and perhaps for ever. Alfieri, great as he was, mistook, if not his own mission at least the mode of accomplishing it. For a long while unconscious of the power that was in him he roamed the world a restless and gloomy man. He knew of no way to pour out the thoughts and feelings that were consuming him. The frensy of love, the excitements of passion, all failed to reach the profoundest depths of his nature. He struck the lyre, and its tones were to him a voice by which he could give utterance to that within him. He had not only the soul of a poet but the spirit of a reformer. His heart was an altar on which burned not only the fire of passion, but the purer flame of freedom. He scorned the effeminacy and slavishness of his countrymen, and he spoke to them like a prophet. But, alas! he should have known that the *stage* is not the Tribune from which to harangue the people. Not in the theatre do republican principles take root and flourish. Action generated there is irregular and fitful. He should have been the *nation's bard*, and spoken to the heart of the people in plain earnest language. Not through the Greek or Roman patriot should the accents of freedom have come, but from Alfieri to Alfieri's countrymen. Then would he have breathed into the *mass* the breath of life, and not only maddened but redeemed his people.

The narrow, doubtful influence of the stage was not that which Alfieri should have wielded. His great and sincere heart should have accomplished more. He might have become an oracle, and his words been the language of the common people. If the scorn of tyranny and the love of freedom poured forth with such terrible impetuosity in the "*Tirannide*" alone had been spent in popular songs or earnest appeals to the people, he would have accomplished more than in all his tragedies. Who cares for patriotism on the stage? It ceases to be truth there, and is all *acting*. The quiver of an *earnest* lip, the

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tear of an *honest* eye, and the fire of a stern and free soul, are needed to generate action. The truth is, Alfieri commenced wrong, and subsided away into the dramatist. He reformed the Italian stage and has ever since occupied it, and this is about all he has done.

To judge him merely as a scholar he deserves the highest praise; but to judge him as a *man* and scholar combined we say he did not *do* the great things the world had a right to expect from his great intellect. His style is accused of harshness; and justly, if it is compared with the mellifluous flow of Italian verse; but it is the harshness of strong feeling. When thoughts are wrenched out of a man's soul in the fever of excitement they are not usually clothed in the most euphoneous language. Indeed we believe strong-minded passionate men always think in the Saxon form, and never in Italian, Latin or French. Tacitus' Latin is Saxon in style, and so is Demosthenes' Greek and Bonaparte's French. There is a directness, simplicity and conciseness in strong and vehement thought common to all nations. This very asperity in Alfieri pleases us. His words are blows, and they have that which is far better than euphony, *power*. Like Byron Alfieri read the Bible a great deal. The lofty poetry of the prophet and the stern magnificent style of the Hebrew harmonised with his feelings. Its earnestness and independeuce, nay, almost haughtines, compared with his own nature. He thought stronger and felt deeper than the rest of his countrymen, and hence necessarily spoke in a different language. It is always so; and the man who thus speaks and thinks is first condemned as an innovator and then exalted as the founder of a new school.

SONNET.

Oh! in that better land to which I go,
Say, shall I know thee as I know thee here?
And will thy presence dim that glorious sphere
As it hath darkened all the earth below?
Oh! will that voice enchain my listening ear,
Whose "frozen music" stops my pulses now;
And shall I meet in that fair land of bliss
Those calm, cold eyes that chill me so in this?
Shall I bear hence e'en *memory* of thee?
Unheeded there will pass the Angel throngs,
I shall not hear the Seraph's burning songs,
And heaven itself will be all dark to me.
Oh give me rather that drear, hopeless faith,
That sees no morn beyond the night of death!

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The state of the money market is very satisfactory, inasmuch as that the amount of credits outstanding is very limited, and that the rate of money is low, although the banks have made constant and repeated efforts to advance the rate. The competition of private capitalists, backed by the abundance of money in Europe, prevents any material rise in the value of money in a regular state of business. The demand for money has of late increased, in consequence of the state of the import trade, which having overstocked the market with foreign goods, great exertions and extended credits have been necessary to work off the merchandise. The long dated notes of country dealers, have formed collateral security for notes of the city merchant, discounted at the banks; a most dangerous proceeding in the low state of prices for country produce. The progress of trade, for several years, has been as follows, indicated in the official quarterly statements of the port of New York, for the year, ending Sept. 30, 1844.

QUARTERLY IMPORT INTO THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.
4th qr.	$17,026,091	14,621,364	11,402,346	11,312,078	6,281,552	10,022,106
1st "	28,110,818	16,940,786	21,933,890	20,687,030	8,705,765	19,030,605
2d "	22,748,183	10,647,872	18,736,421	18,724,686	16,124,910	19,659,357
3d "	31,598,322	17,854,920	23,285,626	9,722,287	15,455,745	26,690,218
Total	$99,483,414	60,064,942	75,359,283	60,446,031	46,567,972	75,402,286

The duties accruing on the import of this year were $21,379,720, against $9,984,928, in the previous year. The import has been very nearly the same as in 1841, in which year a heavy drain of specie took place, amounting, up to the middle of November, to several millions, and greatly endangering the solvency of the New York banks. During the past year the rates of bills have been maintained at a level slightly above the actual par, affording a small profit on the drawing of bills. This circumstance, added to the fact that money has averaged here in the general market several per cent. higher than in England, has contributed to the retention of specie on this side, more especially that the gold in the vaults of the banks is mostly light, and is not worth in England, as money, its full weight, being subject to the operation of recoinage before it is available for that purpose. With the same amount of imports under other circumstances, a considerable export of specie might have taken place. The same amount of indebtedness that would have occasioned that export still exists, and may probably be remitted in the course of the winter, when the diminished imports and enhanced supply of bills drawn against produce shall have sunk the rate to a favorable point, provided it shall not be for the interest of capitalists to continue to employ it here. It is evident from the above table, embracing four years of low tariff, and two years of exorbitantly high duties, that the manner in which a tariff acts in protecting the home manufacture is not by excluding the foreign article, because the import has been this year as large as in 1841, and 25 per cent. larger than in either of the years 1840–1842. Hence, if the manufacturers have been benefited at all, it is only in the enhanced price obtained for the articles made here, consequent upon the duty imposed upon a similar one imported. This enhanced price of the goods has been a main reason for the difficulty of sale experienced by the importers and jobbers, and of the consequent forced sales upon long credit. It is a fact connected with the import trade, that the imports now, and for a few years back, have consisted only of returns for those articles of produce which are peculiar to the United States, and for which a market only in Europe can be found. The cotton, rice, and

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tobacco of the United States must be sold abroad, and if sold there, the proceeds must be brought home in some shape, no matter what may be the tax imposed upon them. Because a severe tax is imposed at home, it is not to be supposed that owners here of property there, will relinquish its possession in order to escape the tax. The amount of *necessary* imports into the country, or the actual value of our produce compelled to find a market abroad, may be said to be "fixed" at about $100,000,000; a high tax upon the returns will surely not diminish the amount, although it may change their shape, as for instance, last year $23,000,000 of the amount came in specie. A high tariff can diminish those imports, which are made not as a necessity, but as *seeking* a profitable market, as would be the case for all goods over about $100,000,000. The probability is, from the abundance of money in England, the glut of the market here for goods, and their falling prices, that further imports in specie will take place this year.

The change in the manner of doing business by the bank of England, in compliance with the provisions renewing its charter, will have an influence upon the money market and state of business throughout the world. We have before alluded to the affairs of the institution. It will be remembered that a separation, nominal in fact, has been made between the issue and banking departments, by which the former is to have possession of all the specie, and of the securities of the bank, to the extent of £14,000,000, and to charge the bank department with the gross amount in circulating notes. The bank department, possessed of these notes, conducts an ordinary banking business, in competition with other money lenders. And herein is the great and immediate effect of the change made by the terms of the renewal of the charter. Heretofore the bank has conducted itself more as a furnisher of currency, with which the business of the surrounding bankers was carried on, and therefore, generally kept her rate of interest somewhat above the market rate, in order not to compete in general business. By the new arrangement, the issue department has become the furnisher of currency which will be governed by the public, and not by the bank, as the latter is equally bound to give gold for notes, or notes for gold, whenever called upon. So that the current of trade alone will govern the amount of paper money in circulation, and that will always be represented by an equal amount of gold in the Bank vaults. The first return of the bank under the new law, was made on the 7th Sept., which we here insert, as it marks an important change in banking.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

An account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 32, for the week ending on Saturday, the 8th day of September, 1844:

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

	L.		L.
Notes issued,	28,351,295	Government debt	11,015,100
		Other securities	2,984,900
		Gold coin and bullion	12,657,208
		Silver bullion	1,694,087
	28,351,295		28,351,295

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

	L.		L.
Proprietors' capital	14,553,000	Government Securities, including Dead Weight Annuity	14,554,834
Rest	3,564,729	Other Securities	7,835,616
Public Deposits (including Exchequer, Savings Banks, Commissioners of National Debt and Dividend accounts)	3,630,809	Notes	8,175,025
Other Deposits	8,644,348	Gold and Silver Coin	857,765
Seven Day and other Bills	1,030,354		
	31,423,240		31,423,240

Dated the 12th day of September, 1844.

M. Marshall, chief cashier.

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According to the requisitions of the law, the bank department has made over to a set of clerks called the "issue department," that portion of the capital which consists of the debt due by the government, being £11,015,100 and £2,984,900 of exchequer bills, the limit being three million pounds sterling, together with all its silver bullion and gold, reserving only its silver coin and a small amount of gold, although not obliged to do so, to accommodate its customers. In return it has received £28,351,295 of circulating notes. In this amount of notes are included £20,176,270 which were previously in circulation, and the remainder, £8,175,025, are on hand to be loaned out in competition with the other bankers of London. The circulation of the country banks is limited to £8,000,000, and the circulation of the Bank of England being as above the paper currency of England, amounts to £28,176,270, and the Bank has still over eight million of notes on hand, with a rate of interest at 1 3-4 and 2 1-4 per cent. per annum. Hence it is evident that whatever increase may take place in the currency, it must be from the employment of the surplus notes with the Bank. The usual course is for prices to rise gradually as the abundance of money increases, and the imports to swell in volume until gold is exported in consequence. This will take place to the United States to some extent. The notes will then be returned upon the issue department for gold and the volume of the currency be diminished, exposing the Bank of England as well as other bankers to the inconvenience of a scarcity of money. A full currency in England is a matter of great importance to the United States, because it enhances the value of our produce sold there, and consequently swells the profits of the planters, the prices of whose produce depends upon the state of the market there rather than here. The harvests of England are this year most prolific, while the war farces got up by the reigning families having been withdrawn, there is every prospect that the present abundance of money in England will continue and will influence the state of affairs here, rather, however, by improving the value of that produce which England buys from necessity than inducing purchasers of those descriptions which can be obtained on better terms in other quarters.

The high tariff, while it cannot prevent the return to this country of property which belongs here, has a great influence in preventing the sale of foreign goods here as a pure matter of commercial enterprise, and to remit the returns of which would compel a purchase of general produce for that purpose. When United States cotton is sent to Europe for sale, the proceeds are not directly invested in goods by the owner of cotton and brought back; he sells the bill to him who having brought foreign goods here for sale, wishes to make a remittance. The more goods there are brought here, the greater is the demand for some means of remittance, and with a steady trade, a gradual and large demand for western produce would spring up to the great benefit of the farmers. This is strictly prohibited by our tariff, which confines the imports closely to returns for produce which England must buy under any circumstances. This operation of the tariff is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the resumption of their payments on the part of the delinquent States. They can neither pay taxes nor commercial debts as long as their labor yields them no pecuniary profit.

The position of the debts of the American States is very peculiar. In Europe, those interested in the debts are of the same class of people who form as it were part of the present governments, and whose tenor of existence is exceedingly frail. There is very little doubt but that if the payment or non-payment of existing debts of European governments were to rest solely with the will of the tax-payers as in this country, so far from there being occasion for surprise that one or two failed, there would be great astonishment to find any one paying. It has always been an object with illegitimate governments, or those which exist in opposition to the will of the people whom they profess to govern, to multiply the number of their adherents by making them creditors of the government, and consequently enlarging the laws on which existing institutions are based. The vast debt of England, amounting to near 790,000,000*l.*, is owned by 282,349 persons, amongst 27,000,000

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who pay taxes. This fact was a source of great uneasiness to that government during the years of severe distress which followed the war, and means were anxiously sought by which the government could obtain a better hold upon the people at large and increase the proportion of those interested in the support of government. This in the year 1817 presented itself in the form of Savings Banks. Those institutions were first created in 1804, and gradually increased in number to 70 in 1817. In that year the "philanthropy" of the government, a ready cloak for state intrigues, prompted it to take charge of all the deposits of the Savings Banks and to invest them in the government stock. By this means it was rightly supposed each small depositor would be bought over to the government interest, and to induce deposits a higher interest was allowed than was received from the investments. Thus, from August, 1817, to November 5, 1841, the dividends paid amounted to 13,086,472*l.*, and the amount received from investments 11,191,327*l.*, making a loss of 1,895,169*l.*, or so much added to the burdens of the people in order to interest a portion of them in the government. The progress of these Banks has been as follows:

SAVINGS BANKS OF ENGLAND.

	Number of Depositors.	Amount of Deposits.
1830	412,217	13,507,565
1836	599,326	18,805,888
1841	841,204	24,474,689

Thus from 282,349 national creditors, by this skilful change of investment, the number is increased to 1,123,553. But the gross population has increased in a greater proportion, and the distress of the tax paying masses by no means alleviated. The time is not far distant when the moral sense of the whole people will be put to the test in relation to this debt. Holland is the next country, the people of which are overburdened with an oppressive debt, and she struggles hard to make her necessities a proof of her integrity and high credit. The debt of Holland in relation to the population is enormous, being 1,100,000,000 florins, or $454,330,000 to a population of 2,800,000. The debt is composed of the old Netherland 2½ per cents. amounting to 769,000,000 florins, and 331,000,000 florins average 5 per cent. since the revolution of 1830, by which means she became separated from Belgium. The debt of Belgium is about 120,000,000 florins, contracted since the revolution, mostly to provide for the standing army she was compelled to support, consequent upon the long unsettled state of her difficulties with Holland, all of which difficulties were manufactured by the *disinterested* holy alliance. The latter country has been fast verging to insolvency, and the situation of both is a melancholy result of the conduct of the holy alliance, in 1830, with which odious business the connection of England has fixed a lasting blot upon her reputation. When the insane oppression, and attempted frauds of the Dutch King drove the Belgians to extremities, and hostilities commenced, the allied sovereigns of Europe thrust themselves between the combatants, agreeably to the secret Treaty of Tronnau, by which they bound themselves to assist each other in putting down the movement of the people, of any country whatever, against existing governments. So long as the Dutch King appeared to have the mastery they did not meddle. One month, however, after the repulse of the Dutch from Brussels, and the establishment of a provisional government in Belgium, a protocol issued from London, evincing a "lively desire to put a stop to the effusion of blood," and proposing that the troops of either nation should retire beyond their respective boundaries. The Belgians assented on the sole condition that the whole of the left bank of the Scheldt should be their boundary, according to the treaty of May, 1814, which broke up the Empire of Napoleon. The holy alliance rejoined that the assent was perfect, but that the *condition* of the assent in relation to the boundary was "nothing but an opinion," which they would decide hereafter. They did so decide, and gave *both* banks of the Scheldt to

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Holland; Belgium to remain permanently neutral. In other words, its independence was conditional upon its good behavior and its obedience to the holy alliance, then sitting in Downing street, London. This gross and outrageous robbery was not tamely submitted to, and the uneasiness to which it gave rise involved both Holland and Belgium in an enormous expense; but the excited state of the Belgian nation made it necessary for Holland to assume the whole debt. Since the final adjustment of the difficulties Holland has been seriously occupied with the re-establishment of the order of her finances; and it has become more and more evident that the load is greater than she can bear. Accordingly, last winter she seized the pretence of a low rate of interest for money in England, to reduce the interest on the 331,000,000 florins contracted since 1830, from a 5 per cent. to a 3 per cent. stock. This was the more necessary as that some hints dropped about a property tax to pay the interest, had elicited a feeling among the people which the government did not care to enhance. To reduce the five per cents in a legal form, a loan of 7,000,000 guilders became necessary to pay bonuses, &c., and to obtain this, what was called a "patriotic appeal to the people was made" to loan the money at 3 per cent. That is, it being felt that the people would not pay the debt, an appeal was made to those to whom it was due to take 9,930,000 guilders per annum, instead of 16,550,000 guilders, otherwise they ran the chance of getting nothing. This of course they did, and the 7,000,000 guilders to carry through the operation was subscribed promptly in March last. This circumstance was then trumpeted all over the world as an instance of the high credit of Holland, and the willingness of its people to pay debts, and was thought to contrast unfavorably with those States of America that actually failed.

Now it must be remembered in both those cases of Holland and England, that the debt is due in the country, and the creditors of the State form the most wealthy and influential class of its citizens, by whom any opposition to the government or to the payment of taxes is promptly frowned down. Those who pay taxes have comparatively little to say in the government. In the United States the reverse is the case—almost all the debts are due abroad, and those who pay the taxes form the government, and are not tempered by the presence of any considerable or influential body who have an interest in the payment. Hence any payment is not made through a tax levied by a body of interested and hereditary Legislatures, and enforced by armed myrmidons upon the body of the people; but it arises solely from a high moral sense of right, entertained by a majority of the people who are to pay the money. Where the means of pay are sufficient, this has always been promptly done, as in the present case of the State of New York. In 1842, a large and influential party maintained that the means of the State were sufficient to pay its debts without any resort to taxation. The opposite party showed that although that might possibly be the case, yet a direct tax of $600,000 was necessary to avoid any possible contingency of failure. That party levied the tax, and a majority of those who paid it triumphantly sustained them in it. The history of the Globe presents no similar instance of disinterested integrity on the part of a whole people. That some of the States have failed for want of means is true. The fault was, however, not that of the people, but of a few designing men, who taught them to believe that taxation would never be required to pay the debts, and to this day they continue to hold out some idle paper scheme as a means of settling debts without paying them; thereby checking the disposition to pay taxes.

The debts of each of the States, and of each of the Territories, depend solely upon the resources and will of the people of each to pay taxes with a view to their discharge. The question of the assumption of the debts, either directly or indirectly, by the Federal government, has been agitated by interested individuals; some of them to obtain popularity in their own States, by seeking through assumption to throw its burdens upon other States: and others in the hope of obtaining that payment from the Federal Treasury which is thought to be hopeless from the individual States. All parties seem, however, to be so convinced of the unconstitutionality of such a movement as to prevent its consummation. In the case of Texas, however, an attempt seems to be making

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to establish a dangerous precedent. Texas sooner or later will be annexed to the Union. It has, however, some eight or ten millions of its promises outstanding—to which it stands very much in the same relation as did the United States government to its Continental Scrip at the close of the war. The face of that scrip was never paid. It was settled at an average approximate depreciation of some forty cents on the dollar. Now if Texas becomes admitted to the Union as a State, the Federal government has clearly no more concern with its debt than it has in the case of the Territory of Florida, should she be admitted as a State. On becoming a member of the Union, the Texas State government would compromise its debt in a new stock, bearing interest, and pay it from its own resources, as do all the other States. An idea is however industriously circulated that assumption is the necessary consequence of annexation. If such were the case, as soon as that assumption took place, Florida will ask to be admitted, and then her debt must also be assumed on the precedent established in the case of Texas! and following Florida, the other States. Now Florida has much greater claims upon the Federal government for the assumption of its debt than Texas could have, because the Florida debt was created under the sanction of Congress, which is clearly not the case with Texas. In March, 1822, Congress established the Territorial government of Florida, conferring upon it "legislative powers on all rightful subjects of legislation." The laws of this Territorial government are binding and good, if Congress shall not annul them in the course of the succeeding session. In 1833, the Territorial government created certain Banks, and issued the bonds of the Territory for their capital. These acts received the negative sanction of Congress. The bonds were sold in Europe contrary to law, and remain unpaid. In consequence, the committee on the Judiciary of the Territorial government made a report, with resolutions, as follows:

1st. "The power of the Territorial government does not extend to the creation of Banks, or the issuing of Bonds."

2d. "Resolved, That such pledge of the faith and credit of the people of Florida is null and void."

Following this movement, the case was stated to James Kent, Esq., Daniel Webster, Peter A. Jay and Horace Binney, Esqrs., and their opinions asked as follows:

1st. "Whether, under the Act of Congress, and its subsequent amendments, organizing the Territory of Florida, the legislative power of the governor and council extends to the creation of Banks?"

2d. "Whether, after a sale of Territorial Bonds, it is competent for Congress to repeal the act of incorporation and annul contracts under it?"

3d. "Whether, by hereafter becoming a *State*, the State of Florida can release herself from the obligations entered into as a Territory, under provisions of the Act in question?"

The answers were briefly as follows:

	1st Question.	2d.	3d.
Judge Kent,	Yes.	No.	No.
Horace Binney,	Yes.	Yes, but the Territory is still liable for a loan made.	No.
Peter A. Jay,	Yes.	Yes, but contracts made still bind the Territory.	No.
Daniel Webster,	Yes.	Yes, but not proper.	No.

Here is a case in which it is admitted that the power of Congress over a law creating the territorial debt is absolute—but that Congress has in no case any responsibility for the debt. That responsibility rests entirely with the people of the Territory, and by becoming one of the United States it cannot relieve itself from its Territorial responsibility. On what pretence then can it be set up that the now entirely independent State of Texas, by becoming one of the Union, can be relieved from its debt, and that be thrown upon the rest of the Union? The position is palpably untenable. All the responsibility for debts rests solely with the individuals that contract them, whatever may be the new relations they may enter into.

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MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The following are the forthcoming works in contemplation by Mr. Simms: a Life of Sumter,—a Life of Paul Jones, deduced from original and authentic documents, which will, it is expected, impart much new information relating to the career of the privateer. Another literary project is a revised edition of Capt. Smith's History of Virginia, a work long out of print, but one of authority and value. Mr. Simms will collate the work with all existing records, and superadd much interesting matter relating to the Travels of Capt. Smith;—to which he will also append an original biography.—All the above-named works, it gives us pleasure to add, are to emanate from the press of our publisher, Henry G. Langley.

Appletons have issued in attractive style, Mary Howitt's translation of Otto Speckter's "FABLE BOOK," with one hundred wood cuts: it is likely to become a favorite with American juvenile readers, as it has long been in Germany. The same publishers have several others of equal merit in progress.

MRS. EMBURY's most beautiful work for the drawing-room table, "NATURE's GEMS," or, American Wild Flowers in their native haunts, is now ready.

The volume is illuminated with twenty colored engravings of indigenous flowers, taken from drawings made on the spot where they were found; while each flower is accompanied by a view of some striking feature of American scenery. The literary plan of the book differs entirely from that of any other work on a similar subject which has yet appeared. Each plate has its botanical and local description, though the chief part of the volume is composed of original tales and poetry, illustrative of the sentiments of the flowers, or associated with the landscape.

The first American reprint of ROBERT SOUTHEY's ably written Life of OLIVER CROMWELL, is about to appear, in a neatly printed volume of 180 pages.

A new work for the young, by CAPTAIN MARRYAT, "THE SETTLERS IN CANADA," and another by MARY HOWITT, "MY UNCLE THE CLOCKMAKER," have just appeared.

Another volume for youth, called "PHILIP RANDOLPH, A TALE OF VIRGINIA," is almost ready. It contains a view of the settlements in the early history of that Colony; and combines noble instructions through the example of the chief personages in the Narrative, for juvenile emulation.

The American House-Carpenter: a Treatise on Architecture, &c., together with the most important principles of *Practical Geometry*. By R. G. HATFIELD, Architect. Illustrated by more than three hundred Engravings.—This is a really valuable work, and its value is by no means confined to "carpenters—masters, journeymen, and apprentices," for whom the author modestly states it is intended. The section on Geometry, together with that on Architecture, must prove not only interesting, but highly useful to general readers, particularly to those engaged in very many branches of the arts—yet we willingly admit *most* particularly is it adapted to the class for which it is designed. As is justly remarked in the preface, most works on this subject have been published at so high a price as to be confined to the favored few—while in the present work, without diminishing its intrinsic value, it is brought within the reach of all. No one in any way connected with building could more profitably invest $2 (we believe that is the price) than in purchasing this work, and thoroughly mastering its contents.

Dr. D. Meredith Reese has nearly completed a useful little manual for medical students, "A Lexicon of Modern Terminology," comprising definitions of the technicalities in use by writers of medical science. It will prove a complete *vade mecum* for students. Langley is the publisher.

Mr. John Keese has recently put forth a pretty little manual, entitled "The Mourner's Chaplet," designed as an offering of sympathy for bereaved friends; being selections appropriately made from American writers.

Dr. Belcher has also just published two little tomes, designed for the young of both sexes, entitled "Facts for Girls and Boys." The intention is a good one, that of inviting the youthful mind to noble deeds and an elevation of purpose in the affairs of life. There is a *directness* in the moral of these *facts* that cannot miss of their aim, and the publisher *ought* to find a ready sale for them among the guardians of the young.

J. S. Redfield announces the following for speedy publication:—

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"History of the American Revolution," A new work, in one volume, octavo. Illustrated with several hundred engravings.

"The Military Maxims of Napoleon," with notes and observations from the works of all the great military captains. Translated from the French by Col. D'Aguilar.

"On the Religious, Moral, and Social Duties of Life," by Heinrich Zschokke. Translated from the German, by James D. Haas.

"Thoughts among Flowers," with numerous illustrations.

"Religious Lacon; or, Holy Thoughts." Selected from various authors, by Rev. Joseph Jones.

"The Seraphim;" a collection of religious poetry, and a manual, entitled "The Language of Love:" now ready.

J. W. Leslie, of this city, has just issued an attractive little hand-book for *smokers*, quaintly entitled "The History and Mystery of Smoking; or, a few fragrant Whiffs from the Weed, evolving sundry pleasant, pithy, and profitable Hints touching the Poetry of the Art," &c. We suppose none of those who luxuriate in the practice will neglect to possess themselves of this humorous and admirably written little work,—by far the best we have ever seen on the subject, and one that *ought* to be in the hands of every smoker of cigars.

Connoisseurs in old books will be glad to learn that Gurley and Hill are to have an auction sale of one of the most curious and choice collections of books ever offered in the United States; containing selections from the renowned libraries of the late Duke of Sussex, Robert Southey, &c. This will prove one of the most valuable opportunities ever afforded for gentlemen of taste, and such as have a "love of books," for enriching their collections. The catalogue describes seven splendidly illuminated Missals, from the cabinets of the Duke of Sussex, together with a large amount of interesting works relating to the early records of this country; works in theology, history, the fine arts, poetry, &c. Catalogues of this splendid collection may be obtained gratis on application. The sales commence Nov. 18.

Professor Frost has two or three literary projects in view; among others, he has in progress a most comprehensive theme for any one man, it must be confessed—a "Pictorial History of the World." It is to be "gotten up" after the most approved model of typographical excellence, and embellished. He also has another book nearly ready, on the Indians of North America, compiled from the latest authorities, and comprising sketches of the present condition, history, and customs of the Red race, &c.

The "Universal History," designed expressly for the jurist and statesman, commenced by the late General Sullivani of Boston, is at length verging towards its completion, with a view to the press, by his son. It is said the work will prefer strong claims to the consideration of the legal profession.

Mr. Langley has just issued the second number of the "Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by Dr. Copeland," a work which has so long been before the medical profession of the Old World, that it is almost needless to state it is deservedly regarded as one of pre-eminent value and authority, combining the best opinions in medical science extant, upon almost every question that may arise. The indefatigable compiler has devoted over twenty years of arduous labor to the subject, collating the experience and authorities of the leading European practitioners and medical writers of the age; and in this American republication are incorporated those of our own country, so that the intrinsic worth of the work cannot fail of commending it to all interested in the advancement of medical science, especially to the several members of the Faculty throughout the land.

We learn that the learned Dr. Chas. Pickering—one of the ablest of the scientific corps of the exploring expedition—is now on his tour to Asia and Africa, with a view to the completion of his collections and observations towards forming a scientific work on Ethnography. Excepting Dr. Morton, the author of the great work on American Crania, we have no one so adequate to the fulfilment of the task, and all that is wanting to perfect the design of Dr. Pickering, is the requisite information concerning the Eastern Hemisphere; we may then look for a production, that for unity and completeness will as far eclipse the valuable labors of Dr. Pritchard on the varieties of the human race, as they surpass all previous attempts at the solution of the interesting inquiry.

ENGLISH.

Another new medical production is about to be issued from the pen of Sir George

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Lefevre, styled "An Apology for the Nerves, or their Importance and Influence in Health and Disease."

Mr. Haydon has a new volume on the Fine Arts, just ready, entitled "A Course of Seven Lectures on Painting, Design," &c., with wood-cut illustrations by the author.

A new work "On Practical Astronomy and Geodesy," by John Narrien, Professor of Mathematics, &c., is also about to appear.

Sir Harris Nicolas is preparing for publication "The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Nelson." It seems rather late in the day to render this public tribute to the memory of the hero of the Nile; but who that has seen Southey's delightful biography of the Admiral would not, like Oliver Twist, ask for more, if more can be had, respecting this remakable man.

Longmans announce several valuable books on their monthly lists: among others "The Life and Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth," by Roberts. "The Church, the School, and the Parish," by I. Sandford, M.A. "Goldsmith's Poems," illustrated by the Etching Club. "The Correspondence of John, 4th Duke of Bedford," edited by Lord John Russell. "The Collegian's Guide," a picture of College Life. "The Betrothed Lovers," from the Italian, by Mary Howitt. "Sir James Mackintosh's Miscellanies." In addition to the usual larger annuals we are to have "McClise's beautifully embellished edition of Moore's Melodies," comprising over 150 embellishments—the text is to be surrounded with ornamental designs and engraved with the illustrations. There is also an illuminated edition of the "Common Prayer"—an illuminated "Calendar and Diary"—and another work designed for a gift book—"The Sermon on the Mount," printed in gold and colors in the Missal style, with ornamental bodies. "Heath's Picturesque Annual" will be displaced this year by "Cattermole's Historical Annual." We might add, an elegantly illustrated work on "Angling" is to be one of the novelties for the *present* season.

"A Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir," is the title of a handsome Musical Annual, with illustrations. An early *(sample)* copy is just received by W. & P.

The Baroness de la Calabrella is editing an illustrated Christmas Book, to be published in a few weeks; the exact title not yet fixed upon.

We are happy to learn that Miss Barrett's "Drama of Exile" is gaining distinguished applause in the British capital; and that she stands a fair chance for the highest honors of poetic renown. Miss Martineau has recovered from her recent sickness; and it is stated she is indebted for the boon to the magic of Mesmerism—we do not know if administered under the manipulation of Dr. Elliotson.

We also observe announced "The Life of Rev. Dr. Bell," comprising the history and progress of the system of mutual tuition, by the late Robert Southey, his widow and his son. The following also may be cited: "Pictorial Notices of Van Dyck and his cotemporaries," by W. H. Carpenter, in 4to. "A Yacht Voyage to Texas," by Mrs. Houston. Lamarck's great work on Natural History, which is verging towards its completion, the 9th and 10th volumes being in progress—it is entitled "Histoire naturelle des Animaux sans vertèbres." A rival work to Miss Strickland's popular volumes is announced, entitled "The Queens of England, their Lives and Influence," in one volume; and a curious volume entitled "Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists," by E. Kennedy, containing contributions to Frazer's Magazine, Ainsworth's, Bentley's, the Dublin University, and Punch. Mary Howitt's next translation from the Swedish is a "History of Sweden," by Anders Fryxell.

We also notice "Points and Pickings of Information about China and the Chinese," by the author of "Soldiers and Sailors." "De Warren; or a French Officer's Opinion of British India, its Army, and Social and Political Position." De Warren was a lieutenant in the British Infantry, and served a period of nine years, during which he acquired a vast deal of curious information, seen through a medium which is likely to surprise many respecting the government of the British possessions there, the invasion by Russia, and the character of the British Sepoy.

Two or three new works of fiction are also announced by Colburn. One by H. W. Hubert, entitled "The Roman Traitor;" another is to be called "Hillingdon Hall or the Cockney Squire," &c.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XV. DECEMBER, 1844. No. LXXVIII.

THE GENERAL ISSUE AND THE PARTICULAR ISSUES.

THE Democratic Party, in its recent great victory, stands in several respects in a most honorable contrast with the Whigs on the occasion of *their* success in 1840. This might easily be illustrated, by reference, alike to the system of electioneering which they adopted and acted out before the election, and to the intoxicated insolence of triumph in which they indulged after it. But it is to another point of this general contrast, that our present attention is directed. We allude to the unfair manner in which, *after the election*, they then turned round and claimed the result as a distinct and decisive popular verdict, upon great questions of public policy in regard to which, *before the election*, they had either sheltered themselves behind an impenetrable reserve of non-committalism, or in different sections of the Union had maintained widely different grounds. How true is this remark in regard to that which was the main pivot question of the whole division of parties for the last fifteen years, the National Bank question, it would be superfluous to undertake to prove. We all remember it well. The allusion to the point speaks sufficiently for itself. The Democratic party will now set them such an example as will best serve, at once to awaken perhaps a blush for their own former conduct in parallel circumstances, and to give the country another instance to prove which of the two is the true party of uprightness, loyalty, and fidelity to its own pledges and professions—which of the two is hereafter to be regarded as best worthy of confidence, in the sincerity of its declarations and the honesty of its intentions.

We of the Democratic Party will do what they did not—we will deal fairly by the people, in the inferences to be drawn from this election, as to the points which are to be regarded as decided by it; whatever may perhaps be the extent to which some questions may be thus prejudiced, upon which we personally entertain opinions in advance of those proved by the late canvass to be general among the people—and in regard to which we might have preferred that a more strongly drawn issue had been made and decided.

It is not always an easy thing to define exactly what has and what has not been decided by our Presidential elections. The Union has now become so large in territory and population—the public affairs so complicated—the pending questions so many, and inevitably subject to such modifications in the different sections of the Union—that it little becomes any one to dogmatize imperatively on this subject. There is one broad, paramount issue, strongly drawn and universally made up all over the country, and very apt to swamp many of the partial questions which the discussions of the general controversy may introduce with more or less effect into the canvass. It is simply this—*Which of the two great leading parties shall be placed in power?* Which of the two is on the whole the better, the more sound in doctrine, the more safe

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in its general direction, the more honest and reliable in its men? This is after all the main question; and many a vote—perhaps a majority of votes—is given, one way and the other, by those who, on the whole, in view of all the considerations involved, prefer the ascendency of *their party*, even though there may be one or more points, in its present policy, which they do not approve, and do not mean to be understood as approving. This is the General Issue—an issue by no means involving all and èvery of the particular issues which may simultaneously be made up, with more or less distinctness and more or less emphasis in the several sections of the Union, between the two parties. This is a truth rather apt to be lost sight of by the special advocates of some or other of these particular issues; from whom the cry is immediately after heard, the first shout of the general triumph, that *this* or *that* point has been now passed upon, by the ultimate tribunal of the popular will; and that the first duty of the party now elected into power must needs be to carry that verdict, in its strongest form of statement, into effect. This is an error by some committed in honest self-delusion—by others in full consciousness of fraudulent act and fraudulent intent.

At the election of 1840, for instance, what was specially decided by the people, beyond the general fact, that the times being very bad, and the one party promising to bring back the golden age while the other promised nothing, they determined to try the experiment of a "change,"—being moreover somewhat tired of the same set of names and faces in the places of power for twelve years in succession? And yet upon how many special issues did we not see the authority of that verdict immediately invoked, to soothe the scruples of friends, and overpower the remonstrances of opponents? It was discovered to have been decided, that the Independent Treasury should be destroyed, and that a National Bank should be created—that the proceeds of the sales of the public lands should be distributed, and that a sweeping bankrupt bill should be passed—that a high protective tariff should be revived, and that Mr. Clay should be invested with a general legislative dictatorship, preparatory to his recognized right of succession to the Presidency at the next election. And by "log-rolling" all these things into a certain unity as a "system of measures," interlacing them all together into a network of mutual support, each resting partly on its own strength and partly on that borrowed from all the others—they succeeded in forcing them through the process of legislation; the country being saved from their infliction only by the interposition of circumstances accidental, and purely personal in their nature. It is now for us to be careful not to expose ourselves to a similar imputation, from those in whose conduct *we* protested against it as so disgraceful a violation of political faith and even personal honor. If, before descending to particulars, we are thus earnest in emphasizing this general principle which should regulate our conduct after the 4th of March next, as the party of administration, it is only because from some quarters there have been too many indications that it is not wholly unnecessary.

A fair and frank review of the late canvass, as conducted over the whole surface of the political field, would lead, as we feel well assured, to about the following conclusions.

1. In regard to a National Bank, the decision of the public will is very emphatic against the creation of such an institution. This point is at last settled. Not only is the Bank dead, but its ghost is now at last exorcised and deposited, deeper than plummet ever sounded, at the bottom of the Red Sea, no more to re-visit the pale glimpses of the moon. We derive this conclusion not alone from the universal, and universally strong, declarations of the whole Democratic party against any such institution; but also from the coincidence of a large proportion of the Whig public sentiment with them—as proved by the manner in which so many of the organs of expression of our adversaries, either evaded, or positively denied that issue. True, they reserved enough to afford footing for the claim of a popular decision in its favor, as identified with the very name of Mr. Clay, and as avowed by many of his friends, which they would have planted upon it if they had been successful; yet, still, they cannot and do not themselves deny that there was at least a very considerable proportion of their own numbers who were unfriendly to the idea of a Bank, though

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voting for Mr. Clay on other grounds, and in their reliance on the probability that, if elected, his administration would not be able to carry a Bank through Congress, in the first place—or through the ordeal of the subscription to its stock, in the second. The addition of this class of persons to the entire mass of the Democracy, constitutes an overwhelming popular majority, never likely to be shaken by any future appeal on this point; even if any party is likely to be found infatuate enough to make it.

2. The same course of remark is equally applicable to the project of Distribution. The declaration of the Democracy was everywhere uncompromisingly against it, while it was but feebly and faintly urged by the Whigs. That also is dead beyond the power of resuscitation by any "Humane Society" ever likely to be formed on this side of the Atlantic, however popular the scheme may be on the Exchanges of London, Paris, and Amsterdam.

3. In regard to the abolition of the Presidential Veto—nothing further need be said than that a decent courtesy to the feelings of our opponents places a "veto" upon even an allusion now to that point. As an *issue*—as a practical project, proposed and opposed—it can scarcely be said to have been more than born. It died in the very nurse's arms, before it had even time to cry. Two touching epitaphs have been written upon little humanities thus proved to have been so very dear to the gods by the fact of their dying so very young. We leave to its friends to choose between them. The first is the well-known couplet—

> "The cup of life just to its lips it pressed,
> Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest."

The other recommends itself by a still more pathetic and tender beauty, so as decidedly to secure the preference of our recommendation for the occasion—

> "Since I was so early done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for!"

4. In regard to the Independent Treasury policy, there is a most unequivocal decision in favor of its substantial restoration. This is implied in the conclusive popular veto upon a National Bank, in connection with the fact that the other of the three possible alternatives (namely, another "pet bank" system), has absolutely *no* advocates left. It is needless to refer to the positive manner in which it was avowed and advocated by the Democratic party throughout the canvass, as far as the opportunity was afforded us by any Whig attempts to combat it, which were neither very frequent nor very urgent. A virtual "Independence of the Treasury" has subsisted throughout the present administration, under the original act of 1789, organizing the Treasury Department, and the resolution of 1816, partially defining the funds to be receivable in payment of public dues; to which have since been added those penal clauses of the Sub-Treasury Bill which were left standing amid the general havoc, when the Whigs rushed in, in 1840, and made a general sack of all they found. Loose and irresponsible as this "system" has been, and dependent mainly on the unregulated discretion and vigilance of the individuals at the head of the Treasury department, it has been so far recognized by the public acceptation, and so little assailed, even by that fierce party criticism which could find so little to be satisfied with in or under the present administration, that it is undeniable that the public opinion of the country has fully and finally adopted the policy of the Independence of the Treasury; and that it is now ripe, which was not quite the case in Mr. Van Buren's day, for being now, once for all, translated into legislative enactment, as the settled and challenged policy of the country.—The truth requires us, however, somewhat to qualify this point. We cannot say that this decision has gone very distinctively or specially to the point of the *Specie Policy* of the Independent Treasury law. We wish that we could claim that it had. But that is a question which has been of late little adverted to, the public mind being sick of currency discussion, and absorbed with other topics of more exciting present interest. The general presumption tends in favor of the Specie Policy, but it is a matter which—we must fain concede—lies fairly open to argument, if anybody shall feel any particular interest to oppose that feature of the measure in question.

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5. In general terms we may say that the people have pronounced strongly for economy in the public expenditure—for strictness of constitutional construction, in all cases that may arise—and against the incurring of public debt. These professions, though generally common to all parties, have been so strongly put forward by the Democratic party, in contrast with the general spirit of Whig theory and Whig practice, whenever they can get a chance at the direction of public expenditure, that we are in a peculiar degree committed to these promises, and must see well to it that we prove no worse than our word.

6. The Tariff and Annexation questions alone remain to be specially noticed. In regard to the former, we are sorry to be compelled to say that this election has left it a pretty widely open question. This point, at least, *is* decided, that the present Tariff shall be reduced; that it shall be based on the revenue principle, as its real, *bonâ fide*, and primary object; and that its necessary protective operation shall be more fairly distributed over the other large national interests, instead of being inordinately heaped upon one, to the severe oppression and wrong of the rest. But it cannot be said with truth—would that it might!—that the decision has gone to the principle of Protection, and has pronounced in favor of that Freedom of Trade which has always been advocated in this Review. The repeal of the excesses and inequalities of the present Tariff, with a liberal measure of incidental discriminating protection, in distributing the duties of an honest revenue Tariff—this is the extent to which alone we can claim the benefit of this decision. The question has *not* indeed been placed on as strong ground,—or nearly as strong,—as it was in Mr. Van Buren's Indiana Letter, severely as that was attacked by a portion of the Free Trade opinion of the country. Mr. Van Buren took ground specifically for a return to the Compromise Act, with no other discriminations than such as might range below a maximum of 20 per cent., or, for the present, in the actual reduced condition of the Treasury, 25 per cent. But no such issue was made up at the North, especially in the great States of Pennsylvania and New York; and, as before said, the question now lies widely open, to be settled by the votes of the legislative Representatives of the People, each voting according to his understanding of the issue as made up in his district, and to his conviction of the true interest and will of his own constituency. And Mr. Polk will have loyally and honorably discharged his duty in the matter, when he has signed any bill that may be sent to him which shall avoid the extremes of either side of the question.

6. In regard to the Annexation of Texas, the people are, in a general sense, declared in favor of that policy; though, as we must again in truth confess, in a *general sense* only. The whole broad ground is left open, of the mode and conditions of the "immediate annexation." The evidences of the public sentiment have certainly been adverse, strongly adverse, to Mr. Tyler's Treaty. The Senators who voted against it have been fully sustained and justified in that act. The great majority of the Northern press have expressly declined to argue the question on the basis of the Treaty, even in the cases where they have not in terms approved the rejection of the Treaty. Mr. Wright may be regarded as the true exponent of the Northern Democratic sentiment on this subject. His Watertown speech was copied into very nearly every Democratic paper in the State of New York, and most of those in Pennsylvania and New England. He there took the ground corresponding to his votes in the Senate, namely, of favor to the Annexation of Texas, at the earliest moment in which it can be effected in a manner consistent with the honor, peace, and ascertained public sentiment of the country. This is the "immediate annexation" for which the popular decision may be said to have been expressed. Such is that which the North has understood as intended in Mr. Polk's use of the expression, in his letter written *before* the promulgation of the Treaty and the Treaty Negotiation. At best, the Northern Democracy have shown that they care but little for it. They have tolerated, rather than earnestly desired it; and while with others the *end* is the primary object, and the *means and manner* but secondary, with the Democracy of the North the reverse of this is the case. They will be found to act

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very independently on the question. Each representative will feel himself entirely free to consult his own conscience, judgment, and his opinion of the will of his local constituency; and he will be found to stand pretty sternly to his *conditions* of Annexation. The more urgent friends of the measure will therefore have to shape it with some care, to carry the Northern vote. We give them this notice, having ourselves, as several former articles in this Review have proved, a very decided place in that class. We are clear in the view that Mexico has no right over Texas, and that her consent is no more necessary to afford us a moral and legal justification of the measure than that of Texas would be in regard to Mexico. But this is yet by no means understood and felt by the people at large; still less has it been so expressed by the late election, so far as regards the North; nor are the people by any means prepared to accompany Mr. Tyler into any such violent or hasty measures to effect the Annexation, as he has given various indications of his own readiness to rush into. The whole question must go over to the administration of Mr. Polk, in whose large and wise discretion, animated by a strong desire to effect the object, while tempered by a sensitive regard to the honor of the country, and a just deference to the public sentiment of all the sections of the Union, the people are well content to leave it.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

BY W. A. JONES.

A LATE number of the Quarterly Review contained a very sensible article upon this most important class of works, which furnishes the *exciting cause*, as the faculty might term it, of the present article. For we had long since meditated a series of reflections, in the same vein and on the same theme, in many of which we have been unfortunately anticipated by the English critic. Yet as we differ somewhat from him, in his selection of books, it is one of our hobbies to plan courses of reading, no less for children than for students and fair scholars: and as we think that the paper, excellent in itself, may still be re-written in a more abridged and succinct form, including strictures of our own that did not happen to occur to the Quarterly reviewer, we have attempted the task.

It is always mortifying to find a subject taken out of one's hands by a contemporary writer; and all the more so, if he be in the first rank, and if his humble, unconscious rival has set his heart upon success, in the same line or upon the same subject. Even authors of acknowledged genius, like Irving and Hawthorne, have confessed that Mr. Dickens has employed conceptions and drawn out pictures that occurred to both of them, long before the work appeared in which they formed its most striking episodes. But we have a stronger reason still for writing upon this topic; heartily, most affectionately do we love children, the human creatures, of all others, the nearest to the angels.

With no children of our own, save those of the brain (a fruitful and cherished progeny, our best thoughts and purest fancies), we feel towards all sweet, good children, as if they were our own. We frankly confess we have no love for most infants; we entertain small regard, nay, we utterly dislike, spoiled brats, pert youngsters, ill-mannered boys, hoydenish girls, blunt little wretches, saucy minxes; but even the plainest child, if amiable and intelligent, takes our heart at once; though to complete the attraction, we require beauty superadded to grace and intelligence, and taking the affections captive through the force of goodness and purity. Armed with these celestial weapons, the child is more than a match for the strong-minded man, of iron will yet of bad heart and impure imagination.

What is more loveable than a darling little girl; with her mind, fresh and open to all impulses of soul and sense; and her heart confiding and warm with the holiest feelings? In such hearts reside mild religion and heavenly love. Though they cannot define faith, they can feel it—the better thing of the two, according to one of the most sainted of men, Thomas à Kempis. The only pure love, too, is theirs; a mixture of gratitude, confiding assurance, and the yearnings of nature after something to cling to and unite with. The most

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ethereal and Platonic love of the sexes contains something of a sensual character in the very best. Man and woman love each other as such: there is a sex in their feelings and impulses. But innocent children know no such distinction. They love your heart, and they love with their hearts; and chiefly for the sake of the sentimental enjoyment. They may say (or it may be said), that they love those who give them toys, or amuse them in any way; but it must be a mercenary spirit that loves only for those reasons. They love their benefactors; taking the gift merely as a symbol of the feeling it represents, and not for its essential value.

For my own part, I cannot conceive in heaven itself a species of love (the very atmosphere of that region), more delightful and pleasing to the Almighty than that of a delicate, charming young girl, full of sensibility and intelligence, for her father. A purer feeling cannot exist: not even the stoic fortitude of the Christian martyr, nor the undaunted heroism of the stern patriot. I would write, then, these pages, if only for the eyes of one dear child-angel; to draw in whose mind a lively picture of the true ideal woman, by reading, study, feeling, fancy, travel, and discourse, would gratify me more than to write like Macaulay, or to have my name associated with that of my favorite Hazlitt!

Books for children, by which I mean young human creatures from five to fifteen—(some learn to read much sooner; but it appears to me that judicious toys,* the right kind of conversation, and striking sights, are the best books for children under five)—like books for youth or mature adolescence, are either for profit (literally speaking, in Baconian language), or for delight; and the best works unite the two qualities.

Yet for the sake of analysis, and to preserve something like method in this rambling essay, we will consider all books for children under the two general divisions of—1. Books of instruction; and 2d, Books of entertainment. And we will commence with the last. There is a very large class of censorious critics, who plume themselves on their good sense, and here evince the strongest defect of it, who affect to speak of children's books as essentially trifling. They mistake *juvenile* books for *puerile* works: an egregious blunder. Robinson Crusoe is a juvenile, in the language of the trade; so is Peter Wilkins, so is Gulliver; yet are they so far from puerile, that to appreciate them fully, the fresh heart of childhood requires also the wise masculine understanding. The best child's books form notoriously the pleasant reading of all ages.

From the reason of this strange misconception, has arisen the idea of the ease with which such books could be composed, and the fact that the majority of the present race of writers for children have done all they could to stultify, enfeeble, and almost debase, the intellect and sentiment of the contemporary generation of children. They seem to think a child's book cannot be too childish; filling the blank pages with as empty prattle and insipid nothingness. Like the imitators of and cavillers at Wordsworth, they mistake folly for simplicity, and substitute inanity for innocence. They write alone to the stupid; a fault almost as culpable as writing over the heads of the majority, to reach the level of the brilliant and gifted. The cardinal rule should be, to write to the middling order of minds, the sensible and good-natured; those who have right feelings and natural impulses.

We say children's books are, of all kinds, the most popular—more copies are sold, even of the most indifferent productions of this class, than of any other class of books, except school books and religious works. Hence, there has been in this department of literature a great deal of mere manufacturing. Book-making has been most profitable, almost as much so as editing classics, from which source of profit, many a dull pedant has reaped more substantial gains than the original author himself. From Goldsmith down to Hawthorne (we take pleasure in writing these names in the same sentence) tales for children, when executed as they, and Tieck and Grimm, and a few others, have composed them, have afforded the most agreeable kind of reading to all classes, ages, professions, and tempers. No man or woman, and

* Vide an admirable article on Toys, in the Quarterly, a year or two since.

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certainly no child, with a pure heart, a healthy imagination, and a refined moral sense, could or can, help loving a good fairy tale or romantic legend. Men of genius and practical writers, alone, then, can write proper books for children, which may also enlighten and charm their mothers and grandfathers. The best audience for the finest Poet, would be the spirits of blessed children; and the true writer of genius, is the only fit author to write for a circle of little boys and girls.

Did we reflect but for a moment, it would appear sufficiently reasonable that none but the very best minds should be employed on works of this sort, since the effects of juvenile reading and first studies leave an indelible impression on the character. Some of the greatest men have confessed in after life, the effect upon their youthful minds, of books read in the early season of life, when the perceptions are quickest and the heart is fresh and joyful. Franklin thought the whole course of his career had been influenced by his perusal of Defoe's Essay on Projects, during his boyhood. The child Cowley devoured Spenser at an age when the music of the stanza alone attracted him. Byron's boyish readings of folios of Turkish History gave a strong oriental bias to his poetical genius. And a hundred similar instances might be readily enumerated, if the point were not sufficiently clear. Childish associations tend much toward coloring the maturer temper. Pleasant family connexions sweeten the mind, as it were, for life: whereas, an unhappy childhood will leave a gloom and distrust in the disposition that can be scarcely eradicated. The companions of our infancy and youth; the sports in which we joined with them; the places of our birth and the scenes where the most important early episodes of our lives occurred; all engrave themselves on the memory and character. With no less force do we remember or are we affected by our first readings. It may serve to change a man's whole course of life, whether he read Cook's voyages, or the Life of Colonel Jack, when a boy. Assuredly, whatever he read, became a part of himself, and might form either the intelligent navigator or the reckless adventurer. The reading of books of piratical adventures, has made villains out of otherwise tame dullards. Since, then, our first books are so important in their effect for good or for evil, we think too diligent a regard cannot be manifested for a delicate choice in the selection of volumes that should compose the child's library. But before proceeding to draw up our list, of necessity brief and imperfect, we will notice a few of the prevailing defects in most of the works written for children, at the present day.

Most tale-writers are altogether too didactic: so eager to impress truths and facts, that they cannot avoid direct teaching, by which they lose all the advantages they expect to gain, since a tale is not a lecture. If it teaches, as it certainly ought, it should do so incidentally. It should certainly be conceived in a healthy spirit, should leave a good impression and imprint a right principle. Yet it should not make its advances too palpably, so as to frighten the child into the belief of its learning a task, instead of unconsciously imbibing pure truth, "in fairy fiction dressed." The writer should address the heart and the imagination, leaving the reason to work out her convictions on the basis of their pleasing illusions, as a cynic might term the most real of all things. Children learn by loving: they are informed when they are interested: they delight to be taught what entertains their fancy and captivates their attention in the teaching. You must acquire a hold on their affections, when you may wholly command their devotion. "Here the heart may give an useful lesson to the head:" the child and the sage meet on an equal footing. But we have expressed this all so much better formerly than we can now, that we will not repeat it—the reader may find the best thoughts we can offer on this head, in an article on Philip Quarll in the November number of the Boston Miscellany for the year 1842.

There are two ethical questions to be considered in books of entertainment for children, and indeed for readers of all ages. Should the work be based, or composed, on moral grounds, i. e. as directly teaching any peculiar system of morality or religion? And should each work have a palpable moral aim? We do not speak of the tendency of such works: that, it is fairly implied, ought to be good invariably. But on this very point, is it necessary, is it expedient, is it right, that morality should

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be palpably stamped? We trow not. We think by such means the natural piety of the child's heart becomes disgusted with the conventional morality of the world: and may for a time itself become obscured. The best people neither need nor desire to be continually dosed with panaceas of ethical disquisitions or tirades upon religion, in however small quantities. There is a place for everything; and especially for grave and serious concerns. But the proper place is not in an episode of a tale or the preface to a novel. As to a moral purpose, explicitly set forth, it is a point of very doubtful utility. Coleridge, that most spiritual of Poets and purest of men, thought a poem ought to be aimless, just in the same view and for the precise reason that the finest female character was characterless. It would require a distinct essay to follow out the ramifications of this principle, but the intelligent reader will appreciate its truth. Honest, liberal-minded Mrs. Barbauld taxed him for the want of a moral aim in his Ancient Mariner, which very deficiency he considered a merit. And in a liberal sense, it is such, though it is given to few to see why—a true moral it had, but not an avowed moral end. To delight was its original duty, but nothing delights the pure except purity itself: hence, it inculcated a valuable lesson, without seeming to teach at all. The popular feeling is with Mrs. Barbauld. For the common feeling, as for the common sense of mankind, in ordinary matters, we entertain a sincere respect. Experience, sooner or later, confirms the teaching of past generations: from the past we may in general safely predict the future. Yet on this point we believe Coleridge was correct. Hazlitt somewhere most ably advocates the same side of the question; and we are perfectly willing to yield our private judgment in any matter where the finest poet and the acutest critic agree, heartily and with fair show of reason. This disagreeable moral pedantry spoils some delightful books; even that excellent book, Sandford and Merton, is a little open to this objection; while, without exception, the whole herd of religious novelists and moral tale-writers of the present day incur the same censure, ignorantly and repeatedly.

Another prominent fault in some books of this class, is, the instilling prematurely of merely worldly knowledge, by which, in this particular connection, we mean to imply, a knowledge of evil rather than of good. With many, a knowledge of the world implies an acquaintance with trick and craft, with vice and sin. But, though, to discriminate properly good and evil, not only in the abstract, but more especially in practical life, requires a knowledge of opposites, in the man, yet it is worse than useless in the child, to be taught to go out of his way, gratuitously, to learn evil. Soon enough comes a knowledge and that science, of which it has been said, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light," but after all, much of this boasted worldly shrewdness is worth little enough. It serves as a defensive weapon to withstand the artifices of cunning, and the impostures of wicked men. It is a shield in the Battle of Life. But it has negative properties only: it does not advance the learner a step in the search after truth. It affords little aid to the poor wanderer in the wilds of error lost. Children, of all creatures, need it least, as they are under protection, can obtain advice, and appeal to superior strength, as well as superior wisdom.

Thus much for the more striking faults of the majority of the new child's books; we must, to obtain the best mental food for children, go back to the books and authors of the last century, and even earlier. Very few of the living writers in this department are to be found really worthy of perusal.

The list of books by the Quarterly Reviewer, is much fuller than ours, but we do not think so select. It contains more titles, but we think some of them by no means deserve the place assigned them, in such close juxtaposition with the really admirable standard works. Many of the new books are of a character we would denominate uncertain, *i. e.*, falling too much under the stricture we have indulged in above: being rather didactic, dry, sophistical, and, to speak the truth at once, tiresome. Our catalogue is a choice one, though by no means so full as a complete list ought to be; yet, such as it is, we present it to the reader.

The most juvenile nursery rhymes and nursery romances do not much

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alter, but invariably the oldest is the best. We commence with books, somewhat beyond them.—Of tales for little boys and girls, of a moral caste, there is that incomparable book of moral stories, *The Looking Glass*. Of almost equal interest and still greater value, are the *Fables of Æsop*. And here we must stop, to say a word of fables. We hope to devote a paper hereafter to this delightful species of literature, but we have room now only for a sentence. Of all kinds of reading, they furnish the greatest amount of wisdom and fancy, in the smallest compass. While they entertain, they are all the while teaching, and in a pointed manner, that impresses a principle more forcibly than could be attained in any other way. The story, however, is more instructive than the moral or the end, which children generally skip; which fact, in itself, seems to us to furnish a pretty good argument against the propriety of setting up a palpable moral aim. Along with Æsop should be read *Pilpay*, the father, as is generally supposed, of the European Fabulists. There is a good English version of the classic sage. Among the Latin poets, boys ought to read *Phædrus*, who versified Æsop. In French, there is the elegant and graceful *Lafontaine*, and *Gay*, in English, whose fine versions of the Latin and French fabulists ought to be read by children, boys, young girls, students, men and women. Good fables, next to the New Testament, from which, indeed, the best doctrines in all of them must be necessarily derived, teach better ethics than any of the regular systems and formal treatises of morals. They teach principles, of all things the most difficult to impress, and embody them in a clear, lively and attractive manner.

Fairy Tales and National Legends.—The book, containing the originals of the oldest stories, many of which may be traced for centuries, through the various races and dialects of Europe and the East, is, Grimm's Popular Stories, admirably illustrated in a translation of a few of the best by Cruikshank. The Germans are exceedingly rich in works of the kind; two writers, in particular, they may boast of as belonging to it—*Musæus* and the charming *Tieck*, who strangely enough for the author of such beautiful miniature romances, it is said, will not allow a child's book to enter his house. Ireland is well illustrated by the researches of *Croker* and *Lover*. And *Scott* has done all for Scotland. The French have some very pleasant writers of this kind, *Count Hamilton* and *Perrault*. *Fenelon* has written a tale or two, worthy of the author of Telemachus. *Goldsmith* wrote something in this way. *Fairy Poetry* is a subject worthy of Hunt, who has written about fairies in his London Journal, and who is said to have made a collection of fairy tales, that we have not seen. From *Drayton's Nymphidia* to *Drake's Culprit Fay*, a brilliant garland of fairy poesy might be easily compiled, that should include *Spenser*, *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, *Bishop Corbet's Address*, the fine *Lines in Milton*, &c., &c.

Allegory is a delightful figure for children, who take all the figurative expressions and names for gospel. For this, as for all good literature, the Holy Scriptures afford the noblest specimens. But as we are merely writing of secular works, we must confine ourselves to them. The first and last book for childhood, and for age, is the Bible, but it is too sacred a volume to place beside many quite light productions we shall enumerate under the same head, so that, once for all, we must declare that we consider it fairly implied that if we do not once again refer to the volume of inspired truth and law, it is because considering it the basis of everything good, we do not regard it necessary to allude perpetually to the fact, no more than while erecting a high tower, the architect should be continually pointing to the foundation and the corner-stone. *Pilgrim's Progress* is the first of books in this department; then come the best papers of the same kind, in the *Spectator*, and by *Dr. Johnson*. Then *Rasselas*, that saddest of sermons and rich oriental picture.—*Voyages Imaginaires*, as the French call those mixed productions of force and fancy, as *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Philip Quarll*, and *Peter Wilkins*. *Gulliver* may be read now, merely for the story, but afterwards for the cutting satire, and is beyond praise. To say nothing of the excellence of the sentiment, and the natural style of these master-pieces; the healthy appetite they excite for

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geography, for natural history, and for romantic adventure of a rational kind, render them admirable, if merely considered by way of preface to those studies. They help, too, to form manly, self-relying characters.

We have always thought that next to travel and personal observation, good books of travels and voyages were the best geographies. They are filled with facts, too, that just suit the age of the learners. Few men, except a Burckhardt, a Niebuhr, or one of that rare class, care to study geography after their school-days, or indeed to read books of adventurous discovery, but almost all boys do (we did, most ardently): though we are apt to think the little coquettes do not care much about them. *Cook*, *Anson*, *Parry*, *Park*, the *Landers*, *Bruce*, *Ross*, &c. The list is almost interminable. But we have anticipated a little, in including books properly of fact, under the head of books of entertainment, though what books are more delightful than some books of facts? Defoe has had imitators among contemporary writers: some of whom have done well, as *Captain Marryatt*, *Dana*, and *Mr. Cooper*.—*Oriental Tales*, full of fancy, humor, pictures of manners, and imagination. The *Arabian Nights*, and inferior to them, the Persian Tales.

Professedly Moral Tales: good Sunday reading, always, and some of them so entertaining as to be read not always as tasks. *Edgeworth's* Moral Tales and Popular Lessons.

Hannah More's, *Mrs. Sherwood's Sandford and Merton.* For the younger children, *Mrs. Hofland* and *Mrs. Trimmer.* For young girls and boys, *May You Like It*, *Lights and Shadows.* The last book is full of genius. The first is a pathetic thing, if we have not greatly mistaken it from a very early reading. For all ages, again, *Mary Lamb's Mrs. Leicester's School.* Among the French, *Marmontel;* he is decried as a mere weak sentimentalist, but he has written some pleasing tales; and his memoirs are very agreeable reading. *De Genlis*, *St. Pierre*, *Chateaubriand*, *Cottin.*

We find it difficult to stop at the precisely proper point, in marking out the limits, within which to circumscribe our juvenile readers of prose fiction. Many fine things in German tale and romance must be left for older readers: for girls past fourteen, and boys in college. So, too, of the classic English and French novelists. But there are some standard novels that may be read by children not yet in their teens, and of these, two in particular, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the *Man of Feeling*. models of sentiment, humor, character, and style.

Mary Howitt, *Miss Martineau* (in her best early tales), *Miss Sedgwick*, *Mrs. Child*, and inimitable *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

Poetry.—We do not like children to read too early Shakspeare (except Lamb's capital prose abstract of the story of each play); and Milton, and most of the higher order of Poets, are beyond a childish imagination. The teens are early enough to commence the study of the finer features and more majestic carriage of the Muse. Easy moral verse, lively fables, old ballads, simple songs, and hymns, are best adapted to little girls and boys. The most stirring of the *Robin Hood Ballads*, and of *Percy's Reliques:* ballads of *Wallace* and *Captain Kidd*, *Parnell's* Hermit, *Pope's* Ode to Solitude and Universal Prayer, *Gay's Fables*, John Gilpin, The Rose, and most of *Cowper's* minor pieces; *Campbell's* finest pieces; songs and ballads in Scott's Poems; the choicest *hymns* of *Addison*, *Cowper*, *Pope*, *Young*, *Heber*, *Wotton*, *Ken*, &c. Keble's Christian Year, and Child's Christian Year, all of these should be LEARNT by heart, not only as an excellent exercise for the memory, but for the moral lessons they inculcate, as an education for the taste in imagery and language, and of the ear in music. *Original Poems*, is a very popular and good collection. Our American Parnassus has produced many a beautiful flower, that may enter into a poetical wreath for children; our best verse is brief and moral, picturesque and musical. If a child has a marked propensity for poesy, this, then, is the best season for the long narrative romantic poems of the Italians and their English imitators; a later, fastidious age cannot endure such long, tedious marches of metre, unless the poetic gift accompanies the critical judgment.

Books of Instruction.—But first a word or two of teaching, and education in general. What other sources, beside books, may we resort to? What is to be taught?

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These several points, all worthy of the most careful inquiry, we may only touch upon, as they merit much fuller consideration. Strangely enough, the simplest method of instruction, the most obvious path, is neglected. We seem to delight in making long circuits, even when the road is direct—we forget the advice of the wise old philosophy, and will not follow nature.

Books of pure entertainment may often teach more than formal text books, of manners, of character, of right sentiments, of proper rules of action and behavior. Quite young children learn a great deal from certain toys (not scholastic puzzles, but common playthings), and the most ordinary games. So, too, of visits to public places, museums, gardens, and excursions into the country, exhibitions on holidays, life in the streets, the effect of what is seen upon the mind is notoriously more readily perceived than what is merely heard or read of:

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

We are great advocates for taking children to all sorts of places, except such as might have a directly pernicious effect on their moral sense. The mere walk or drive is beneficial; the conversation of their elders ought to be worth something; and the novelty of the sight, of itself, helps to stamp a clear and firm impression. Our best education is, after all, incidental: we learn much from various sources, which we cannot always identify. From apparently trifling subjects, and occasions, we derive some of our best thoughts and most cherished principles. A casual remark or light speech, made by a stranger, in our hearing, may color the current of our whole life. Chance pleasantries often turn out pretty serious matters, and what we are apt often to consider the veriest trifles, may form the insignificant steps to the most important events of our lives. The popular view considers education a formal, scientific matter, separable from everything else; but it is our whole life, and the business of an entire existence, to teach and to learn, to study and meditate, to give the results of both, in discourse, and in our peculiar calling; these occupations fill the lives of all of us. Certain scholastic acquisitions need to be deliberately presented to the student; science has her method and system. But moral and intellectual training lasts us our lives through; and we live and die learning. Experienced instructors can teach us how to learn but the best cannot hope to do much beside. Our parents in childhood, ourselves in mature life, are our best tutors. Experience, that wisest of professors, is our safest guide, for whose lessons we have to pay dearly. Yet they are invaluable; and if she is exacting, she is no less judicious and reliable.

We have no idea of drawing up a plan of study, or making a list of branches of school education. We shall merely glance at a few early studies most suitable to young scholars, and note the superficial errors of modern text-books. The highest study of man, at every period of his life, should form the earliest object of attention, as it will remain with him the latest consolation—Religion. Not the speculative doctrinal theology, but the elements of the purest morality with the highest and most spiritual illustrations of it in the Bible itself. The grand dogmas of the Christian faith to be presented as such; as the mysteries of our being, not to be reasoned about, unless simply and expressively, in the way of analogy, where that form of reasoning may be safely and readily employed. Faith, purity, obedience—this trinity of virtues, to be cherished as the essential elements of a noble character. The father, the priest, ought to be perfectly reliable, when, if good, wise, and sincere, immense benefits may accrue from their dogmatic instruction and living example. Natural history is a pursuit at once attractive and useful. The books ought to be well illustrated with numerous and good plates and drawings. Children ought to be taken also, from time to time, to view collections of wild beasts and singular animals, living and dead; to menageries, museums, &c. Everything ought to be described to them with the utmost perspicuity and exactness, in simple and intelligible terms. It is well, too, if the little boy or girl can have some live pet (though we hate pets for grown children, such as poodles, lapdogs, &c.), as a rabbit or a canary, or a little dog, or something of the sort. A plaything of this kind exercises care in looking

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after, and a feeling of humanity in tending it. While speaking of this, we should add, that this feeling of humanity should be one of the earliest implanted and assiduously cherished along with the cardinal principles, obedience, a sense of justice, a love of truth and hatred of falsehood, and its petty cognate vices; warm generosity and active habits of industry, order, punctuality, courtesy, and cleanliness.

Geography we have before referred to, on the head of books of voyages and travels. In good hands this is a study children delight in. Isaac Milner was said to have been a master; while there is not an intelligent sailor or sea-captain who cannot draw children to his knee by relating of his adventures in foreign countries, when they care for no other company or conversation. No expense should be spared for maps and plans of cities, &c. A little work by Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld, was a great favorite with us, and though we have not seen it many years, we dare say it still retains its interest for children—"Evenings at Home." If we recollect aright, it contains lessons both in geography and natural history.

History, we think, is a study for youth and mature age, in its philosophical and critical aspect, ; but the romance of history, fable, legend, and tradition, is the proper reading for children. Bible history should be well studied, as also ancient history, in popular manuals, and the history of the student's own country in a popular shape. Long histories, like Hume and Gibbon's, or critical disquisitions like those of the German and French school, are not for very young students. To illustrate our idea of children's reading history, we think "Irving's Abridgment of the Life of Columbus" fit for a boy or girl of nine or ten, while his large work is adapted to ones of fourteen or fifteen: so is Bancroft's small work for the latter, while his great history is for students from seventeen to seventy. We believe that children derive advantage from perusing historical novels, but they are false guides for men or women. They are useful and agreeable in encouraging a taste for graver reading, and in extracting the essence from long desultory romantic chronicles and court memoirs.

Biography comes nearer to children than history; as, indeed, it is a species of literature, the most accessible to most classes of readers. It is, in fact, *personal* history, and has a peculiar interest. It both seems as the best introduction to, and the best illustration of, history itself. The lives of many prominent historical personages occupy the same space as a history of their times. Certain single characters include all the interest we take in their country; as, until lately, Peter the Great and Catharine II., were to us all of Russian history we cared much to know; and for general students, before the present era, we heard enough of Sweden, when we had learnt the histories of Gustavus Vasa, of Adolphus, Oxernstein, Christina, and Charles XII. Plutarch is the great *mine* for ancient biography. Among English books and heroes, the lives of Wallace, Columbus, Franklin, Washington, Nelson, and a number of the same characters; and the Adventures of Munchausen, Baron Trenk, and Silvio Pellico.

Grammar and all abstract studies, except the grammar of foreign languages (to be studied not by formal lecture, but *vivâ voce*, in conversation, with phrase-books and interlinear translation) ought to be reserved till the student is fairly in his or her teens. Then philosophical education should commence. The common elementary studies, not enumerated, of orthography, elocution, chirography, and arithmetic, are quickest learnt in the slowest old-fashioned method. They are to be so learnt, if they are to be well learnt. Of school-books in general, the oldest are the best (if the best of the old ones are selected): they should be clear, short, and simple. It is much to be doubted whether the multiplicity of school-books does not rather embarrass than advance the pupil. A few good books are better than many indifferent ones. In the composition of most new school-books, there is a common defect. They aim at being too clear, at simplifying too much. It is a good old rule rather to talk above than below your company: the same rule holds more particularly with a mixed audience, and almost as much with children. They do not like condescension any better than their elders, but wish to be treated as nearly on equal terms as possible.

The notion of popularizing difficult propositions, and explaining in an easy

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way what is inherently difficult of comprehension, has been provéd unwise by fair trial. It is necessary to stimulate curiosity and encourage labor. There is no royal road to learning, to quote a trite maxim ; none the less true for being trite. Some difficulties must be encountered, if only to harden the mind and strengthen the character. By facilitating acquisition, the mind becomes effeminated, instead of advancing, and is unfitted to contend with difficulties. The Quarterly Reviewer quotes a fine sentence of Coleridge to this effect (we have not the Review by us, and cannot transcribe it literally), that the path of knowledge is circuitous and winding, often returning upon itself, and hence that we must often attend to elementary principles, and feel no dread of repetition and going over the same ground repeatedly. By dint of sheer memory we master some things that we cannot at first even understand, but which, the oftener they are recalled, the plainer they seem, since the perception generally views the idea in a differen manner every time it takes any notice of it, and in this way many stubborn facts are treasured up, and many complicated problems are at last resolved.

Patience is the great quality of all students and discoverers, a philosophic, calm, unshaken attention and concentration of the mind on a given point, that at last enables the other faculties to unravel all the tangled meshes of controversy or unlock the secrets of Nature. Such was the Patience of Bacon, Newton and Locke. A very ordinary but most pernicious fault of all teaching is to rate all minds alike: give lessons of the same length and in the same sciences, to all children of the same age or size: a Procrustes method of gauging the abilities and tastes of children. After a very early age, each child requires an individual treatment suited to none else. Yet this is seldom attended to.

We have thrown together these desultory observations, which we should like to see acted upon. Why will not our best American writers do more for children? Mr. Irving might write some delightful historical novelettes and miniature biographies of Americans for them: Hawthorne ought to compose a classic history of Salem Witchcraft, and continue his delightful historical conversations. We want more stories from Grandfather's chair. Longfellow cannot give us too many versified romances: Mrs. Child should write some of her purest new Letters, for children expressly: Miss Sedgwick, we trust, has not yet exhausted her stock of materials: the profound and subtle genius of Emerson ought not to despise writing clear and picturesque maxims for childhood as well as for the maturest manhood: Dewey might furnish admirable sermons for children; and of all men John Neal could write the best essay, as those on Self-trust, &c. Mathews, whose versatile genius not a little resembles that of Hood, can indite pathetic tales like Harvey Lamb, or comic satire like the best passages in his prose writing, and ought to be able to address children as well as their parents. And for selections of tales, delicate versions, re-writing certain old stories, and picturesque grace in critical essays, which the young folks would relish almost as much as the stories themselves, commend us and the juvenile tribe to the happy fancy of E.A.D.

In a final paragraph we would insist upon the necessity of a rich, pure, and varied Literature for children; not only from the vast importance of captivating the imagination and warming the heart at the most impressible season of life, by generous and Christian principles of action, and refined sentiments of duty, but also that the youthful associations may form the basis of the best character, and bring the purest joy in after years. Such a Literature already exists, though we trust it may be enriched annually, and by American as well as foreign writers. It is enough fame for any author to be loved by children, generation after generation, long after he himself has left the scene. Nor can he be considered an useless writer, who has done something towards forming a single worthy character. The greatest writers are the world's best benefactors, friends, teachers, lovers, companions and fellow-citizens.

At an epoch when cheap Literature is so popular, and reprints of good old books so common, why, amid all the collections, have we not a cheap Library for children, not mere Fairy Tales (there is one such collection), nor useful tracts, nor sets of travels and biographies, but a careful selection of

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good books in all the departments; one something like the list we have attempted. An enterprising publisher who would get out such a series, in a neat portable form, would deserve the praise of a real benefactor to the young, and fill his pockets at the same time.

Every man looks back to his childhood, as to the Paradisaical period of his life, his Eden before he was driven into the world by sin. Ought we not to try and make it so much happier and wiser that the period may be indefinitely prolonged, and the purity and innocence of childhood carried as far as possible into coming years? The best man preserves the heart and the imagination of a child, through age and experience to the very Gates of Death. For a child too, that dies young, we should strive to fill its whole life with Love, Religion, and Beauty. This is the true office of Genius tempered by affection, the work of an Angel, and to be rewarded as such. It is great "the applause of listening senates to command," and to become endenizened Poet or Philosopher, the world over: but it is, if not so glorious a national fame, still a more delightful private honor, to live on the lips of admiring childhood, and to possess a place in those cherubic hearts that know no metaphysical distinction between delight and love.

THE PRISONER.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

CHAINED within a dreary wall,
  Sitteth *she*—a prisoner lone;
Struggling in her weary thrall,
  Mingling curse and moan!
Ever and anon the stars
  Glance within her living tomb,
And the moonlight, through the bars,
  Darts athwart the gloom.

Now a voice of music steals
  On the silence of her cell;
And again the wind reveals
  Treasures of the dell;
Yet, within a dreary wall,
  Sitteth *she*—a prisoner lone;
Struggling in her weary thrall,
  Mingling curse and moan.

Through the dull, dull night, her eye
  Looketh on the far-off stars,
But between it and the sky
  Are the prison-bars:
And by day, the sun-beams throw
  Splendors through the darkened panes;
But though they may come and go,
  She must wear her chains.

So within a dreary wall,
  Sitteth *she*—the prisoner SOUL;
Struggling in her weary thrall,
  Panting for her goal:
Struggling—yet too weak to rise:
  Panting—yet afraid to go:
Lured by Love towards the skies—
  Chained by Lust below.

Taunton, Mass.

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WRITINGS OF AUBÉPINE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We do not remember to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aubépine; a fact the less to be wondered at, as his very name is unknown to many of his own countrymen, as well as to the student of foreign literature. As a writer, he seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world), and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial in his modes of development, to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience; except here and there an individual, or possibly an isolated clique. His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case, he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally, a breath of nature, a rain-drop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor, will find its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all, we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this very cursory notice, that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense.

Our author is voluminous; he continues to write and publish with as much praiseworthy and indefatigable prolixity, as if his efforts were crowned with the brilliant success that so justly attends those of Eugene Sue. His first appearance was by a collection of stories, in a long series of volumes, entitled "*Contes deux fois racontées.*" The titles of some of his more recent works (we quote from memory) are as follows:—"*Le Voyage Céleste à Chemin de Fer,*" 3 tom. 1838. "*Le nouveau père Adam et la nouvelle mère Eve,*" 2 tom. 1839. "*Roderic; ou le Serpent à l'estomac,*" 2 tom. 1840. "*Le Culte du Feu,*" a folio volume of ponderous research into the religion and ritual of the old Persian Ghebers, published in 1841. "*La Soirée du Chateau en Espagne,*" 1 tom. 8vo. 1842; and "*L'Artiste du Beau; ou le Papillon Mécanique,*" 5 tom. 4to. 1843. Our somewhat wearisome perusal of this startling catalogue of volumes has left behind it a certain personal affection and sympathy, though by no means admiration, for M. de l'Aubépine; and we would fain do the little in our power towards introducing him favorably to the American public. The ensuing tale is a translation of his "*Beatrice; ou La Belle Empoisonneuse,*" recently published in "*La Revue Anti-Aristocratique.*" This journal, edited by the Comte de Bearhaven, has, for some years past, led the defence of liberal principles and popular rights, with a faithfulness and ability worthy of all praise.

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER.

A young man, named Giovanni Guasconti, came, very long ago, from the more southern region of Italy, to pursue his studies at the University of

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Padua. Giovanni, who had but a scanty supply of gold ducats in his pocket, took lodgings in a high and gloomy chamber of an old edifice, which looked not unworthy to have been the palace of a Paduan noble, and which, in fact, exhibited over its entrance the armorial bearings of a family long since extinct. The young stranger, who was not unstudied in the great poem of his country, recollected that one of the ancestors of this family, and perhaps an occupant of this very mansion, had been pictured by Dante as a partaker of the immortal agonies of his Inferno. These reminiscences and associations, together with the tendency to heart-break natural to a young man for the first time out of his native sphere, caused Giovanni to sigh heavily, as he looked around the desolate and ill-furnished apartment.

"Holy Virgin, signor," cried old dame Lisabetta, who, won by the youth's remarkable beauty of person, was kindly endeavoring to give the chamber a habitable air, "what a sigh was that to come out of a young man's heart! Do you find this old mansion gloomy? For the love of heaven, then, put your head out of the window, and you will see as bright sunshine as you have left in Naples."

Guasconti mechanically did as the old woman advised, but could not quite agree with her that the Lombard sunshine was as cheerful as that of southern Italy. Such as it was, however, it fell upon a garden beneath the window, and expended its fostering influences on a variety of plants, which seemed to have been cultivated with exceeding care.

"Does this garden belong to the house?" asked Giovanni.

"Heaven forbid, signor!—unless it were fruitful of better pot-herbs than any that grow there now," answered old Lisabetta. "No: that garden is cultivated by the own hands of Signor Giacomo Rappaccini, the famous Doctor, who, I warrant him, has been heard of as far as Naples. It is said he distils these plants into medicines that are as potent as a charm. Oftentimes you may see the signor Doctor at work, and perchance the signora his daughter, too, gathering the strange flowers that grow in the garden."

The old woman had now done what she could for the aspect of the chamber, and, commending the young man to the protection of the saints, took her departure.

Giovanni still found no better occupation than to look down into the garden beneath his window. From its appearance, he judged it to be one of those botanic gardens, which were of earlier date in Padua than elsewhere in Italy, or in the world. Or, not improbably, it might once have been the pleasure-place of an opulent family; for there was the ruin of a marble fountain in the centre, sculptured with rare art, but so wofully shattered that it was impossible to trace the original design from the chaos of remaining fragments. The water, however, continued to gush and sparkle into the sunbeams as cheerfully as ever. A little gurgling sound ascended to the young man's window, and made him feel as if the fountain were an immortal spirit, that sung its song unceasingly, and without heeding the vicissitudes around it; while one century embodied it in marble, and another scattered the garniture on the soil. All about the pool into which the water subsided, grew various plants, that seemed to require a plentiful supply of moisture for the nourishment of gigantic leaves, and, in some instances, flowers gorgeously magnificent. There was one shrub in particular, set in a marble vase in the midst of the pool, that bore a profusion of purple blossoms, each of which had the lustre and richness of a gem; and the whole together made a show so resplendent that it seemed enough to illuminate the garden, even had there been no sunshine. Every portion of the soil was peopled with plants and herbs, which, if less beautiful, still bore tokens of assiduous care; as if all had their individual virtues, known to the scientific mind that fostered them. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden-pots; some crept serpent-like along the ground, or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round a statue of Vertumnus, which was thus quite veiled and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study.

While Giovanni stood at the window, he heard a rustling behind a screen of

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leaves, and became aware that a person was at work in the garden. His figure soon emerged into view, and showed itself to be that of no common laborer, but a tall, emaciated, sallow, and sickly-looking man, dressed in a scholar's garb of black. He was beyond the middle term of life, with grey hair, a thin grey beard, and a face singularly marked with intellect and cultivation, but which could never, even in his more youthful days, have expressed much warmth of heart.

Nothing could exceed the intentness with which this scientific gardener examined every shrub which grew in his path; it seemed as if he was looking into their inmost nature, making observations in regard to their creative essence, and discovering why one leaf grew in this shape, and another in that, and wherefore such and such flowers differed among themselves in hue and perfume. Nevertheless, in spite of the deep intelligence on his part, there was no approach to intimacy between himself and these vegetable existences. On the contrary, he avoided their actual touch, or the direct inhaling of their odors, with a caution that impressed Givoanni most disagreeably; for the man's demeanor was that of one walking among malignant influences, such as savage beasts, or deadly snakes, or evil spirits, which, should he allow them one moment of license, would wreak upon him some terrible fatality. It was strangely frightful to the young man's imagination, to see this air of insecurity in a person cultivating a garden, that most simple and innocent of human toils, and which had been alike the joy and labor of the unfallen parents of the race. Was this garden, then, the Eden of the present world?—and this man, with such a perception of harm in what his own hands caused to grow, was he the Adam?

The distrustful gardener, while plucking away the dead leaves or pruning the too luxuriant growth of the shrubs, defended his hands with a pair of thick gloves. Nor were these his only armor. When, in his walk through the garden, he came to the magnificent plant that hung its purple gems beside the marble fountain, he placed a kind of mask over his mouth and nostrils, as if all this beauty did but conceal a deadlier malice. But finding his task still too dangerous, he drew back, removed the mask, and called loudly, but in the infirm voice of a person affected with inward disease:

"Beatrice!—Beatrice!"

"Here am I, my father! What would you?" cried a rich and youthful voice from the window of the opposite house; a voice as rich as a tropical sunset, and which made Giovanni, though he knew not why, think of deep hues of purple or crimson, and of perfumes heavily delectable.—"Are you in the garden?"

"Yes, Beatrice," answered the gardener, "and I need your help."

Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl, arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much. She looked redundant with life, health, and energy; all of which attributes were bound down and compressed, as it were, and girdled tensely, in their luxuriance, by her virgin zone. Yet Giovanni's fancy must have grown morbid, while he looked down into the garden; for the impression which the fair stranger made upon him was as if here were another flower, the human sister of those vegetable ones, as beautiful as they—more beautiful than the richest of them—but still to be touched only with a glove, nor to be approached without a mask. As Beatrice came down the garden-path, it was observable that she handled and inhaled the odor of several of the plants, which her father had most sedulously avoided.

"Here, Beatrice," said the latter,—"see how many needful offices require to be done to our chief treasure. Yet, shattered as I am, my life might pay the penalty of approaching it so closely as circumstances demand. Henceforth, I fear, this plant must be consigned to your sole charge."

"And gladly will I undertake it," cried again the rich tones of the young lady, as she bent towards the magnificent plant, and opened her arms as if to embrace it. "Yes, my sister, my splendor, it shall be Beatrice's task to nurse and serve thee; and thou shalt reward her with thy kisses and perfumed breath, which to her is as the breath of life!"

Then, with all the tenderness in her manner that was so strikingly ex-

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pressed in her words, she busied herself with such attentions as the plant seemed to require; and Giovanni, at his lofty window, rubbed his eyes, and almost doubted whether it were a girl tending her favorite flower, or one sister performing the duties of affection to another. The scene soon terminated. Whether Doctor Rappaccini had finished his labors in the garden, or that his watchful eye had caught the stranger's face, he now took his daughter's arm and retired. Night was already closing in; oppressive exhalations seemed to proceed from the plants, and steal upward past the open window; and Giovanni, closing the lattice, went to his couch, and dreamed of a rich flower and beautiful girl. Flower and maiden were different and yet the same, and fraught with some strange peril in either shape.

But there is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine. Giovanni's first movement on starting from sleep, was to throw open the window, and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised, and a little ashamed, to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be, in the first rays of the sun, which gilded the dew-drops that hung upon leaf and blossom, and, while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced, that, in the heart of the barren city, he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language, to keep him in communion with nature. Neither the sickly and thought-worn Doctor Giacomo Rappaccini, it is true, nor his brilliant daughter were now visible; so that Giovanni could not determine how much of the singularity which he attributed to both, was due to their own qualities, and how much to his wonder-working fancy. But he was inclined to take a most rational view of the whole matter.

In the course of the day, he paid his respects to Signor Pietro Baglioni, professor of medicine in the University, a physician of eminent repute, to whom Giovanni had brought a letter of introduction. The professor was an elderly personage, apparently of genial nature, and habits that might almost be called jovial; he kept the young man to dinner, and made himself very agreeable by the freedom and liveliness of his conversation, especially when warmed by a flask or two of Tuscan wine. Giovanni, conceiving that men of science, inhabitants of the same city, must needs be on familiar terms with one another, took an opportunity to mention the name of Dr. Rappaccini. But the professor did not respond with so much cordiality as he had anticipated.

"Ill would it become a teacher of the divine art of medicine," said Professor Pietro Baglioni, in answer to a question of Giovanni, "to withhold due and well-considered praise of a physician so eminently skilled as Rappaccini. But, on the other hand, I should answer it but scantily to my conscience, were I to permit a worthy youth like yourself, Signor Giovanni, the son of an ancient friend, to imbibe erroneous ideas respecting a man who might hereafter chance to hold your life and death in his hands. The truth is, our worshipful Doctor Rappaccini has as much science as any member of the faculty—with perhaps one single exception—in Padua, or all Italy. But there are certain grave objections to his professional character."

"And what are they?" asked the young man.

"Has my friend Giovanni any disease of body or heart, that he is so inquisitive about physicians?" said the Professor, with a smile. "But as for Rappaccini, it is said of him—and I, who know the man well, can answer for its truth—that he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard-seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge."

"Methinks he is an awful man, indeed," remarked Guasconti, mentally recalling the cold and purely intellectual aspect of Rappaccini. "And yet, worshipful Professor, is it not a noble spirit? Are there many men capable of so spiritual a love of science?"

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"God forbid," answered the Professor, somewhat testily—"at least, unless they take sounder views of the healing art than those adopted by Rappaccini. It is his theory, that all medicinal virtues are comprised within those substances which we term vegetable poisons. These he cultivates with his own hands, and is said even to have produced new varieties of poison, more horribly deleterious than Nature, without the assistance of this learned person, would ever have plagued the world with. That the signor Doctor does less mischief than might be expected, with such dangerous substances, is undeniable. Now and then, it must be owned, he has effected—or seemed to effect—a marvellous cure. But, to tell you my private mind, Signor Giovanni, he should receive little credit for such instances of success—they being probably the work of chance—but should be held strictly accountable for his failures, which may justly be considered his own work."

The youth might have taken Baglioni's opinions with many grains of allowance, had he known that there was a professional warfare of long continuance between him and Doctor Rappaccini, in which the latter was generally thought to have gained the advantage. If the reader be inclined to judge for himself, we refer him to certain black-letter tracts on both sides, preserved in the medical department of the University of Padua.

"I know not, most learned Professor," returned Giovanni, after musing on what had been said of Rappaccini's exclusive zeal for science—"I know not how dearly this physician may love his art; but surely there is one object more dear to him. He has a daughter."

"Aha!" cries the Professor with a laugh. "So now our friend Giovanni's secret is out. You have heard of this daughter, whom all the young men in Padua are wild about, though not half a dozen have ever had the good hap to see her face. I know little of the Signora Beatrice, save that Rappaccini is said to have instructed her deeply in his science, and that, young and beautiful as fame reports her, she is already qualified to fill a professor's chair. Perchance her father destines her for mine! Other absurd rumors there be, not worth talking about, or listening to. So now, Signor Giovanni, drink off your glass of Lacryma."

Guasconti returned to his lodgings somewhat heated with the wine he had quaffed, and which caused his brain to swim with strange fantasies in reference to Doctor Rappaccini and the beautiful Beatrice. On his way, happening to pass by a florist's, he bought a fresh bouquet of flowers.

Ascending to his chamber, he seated himself near the window, but within the shadow thrown by the depth of the wall, so that he could look down into the garden with little risk of being discovered. All beneath his eye was a solitude. The strange plants were basking in the sunshine, and now and then nodding gently to one another, as if in acknowledgment of sympathy and kindred. In the midst, by the shattered fountain, grew the magnificent shrub, with its purple gems clustering all over it; they glowed in the air, and gleamed back again out of the depths of the pool, which thus seemed to overflow with colored radiance from the rich reflection that was steeped in it. At first, as we have said, the garden was a solitude. Soon, however,—as Giovanni had half-hoped, half-feared, would be the case,—a figure appeared beneath the antique sculptured portal, and came down between the rows of plants, inhaling their various perfumes, as if she were one of those beings of old classic fable, that lived upon sweet odors. On again beholding Beatrice, the young man was even startled to perceive how much her beauty exceeded his recollection of it; so brilliant, so vivid in its character, that she glowed amid the sunlight, and, as Giovanni whispered to himself, positively illuminated the more shadowy intervals of the garden path. Her face being now more revealed than on the former occasion, he was struck by its expression of simplicity and sweetness; qualities that had not entered into his idea of her character, and which made him ask anew, what manner of mortal she might be. Nor did he fail again to observe, or imagine, an analogy between the beautiful girl and the gorgeous shrub that hung its gem-like flowers over the fountain; a resemblance which Beatrice seemed to have indulged a fantastic humor in heightening, both by the arrangement of her dress and the selection of its hues.

Approaching the shrub, she threw open her arms, as with a passionate ardor, and drew its branches into an inti-

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mate embrace; so intimate, that her features were hidden in its leafy bosom, and her glistening ringlets all intermingled with the flowers.

"Give me thy breath, my sister," exclaimed Beatrice; "for I am faint with common air! And give me this flower of thine, which I separate with gentlest fingers from the stem, and place it close beside my heart."

With these words, the beautiful daughter of Rappaccini plucked one of the richest blossoms of the shrub, and was about to fasten it in her bosom. But now, unless Giovanni's draughts of wine had bewildered his senses, a singular incident occurred. A small orange-colored reptile of the lizard or chameleon species, chanced to be creeping along the path, just at the feet of Beatrice. It appeared to Giovanni—but, at the distance from which he gazed, he could scarcely have seen anything so minute—it appeared to him, however, that a drop or two of moisture from the broken stem of the flower descended upon the lizard's head. For an instant, the reptile contorted itself violently, and then lay motionless in the sunshine. Beatrice observed this remarkable phenomenon, and crossed herself, sadly, but without surprise; nor did she therefore hesitate to arrange the fatal flower in her bosom. There it blushed, and almost glimmered with the dazzling effect of a precious stone, adding to her dress and aspect the one appropriate charm, which nothing else in the world could have supplied. But Giovanni, out of the shadow of his window bent forward and shrank back, and murmured and trembled.

"Am I awake? Have I my senses?" said he to himself. "What is this being?—beautiful, shall I call her?—or inexpressibly terrible?"

Beatrice now strayed carelessly through the garden, approaching closer beneath Giovanni's window, so that he was compelled to thrust his head quite out of its concealment in order to gratify the intense and painful curiosity which she excited. At this moment, there came a beautiful insect over the garden wall; it had perhaps wandered through the city and found no flowers nor verdure among those antique haunts of men, until the heavy perfumes of Doctor Rappaccini's shrubs had lured it from afar. Without alighting on the flowers, this winged brightness seemed to be attracted by Beatrice, and lingered in the air and fluttered about her head. Now here it could not be but that Giovanni Guasconti's eyes deceived him. Be that as it might, he fancied that while Beatrice was gazing at the insect with childish delight, it grew faint and fell at her feet!—its bright wings shivered! it was dead!—from no cause that he could discern, unless it were the atmosphere of her breath. Again Beatrice crossed herself and sighed heavily, as she bent over the dead insect.

An impulsive movement of Giovanni drew her eyes to the window. There she beheld the beautiful head of the young man—rather a Grecian than an Italian head, with fair, regular features, and a glistening of gold among his ringlets—gazing down upon her like a being that hovered in mid-air. Scarcely knowing what he did, Giovanni threw down the bouquet which he had hitherto held in his hand.

"Signora," said he, "there are pure and healthful flowers. Wear them for the sake of Giovanni Guasconti!"

"Thanks, Signor," replied Beatrice, with her rich voice, that came forth as it were like a gush of music; and with a mirthful expression half childish and half woman-like. "I accept your gift, and would fain recompense it with this precious purple flower; but if I toss it into the air, it will not reach you. So Signor Guasconti must even content himself with my thanks."

She lifted the bouquet from the ground, and then as if inwardly ashamed at having stepped aside from her maidenly reserve to respond to a stranger's greeting, passed swiftly homeward through the garden. But, few as the moments were, it seemed to Giovanni when she was on the point of vanishing beneath the sculptured portal, that his beautiful bouquet was already beginning to wither in her grasp. It was an idle thought; there could be no possibility of distinguishing a faded flower from a fresh one at so great a distance.

For many days after the incident, the young man avoided the window that looked into Doctor Rappaccini's garden, as if something ugly and monstrous would have blasted his eye-sight, had he been betrayed into a glance. He felt conscious of having put himself, to a certain extent, within the influence of an unintelligible power, by the communication which he had opened with

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Beatrice. The wisest course would have been, if his heart were in any real danger, to quit his lodgings and Padua itself, at once; the next wiser, to have accustomed himself, as far as possible, to the familiar and day-light view of Beatrice; thus bringing her rigidly and systematically within the limits of ordinary experience. Least of all, while avoiding her sight, should Giovanni have remained so near this extraordinary being, that the proximity and possibility even of intercourse, should give a kind of substance and reality to the wild vagaries which his imagination ran riot continually in producing. Guasconti had not a deep heart—or at all events, its depths were not sounded now—but he had a quick fancy, and an ardent southern temperament, which rose every instant to a higher fever-pitch. Whether or no Beatrice possessed those terrible attributes—that fatal breath—the affinity with those so beautiful and deadly flowers—which were indicated by what Giovanni had witnessed, she had at least instilled a fierce and subtle poison into his system. It was not love, although her rich beauty was a madness to him; nor horror, even while he fancied her spirit to be imbued with the same baneful essence that seemed to pervade her physical frame; but a wild offspring of both love and horror that had each parent in it, and burned like one and shivered like the other. Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; *hope* and *dread* kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

Sometimes he endeavored to assuage the fever of his spirit by a rapid walk through the streets of Padua, or beyond its gates; his footsteps kept time with the throbbings of his brain, so that the walk was apt to accelerate itself to a race. One day, he found himself arrested; his arm was seized by a portly personage who had turned back on recognizing the young man, and expended much breath in overtaking him.

"Signor Giovanni!—stay, my young friend!" cried he. "Have you forgotten me? That might well be the case, if I were as much altered as yourself."

It was Baglioni, whom Giovanni had avoided, ever since their first meeting, from a doubt that the professor's sagacity would look too deeply into his secrets. Endeavoring to recover himself, he stared forth wildly from his inner world into the outer one, and spoke like a man in a dream:

"Yes; I am Giovanni Guasconti. You are Professor Pietro Baglioni. Now let me pass!"

"Not yet—not yet, Signor Giovanni Guasconti," said the Professor, smiling, but at the same time scrutinizing the youth with an earnest glance.—"What; did I grow up side by side with your father, and shall his son pass me like a stranger, in these old streets of Padua? Stand still, Signor Giovanni; for we must have a word or two, before we part."

"Speedily, then, most worshipful Professor, speedily!" said Giovanni, with feverish impatience. "Does not your worship see that I am in haste?"

Now, while he was speaking, there came a man in black along the street, stooping and moving feebly, like a person in inferior health. His face was all overspread with a most sickly and sallow hue, but yet so pervaded with an expression of piercing and active intellect, that an observer might easily have overlooked the merely physical attributes, and have seen only this wonderful energy. As he passed, this person exchanged a cold and distant salutation with Baglioni, but fixed his eyes upon Giovanni with an intentness that seemed to bring out whatever was within him worthy of notice. Nevertheless, there was a peculiar quietness in the look, as if taking merely a speculative, not a human interest, in the young man.

"It is Doctor Rappaccini!" whispered the Professor, when the stranger had passed.—"Has he ever seen your face before?"

"Not that I know," answered Giovanni, starting at the name.

"He *has* seen you!—he must have seen you!" said Baglioni, hastily. "For some purpose or other, this man of science is making a study of you. I know that look of his! It is the same that coldly illuminates his face, as he bends over a bird, a mouse, or a butterfly, which, in pursuance of some experiment, he has killed by the perfume of a flower;—a look as deep as nature

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itself, but without nature's warmth of love. Signor Giovanni, I will stake my life upon it, you are the subject of one of Rappaccini's experiments!"

"Will you make a fool of me?" cried Giovanni, passionately. "*That*, Signor Professor, were an untoward experiment."

"Patience, patience!" replied the imperturbable Professor.—"I tell thee, my poor Giovanni, that Rappaccini has a scientific interest in thee. Thou hast fallen into fearful hands! And the Signora Beatrice? What part does she act in this mystery?"

But Guasconti, finding Baglioni's pertinacity intolerable, here broke away, and was gone before the Professor could again seize his arm. He looked after the young man intently, and shook his head.

"This must not be," said Baglioni to himself. "The youth is the son of my old friend, and should not come to any harm from which the arcana of medical science can preserve him. Besides, it is too insufferable an impertinence in Rappaccini, thus to snatch the bud out of my own hands, as I may say, and make use of him for his infernal experiments. This daughter of his! It shall be looked to. Perchance, most learned Rappaccini, I may foil you where you little dream of it!"

Meanwhile, Giovanni had pursued a circuitous route, and at length found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he crossed the threshold, he was met by old Lisabetta, who smirked and smiled, and was evidently desirous to attract his attention; vainly, however, as the ebullition of his feelings had momentarily subsided into a cold and dull vacuity. He turned his eyes full upon the withered face that was puckering itself into a smile, but seemed to behold it not. The old dame, therefore, laid her grasp upon his cloak.

"Signor!—Signor!" whispered she, still with a smile over the whole breadth of her visage, so that it looked not unlike a grotesque carving in wood, darkened by centuries—"Listen, Signor! There is a private entrance into the garden!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Giovanni, turning quickly about, as if an inanimate thing should start into feverish life.—"A private entrance into Doctor Rappaccini's garden!"

"Hush! hush!—not so loud!" whispered Lisabetta, putting her hand over his mouth. "Yes; into the worshipful Doctor's garden, where you may see all his fine shrubbery. Many a young man in Padua would give gold to be admitted among those flowers."

Giovanni put a piece of gold into her hand.

"Show me the way," said he.

A surmise, probably excited by his conversation with Baglioni, crossed his mind, that this interposition of old Lisabetta might perchance be connected with the intrigue, whatever were its nature, in which the Professor seemed to suppose that Doctor Rappaccini was involving him. But such a suspicion, though it disturbed Giovanni, was inadequate to restrain him. The instant he was aware of the possibility of approaching Beatrice, it seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to do so. It mattered not whether she were angel or demon; he was irrevocably within her sphere, and must obey the law that whirled him onward, in ever lessening circles, towards a result which he did not attempt to foreshadow. And yet, strange to say, there came across him a sudden doubt, whether this intense interest on his part were not delusory—whether it were really of so deep and positive a nature as to justify him in now thrusting himself into an incalculable position—whether it were not merely the fantasy of a young man's brain, only slightly, or not at all, connected with his heart!

He paused—hesitated—turned half about—but again went on. His withered guide led him along several obscure passages, and finally undid a door, through which, as it was opened, there came the sight and sound of rustling leaves, with the broken sunshine glimmering among them. Giovanni stepped forth, and forcing himself through the entanglement of a shrub that wreathed its tendrils over the hidden entrance, he stood beneath his own window, in the open area of Doctor Rappaccini's garden.

How often is it the case, that, when impossibilities have come to pass, and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm, and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion wil

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choose his own time to rush upon the scene, and lingers sluggishly behind, when an appropriate adjustment of events would seem to summon his appearance. So was it now with Giovanni. Day after day, his pulses had throbbed with feverish blood, at the improbable idea of an interview with Beatrice, and of standing with her, face to face, in this very garden, basking in the oriental sunshine of her beauty, and snatching from her full gaze the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence. But now there was a singular and untimely equanimity within his breast. He threw a glance around the garden to discover if Beatrice or her father were present, and perceiving that he was alone, began a critical observation of the plants.

The aspect of one and all of them dissatisfied him; their gorgeousness seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an unearthly face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several, also, would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of artificialness, indicating that there had been such commixture, and, as it were, adultery of various vegetable species, that the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which, in one or two cases, had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. In fine, Giovanni recognized but two or three plants in the collection, and those of a kind that he well knew to be poisonous. While busy with these contemplations, he heard the rustling of a silken garment, and turning, beheld Beatrice emerging from beneath the sculptured portal.

Giovanni had not considered with himself what should be his deportment; whether he should apologize for his intrusion into the garden, or assume that he was there with the privity, at least, if not the desire of Doctor Rappaccini or his daughter. But Beatrice's manner placed him at his ease, though leaving him still in doubt by what agency he had gained admittance. She came lightly along the path, and met him near the broken fountain. There was surprise in her face, but brightened by a simple and kind expression of pleasure.

"You are a connoisseur in flowers, Signor," said Beatrice with a smile, alluding to the bouquet which he had flung her from the window. "It is no marvel, therefore, if the sight of my father's rare collection has tempted you to take a nearer view. If he were here, he could tell you many strange and interesting facts as to the nature and habits of these shrubs, for he has spent a life-time in such studies, and this garden is his world."

"And yourself, lady"—observed Giovanni—"if fame says true—you, likewise, are deeply skilled in the virtues indicated by these rich blossoms, and these spicy perfumes. Would you deign to be my instructress, I should prove an apter scholar than under Signor Rappaccini himself."

"Are there such idle rumors?" asked Beatrice, with the music of a pleasant laugh. "Do people say that I am skilled in my father's science of plants? What a jest is there! No; though I have grown up among these flowers, I know no more of them than their hues and perfume; and sometimes, methinks I would fain rid myself of even that small knowledge. There are many flowers here, and those not the least brilliant, that shock and offend me, when they meet my eye. But, pray, Signor, do not believe these stories about my science. Believe nothing of me save what you see with your own eyes."

"And must I believe all that I have seen with my own eyes?" asked Giovanni pointedly, while the recollection of former scenes made him shrink. "No, Signora, you demand too little of me. Bid me believe nothing, save what comes from your own lips."

It would appear that Beatrice understood him. There came a deep flush to her cheek; but she looked full into Giovanni's eyes, and responded to his gaze of uneasy suspicion with a queenlike haughtiness.

"I do so bid you, Signor!" she replied. "Forget whatever you may have fancied in regard to me. If true to the outward senses, still it may be

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false in its essence. But the words of Beatrice Rappaccini's lips are true from the heart outward. Those you may believe!"

A fervor glowed in her whole aspect, and beamed upon Giovanni's consciousness like the light of truth itself. But while she spoke, there was a fragrance in the atmosphere around her, rich and delightful, though evanescent, yet which the young man, from an indefinable reluctance, scarcely dared to draw into his lungs. It might be the odor of the flowers. Could it be Beatrice's breath, which thus embalmed her words with a strange richness, as if by steeping them in her heart? A faintness passed like a shadow over Giovanni, and flitted away; he seemed to gaze through the beautiful girl's eyes into her transparent soul, and felt no more doubt or fear.

The tinge of passion that had colored Beatrice's manner vanished; she became gay, and appeared to derive a pure delight from her communion with the youth, not unlike what the maiden of a lonely island might have felt, conversing with a voyager from the civilized world. Evidently her experience of life had been confined within the limits of that garden. She talked now about matters as simple as the day-light or summer-clouds, and now asked questions in reference to the city, or Giovanni's distant home, his friends, his mother, and his sisters; questions indicating such seclusion, and such lack of familiarity with modes and forms, that Giovanni responded as if to an infant. Her spirit gushed out before him like a fresh rill, that was just catching its first glimpse of the sunlight, and wondering at the reflections of earth and sky which were flung into its bosom. There came thoughts, too, from a deep source, and fantasies of a gem-like brilliancy, as if diamonds and rubies sparkled upward among the bubbles of the fountain. Ever and anon, there gleamed across the young man's mind a sense of wonder, that he should be walking side by side with the being who had so wrought upon his imagination —whom he had idealized in such hues of terror—in whom he had positively witnessed such manifestations of dreadful attributes—that he should be conversing with Beatrice like a brother, and should find her so human and so maiden-like. But such reflections were only momentary; the effect of her character was too real, not to make itself familiar at once.

In this free intercourse, they had strayed through the garden, and now, after many turns among its avenues, were come to the shattered fountain, beside which grew the magnificent shrub with its treasury of glowing blossoms. A fragrance was diffused from it, which Giovanni recognized as identical with that which he had attributed to Beatrice's breath, but incomparably more powerful. As her eyes fell upon it, Giovanni beheld her press her hand to her bosom, as if her heart were throbbing suddenly and painfully.

"For the first time in my life," murmured she, addressing the shrub, "I had forgotten thee!"

"I remember, Signora," said Giovanni, "that you once promised to reward me with one of these living gems for the bouquet, which I had the happy boldness to fling to your feet. Permit me now to pluck it as a memorial of this interview."

He made a step towards the shrub, with extended hand. But Beatrice darted forward, uttering a shriek that went through his heart like a dagger. She caught his hand, and drew it back with the whole force of her slender figure. Giovanni felt her touch thrilling through his fibres.

"Touch it not!" exclaimed she, in a voice of agony. "Not for thy life! It is fatal!"

Then, hiding her face, she fled from him, and vanished beneath the sculptured portal. As Giovanni followed her with his eyes, he beheld the emaciated figure and pale intelligence of Doctor Rappaccini, who had been watching the scene, he knew not how long, within the shadow of the entrance.

No sooner was Guasconti alone in his chamber, than the image of Beatrice came back to his passionate musings, invested with all the witchery that had been gathering around it ever since his first glimpse of her, and now likewise imbued with a tender warmth of girlish womanhood. She was human: her nature was endowed with all gentle and feminine qualities; she was worthiest to be worshipped; she was capable, surely, on her part, of the height and heroism of love. Those tokens, which he had hitherto considered as proofs of a frightful peculiarity in her

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physical and moral system, were now either forgotten, or, by the subtle sophistry of passion, transmuted into a golden crown of enchantment, rendering Beatrice the more admirable, by so much as she was the more unique. Whatever had looked ugly, was now beautiful; or, if incapable of such a change, it stole away and hid itself among those shapeless half-ideas, which throng the dim region beyond the daylight of our perfect consciousness. Thus did Giovanni spend the night, nor fell asleep, until the dawn had begun to awake the slumbering flowers in Doctor Rappaccini's garden, whither his dreams doubtless led him. Up rose the sun in his due season, and flinging his beams upon the young man's eyelids, awoke him to a sense of pain. When thoroughly aroused, he became sensible of a burning and tingling agony in his hand—in his right hand—the very hand which Beatrice had grasped in her own, when he was on the point of plucking one of the gem-like flowers. On the back of that hand there was now a purple print, like that of four small fingers, and the likeness of a slender thumb upon his wrist.

Oh, how stubbornly does love—or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination, but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith, until the moment come, when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist! Giovanni wrapt a handkerchief about his head, and wondered what evil thing had stung him, and soon forgot his pain in a reverie of Beatrice.

After the first interview, a second was in the inevitable course of what we call fate. A third; a fourth; and a meeting with Beatrice in the garden was no longer an incident in Giovanni's daily life, but the whole space in which he might be said to live; for the anticipation and memory of that ecstatic hour made up the remainder. Nor was it otherwise with the daughter of Rappaccini. She watched for the youth's appearance, and flew to his side with confidence as unreserved as if they had been playmates from early infancy—as if they were such playmates still. If, by any unwonted chance, he failed to come at the appointed moment, she stood beneath the window, and sent up the rich sweetness of her tones to float around him in his chamber, and echo and reverberate throughout his heart—"Giovanni! Giovanni! Why tarriest thou? Come down!"—And down he hastened into that Eden of poisonous flowers.

But, with all this intimate familiarity, there was still a reserve in Beatrice's demeanor, so rigidly and invariably sustained, that the idea of infringing it scarcely occurred to his imagination. By all appreciable signs, they loved; they had looked love, with eyes that conveyed the holy secret from the depths of one soul into the depths of the other, as if it were too sacred to be whispered by the way; they had even spoken love, in those gushes of passion when their spirits darted forth in articulated breath, like tongues of long-hidden flame; and yet there had been no seal of lips, no clasp of hands, nor any slightest caress, such as love claims and hallows. He had never touched one of the gleaming ringlets of her hair; her garment—so marked was the physical barrier between them—had never been waved against him by a breeze. On the few occasions when Giovanni had seemed tempted to overstep the limit, Beatrice grew so sad, so stern, and withal wore such a look of desolate separation, shuddering at itself, that not a spoken word was requisite to repel him. At such times, he was startled at the horrible suspicions that rose, monster-like, out of the caverns of his heart, and stared him in the face; his love grew thin and faint as the morning-mist; his doubts alone had substance. But when Beatrice's face brightened again, after the momentary shadow, she was transformed at once from the mysterious, questionable being, whom he had watched with so much awe and horror; she was now the beautiful and unsophisticated girl, whom he felt that his spirit knew with a certainty beyond all other knowledge.

A considerable time had now passed since Giovanni's last meeting with Baglioni. One morning, however, he was disagreeably surprised by a visit from the Professor, whom he had scarcely thought of for whole weeks, and would willingly have forgotten still longer. Given up, as he had long been, to a pervading excitement, he could tolerate no companions, except upon condition of their perfect sympathy with his present state of feeling.

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Such sympathy was not to be expected from Professor Baglioni.

The visitor chatted carelessly, for a few moments, about the gossip of the city and the University, and then took up another topic.

"I have been reading an old classic author lately," said he, "and met with a story that strangely interested me. Possibly you may remember it. It is of an Indian prince, who sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn, and gorgeous as the sunset; but what especially distinguished her was a certain rich perfume in her breath—richer than a garden of Persian roses. Alexander, as was natural to a youthful conqueror, fell in love at first sight with this magnificent stranger. But a certain sage physician, happening to be present, discovered a terrible secret in regard to her."

"And what was that?" asked Giovanni, turning his eyes downward to avoid those of the Professor.

"That this lovely woman," continued Baglioni, with emphasis, "had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward, until her whole nature was so imbued with them, that she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence. Poison was her element of life. With that rich perfume of her breath, she blasted the very air. Her love would have been poison!—her embrace death! Is not this a marvellous tale?"

"A childish fable," answered Giovanni, nervously starting from his chair. "I marvel how your worship finds time to read such nonsense, among your graver studies."

"By the by," said the Professor, looking uneasily about him, "what singular fragrance is this in your apartment? Is it the perfume of your gloves? It is faint, but delicious, and yet, after all, by no means agreeable. Were I to breathe it long, methinks it would make me ill. It is like the breath of a flower—but I see no flowers in the chamber."

"Nor are there any," replied Giovanni, who had turned pale as the Professor spoke; "nor, I think, is there any fragrance, except in your worship's imagination. Odors, being a sort of element combined of the sensual and the spiritual, are apt to deceive us in this manner. The recollection of a perfume—the bare idea of it—may easily be mistaken for a present reality."

"Aye; but my sober imagination does not often play such tricks," said Baglioni; "and were I to fancy any kind of odor, it would be that of some vile apothecary drug, wherewith my fingers are likely enough to be imbued. Our worshipful friend Rappaccini, as I have heard, tinctures his medicaments with odors richer than those of Araby. Doubtless, likewise, the fair and learned Signora Beatrice would minister to her patients with draughts as sweet as a maiden's breath. But wo to him that sips them!"

Giovanni's face evinced many contending emotions. The tone in which the Professor alluded to the pure and lovely daughter of Rappaccini was a torture to his soul; and yet, the intimation of a view of her character, opposite to his own, gave instantaneous distinctness to a thousand dim suspicions, which now grinned at him like so many demons. But he strove hard to quell them, and to respond to Baglioni with a true lover's perfect faith.

"Signor Professor," said he, "you were my father's friend—perchance, too, it is your purpose to act a friendly part towards his son. I would fain feel nothing towards you, save respect and deference. But I pray you to observe, Signor, that there is one subject on which we must not speak. You know not the Signora Beatrice. You cannot, therefore, estimate the wrong—the blasphemy, I may even say—that is offered to her character by a light or injurious word."

"Giovanni!—my poor Giovanni!" answered the Professor, with a calm expression of pity, "I know this wretched girl far better than yourself. You shall hear the truth in respect to the poisoner Rappaccini, and his poisonous daughter. Yes; poisonous as she is beautiful! Listen; for even should you do violence to my grey hairs, it shall not silence me. That old fable of the Indian woman has become a truth, by the deep and deadly science of Rappaccini, and in the person of the lovely Beatrice!"

Giovanni groaned and hid his face.

"Her father," continued Baglioni, "was not restrained by natural affection from offering up his child, in this horrible manner, as the victim of his in-

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sane zeal for science. For—let us do him justice—he is as true a man of science as ever distilled his own heart in an alembic. What, then, will be your fate? Beyond a doubt, you are selected as the material of some new experiment. Perhaps the result is to be death—perhaps a fate more awful still! Rappaccini, with what he calls the interest of science before his eyes, will hesitate at nothing."

"It is a dream!" muttered Giovanni to himself, "surely it is a dream!"

"But," resumed the professor, "be of good cheer, son of my friend! It is not yet too late for the rescue. Possibly, we may even succeed in bringing back this miserable child within the limits of ordinary nature, from which her father's madness has estranged her. Behold this little silver vase! It was wrought by the hands of the renowned Benvenuto Cellini, and is well worthy to be a love-gift to the fairest dame in Italy. But its contents are invaluable. One little sip of this antidote would have rendered the most virulent poisons of the Borgias innocuous. Doubt not that it will be as efficacious against those of Rappaccini. Bestow the vase, and the precious liquid within it, on your Beatrice, and hopefully await the result."

Baglioni laid a small, exquisitely wrought silver phial on the table, and withdrew, leaving what he had said to produce its effect upon the young man's mind.

"We will thwart Rappaccini yet!" thought he, chuckling to himself, as he descended the stairs. "But, let us confess the truth of him, he is a wonderful man!—a wonderful man indeed! A vile empiric, however, in his practice, and therefore not to be tolerated by those who respect the good old rules of the medical profession!"

Throughout Giovanni's whole acquaintance with Beatrice, he had occasionally, as we have said, been haunted by dark surmises as to her character. Yet, so thoroughly had she made herself felt by him as a simple, natural, most affectionate and guileless creature, that the image now held up by Professor Baglioni, looked as strange and incredible, as if it were not in accordance with his own original conception. True, there were ugly recollections connected with his first glimpses of the beautiful girl; he could not quite forget the bouquet that withered in her grasp, and the insect that perished amid the sunny air, by no ostensible agency, save the fragrance of her breath. These incidents, however, dissolving in the pure light of her character, had no longer the efficacy of facts, but were acknowledged as mistaken fantasies, by whatever testimony of the senses they might appear to be substantiated. There is something truer and more real, than what we can see with the eyes, and touch with the finger. On such better evidence, had Giovanni founded his confidence in Beatrice, though rather by the necessary force of her high attributes, than by any deep and generous faith, on his part. But, now, his spirit was incapable of sustaining itself at the height to which the early enthusiasm of passion had exalted it; he fell down, grovelling among earthly doubts, and defiled therewith the pure whiteness of Beatrice's image. Not that he gave her up; he did but distrust. He resolved to institute some decisive test that should satisfy him, once for all, whether there were those dreadful peculiarities in her physical nature, which could not be supposed to exist without some corresponding monstrosity of soul. His eyes, gazing down afar, might have deceived him as to the lizard, the insect, and the flowers. But if he could witness, at the distance of a few paces, the sudden blight of one fresh and healthful flower in Beatrice's hand, there would be room for no further question. With this idea, he hastened to the florist's, and purchased a bouquet that was still gemmed with the morning dew-drops.

It was now the customary hour of his daily interview with Beatrice. Before descending into the garden, Giovanni failed not to look at his figure in the mirror; a vanity to be expected in a beautiful young man, yet, as displaying itself at that troubled and feverish moment, the token of a certain shallowness of feeling and insincerity of character. He did gaze, however, and said to himself, that his features had never before possessed so rich a grace, nor his eyes such vivacity, nor his cheeks so warm a hue of superabundant life.

"At least," thought he, "her poison has not yet insinuated itself into my system. I am no flower to perish in her grasp!"

With that thought, he turned his eyes

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on the bouquet, which he had never once laid aside from his hand. A thrill of indefinable horror shot through his frame, on perceiving that those dewy flowers were already beginning to droop; they wore the aspect of things that had been fresh and lovely, yesterday. Giovanni grew white as marble, and stood motionless before the mirror, staring at his own reflection there, as at the likeness of something frightful. He remembered Baglioni's remark about the fragrance that seemed to pervade the chamber. It must have been the poison in his breath! Then he shuddered—shuddered at himself! Recovering from his stupor, he began to watch, with curious eye, a spider that was busily at work, hanging its web from the antique cornice of the apartment, crossing and re-crossing the artful system of interwoven lines, as vigorous and active a spider as ever dangled from an old ceiling. Giovanni bent towards the insect, and emitted a deep, long breath. The spider suddenly ceased its toil; the web vibrated with a tremor originating in the body of the small artizan. Again Giovanni sent forth a breath, deeper, longer, and imbued with a venomous feeling out of his heart; he knew not whether he were wicked or only desperate. The spider made a convulsive gripe with his limbs, and hung dead across the window.

"Accursed! Accursed!" muttered Giovanni, addressing himself. "Hast thou grown so poisonous, that this deadly insect perishes by thy breath?"

At that moment, a rich, sweet voice came floating up from the garden:—

"Giovanni! Giovanni! It is past the hour! Why tarriest thou! Come down!"

"Yes," muttered Giovanni again. "She is the only being whom my breath may not slay! Would that it might!"

He rushed down, and in an instant, was standing before the bright and loving eyes of Beatrice. A moment ago, his wrath and despair had been so fierce that he could have desired nothing so much as to wither her by a glance. But, with her actual presence, there came influences which had too real an existence to be at once shaken off; recollections of the delicate and benign power of her feminine nature, which had so often enveloped him in a religious calm; recollections of many a holy and passionate outgush of her heart, when the pure fountain had been unsealed from its depths, and made visible in its transparency to his mental eye; recollections which, had Giovanni known how to estimate them, would have assured him that all this ugly mystery was but an earthly illusion, and that, whatever mist of evil might seem to have gathered over her, the real Beatrice was a heavenly angel. Incapable as he was of such high faith, still her presence had not utterly lost its magic. Giovanni's rage was quelled into an aspect of sullen insensibility. Beatrice, with a quick spiritual sense, immediately felt that there was a gulf of blackness between them, which neither he nor she could pass. They walked on together, sad and silent, and came thus to the marble fountain, and to its pool of water on the ground, in the midst of which grew the shrub that bore gem-like blossoms. Giovanni was affrighted at the eager enjoyment—the appetite, as it were—with which he found himself inhaling the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beatrice," asked he abruptly, "whence came this shrub?"

"My father created it," answered she, with simplicity.

"Created it! created it!" repeated Giovanni. "What mean you, Beatrice?"

"He is a man fearfully acquainted with the secrets of nature," replied Beatrice; "and, at the hour when I first drew breath, this plant sprang from the soil, the offspring of his science, of his intellect, while I was but his earthly child. "Approach it not!" continued she, observing with terror that Giovanni was drawing nearer to the shrub. "It has qualities that you little dream of. But I, dearest Giovanni,—I grew up and blossomed with the plant, and was nourished with its breath. It was my sister, and I loved it with a human affection: for—alas! hast thou not suspected it? there was an awful doom."

Here Giovanni frowned so darkly upon her that Beatrice paused and trembled. But her faith in his tenderness re-assured her, and made her blush that she had doubted for an instant.

"There was an awful doom," she continued,—"the effect of my father's fatal love of science—which estranged me from all society of any kind. Until Heaven sent thee, dearest Giovanni, Oh! how lonely was thy poor Beatrice!"

"Was it a hard doom?" asked Giovanni, fixing his eyes upon her.

"Only of late have I known how

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hard it was," answered she tenderly. "Oh, yes; but my heart was torpid, and therefore quiet."

Giovanni's rage broke forth from his sullen gloom like a lightning-flash out of a dark cloud.

"Accursed one!" cried he, with venomous scorn and anger. "And finding thy solitude wearisome, thou hast severed me, likewise, from all the warmth of life, and enticed me into thy region of unspeakable horror!"

"Giovanni!" exclaimed Beatrice, turning her large bright eyes upon his face. The force of his words had not found its way into her mind; she was merely wonder-struck.

"Yes, poisonous thing!" repeated Giovanni, beside himself with passion. "Thou hast done it! Thou hast blasted me! Thou hast filled my veins with poison! Thou hast made me as hateful, as ugly, as loathsome and deadly a creature as thyself,—a world's wonder of hideous monstrosity! Now—if our breath be happily as fatal to ourselves as to all others—let us join our lips in one kiss of unutterable hatred, and so die!"

"What has befallen me?" murmured Beatrice, with a low moan out of her heart. "Holy Virgin pity me, a poor heart-broken child!"

"Thou! Dost thou pray?" cried Giovanni, still with the same fiendish scorn. "Thy very prayers, as they come from thy lips, taint the atmosphere with death. Yes, yes; let us pray! Let us to church, and dip our fingers in the holy water at the portal! They that come after us will perish as by a pestilence. Let us sign crosses in the air! It will be scattering curses abroad in the likeness of holy symbols!"

"Giovanni," said Beatrice calmly, for her grief was beyond passion, "why dost thou join thyself with me thus in those terrible words? I, it is true, am the horrible thing thou namest me. But thou!—what hast thou to do, save with one other shudder at my hideous misery, to go forth out of the garden and mingle with thy race, and forget that there ever crawled on earth such a monster as poor Beatrice?"

"Dost thou pretend ignorance?" asked Giovanni, scowling upon her. "Behold! This power have I gained from the pure daughter of Rappacini!"

There was a swarm of summer-insects flitting through the air, in search of the food promised by the flower-odors of the fatal garden. They circled round Giovanni's head, and were evidently attracted towards him by the same influence which had drawn them, for an instant, within the sphere of several of the shrubs. He sent forth a breath among them, and smiled bitterly at Beatrice, as at least a score of the insects fell dead upon the ground.

"I see it! I see it!" shrieked Beatrice. "It is my father's fatal science? No, no, Giovanni; it was not I! Never, never! I dreamed only to love thee, and be with thee a little time, and so to let thee pass away, leaving but thine image in mine heart. For, Giovanni—believe it—though my body be nourished with poison, my spirit is God's creature, and craves love as its daily food. But my father!—he has united us in this fearful sympathy. Yes; spurn me!—tread upon me!—kill me! Oh, what is death, after such words as thine? But it was not I! Not for a world of bliss would I have done it!"

Giovanni's passion had exhausted itself in its outburst from his lips. There now came across him a sense, mournful, and not without tenderness, of the intimate and peculiar relationship between Beatrice and himself. They stood, as it were, in an utter solitude, which would be made none the less solitary by the densest throng of human life. Ought not, then, the desert of humanity around them to press this insulated pair close together? If they should be cruel to one another, who was there to be kind to them? Besides, thought Giovanni, might there not still be a hope of his returning within the limits of ordinary nature, and leading Beatrice—the redeemed Beatrice—by the hand? Oh, weak, and selfish, and unworthy spirit, that could dream of an earthly union and earthly happiness as possible, after such deep love had been so bitterly wronged as was Beatrice's love by Giovanni's blighting words! No, no; there could be no such hope. She must pass heavily, with that broken heart, across the borders—she must bathe her hurts in some fount of Paradise, and forget her grief in the light of immortality—and *there* be well!

But Giovanni did not know it.

"Dear Beatrice," said he, approaching her, while she shrank away, as al-

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ways at his approach, but now with a different impulse—"dearest Beatrice, our fate is not yet so desperate. Behold! There is a medicine, potent, as a wise physician has assured me, and almost divine in its efficacy. It is composed of ingredients the most opposite to those by which thy awful father has brought this calamity upon thee and me. It is distilled of blessed herbs. Shall we not quaff it together, and thus be purified from evil?"

"Give it me!" said Beatrice, extending her hand to receive the little silver phial which Giovanni took from his bosom. She added, with a peculiar emphasis; "I will drink—but do thou await the result."

She put Baglioni's antidote to her lips; and, at the same moment, the figure of Rappaccini emerged from the portal, and came slowly towards the marble fountain. As he drew near, the pale man of science seemed to gaze with a triumphant expression at the beautiful youth and maiden, as might an artist who should spend his life in achieving a picture or a group of statuary, and finally be satisfied with his success. He paused—his bent form grew erect with conscious power, he spread out his hand over them, in the attitude of a father imploring a blessing upon his children. But those were the same hands that had thrown poison into the stream of their lives! Giovanni trembled. Beatrice shuddered nervously, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"My daughter," said Rappaccini, "thou art no longer lonely in the world! Pluck one of those precious gems from thy sister shrub, and bid thy bridegroom wear it in his bosom. It will not harm him now! My science, and the sympathy between thee and him, have so wrought within his system, that he now stands apart from common men, as thou dost, daughter of my pride and triumph, from ordinary women. Pass on, then, through the world, most dear to one another, and dreadful to all besides!"

"My father," said Beatrice, feebly—and still, as she spoke, she kept her hand upon her heart—"wherefore didst thou inflict this miserable doom upon thy child?"

"Miserable!" exclaimed Rappaccini. "What mean you, foolish girl? Dost thou deem it misery to be endowed with marvellous gifts, against which no power nor strength could avail an enemy? Misery, to be able to quell the mightiest with a breath? Misery, to be as terrible as thou art beautiful? Wouldst thou, then, have preferred the condition of a weak woman, exposed to all evil, and capable of none?"

"I would fain have been loved, not feared," murmured Beatrice, sinking down upon the ground.—"But now it matters not; I am going, father, where the evil, which thou hast striven to mingle with my being, will pass away like a dream—like the fragrance of these poisonous flowers, which will no longer taint my breath among the flowers of Eden. Farewell, Giovanni! Thy words of hatred are like lead within my heart—but they, too, will fall away as I ascend. Oh, was there not, from the first, more poison in thy nature than in mine?"

To Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death. And thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished there, at the feet of her father and Giovanni. Just at that moment, Professor Pietro Baglioni looked forth from the window, and called loudly, in a tone of triumph mixed with horror, to the thunder-stricken man of science:

"Rappaccini! Rappaccini! And is *this* the upshot of your experiment?"

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HARRO HARRING: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

(Concluded from the last Number.)

CHAPTER VI.

Harro proceeded prosperously on his journey until he reached Kalish, the frontier town of Poland, on the road from Saxony to Warsaw. Poland was, at this time, under the government of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia as Viceroy. It was known that there was great discontent among the people, and a very strict watch was kept up over the movements of all persons considered as in any way suspicious. On presenting his passport at the frontier, Harro was recognized as belonging to this class. On further examination his name was found on two registers, and he was conducted to Warsaw under guard. On his arrival there he was informed that he could not be permitted to join the Russian army in the campaign against the Turks, but was offered a commission as Cornet in a regiment of Lancers, forming a part of the Grand Duke's Russian guards. In the event of this proposal not suiting his taste he had the alternative of taking lodgings in a fortress for life. A proposal made in so inviting a form could not well be declined, and Harro accordingly accepted the commission.

The regiment into which he was thus introduced was a privileged corps, in which a commission conferred a rank two degrees higher than a corresponding one in the line. Half the officers were foreigners from various countries, one of them a nephew of President Monroe; the other half were young noblemen of the first families in Russia, Poland, and other parts of Europe,—including seven young princes. The battalion to which Harro belonged was commanded by Prince Voronitchky, who read the orders for his entrance into the service at the head of the corps, and added some account of his previous adventures and character. He was already known to many of the officers by his writings, and was received into the regiment with great cordiality. A banquet was given on the occasion at a hotel in the suburbs near the ruins of Praga. Three days after his arrival at Warsaw, Harro was presented to the Grand Duke Constantine on the parade at the early hour of four o'clock in the morning. He describes the ceremony in the following terms:

"I was, of course, required to take the oath on entering the service in the presence of the Grand Duke. The ceremony took place at the Belvedere palace on a fine morning in June at four o'clock—a little before sunrise. General Paskevitch, who was then carrying on the war in Persia with success, had recently sent home twelve Persian horses for the Grand Duke, which were to be presented on the same occasion. The Princess Lovitch, his wife, though she rarely appeared at his public receptions, had placed herself at the open window in the basement story of the palace to witness the spectacle. After I had taken the oath in the usual form, the Persian horses were brought and presented by the Grand Duke to the Princess from the outside of the window. I was standing at the time at no great distance. The Grand Duke was in excellent humor, and commented upon the good points of each of the horses, as they were brought forward, one after the other. When this was over he directed an officer to tell me to step forward, and then said to the Princess in French, 'This is the Carbonaro-Poet, whom I mentioned to you, and whose works you have read. We have dressed him in a Lancer's uniform, and I trust that he will manage his charger as well as he has done his Pegasus.' He then whispered something to the Princess, who gave Harro a friendly look and soon after retired from the window."

It will be recollected that the Grand Duke Constantine, who had lost his first wife,—a princess of Baden,—before going to Poland as Viceroy,—became

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attached, while there, to the Princess Lovitch, a lady of great beauty and of most amiable character. He obtained permission of the Russian Government to marry her on condition that he would renounce his right of succession to the throne in favor of his younger brother, Nicholas. On the demise of the Emperor Alexander, Nicholas declined, at first, to take advantage of this renunciation, and strongly urged his brother Constantine to ascend the throne himself. It was only after his positive and repeated refusals to change the subsisting arrangement, that Nicholas consented to reign. It is pleasing to recall these incidents, which are highly honorable to both the brothers, and exhibit in the case of Constantine, a bright side in a character, which was unfortunately clouded, in other respects, with but too many shades.

Harro passed about two years in the service of the Grand Duke. The situation was not exactly to his mind, but he had, early in life, adopted the excellent principle of doing with his might whatever circumstances made it his duty to do. He now went through the details of the service with exemplary punctuality, and in a way to give satisfaction to his superiors. The service, in itself, was not disagreeable, and afforded ample leisure for literary pursuits. He resided in a pleasant rural retreat just without the walls of Warsaw,—rose every morning at four o'clock, and was on horseback till eight. The rest of the day was disposable for letters or society. The Court of the Belvedere was itself a most interesting study for one so deeply engaged in the political movements of the times. Soon after leaving Poland, Harro wrote and published a detailed review of the system of administration and the state of society at Warsaw during this period, which has since been republished at London in an English translation. While at Warsaw he wrote and published the novel *Firn-Matthes*;—the one, which, as has been mentioned before, was pronounced by the well-known critic Menzel, in his review of German literature, one of the best in the language. His position in society was honorable, and, in some respects, agreeable. At this time he received from Bohemia intelligence of the death of the young lady, for whom, while there, he had formed an attachment, which had affected so powerfully the subsequent course of his life.

But though, in some respects, agreeable, his situation at Warsaw was in others sufficiently embarrassing. His employment in the military service of an absolute monarch was, of course, entirely at variance with his previous habits of thought and feeling. He was, from his preceding career, naturally watched, if not suspected, and was compelled to observe a steady system of caution, not very congenial to his impetuous character. Propositions were occasionally made to him by the Directors of the Police, Baron Sass and Baron Schweizer, to enter that department of the service as a secret agent on very advantageous terms. His steady refusal of these proposals did not tend to diminish the distrust felt by the government. The dangers and difficulties with which he was surrounded, were increased by the conspiracy in the army and among the people, which broke out so violently soon after he left Poland, and was in active preparation during his residence. The Government were aware of its existence, and of course redoubled the vigilance, with which they ordinarily watched every one in the least degree suspicious. Harro states that during the two years of his stay at Warsaw, twenty-two officers of his own division were degraded, or discharged from the service, and exiled to Siberia; and that he never retired to rest a single night without apprehending that, before morning, a carriage or sledge would stop at his door, destined to convey him, according to the Russian practice, without trial or information of the nature of his offence, to a fortress in Siberia, where he would be buried alive for the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage. The Grand Duke had, it seems, found means to solve in his own way the celebrated question of the Latin poet,—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—and had succeeded in putting his guards under pretty strict guardianship.

A two years' experience of the beauties of this system of administration did not tend in any degree to diminish the enthusiasm with which Harro had adopted the liberal ideas of the time. In the second year of his residence at Warsaw, he was badly hurt in one of his legs by a fall of his horse under him, and rendered incapable, for the time, of continuing his service in the cavalry. During his illness the Grand

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Duke several times visited him in his chamber, and expressed great interest in his recovery. He also requested of him an abridged account of his life, and appeared to have conceived a favorable idea of his talents and capacity for service. On his recovery it was suggested to him, as he could no longer serve in the cavalry, to pass into the infantry, or the civil department, as he might prefer. His comrades often complimented him upon the probability of his being appointed one of the Grand Duke's aids, of whom there were several, including the nephew of President Monroe, alluded to before. It was also proposed to him again to undertake a secret agency in the service of the Police, under the ostensible character of a traveller and poet. Harro steadily refused all these offers, and determined to take advantage of the occasion to withdraw entirely from the service.

This step was not a very easy one. His firm resolution not to continue in the service under circumstances that would have been regarded by one of a loyal disposition as highly auspicious, taken in connection with his former career, identified him with the class of suspicious persons. The Grand Duke would not consent to his discharge, and he was compelled to remain for some months without active employment—though nominally in the service—under strict observation, and altogether in a rather uncomfortable predicament. He was, in fact, as he states, confined to his quarters, with a number of other officers of the same rank, on suspicion of being connected with the conspiracy. Fortunately for the success of his projects, the Emperor Nicholas came to Warsaw at this time (1829) to be crowned King of Poland, and attend at the opening of the Diet. During his stay the business of the army was transacted in his name; and in the confusion of the moment Harro succeeded, through the friendly intervention of an old Polish General, in getting his papers examined, and procuring the signature of the Emperor to his dismission from the service. The discharge was an honorable one, and accompanied, as is not unusual in such cases, with promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, equivalent to that of Captain in the line.

Harro was now released from his military shackles, and at liberty to go where he wished within the limits of the Russian empire. It was his intention to return to Germany, but the passport to leave the country was in his case as difficult to be obtained as a discharge from the army. In what way this matter was arranged is not specifically mentioned in the notes, but he probably cut the knot by going without permission. He states merely that he travelled as rapidly as possible from Warsaw to Kalish, where he crossed the frontier at 11 o'clock at night, and then resumed his journey with the same celerity to Breslau. He afterwards learned that a detachment of Cossacks, which had been sent in pursuit of him by order of the Grand Duke, reached the Russian outposts a few minutes only after he had passed them.

On reaching Dresden he made inquiry after his friend and companion on his expedition to Greece, Bernard Mossdorf. It appeared that after his return, he had become a notary,—had taken part in a conspiracy, and been condemned to death,—a punishment which had been afterwards commuted for fifteen years' imprisonment in the fortress of Koenigstern. Here he was found strangled,—as Harro supposes,—by order of the government.

Of George Lassanes he could obtain at this time no intelligence. Some years after he learned that when they parted at Munich, Lassanes embarked at Marseilles for Greece; but having unfortunately been shipwrecked on the coast of Sardinia, was there arrested and sent under guard to Verona. Here he made his escape, but was soon after arrested again and imprisoned at Mantua, where he disappeared for ever. "In him," says Harro, "was lost to the world one of the finest poets and noblest patriots of the day." His alleged crime was an attempt to rescue his country,—the classic land of Greece,—from the yoke of Turkish despotism. It must be owned that in these latter days the self-styled champions of law, order and religion, have not always been careful to present their cause to the world in a form very likely to conciliate the favor of the friends of humanity and freedom.

From Dresden, where the government made some difficulty about permitting him to remain, Harro proceeded to Leipsic, and there fixed his resi-

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dence for some months. At this time the enthusiasm for political reform, which had been for so many years fermenting throughout all Europe, reached one of its critical moments, and burst forth in the famous French revolution of the *Three Days* (July, 1830); which were followed in November by the attempt at revolution in Poland. Harro, while residing at Warsaw, had been made acquainted with the plans of the conspirators, and, on taking his departure, had been earnestly requested by them to appear as their champion, at the proper moment, and plead their cause with his pen before the European world. A struggle now arose in his mind, whether to comply literally with this request, and remain in Germany, or to return at once to Poland, and join the revolutionary army as a volunteer. He decided, for the present, on the former course; intending, however, after publishing the books which he had in view, to adopt the latter. He accordingly prepared at once the work on Poland, alluded to above. He found great difficulty in obtaining a publisher; but at length some one of the fraternity, more courageous, or more patriotic than the rest, undertook the business,—suppressing his name, and throwing on Harro the whole risk of publication. The work was traced to him, and hé was forthwith required by the Saxon Police to quit Leipsic. Retiring to the little city of Eisenberg, in the Duchy of Altenburg, he there wrote his *Recollections of Warsaw*. Passing thence into Bavaria, he resided *incognito* for two months at Alexandersbad, an obscure watering place near Wunsiedel, where he wrote an historical novel, in three volumes, entitled *The Pole*. His retreat was again discovered, and he was once more compelled to change his residence. Having now pretty well exhausted his materials for carrying on the war with the pen, he had intended, after finishing the last mentioned work, to return to Poland, and take the field in person against the common enemy; but the rapid advance of the Russian armies, which now covered the whole country, through which he would have had to pass, made it next to impossible to reach Poland, and very doubtful whether he should be in time to render any service if he did. He accordingly abandoned the idea, and, on leaving Alexandersbad, turned his steps towards France. On reaching Carlsruhe,—the capital of the grand duchy of Baden,—the Russian Chargé d'Affaires made application to the Police to have him arrested. Fortunately for him the House of Deputies was then in session, and by placing himself under their protection, he secured his liberty. He then continued his journey, and arrived without further molestation at Strasburg.

On his way to France he had heard at Wurzburg the disastrous intelligence of the fall of Warsaw. This event made a very deep impression upon his mind, the result of which was a series of poems, begun at Heidelberg and finished after his arrival at Strasburg. They were published under the title of "Drops of Blood" (*Blutstropfen*), and are considered by Harro as the most powerful of his poems. The fate of this work was rather singular. Although several large editions were published, and thousands of copies circulated throughout Germany, it was never noticed or even alluded to by name in any newspaper or review,—so perfect and effective was the system then employed by the Police for preventing the expression of liberal political opinions through the press. In Strasburg,—a city which, though inhabited mostly by Germans, is within the jurisdiction of France,—the supervision of the Police was a little less strict. A newspaper was at this time published there in the German language for circulation in Germany, under the name of "Constitutional Germany" (*Das constitutionelle Deutschland*). The proprietor was not satisfied with the manner in which it was conducted, and proposed to Harro to take charge of it. He consented, and, suppressing the *constitutionelle* in the name, continued it under that of *Deutschland*. After three numbers had appeared, the Diet at Frankfort issued an order prohibiting the circulation of it in Germany, and also that of any other journal conducted by the same editor. It languished five months, and then expired. During his abode at Strasburg he wrote another work on the affairs of Poland, entitled *The Russian Subject*.

In December of this year, 1830, he was visited by a secret agent of the Prussian Government, named Malter, editor of a monthly magazine at Arau,

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in Switzerland, who made proposals to him similar to those which had been made by the Baron de Sass, at Warsaw. He was offered a very handsome compensation if he would enter the Prussian service, and act as a spy upon the movements of the liberalists, continuing in public to use their language and profess their opinions. He rejected the overture with contempt, and gave such an account of the affair in his journal, that Malter was obliged to make his escape with great promptitude from Strasburg, in order to avoid ill-treatment by the people.

At this time preparations were made for a meeting of delegates from the friends of liberal principles in all parts of Germany, at Hambach; and on the day fixed (May 27, 1832) more than 30,000 persons, in fact, assembled. It does not appear that they had any other object than to join in an expression of their common opinions. At the present time, when mass meetings of a similar kind are held every day in this country, it may be thought singular that such an assemblage should be regarded as a very important affair by the Governments: but the state of things in this respect on the continent of Europe is entirely different from that which exists in the United States, or even in England; and a gathering of this sort may have been, in fact, a rather serious matter. It was certainly so considered by the Police; and on the second day measures were taken to arrest a number of the leaders and disperse the multitude. Harro had attended as a volunteer; and, as he says, had carried arms with him, to be used if occasion should require. He took a passport at Strasburg under a feigned name, and reached Neustadt, a city near the place of meeting, three days before the time appointed. He was the first person on the ground: Boerne, a well-known political writer, since dead, was the next. When the arrival of Harro was known, he was invited by the Mayor of the city to take lodgings with one of the council, although it was well known to all that he was under the ban of the Police. He mentions this fact as a proof how completely the liberal spirit prevailed throughout all classes. Measures had been taken to secure his person, but no attempt was made to arrest him until after the dispersion of the meeting. The following letter, which appeared with his signature some time after in one of the German newspapers, gives a rather amusing account of his position.

"I was well aware of the danger to which I exposed myself in going to Hambach, but did not hesitate on that account a moment: on the contrary, I was the very first person at Neustadt, where I arrived on the evening of Wednesday, the 23d. The conductor of the Strasburg diligence afterwards told me that the agents of the Bavarian Police were on the watch for me till Sunday evening, and had even arrested a lady whom they took for me in disguise. In the meantime a crowd was collecting in Neustadt; but although I was constantly surrounded by police officers, they did not venture to arrest me. On Sunday noon, while the national banner of Germany was displayed on the summit of Hambach, a friend from Mentz accosted me, and informed me that he had just seen the order for my arrest. I also learned that this order had been granted on the requisition of the Russian Chargé d'Affaires. The Danish Chargé at Dresden had, in fact, already told me that I was considered as a Russian subject, and that he could not give me a Danish passport.

"The next day (Monday, 28th) Boerne and I were robbed of our watches,—an accident which was not very singular, considering the immense crowd. We went together to the Police Office to make our declarations of the fact. Boerne was despatched first, and went away: I remained alone in the midst of the police officers, who might, of course, have arrested me at once, if they had thought proper to do it: but nothing occurred. At dinner, the same day, the conversation at the public table of the Stage House, where I lodged, was very lively. One of the guests took from his pocket my play, entitled "The Nations" (*Die Voelker*), and read the passage upon Germany. I was rather embarrassed, and left the room. Immediately a loud shout was raised in honor of the author, and several persons of the city brought me back to the table, assuring me that they would be responsible for my safety. When the company had separated, I went to the office for the key of my room, and found there three young men in German costume, inquiring of the

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hostess whether I was Harro Harring. I replied with a smile: 'No. I am a trader from Strasburg.' They understood me, and said they were friends of Harro, and had come to tell him that the people were dispersing, that at five o'clock there would be two companies of infantry in the field, and that he would be arrested. I thanked them in Harro's name for the information, and they took their leave. I determined at once to quit the city. Hornus, a deputy from the national guard at Strasburg,—Major Fergues, of Poland, and a German from Dessau, insisted on bearing me company, and we set forth together, leaving the high road and striking across the country. Our short encampment for the night was truly romantic. At two o'clock the next day we reached Bergzabern, where two companies of infantry were expected at four. My reception here was of the most cordial kind. 'If you will accept an escort of two hundred well-armed men,' said a venerable looking veteran, 'they shall be ready in half an hour.' I declined this offer, and five young men then volunteered to accompany me. I changed dresses with Major Fergues, and again set forth. The day was fine, and we were all in excellent spirits. Towards evening we reached the boundary line, and without crossing proceeded to Weissenburg, where I conducted my kind companions to the Angel Hotel. A considerable number of our friends, most of whom had been at Hambach, collected round us, and it was not till midnight that the five young men returned to Bergzabern. The next morning, at nine o'clock, a police officer made his appearance in my chamber, and told me that I 'was not permitted to enter France, and must instantly return to Germany or consider myself as under arrest.' He added that 'it was his duty to have appeared in uniform with his *gens-d'armes* and arrested me at once, but that, considering me as a man of honor, he had felt himself at liberty to proceed as he had done.'"

On receiving this notice from the Commissary of Police, Harro retired to the House of a bookseller of his acquaintance to gain time. He was accompanied by a police officer, and guards were placed before the door. The affair soon took wind, and the liberal portion of the citizens came in great numbers to offer him their assistance. Among them was Mr. Legendre, one of the law officers of the crown, afterwards a member of the house of deputies. He was strongly in favor of calling out a detachment of the national guard to resist the enforcement of an order, which he considered illegal. Harro discountenanced this proceeding, which could have had no result, as the Sub-Prefect had a competent military force at his disposal, and determined in preference to appeal to the higher powers. He accordingly wrote a letter to the Sub-Prefect at Weissenburg, protesting against the order for his exclusion and requesting permission to enter France as a political refugee. This was dated at Bergzabern, and was sent by a private hand to that place, where it was post-marked and despatched to Weissenburg. In the meantime that city was in great commotion. A hundred members of the National Guard assembled privately and held themselves in readiness to take arms, if necessary, for the defence of Harro's person. At the approach of evening he thought it expedient to change his lodgings, as the police officers would otherwise probably take advantage of the night to put the order against him in force. Several dresses, male and female, had been sent to him to be used as disguises, and having put on one of them, he succeeded in escaping from the house. On reaching the public square he saw the *gens-d'armes* examining the Diligence, and was told that they were searching for the famous proscript Harro Harring. He proceeded to the house of a young lawyer, where a private chamber had been prepared for him, and remained there thirty-six hours, without the knowledge of any of the family except the master, and almost without taking any nourishment. At the end of this time an order arrived authorizing his entrance into France. His letter to the Sub-Prefect had been sent to the Prefect at Strasburg, who had communicated by the telegraph with the minister of the interior, and received his orders to grant Harro a passport for any city in France, the capital excepted, which he might select as his residence. The letters addressed to him by the Sub-Prefect on this occasion, of which I have the originals before me, are highly creditable to the humanity of this

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officer, who does not appear to have shared the proscriptive spirit which prevailed in the department of the Police.

On the receipt of this agreeable information Harro determined to proceed immediately to Strasburg. A banquet was prepared in his honor by the patriots of Weissenburg, who accompanied him in a body to the Diligence. At all the stations on the way the carriage was surrounded by a crowd of persons, inquiring eagerly whether the conductor knew what had become of the proscript Harro, whose adventures had been much talked about and freely discussed in the newspapers. "Here he is," was the uniform reply,—"safe in my *coupé*." The officers of one of the battalions of the national guard had made arrangements to call out the battalion with a band of music, to meet him on his arrival without the gate, and escort him into the city. As he happened to arrive in the morning instead of the afternoon, the escort did not take effect. He found the officers assembled for the purpose of completing the arrangement, and was invited by Major Champy, afterwards a Colonel in the national guards, to accompany him to his club in the evening. This officer, who belonged to a family of wealth and consideration, urged Harro to take up his residence with them. He accepted this friendly offer, and proceeded to the *château* of Madame Rothan, where he found the Major ready to receive him. Here he passed the summer, and in November accompanied the Major's brother, who was the proprietor of the large iron works of Framont in the department of Les Vosges, to his castle of La Chaume, in Burgundy, where he remained several weeks. He found here a valuable library of 7000 volumes, and wrote during his stay a series of three plays, entitled "The People" (*Das Volk*).

The situation of Harro had excited the sympathy of the friends of liberal principles in other parts of Europe. While at La Chaume he received from Mr. Vander Meer, Governor of Liege, in Belgium, the following letter, of which the original is before me:

"Mr. Harro Harring:—We are informed of the persecutions to which you have been exposed. Come to Liege. You will find here good friends and a cordial welcome. If you have nothing better to do elsewhere, come and give us your assistance in promoting the common cause of humanity and freedom."

I have dwelt rather long upon this passage in the adventures of Harro, first, because it is always pleasing to see the naturally noble and generous emotions of the heart breaking forth spontaneously, though with great personal risk to the individuals concerned, in resistance to an unjust and illegal order of government:—and secondly, because it is highly satisfactory to find,—what we gather with more assurance from a single example of the success of such resistance, than from much high-sounding declamation,—that, since the last French Revolution, the rights of individuals have become in France something better than a mere name. Under the old monarchy, as is still the case in Russia, Austria, and Prussia, an order from the ministerial department swept everything before it, and left the unhappy mortal, whom it might, perhaps, immure for life in a dungeon, no resource but passive obedience or clandestine evasion. The King's order was itself the law. Now the King's order is one thing, and the law another; and the little adventure at Weissenburg, which I have related, proves that a person who is made the object of an illegal order, may, by standing with firmness and discretion on his legal rights, succeed in securing them, and compel the government to recede. This change is itself a complete political revolution, much more important to the people at large than any alteration in the forms of administration or the name of the executive magistrate, and not perhaps too dearly purchased by all the blood and treasure that have been poured out in France during the last half-century.

CHAPTER VII.

The explosion of the Three Days in France electrified all Europe, and was followed by revolutionary movements of more or less importance, in almost every other country. The erection of the new kingdom of Belgium in the

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Netherlands,—the passage of the Reform bill in England,—the restoration of the constitution in Spain, and the change of dynasty in France, were the principal immediate consequences. In the last of these countries, the impulse was arrested in its progress by the accidental influence of the powerful character of the present king, and the full development of its results was reserved for a future day. In Poland, the attempt at revolution was crushed at once by the overwhelming power of the Russian armies, and several attempts of a similar kind in Italy also proved abortive.

In Germany, the extreme vigilance and activity of the Police prevented any actual outbreak; but the revolutionary spirit was not less ardent than elsewhere. These movements were more or less directly prompted, and in some instances, in a great measure, conducted by a secret political organization, which pervaded a large part of the continent of Europe, and had its origin in Italy, during the reign of Napoleon. Every external expression by word or deed, of the patriotic and liberal sentiments, which had been so strongly excited in Italy, at the opening of the French Revolution, having been sternly interdicted under the military sway of the "man of destiny,"—the patriots were compelled by a sort of moral necessity, to continue their operations in secret, and formed an association under the name of *Carbonari*, or Colliers, from some supposed analogy in their proceedings to those of persons employed in the subterranean coal mines. These societies had branches in France, Spain and Germany. Harro states, that the French colliers were among the most active leaders in the Revolution of the Three Days, and that some of them were afterwards employed by Louis Philippe in places of the highest importance. As the immediate results of this revolution did not ultimately satisfy the most ardent friends of reform, they considered themselves as betrayed by their agents, who had taken office under the new king; and re-organized themselves under the name of the *Reformed Carbonari*. They had their head-quarters at Paris, where their operations were superintended by a Directory; and from this central point, they undertook to give an impulse to the movements of all the associated societies throughout Europe.

After the failure of the attempts at revolution in Italy, a great number of the *Carbonari* were exiled, and many of them took refuge in France. Among these was Joseph Mazzini, whose name has recently been brought before the public, by some proceedings of the British Parliament, in consequence of an illegal inspection of his letters at the post-office in London. He was a young lawyer of Genoa, only son of a wealthy patrician family,—and is represented by Harro, as a person of superior talent, and the noblest character. Soon after his arrival in France, in 1832, he founded, on the basis of the existing secret associations, a new and more comprehensive one, to which he gave the name of "*Young Italy*" (*La giovine Italia*). This was the origin of the phraseology, which has since become familiar to us, under the forms of *Young France* and *Young England*. After remaining a short time at Marseilles, Mazzini and his companions in exile, were compelled to leave France, and retreat to Geneva, which they made for some time the head-quarters of "Young Italy." Some jealousy appears to have existed between the directory of this association, and that of the Reformed Carbonari at Paris. Mazzini, as the leading representative of Young Italy, did not like to acknowledge a controlling power in the French association, although he wished to act in concert with it; and planned as a substitute for this purpose, a more general association of the friends of liberty in Italy, Poland, and Germany, to which he gave the name of *Young Europe*. It does not appear that this project ever took any very definite shape. A lithographic impression of the intended constitution, with facsimiles of the signatures of the delegates from the four nations who formed it, is given in the notes of Harro, and may be looked upon as a sort of curiosity. They also include a copy of a constitution for the *Scandinavian Union*, a separate association, intended for the promotion of the same general object. A translation of the for-

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mer paper is annexed in a note.* These proceedings, of which I have given a mere outline, are treated fully by Harro, in a work in two volumes, entitled *Memoirs of Young Italy*, which he published at Dijon, in France, a year or two later. I allude to them here, for the purpose of explaining the revolutionary attempts, which were made in Germany, in 1833-4, and in which Harro himself took part. In preparing these movements, he had found occasion to make the acquaintance of Mazzini, and formed a very intimate friendship with him, which has continued till the present time. Several of the subsequent poems, including some of those in the New York collection, are addressed to him.

Under the auspices of these associations, arrangements were concerted for a simultaneous rising in five different cities. On the 7th of April, 1833, Harro himself, was to take

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* YOUNG EUROPE.

LIBERTY :—EQUALITY :—HUMANITY.

Act of Brotherhood.

We, undersigned, men of progress and liberty, believing in the
Equality and brotherhood of men, and the
Equality and brotherhood of nations:
Believing also:

That the human race is destined to advance in a course of continual progress, and under the empire of the universal moral law, in the free and harmonious development of its powers, and the accomplishment of its mission in the universe:

That this can only be effected by the active concurrence of all its members in free associations:

That free associations can only exist among Equals, since all inequality implies a violation of independence, and every violation of independence impairs the freedom of concert:

That Liberty, Equality, and Humanity are equally sacred: that they are the three necessary elements in every satisfactory solution of the problem of society: and that, wherever any one of them is neglected from regard to the two others, the attempt to solve this problem must prove a failure:

Being satisfied:

That although the objects which the different branches of the human race aim at, are necessarily the same, and the general principles, which direct their progress essentially similar,—there are, nevertheless, a thousand different ways by which the common purpose may be effected:

Being satisfied:

That each man and each nation has a peculiar mission, in which individuality consists, and through which it concurs in accomplishing the mission of the race in general:

Being satisfied, finally:

That associations of men and nations ought to combine security for the full accomplishment of the individual mission with certainty of concurring in that of the general mission of the race:

Strong in our rights as men,—strong in our consciences, and in the duty which God and Humanity impose upon every one, who is willing to devote his arm, his mind, his whole being to the sacred cause of the progress of nations:

After having formed ourselves into national associations, free and independent of each other, intended as the germs of

Young Poland, Young Italy, and Young Germany:

Having met together in council to promote the general good, with our hands placed on our hearts, and in full confidence of a successful result, have agreed upon the following declaration:

I.

Young Germany, *Young Poland*, and *Young Italy*, republican associations, intended to effect the same general object, and having a common belief in Liberty, Equality, and Progress, hereby unite themselves into one brotherhood, now and for ever, for all purposes belonging to the common object.

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part in the attack on Kehl, a city in Baden, at the German extremity of the bridge, that crosses the Rhine at Strasburg; and a corps of two or three hundred exiles, mostly Germans, were stationed in that city, waiting his arrival. At the appointed time, Kubersky, a Polish refugee, who was afterwards supposed to be an emissary of the Police in disguise, came to Framont, where Harro was then staying, for the purpose of conveying him to Strasburg. On the morning of the 7th of April, the carriage was prepared, and they were on the point of setting off, when the newspapers arriving from Frankfort, brought information, that the movement had been made prematurely in that city, which was one of the five, three days before, and had failed. This result paralyzed, for a time, the whole project.

Soon after this event Harro changed his residence from the castle of Framont to that of Lachaume in Burgundy, another property of the same family of Champy. He had scarcely had time to seat himself in his new abode when he was called upon to quit its delightful groves, then, as he says, "blooming in the first freshness of opening vegetation,—vocal with the songs of a thousand nightingales, and redolent of the sweetest perfumes,"—for the purpose of embarking in another revolutionary expedition. It had now been determined that a resolute corps of about five hundred exiles, mostly Poles, should attempt an invasion of Savoy. The immediate point of attack was the city of Chamberry, and the movement was fixed for the 12th of November. Harro had been invited to join the staff of this expedition, the command of which had, unfortunately for its success, been committed to General Ramorino, an Italian officer, who, it seems, had distinguished himself in the Polish insurrection, but, as Harro states, had subsequently abandoned the cause of liberty, and was now a secret agent in the service of the European Police. The head-quarters of the expedition were at Bienne, in Switzerland, and Harro was despatched from that place on the 7th of November to Geneva to ascertain the state of the preparations. He there found that Ramorino, who was at Paris, had refused to proceed on the day fixed, under pretence that he was recruiting some more troops in France. Harro remained some time at Geneva with Mazzini, and, while there, wrote a tragedy in two parts, entitled the *Union of Europe*. Having at length matured his private arrangements, Ramorino fixed the last day of January, 1834, for the movement of the expedi-

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II.

A declaration of the principles that constitute the moral law, as applied to nations, shall be drawn up in common, and signed by the three national committees. It shall specify the belief, the object, and the general course of proceeding of the three associations; and no association can act otherwise than in conformity to this declaration without a culpable violation of the Act of Brotherhood.

III.

In all matters not concerning the declaration of principles, and not of general interest, the three associations are severally free and independent of each other.

IV.

An alliance, offensive and defensive, is hereby established among the three associations, as representatives of the nations to which they respectively belong; and each of them shall be authorized to claim the aid and co-operation of the others in every important enterprise for the promotion of the common object.

V.

The assembling of the three Committees, or their delegates, shall constitute the Committee of *Young Europe*.

VI.

The members of the three associations shall regard each other as brothers, and discharge towards each other the duties belonging to that relation.

VII.

The Committee of *Young Europe* shall agree upon a badge to be worn by the members of the three associations, and a motto to be placed at the head of the public proclamations.

VIII.

Any other nation, which may desire to unite in this alliance, may do so by agreeing to and signing, through its representatives, the present Act.

Done at Berne (Switzerland), April 15, 1834.

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tion, and the attempt was, in fact, made on that day; but on reaching the frontier of Savoy, the troops were met by a superior force,—in consequence, as Harro supposes, of secret intelligence given by Ramorino,—disarmed, and compelled to return to Switzerland.

Such was the termination of this ill-starred, and, apparently, not very well concerted expedition. Harro retired in the first place to Geneva, and afterwards resumed his residence at Lachaume, where he employed himself in writing the "Memoirs of Young Italy." His permission to reside in France had been forfeited by his concern in the late expedition, and in order to continue at Lachaume, it was necessary that he should maintain a strict incognito. His retreat was pretty soon discovered through his relations with a publisher at Dijon, whom he had employed to print the Memoirs of Young Italy; and finding that he was about to be denounced, he thought it best to anticipate the movement by presenting himself in person to the Prefect, as if just arrived from Savoy. The latter was apparently pleased with the frankness of this proceeding, and exhibited to Harro an order from the government to arrest him if he could be found in the Kingdom, and send him in irons to the northern frontier. In consideration of his open conduct, the Prefect now wrote to Paris for fresh instructions, and received orders by the Telegraph to furnish his prisoner, agreeably to his desire, with a passport for England. This was accordingly done, and he proceeded forthwith in the diligence to Calais, where he embarked for London. At Calais his poetical inspiration was revived by the view of a *sea-bird*, which he saw hovering over the shore, and he commenced the series of poems afterwards completed and published at London under that title. It forms a part of the New York collection.

Immediately after the failure of the expedition into Savoy, the persons most active in the attempt assembled at Berne, in Switzerland, where Mazzini prepared his plan of the association under the title of *Young Europe*, alluded to before. Information of this movement was given to Harro while he remained at Lachaume, and he was invited to take an active part in the conduct of the society. On his departure for England he was charged with the duty of establishing a branch in that country, and after his arrival in London took some steps for this purpose,—which, however, had no practical result. It is, in fact, only under arbitrary governments that secret associations can ever assume any importance, or inspire any interest. Where the free discussion of political affairs at public meetings and through the press is permitted, every enterprise, that will bear examination, naturally courts publicity, and private conspiracies cease to be regarded as an effective means of promoting a political purpose. This result is apparent from the recent history of England, and still more clearly from that of the United States. The attempt of Burr is the only one of the kind to be found in our annals; and the total and easy discomfiture of this project, though undertaken by a person of consummate talent, shows how entirely foreign it was to the genius of our institutions, and the practical habits of the people. It is to causes of this description, rather than to the excessive *nationality* of feeling, supposed by Harro, that we should, perhaps, attribute the failure of his attempts to establish a branch of the European Union at London. He employed himself apparently with more success in founding the Scandinavian Union; on this subject he has not entered into any details.

While he was occupied in this way at London he received an invitation from a friend in Switzerland to return *incognito* to that country, and reside with him at his house on the Lake of Bienne. He accepted this proposal, and taking out a passport, under an assumed name, embarked for Ostend. His movements, it seems, were all strictly watched, and intelligence of his departure from London was conveyed to the continent in anticipation of his arrival. On reaching Ostend he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison. Two days after he was conveyed, under escort, as a state prisoner, to Bruges, and there committed to another place of confinement. Here he found, a second time, by his own experience, what he had before found at Weissenburg, that the recent active development of the spirit of liberty in Europe, however unsuccessful in many respects, had not been entirely without

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its practical effect. His friends in the North interested themselves in his favor, and some of them engaged the Brazilian Consul at Bruges, Mr. Van Lede, to endeavor to obtain his release. This gentleman took up the affair with warmth, and proceeded, in person, to Brussels, where he laid it before a member of the house of Deputies. It was debated for two days, and the result was that the government was compelled to recede. An order was despatched from the Home Department for the release of Harro, who, after several weeks' confinement, found himself again at liberty. Scarcely was he out of prison, when a fresh order came from Brussels, directing that he should be sent back under guard, to England. Again, however, the aim of arbitrary power was paralyzed by the prompt intervention of the law. The Burgomaster of Bruges refused to obey the order, which he declared to be illegal; and the principal law officer declined to authorize the employment of the military force. The Burgomaster made a report to Brussels, upon a view of which the order was rescinded, and permission granted to Harro to remain at Bruges. He afterwards obtained leave to visit Brussels for several days. Throughout these proceedings we see the old-fashioned spirit of arbitrary power struggling violently with the restraints imposed upon it by the legal securities for the rights of individuals afforded in the constitution,—but fortunately struggling in vain. This is a favorable omen for the future progress of political improvement on the continent of Europe.

During his imprisonment at Bruges, Harro wrote a tragedy in German, entitled "The German Maidens" (*Die Deutsche Maedchen*), which was printed at the time in that city, and probably contributed to awaken and keep alive the interest which was evidently felt in his behalf.

There being now no further opposition to the continuance of his contemplated journey to Switzerland, he left Bruges on the last of July, 1835, with the same passport which he had taken out at London,—proceeded to Paris, where he passed a few days,—and thence, by way of Troyes and Dijon, to his place of destination. On reaching it, however, he found that the position of the friend, who had invited him to Switzerland, had changed. His brother and brother-in-law had received important appointments from the Government of Berne, and from regard to their interest it was necessary that he should avoid any close connection with a political refugee. Harro found a temporary asylum at the country residence of Major Kohler, in the Canton of Berne, where he was for some time seriously ill, probably from the effect of continual excitement and anxiety. Here he wrote a number of poems, some of which appear in the New York collection.

At this time Mazzini was residing *incognito* at the little watering-place of La Grange, a few leagues only from the retreat of Harro. The two friends occasionally saw each other, and took counsel together upon the destinies of *Young Europe*. Something was said of a journey into Spain for the purpose of establishing a branch of the association in the Peninsula. This project was given up, but Harro states, what is, in fact, pretty well known from other sources, that all the constitutional movements in Spain have been, in a greater or less degree, connected with the action of the secret political associations that existed throughout the continent.

A meeting of the German branch of the association had, it seems, been arranged for the 27th of May, 1836, at the village of La Grange, near which Mazzini resided. Not aware of this circumstance, for the operations of "Young Germany" were, at this time, carried on separately from those of "Young Europe," Harro happened to select the same day for one of his occasional pedestrian excursions to the residence of his friend, which he reached on the evening before the meeting. The Police had received information of the affair, in which they, no doubt, supposed that the two friends were engaged and about noon on the 29th Mazzini and Harro were notified that a detachment of troops had been despatched from Soleure to arrest them. Their hotel was, immediately after, surrounded by about a hundred soldiers, accompanied by seventeen *gens-d'armes*, and three police officers. The friends were arrested, and Mazzini's papers seized, but, fortunately for him, the most important had been previously secured through the aid of one of the female attendants. Having despatched this business, the escort returned with

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their prize to Soleure, where the friends were received with civility by the military governor of the city.

The next day (Sunday) the Senate of Soleure met and took the affair into consideration. In revolutionary times, —as we know from high authority in this country,—it is usual to take great liberties with the Sabbath. At this meeting a member proposed the troublesome question, "Who gave the orders for the movement of the troops?" The military force, it seems, was not legally at the disposal of the Police. On further inquiry it turned out that a Russian agent had offered the Commissary of Police a handsome sum of money for the prisoners and that the latter had "taken the responsibility,"—without any legal warrant,—of employing the soldiers. The matter now took a rather serious turn, for in Switzerland, as well as in France and Belgium, there is already a dim perception of the important truth, that it is the business of the Executive department to execute the law, and not to make or break it. The Russian agent, who was still at Soleure, found it convenient to quit the place immediately, and the Commissary was removed from office. The Senate then ordered the two prisoners to be set at liberty on condition that they should leave the country (the Canton of Soleure) immediately and never return to it. They were thus exiled from Soleure; and, no doubt, felt as unpleasantly about it, as Diogenes did when he received at Athens the decree that banished him from his native city of Sinope,—a little fishing village on the coast of the Black Sea. Mazzini returned to his former retreat at Lagrange. Harro visited successively several places in Switzerland, but finding himself everywhere hampered by the Police, determined to go back to England.

He accordingly addressed a letter to the foreign department of the *Vorort*, or general government of the Swiss Confederacy, then stationed at Berne, requesting a passport for this purpose. He was invited, in consequence, to proceed to Berne and receive it. On arriving at that place, in compliance with the invitation, he was, at once, honored with a guard of nine *gens-d'armes*, and the next day politely conducted to prison, till his case could be inquired into and decided on. In some countries it is thought more natural to go through with the formality of hearing and deciding on the case before depriving the party accused of his liberty; but the worthy Bernese have, at least, in their favor the authority of Virgil's Judge of Hell, *Castigatque auditque dolos.* At length after much deliberation and delay it was determined that Harro should receive his passport. He accordingly quitted this hospitable soil, and set forth under the usual guard of two *gens-d'armes* well provided with carbines for Neuf-Châtel,—a possession of the King of Prussia. He was here accommodated with lodgings in the state's prison, which he describes as "the most horrible of the *forty-eight*, which it has been, at different times in his life, his fortune to inhabit." In this agreeable retreat he had the pleasure of passing thirty-six hours, including the twenty-four of his birth-day, August 18, 1836. On leaving this fortress he was conducted under the same escort as before to the French frontier town of Pontarlier. The valley through which the road lay is celebrated for the liberal spirit of the inhabitants, and he received at every station marks of their sympathy, but was not permitted by the escort to communicate with them. At Pontarlier he remained a number of days in prison, and then set forth again with a fresh escort of French guards, including, for his greater satisfaction, a Brigadier stationed in the carriage, on his way to Calais. Although travelling in this rather disagreeable company, and though regularly committed to prison every evening on reaching his station, he describes the journey as a very interesting one. The wardens of the several prisons, who were generally superannuated officers of the Great Army, received him with extreme cordiality, and he passed his evenings pleasantly until it was time for him to be locked up. At Arras the party received the addition of a secret agent of the French Government, calling himself the Count de Berthola, whom Harro had previously known as a spy and who left them at Calais. On the 16th of September, 1836, Harro reached Dover and proceeded directly to London.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The interval between this time and the arrival of Harro in the United States in November, 1843, was occupied by another Odyssey of adventures, analogous in character to those which I have already related, but which it will be necessary to treat somewhat more concisely in order to keep this sketch within a moderate compass. It is worthy of remark, and it is not very creditable to the parties concerned, that the most violent and illegal infringements of his personal liberty took place within the jurisdiction of the British Government and under the orders of its agents.

After establishing himself at London he resumed his literary labors, and completed the two first volumes of his Memoirs, which cover the period preceding the year 1822. These volumes were offered to the bookseller Colburn for publication; but the Reader attached to his establishment, after taking cognizance of the work, suggested so many alterations in its tone and character in order to accommodate it better to the taste of the British public, that the author preferred to abandon, for the time, the idea of printing it. It has since been finished by the addition of three more volumes; and will form, when published, as I have remarked before, one of the most interesting commentaries, that has yet appeared, on the history of the late revolutionary movements of Europe.

A little incident occurred at this time, which placed the life of Harro in danger, and which is worth relating as it exhibits one of the various modes employed by the police of Europe to get rid of persons who make themselves obnoxious to the powers that be.

Harro was in the habit of meeting occasionally with a number of other exiles at a hotel in John street, London, for the purpose of conferring publicly on the political affairs in which they felt an interest. At a meeting of this kind it was suggested by one of the weaker brethren, that it would be expedient to organize an invasion of Spain with an armed force for the purpose of establishing a republican government in that country. Harro opposed this suggestion, remarking, that if it were proper to make such an attempt at all, it ought not to be discussed beforehand at a public meeting. This opinion was adopted by a great majority of the persons present, and nothing further was said upon the subject. On quitting the house, Harro made, in the hearing of several persons, some rather pointed remarks upon the absurdity of organizing a conspiracy at a public meeting. No one present took exception to these observations; but a few days afterwards he received from a German residing at the time in London a note to the following effect:

"Although I am not a political refugee, nor a member of the John street Society, I sometimes go to the house where it meets to drink a glass of beer, and I demand from you a declaration that you did not intend to insult me by the remarks which you made upon the proposed expedition to Spain."

Harro replied "that he should have an extensive correspondence on his hands if he were required to account to every person who came to drink beer at the same house, for language used at a meeting of the Society, and at which no member had taken offence."

The result was a personal affray, and finally a duel. As the challenger was, no doubt, a private agent of the foreign police, and was, in all respects, a very suspicious person, Harro made it a condition of acceptance, that the parties should be accompanied by seconds. His opponent could find no one at London to act in this capacity, and the affair remained in suspense until the arrival from the Continent of a German gentleman, son of a Minister at one of the small German Courts under the protection of Russia. The duel took place on the 9th of March, 1837, and was largely commented upon by the Times and other newspapers of the day. Harro received a ball near the heart, which it was found impossible to extract, and which remains in his body to the present time. He was considered as mortally wounded; but after languishing for some weeks, he finally recovered his health. It is apparent upon the face of this transaction that it was, from first to last, a plot contrived by a secret agent of the foreign police against the life of Harro; and it is much to be regretted that he

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should have permitted himself to be drawn by any natural impulse or false notion of honor into the snare. His fault, however, is a venial one, compared with the atrocious treachery and meanness displayed in the contrivance of the scheme; and which we may venture to hope, was not authorized by any one of higher pretensions to respectability than an Agent of the Police.

One of the results of this unfortunate affair, was a reconciliation between Harro and his friend Mazzini. They had been, for some time, alienated from each other in consequence of some differences that occurred in Switzerland, and had not renewed their intercourse at London, where Mazzini also was now a refugee. On hearing of the accident that had occurred to Harro, Mazzini immediately flew to his bedside, and was indefatigable in his attentions to him through the whole period of his illness. Their relations ever since have been of the same cordial character as they had been before their interruption.

During the solitary hours of his long confinement, the thoughts of the unfortunate proscript had often reverted to his native country. He had been absent sixteen years from Denmark, and twenty from the part of the Kingdom where he was born, and had passed the period of his infancy. He now felt an irresistible longing to revisit these scenes, and addressed several letters to his friends in Denmark on the subject, to which he received very cordial answers. In order to be able to communicate more freely with his family, and facilitate the arrangements necessary for his return, he determined, immediately after his restoration to health, to go to Heligoland, a little island in the German ocean, opposite to the Coast of South Jutland, too insignificant in ordinary times, to attract any attention, but which rose into some temporary importance, during the interruption of intercourse between Great Britain and the Continent, as a station for the contraband trade. It was previously an appendage to the Kingdom of Denmark, but was now occupied by Great Britain, and had been placed under the government of Sir Henry King.

In order to reach this place, Harro embarked *incognito* in a steamer for Hamburg, and proceeding thence in a Heligoland fishing boat to his destination. Notwithstanding the precautions which he had taken, and which might, perhaps, have appeared superfluous, if their necessity had not been shown by subsequent events, it appears that the agents of the Russian police at Hamburg were informed of his arrival, and immediately opened a communication with the governor of the island, in whom they found a very complaisant and unscrupulous assistant. Harro had no sooner reached the island than he perceived that he was himself watched, and, after a short time, he was summoned on some frivolous pretext to appear at the police office. Being still in a very feeble condition from the effect of his wound, and wishing to avoid the excitement of a public examination, he employed a friend to appear for him, and offer a certificate from a physician of the state of his health. The police court refused to listen to the substitute, summoned Harro for another day, and on his adopting the same course as before, sent him a peremptory order to leave the island in three days. He requested time to appeal to the government at London, but this was refused; and he was informed that he would be landed at any point on the Continent that he might prefer. Considering these proceedings as entirely illegal, Harro did not think it necessary to submit to them, and wrote immediately to Lord Dudley Stuart, the President of one of the Societies for the relief of the political refugees, giving him a statement of the case, which was communicated by him to Lord Glenelg, then at the head of the Colonial department. No steps were taken at the time to enforce the order, and Harro remained unmolested about two months, when the brig-of-war Partridge arrived at the island ostensibly in pursuit of pirates. The next day the commander presented himself at Harro's lodgings, accompanied by six marines and two police officers, and ordered Harro to follow him to his ship. Harro demanded his warrant, and finding that he had none, refused to comply with the order. He was then seized by the soldiers, who tied his hands behind him, and carried him by force on board the Partridge. The officers received him with kindness, and after being informed of the particulars of the affair, expressed their great surprise at the mode of proceeding which had been adopted. Their orders from the Admiralty

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were to apprehend a common pirate, and it was under that character that Harro had been delivered to them by the governor. Two days after he was agreeably surprised by a visit from several of his relatives and friends, who had come over from Denmark expressly to see him. Among them were two of his female cousins, and a request was presented in their name to the authorities, that he might be permitted to remain ashore on his parole while the ship was in port. This was refused, and he was even prohibited from receiving visits on board the ship. The next week the Partridge put to sea, and on reaching the British coast, he was landed at Sheerness. He proceeded at once to London, where he learned from Lord Dudley Stuart, that a statement of his case had been transmitted to the Colonial department, and employed a lawyer, recommended by Lord Dudley, to take charge of it,—retiring himself, in the mean time, to the island of Jersey. While there, he received several letters from his lawyer, who stated that remonstrances had been sent from the island, indicating a "strong and general feeling among the inhabitants in his favor,"—and expressed his intention to have the affair, if necessary, brought before Parliament.

The impression made upon his mind by this treatment in regard to the British character, was, of course, not very favorable; and during his residence in the island of Jersey, he embodied his sentiments on the subject in a satirical poem entitled *Britannia*. This work is one example, among many others, of Harro's remarkable facility in composing, both in prose and verse. The poem is in three parts, each containing about fifty stanzas, *ottava rima*. It was written, as appears from a note at the close in the New York edition of his poems, in *two days*, August 8th and 9th, 1838,—a few stanzas having been subsequently inserted. It is a spirited, and in parts vigorous satire on the foibles of John Bull, in the Beppo style, and bearing no marks of negligence or haste. Another example of the same kind is to be found in a little work published in New York during the present year, under the title of "Epistles to the Fourierists." This is a collection of poems in two parts, each containing about fifty stanzas *ottava rima*; and it appears from notes at the close, that each part was composed in a single night. It is no doubt true, as Sheridan remarked, that very easy writing is apt to be rather hard reading: and it is scarcely probable that these effusions would be found, on critical inspection, to possess the highest maturity of thought, or finish of style. I have not examined them sufficiently to form a decided opinion of their literary value; but from a cursory perusal I should say that they are spirited, nervous, and elegant poems, possessing, independently of the circumstances under which they were composed, nearly all the merit that can well belong to works of this class. As specimens of rapid composition, they are not surpassed even by the miraculous facility of Lope de Veger, who describes himself as having frequently written an entire drama in a day.

Harro also wrote at Jersey a short poem, entitled "*The Isle of Treachery*" (*Die Insel des Verraths*), containing a lively description of the incidents that occurred at Heligoland, and which also appears in the New York collection.

In the meantime his affair seems to have made no progress at London. In the private report from the police office at Heligoland to the government, which had been shown to him by the Captain of the Partridge, there was no specific charge against him; and the only grounds alleged for the violent proceedings of the authorities were that *his dog had had a fight with another dog*, and that he was known as a political refugee. As a political refugee he received regularly an allowance from the government, which thus pensioned him through the hands of one agent for precisely the same reason for which they persecuted him through those of another. Notwithstanding the evident inconsistency of such a course, and the not less evident illegality of the Governor's proceedings against him, he found it impossible to bring him to justice. Perhaps his want of familiarity with legal forms, and the indifference of those who conducted his affairs to the wrongs of a friendless and persecuted foreigner, may have contributed to produce this result. In April of the following year (1839), having invited some members of his family to meet him at Heligoland, and

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apparently presuming that the Governor would not venture to persevere in a course which appeared to have been generally disapproved, he determined to return to the island. Embarking, for this purpose, with a passport from the Mayor of St. Hélier, where he resided, in a Jersey vessel bound for the mouth of the Elbe, he found on arriving there a Heligoland fishing boat, called the Patriot, which took him on board and landed him on the island, on the evening of the first of May. He was not long, however, in ascertaining that the calculations which he had made upon a change of purpose or conduct in the Governor, were erroneous. On going out the next morning to visit his friends, he was arrested in the street by two police officers, and carried by force to the port. Here he was put on board the Patriot, which was ordered to land him somewhere on the coast of the continent. Determined not to expose himself to the tender mercies of the Russian police, and seeing no other way to make his escape, he leaped overboard, though not able to swim. He was rescued from drowning by a citizen of the island, brought on shore, carried to a neighboring hotel, and put to bed; but scarcely had this little arrangement been completed, when the officers appeared again, with an order from the Governor to convey him once more on board the Patriot. This was executed, notwithstanding his vigorous remonstrances, and the boat set sail at once for the coast of the continent. After they had been out about twenty-four hours, they encountered a French vessel bound to Bordeaux. Harro succeeded, though, as he says, with great difficulty, in prevailing upon the commander of the Patriot to permit him to go on board of this ship, in which he arrived safely in France. Soon after his arrival he published, in a separate sheet, a statement of the occurrences at Heligoland, under the title of a *Declaration of Mr. Harro Harring*, from which the details above given are mostly extracted. This paper was probably brought to the knowledge of the British government, but it does not appear that any steps were taken upon the subject, which is not mentioned afterwards in the notes. It is stated, however, in another connection, that Sir Henry King has since been removed from office.

During his stay at Bordeaux, Harro completed the Memoirs of his life, which he had begun at London, and wrote a drama on the subject of *Moses*. He also amused himself at times with the pencil. In the spring of the following year, one of his friends at Bordeaux, who was about making a voyage to Rio Janeiro, solicited his company. He accepted this proposal, passed the summer in that city, and in the autumn returned to England. Arriving at Dover, he embarked in the steamer for Ostend, intending to spend the winter with his old friends at Bruges; but before he could go on shore he was surrounded by four police officers, escorted under arrest to Bruges, and thence back again, always under arrest, to Ostend, where he was shipped for London. All this time he was provided with a passport in due form, from the Emperor of Brazil. On his arrival at London he represented the affair to the Brazilian Ambassador, the Marquis of Lisboa, who directed the Chargé at Brussels to inquire into the matter. In a few days an answer was received from that place, to the effect that there had been a mistake in the proceedings, and that Harro might return to Bruges whenever he thought proper. He preferred, however, remaining in England, where he employed himself in preparing an account of his residence at Rio in the French language, occupying two volumes, 8vo., and illustrated by thirty drawings. This work was completed, but the expenses of publication were found to be so great, that it still remains in manuscript.

He continued his friendly relations with Lord Dudley Stuart, who presented him to the Duke of Sussex, well-known as a professed patron of learning and friend of liberal principles. It does not appear, however, that the acquaintance of those "illustrious personages" was of any great use to him. He derived more assistance from that of a young Armenian of Constantinople, who introduced him to the Turkish Ambassador and to the other officers of that Embassy. By them he was treated with extreme kindness, and occasionally employed as an artist. Considering that charity is commonly claimed by Christians as a peculiarly Christian vir-

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tue, it is rather singular, that a Christian and poet in distress, should have found in the vast, populous and wealthy Emporium of Christendom no door open to him for relief excepting that of the Turkish Embassy.

Fatigued with the wandering life which he had led for so many years, his thoughts reverted again, with anxious longing, to his native country. His old patron and friend, the Crown Prince, had now become king. Harro determined to make a personal appeal to his kindness, for permission to return to Denmark, and pass the remainder of his days in retirement with his friends and family. He accordingly wrote a petition to the king to this effect, which he delivered to the Danish Chargé d'Affaires at London, who promised to transmit it to Copenhagen. Four months elapsed, during which Harro made an excursion to Belgium. Finding on his return, that no answer had been received at the Danish Legation, he gave up all expectation of success in that quarter, and addressed to the king a sort of farewell epistle; which he delivered at the Legation, and afterwards published in a collection of his poems at Rio. If the king retained, under the weight of new responsibilities connected with the crown, any of the feelings of his earlier years, he can hardly have read this address without some emotion, although a regard for the policy of his powerful neighbors, and allies, may have compelled him to leave it, as he did, without a reply.

The letter is too long to be inserted here entire. The concluding passages will give some idea of its tone and spirit. After alluding to his acquaintance with the king in early life, and reviewing summarily his own subsequent history, he adverts to the king's political course, in the following noble and patriotic style:

"And now, to conclude, one word on Scandinavia. In our northern regions, Sir, there dwells a race whose rights, handed down from remote antiquity in settled principles, were some years ago embodied in a constitution, which, if not entirely perfect, was, perhaps, the best that has yet been published to the world. To you, Sir, was Norway indebted for this noble present: you were the author of this admirable plan of popular government. That thought was in my mind, when I first met you, when you treated me with so much kindness, and seemed to encourage me in devoting myself to the cause of humanity and freedom. I saw in you, the promise of a brilliant future, opening upon the north,—the possibility of a reconciliation among kindred nations, now separated by absurd and unnatural animosities, in short, *a Union of all Scandinavia.* I saw, growing out of this Union, a first-rate power,—strong in its unity, and fully competent to protect itself from aggression by land or sea,—spreading its ample population from the North Cape to the River Eider,—combining in its friendly embrace, all the different branches of the Scandinavian family. At the head of this glorious Union, I beheld you, Sir,—not as king; Oh no! you stood far higher in my anticipation,—I beheld in you the future *Washington of the North,*—a clear and far-sighted patriot, who should read with unerring sagacity, the signs of the times,—discern the noble objects for which the world is now struggling, and concur without hesitation, in promoting them by a voluntary sacrifice of his own hereditary dignity:—one, who would rather be the greatest MAN in the North, than the least of the kings of Europe.

"Is the portrait unlike the original? Surely you cannot but recognize it. It is true to the life, as I first knew you. Nothing which has since occurred, can alter that fact. I then intended to become a painter. Accept this portrait as a memorial of our former relations: it is historical, and perhaps, not the worst that I have executed. It is, in fact, your own work: you gave me the idea, and if there be any merit in the execution, I owe it to the inspiration which I caught from the view of your youthful character. Keep it then, but in your private apartment; for it would not be in place in a king's cabinet.

"This dream has passed away; but, as surely as we breathe the breath of life, the North will yet witness a political regeneration, as brilliant and glorious as the fabled Morning of the Gods. As the power and mastery of Odin sank in darkness, so shall arbitrary government disappear from among us: a light shall go up over Norway, clear and steady as the Polar Star, and shall draw men towards it with mysterious influence, and shall penetrate their inmost souls with faith and self-sacrifice and power. Then shall the people awake from their slumbers, and Scandinavia shall begin to be.

"And now God be with you and me. Your name is enrolled on the book of

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kings: mine, should it reach posterity, will be recorded on the list of prophets, and 'a prophet is not without honor, excepting in his own country.' The future will decide between us, and God will judge us both. Unfriendly as you have been to me, I pray that he may grant you his blessing."

Thus terminated the once beautiful and apparently auspicious relation between Harro and the Crown Prince of Denmark. The history of it illustrates but too clearly the true value of patronage, and the good sense of the brief, but significant maxim of Holy Writ: "Put not your trust in Princes."

Not finding occupation to his mind at London, and having now abandoned the hope of returning to Denmark, Harro embarked again in the spring of 1842 for Rio Janeiro, and resided fifteen months at Santa Theresa in the neighborhood of that city. While there he published a volume of poems, including the farewell Epistle to the King. On the 1st of September, 1843, he embarked for the United States, and on the 1st of November of the same year arrived at New York.

I have now finished the sketch which I proposed to offer, of the principal incidents in this adventurous and varied life. Though in general a naked outline, it has proved a rather more extensive work than I had anticipated: but if the subject should appear to others as interesting as it has done to me, the narrative will not be thought tedious. Claiming no other merit than that of translating and arranging the materials committed to me, I may venture to say of it, that it strikes me as in itself a curious and not uninstructive commentary on the history of the times. I trust that it may inspire some interest in favor of the persecuted patriot and poet, whose fortunes it describes. In any event I shall not regret that I have attempted to contribute in this way, to the relief and assistance of one, who has lavished without scruple the whole wealth of his time, talents and affections, in earnest and persevering, though perhaps in some cases imprudent efforts, to establish in other parts of the world the political principles which form the basis of our institutions, and are generally recognized in this country as the Great Charter of Liberty, and the only sure and permanent foundations of the welfare and greatness of any people.

SONNET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Deem not my silence cold, nor think it wrong
That joy comes not at thy bewitching call,
For sober thoughts to love mature belong,
As autumn leaves on richest herbage fall:
Interpret fondly every quiet mood,
Nor think it wayward that I am not gay.
By its own fulness is the heart subdued,
And shallow waters at the surface play;
Have patience ever, then, with one who finds
Content in thee, and therefore growing calm,
Musing like voyagers when the summer winds
Waft from their island-homes a cheering balm;
And seeks beneath that graceful mirth's disguise
To draw responses from thy tender eyes.

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MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[*Continued from our last Number.*]

I AM not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets. The uncertainty attending the public conception of the term "poet" alone prevents me from demonstrating that he *is*. Other bards produce effects which are, now and then, otherwise produced than by what we call poems; but Tennyson an effect which only a poem does. His alone are idiosyncratic poems. By the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of the "Morte D'Arthur," or of the "Ænone," I would test any one's ideal sense.

There are passages in his works which rivet a conviction I had long entertained, that the *indefinite* is an element in the true ποίησις. Why do some persons fatigue themselves in attempts to unravel such phantasy-pieces as the "Lady of Shalott?" As well unweave the "*ventum textilem*." If the author did not deliberately propose to himself a suggestive indefinitiveness of meaning, with the view of bringing about a definitiveness of vague and therefore of spiritual *effect*—this, at least, arose from the silent analytical promptings of that poetic genius which, in its supreme development, embodies all orders of intellectual capacity.

I *know* that indefinitiveness is an element of the true music—I mean of the true musical expression. Give to it any undue decision—imbue it with any very determinate tone—and you deprive it, at once, of its ethereal, its ideal, its intrinsic and essential character. You dispel its luxury of dream. You dissolve the atmosphere of the mystic upon which it floats. You exhaust it of its breath of faery. It now becomes a tangible and easy appreciable idea—a thing of the earth, earthy. It has not, indeed, lost its power to please, but all which I consider the distinctiveness of that power. And to the uncultivated talent, or to the unimaginative apprehension, this deprivation of its most delicate grace will be, not unfrequently, a recommendation. A determinateness of expression is sought—and often by composers who should know better—is sought as a beauty rather than rejected as a blemish. Thus we have, even from high authorities, attempts at absolute *imitation* in music. Who can forget the sillinesses of the "Battle of Prague?" What man of taste but must laugh at the interminable drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder? "*Vocal* music," says L'Abbate Gravina, who would have said the same thing of instrumental, "ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions, rather than the warblings of Canary birds, which our singers, now-a-days, affect so vastly to mimic with their quaverings and boasted cadences." This is true only so far as the "rather" is concerned. If any music must imitate anything, it were assuredly better to limit the imitation as Gravina suggests.

Tennyson's shorter pieces abound in minute rhythmical lapses sufficient to assure me that—in common with all poets living or dead—he has neglected to make precise investigation of the principles of metre; but, on the other hand, so perfect is his rhythmical instinct in general, that, like the present Viscount Canterbury, he seems *to see with his ear*.

—

A man of genius, if not permitted to choose his own subject, will do worse, in letters, than if he had talents none at all. And *here* how imperatively is he controlled! To be sure, he can write to suit himself—but in the same manner his publishers print. From the nature of our Copy-Right laws, he has no individual powers. As for his free agency, it is about equal to that of the dean and chapter of the see-cathedral, in a British election of Bishops—an election held by virtue of the king's writ of *congé d'élire*, and specifying the person to be elected.

—

It may well be doubted whether a single paragraph of merit can be found either in the "Koran" of Lawrence Sterne,

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or in the "Lacon" of Colton, of which paragraph the origin, or at least the germ, may not be traced to Seneca, to Plutarch, (through Machiavelli) to Machiavelli himself, to Bacon, to Burdon, to Burton, to Bolinbroke, to Rochefoucault. to Balzac, the author of "*La Manière de Bien Penser*," or to Bielfeld, the German, who wrote, in French, "*Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle.*"

—

We might give two plausible derivations of the epithet "weeping" as applied to the willow. We might say that the word has its origin in the pendulous character of the long branches, which suggest the idea of water dripping; or we might assert that the term comes from a fact in the Natural History of the tree. It has a vast insensible perspiration, which, upon sudden cold, condenses, and sometimes is precipitated in a shower. Now, one might very accurately determine the bias and value of a man's powers of causality, by observing which of these two derivations he would adopt. The former is, beyond question, the true; and, for this reason—that common or vulgar epithets are universally suggested by common or immediately obvious things, without strict regard of any exactitude in application:—but the latter would be greedily seized by nine philologists out of ten, for no better cause than its *epigrammatism*—than the pointedness with which the singular fact seems to touch the occasion.

Here, then, is a subtle source of error which Lord Bacon has neglected. It is an Idol of the Wit.

—

I believe that odors have an altogether idiosyncratic force, in affecting us through association; a force differing *essentially* from that of objects addressing the touch, the taste, the sight, or the hearing.

—

It would have been becoming, I think, in Bulwer, to have made at least a running acknowledgment of that extensive indebtedness to Arnay's "Private Life of the Romans"* which he had so little scruple about incurring, during the composition of "The Last Days of Pompeii." He acknowledges, I believe, what he owes to Sir William Gell's "Pompeiana." Why this?—why not that?

—

La Harpe (who was no critic) has, nevertheless, done little more than strict justice to the fine taste and precise finish of Racine, in all that regards the Minor Morals of Literature. In these he as far excels Pope, as Pope the veriest dolt in his own "Dunciad."

—

"That evil predominates over good, becomes evident, when we consider that there can be found no aged person who would be willing to re-live the life he has already lived."—*Volney.*

The idea here, is not distinctly made out; for unless through the context, we cannot be sure whether the author means merely this:—that every aged person fancies he might, in a different course of life, have been happier than in the one actually lived, and, for this reason, would not be willing to live *his* life over again, *but some other life*;—or, whether the sentiment intended is this:—that if, upon the grave's brink, the choice were offered any aged person between the expected death and the re-living the old life, that person would prefer to die.

The first proposition is, perhaps, true; but the last (which is the one designed) is not only doubtful, in point of mere fact, but is of no effect, even if granted to be true, in sustaining the original proposition—that evil predominates over good.

It is assumed that the aged person will not re-live his life, because he *knows* that its evil predominated over its good. The source of error lies in the word "knows"—in the assumption that we can ever be, really, in possession of the whole knowledge to which allusion is cloudily made. But there is a *seeming*—a fictitious knowledge; and this very seeming knowledge it is, of what the life has been, which incapacitates the aged person from deciding the question upon its merits. He blindly deduces a notion of the happiness of the original real life—a notion of its preponderating evil or good—from a consideration of the secondary or supposititious one. In his estimate he merely strikes a balance between

* 1764.

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events, and leaves quite out of the account that elastic *Hope* which is the Harbinger and the Eos of all. Man's real life is happy, chiefly because he is ever expecting that it soon will be so. But, in regarding the supposititious life, we paint to ourselves chill certainties for warm expectations, and grievances quadrupled in being foreseen. But because we cannot avoid doing this—strain our imaginative faculties as we will—because it is so very difficult—so nearly impossible a task, to fancy the known unknown—the done unaccomplished—and because (through our inability to fancy all this) we prefer death to a secondary life—does it, in any manner, follow that the evil of the properly-considered real existence *does* predominate over the good?

In order that a just estimate be made by Mr. Volney's "aged person," and from this estimate a judicious choice:—in order, again, that from this estimate and choice, we deduce any clear comparison of good with evil in human existence, it will be necessary that we obtain the opinion, or "choice," upon this point, from an aged person who shall be in condition to appreciate, with precision, the hopes he is naturally led to leave out of question, but which reason tells us he would as strongly experience as ever, in the absolute reliving of the life. On the other hand, too, he must be in condition to dismiss from the estimate the fears which he actually feels, and which show him bodily the ills that are to happen, but which fears, again, reason assures us he would *not*, in the absolute secondary life, encounter. Now what mortal was ever in condition to make these allowances?—to perform impossibilities in giving these considerations their due weight? What mortal, then, was ever in condition to make a well-grounded choice? How, from an ill-grounded one, are we to make deductions which shall guide us aright? How out of error shall we fabricate truth?

—

A remarkable work,* and one which I find much difficulty in admitting to be the composition of a woman. Not that many good and glorious things have not been the composition of women—but, because, here, the severe precision of style, the *thoroughness*, and the luminousness, are points never observable, in even the most admirable of their writings. Who is Lady Georgiana Fullerton? Who is that Countess of Dacre, who edited "Ellen Wareham,"—the most passionate of fictions—approached, only in some particulars of passion, by this?

The great defect of "Ellen Middleton," lies in the disgusting sternness, captiousness, and bullet-headedness of her husband. We cannot sympathize with her love for him. And the intense selfishness of the rejected lover precludes that compassion which is designed. Alice is a *creation* of true genius. The imagination, throughout, is of a lofty order, and the snatches of original verse would do honor to any poet living. But the chief merit, after all, is that of the *style*—about which it is difficult to say too much in the way of praise, although it has, now and then, an odd Gallicism—such as "she lost her head," meaning she grew crazy. There is much, in the whole manner of this book, which puts me in mind of "Caleb Williams."

—

The God-abstractions of the modern polytheism are nearly in as sad a state of perplexity and promiscuity as were the more substantial deities of the Greeks. Not a quality named that does not impinge upon some one other; and Porphyry admits that Vesta, Rhea, Ceres, Themis, Proserpina, Bacchus, Attis, Adonis, Silenus, Priapus, and the Satyrs, were merely different terms for the same thing. Even gender was never precisely settled. Servius on Virgil mentions a Venus with a beard. In Macrobius, too, Calvus talks of her as if she were a man; while Valerius Soranus expressly calls Jupiter "the Mother of the Gods."

—

Von Raumer says that Enslen, a German optician, conceived the idea of throwing a shadowy figure, by optical means, into the chair of Banquo; and that the thing was readily done. Intense effect was produced; and I do not doubt that an American audience might be electrified by the feat. But our managers not only have no invention of their own, but no energy to avail themselves of that of others.

* "Ellen Middleton."

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It is observable that, in his brief account of the Creation, Moses employs the words, *Bara Elohim* (the *Gods* created), no less than thirty times; using the noun in the plural with the verb in the singular. Elsewhere, however—in Deuteronomy, for example—he employs the singular, *Eloah.*

—

Among the moralists who keep themselves erect by the perpetual swallowing of pokers, it is the fashion to decry the "fashionable" novels. These works have their demerits; but a vast influence which they exert for an undeniable good, has never yet been duly considered. "Ingenuo*s* didicisse fideliter *libros*, emollit mores nec sinit esse feros." Now, the fashionable novels are just the books which most do circulate among the class *un*fashionable; and their effect in softening the worst callosities—in smoothing the most disgusting asperities of vulgarism, is prodigious. With the herd, to admire and to attempt imitation are the same thing. What if, in this case, the manners imitated are frippery; better frippery than brutality—and, after all, there is little danger that the intrinsic value of the sturdiest iron will be impaired by a coating of even the most diaphanous gilt.

—

The ancients had at least half an idea that we travelled on horseback to heaven. See a passage of Passeri, "*de animæ transvectione*"—quoted by Caylus. See, also, old tombs.

—

A corrupt and impious heart—a merely prurient fancy—a Saturnian brain in which invention has only the phosphorescent glimmer of rottenness.* Worthless, body and soul. A foul reproach to the nation that engendered and endures him. A fetid battener upon the garbage of thought. No man. A beast. A pig. Less scrupulous than a carrion-crow, and not very much less filthy than a Wilmer.

—

In reading some books we occupy ourselves chiefly with the thoughts of the author; in perusing others, exclusively with our own. And this* is one of the "others"—a suggestive book. But there are two classes of suggestive books—the positively and the negatively suggestive. The former suggest by what they say; the latter by what they might and should have said. It makes little difference, after all. In either case the true book-purpose is answered.

—

Sallust, too. He had much the same free-and-easy idea, and Metternich himself could not have quarrelled with his "*Impune quæ libet facere, id est esse regem.*"

—

The *first* periodical moral essay! Mr. Macaulay forgets the "Courtier of Baldazzar Castiglione—1528."

—

For my part I agree with Joshua Barnes:—nobody but Solomon could have written the Iliad. The catalogue of ships was the work of Robins.

—

The *à priori* reasoners upon government are, of all plausible people, the most preposterous. They only argue too cleverly to permit my thinking them silly enough to be themselves deceived by their own arguments. Yet even this is possible; for there is something in the vanity of logic which addles a man's brains. Your true logician gets, in time, to be logicalized, and then, so far as regards himself, the universe is one *word*. A thing, for him, no longer exists. He deposits upon a sheet of paper a certain assemblage of syllables, and fancies that their meaning is riveted by the act of deposition. I am serious in the opinion that some such process of thought passes through the mind of the "practised" logician, as he makes note of the thesis proposed. He is not aware that he thinks in this way—but, unwittingly, he so thinks. The syllables deposited acquire, in his view, a new character. While afloat in his brain, he might have been brought to admit the possibility that these syllables were variable exponents of various phases of thought; but he will not admit this if he once gets them upon the paper.

In a single page of "Mill," I find the word "force" employed four times; and each employment varies the idea.

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* Michel Masson, author of "*Le Cœur d'une Jeune Fille.*"

† Mercier's "*L'an deux mille quatre cents quarante.*"

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The fact is that *à priori* argument is much worse than useless except in the mathematical sciences, where it is possible to obtain *precise* meanings. If there is any one subject in the world to which it is utterly and radically inapplicable, that subject is Government. The *identical* arguments used to sustain Mr. Bentham's positions, might, with little exercise of ingenuity, be made to overthrow them; and, by ringing small changes on the words "leg-of-mutton," and "turnip" (changes so *gradual* as to escape detection), I could "*demonstrate*" that a turnip was, is, and of right ought to be a leg-of-mutton.

—

Has any one observed the excessively close resemblance in subject, thought, general manner and particular point, which this clever composition* bears to the "Hudibras" of Butler?

—

The concord of sound-and-sense principle was never better exemplified than in these lines† :—

"Ast amans charæ thalamum puellæ
Deserit flens, et tibi verba dicit
Aspera amplexu teneræ cupito a—
—vulsus amicæ."

—

Miss Gould has much in common with Mary Howitt;—the characteristic trait of each being a sportive, quaint, epigrammatic grace, that keeps clear of the absurd by never employing itself upon very exalted topics. The verbal style of the two ladies is identical. Miss Gould has the more talent of the two, but is somewhat the less original. She has occasional flashes of a far higher order of merit than appertains to her ordinary manner. Her "Dying Storm" might have been written by Campbell.

—

Cornelius Webbe is one of the best of that numerous school of extravaganzists who sprang from the ruins of Lamb. We must be in perfectly good humor, however, with ourselves and all the world, to be much pleased with such works as "The Man about Town," in which the harum-scarum, hyper-excursive mannerism is carried to an excess which is frequently fatiguing.

—

Nearly, if not quite the best "Essay on a Future State."‡ The arguments called "Deductions *from* our Reason," are, rightly enough, addressed more to the *feelings* (a vulgar term not to be done without), than *to* our reason. The arguments deduced from Revelation are (also rightly enough) brief. The pamphlet proves nothing, of course; its theorem is not to be proved.

—

Not so:—A gentleman with a pug nose is a contradiction in terms.—"Who can live idly and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge and *countenance* of a gentleman, he alone should be called master and be taken for a gentleman."—*Sir Thomas Smith's* "*Commonwealth of England.*"

—

It is the curse of a certain order of mind, that it can never rest satisfied with the consciousness of its ability to do a thing. Still less is it content with doing it. It must both know and show how it was done.

—

Here is something at which I find it impossible not to laugh;§ and yet, I laugh without knowing why. That incongruity is the principle of all non-convulsive laughter, is to my mind as clearly demonstrated as any problem in the "Principia Mathematica;" but here I cannot trace the incongruous. It is there, I know. Still I do not see it. In the meantime let me laugh.

—

The "British Spy" of Wirt seems an imitation of the "Turkish Spy," upon which Montesquieu's "Persian Letters" are also based. Marana's work was in *Italian*—Doctor Johnson errs.

—

The style is so involute,‖ that one cannot help fancying it must be falsely

* The "*Satyre Menipée.*"

† By *M. Anton. Flaminius.*

‡ *A Sermon on a Future State, combating the opinion that "Death is an Eternal Sleep." By Gilbert Austin. London.* 1794.

§ Translation of the Book of Jonah into German Hexameters. By J. G. A. Müller. Contained in the "*Memorabilien*" *von Paulus.*

‖ "*Night and Morning.*"

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constructed. If the use of language is to convey ideas, then it is nearly as much a demerit that our words seem to be, as that they are, indefensible. A man's grammar, like Cæsar's wife, must not only be pure, but above suspicion of impurity.

—

"It was a pile of the oyster, which yielded the precious pearls of the South, and the artist had judiciously painted some with their lips parted, and showing within the large precious fruit in the attainment of which Spanish cupidity had already proved itself capable of every peril, as well as every crime. At once true and poetical, no comment could have been more severe, &c." Mr. Simms' "*Damsel of Darien.*" Body of Bacchus!—only think of poetical beauty in the countenance of a gaping oyster!

"And how natural, in an age so fanciful, to believe that the stars and starry groups beheld in the new world for the first time by the native of the old were especially assigned for its government and protection."—Now, if by the Old World be meant the East, and by the New World the West, I am at a loss to know what *are* the stars seen in the one which cannot be equally seen in the other.

Mr. Simms has abundant faults—or had;—among which inaccurate English, a proneness to revolting images, and pet phrases, are the most noticeable. Nevertheless, leaving out of question Brockden Brown and Hawthorne (who are each a *genus*), he is immeasurably the best writer of fiction in America. He has more vigor, more imagination, more movement and more general capacity than all our novelists (save Cooper), combined.

—

This "species of nothingness" is quite as reasonable, at all events, as any "kind of something-ness." See Cowley's "Creation," where,

An unshaped kind of something first appeared.

—

Here is an edition,* which, so far as microscopical excellence and absolute accuracy of typography are concerned, might well be prefaced with the phrase of the Koran—"There is *no* error in this book." We cannot call a single inverted *o* an error—*can* we? But I am really as glad of having found that inverted *o*, as ever was a Columbus or an Archimedes. What, after all, are continents discovered, or silversmiths exposed? Give us a good *o* turned upside-down, and a whole herd of bibliomanic Arguses overlooking it for years.

—

"That sweet smile and serene—that smile never seen but upon the face of the dying and the dead."—*Ernest Maltravers*. Bulwer is not the man to look a stern fact in the face. He would rather sentimentalize upon a vulgar although picturesque error. Who ever *really* saw anything but horror in the smile of the dead? We so earnestly *desire* to fancy it "sweet"—that is the source of the mistake; if, indeed, there ever was a mistake in the question.

—

This misapplication of quotations is clever, and has a capital effect when well done; but Lord Brougham has not exactly that kind of capacity which the thing requires. One of the best hits in this way is made by Tieck, and I have lately seen it appropriated, with interesting complacency, in an English Magazine. The author of the "Journey into the Blue Distance," is giving an account of some young ladies, not very beautiful, whom he caught *in mediis rebus*, at their toilet. "They were curling their monstrous heads," says he, "as Shakspeare says of the waves in a storm."

—

Mr. Hawthorne is one of the very few American story-tellers whom the critic can commend with the hand upon the heart. He is not always original in his entire theme—(I am not quite sure, even, that he has not borrowed an idea or two from a gentleman whom I know very well, and who is honored in the loan)—but, then, his handling is always thoroughly original. His style, although never vigorous, is purity itself. His imagination is rich. His sense of art is exquisite, and his executive ability great. He has little or no variety of tone. He handles all subjects in the same subdued, misty, dreamy, suggestive, inuendo way, and although I think him the truest genius,

* *Camöens—Genoa*—1798.

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upon the whole, which our literature possesses, I cannot help regarding him as the most desperate mannerist of his day.

P. S. The chief—not the *leading* idea in this story "(Drowne's Wooden Image)," is precisely that of Michael Angelo's couplet, borrowed from Socrates:

Non ha l'ottimo artist a alcun concetto
Che un marmo solo in se non circunscriva.

—

Here are both Dickens and Bulwer perpetually using the adverb "directly" in the sense of "as soon as." "Directly he came I did so and so"—"Directly I knew it I said this and that." But observe!—"Grammar is hardly taught" [in the United States], "being thought an unnecessary basis for other learning." I quote "*America and her Resources*," by the British Counsellor at law, John Bristed.

—

At Ermenonville, too, there is a striking instance of the Gallic rhythm with which a Frenchman regards the English verse. There Gerardin has the following inscription to the memory of Shenstone:

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he displayed
A mind natural;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

There are few Parisians, speaking English, who would find anything *particularly* the matter with this epitaph.

—

Here is a plot which, with all its complexity, has no adaptation—no dependency;—it is involute and nothing more—having all the air of G——'s wig, or the cycles and epicycles in Ptolemy's "Almagest."

—

"Accursed be the heart that does not wildly throb, and palsied be the eye that will not weep over the woes of the wanderer of Switzerland."—*Monthly Register*, 1807.

This is "dealing damnation round the land" to some purpose;—upon the reader, and not upon the author as usual. For my part I shall be one of the damned; for I have in vain endeavored to see even a shadow of merit in anything ever written by either of the Montgomeries.

—

Strange—that I should here* find the only non-execrable *barbarian* attempts at imitation of the Greek and Roman measures!

—

Upon her was lavished the enthusiastic applause of the most correct taste, and of the deepest sensibility. Human triumph, in all that is most exciting and delicious, never went beyond that which she experienced—or never but in the case of Taglioni. For what are the extorted adulations that fall to the lot of the conqueror?—what even are the extensive honors of the popular author—his far-reaching fame—his high influence—or the most devout public appreciation of his works—to that rapturous approbation of the personal woman—that spontaneous, instant, present, and palpable applause—those irrepressible acclamations—those eloquent sighs and tears which the idolized Malibran at once heard, and saw, and deeply felt that she deserved? Her brief career was one gorgeous dream—for even the many sad intervals of her grief were but dust in the balance of her glory. In this book† I read much about the causes which curtailed her existence; and there seems to hang around them, as here given, an indistinctness which the fair memorialist tries in vain to illumine. She seems never to approach the full truth. She seems never to reflect that the speedy decease was but a condition of the rapturous life. No thinking person, hearing Malibran sing, could have doubted that she would die in the spring of her days. She crowded ages into hours. She left the world at twenty-five, having existed her thousands of years.

—

* *Forelaesninger over det Danske Sprog, eller resonneret Dansk Grammatik, ved Jacob Baden.*

† "*Memoirs and Letters of Madame Malibran,*" *by the Countess of Merlin.*

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Were I to consign these volumes,* altogether, to the hands of any very young friend of mine, I could not, in conscience, describe them otherwise than as "*tam multi, tam grandes, tam pretiosi codices;* and it would grieve me much to add the "*incendite omnes illas membranas.*"†

—

This reasoning is about as convincing as would be that of a traveller who, going from Maryland to New York without entering Pennsylvania, should advance this feat as an argument against Leibnitz' *Law of Continuity*—according to which nothing passes from one *state* to another without passing through all the intermediate states.

—

Not so:—The first number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" was published on the first of January, 1731; but long before this—in 1681—there appeared the "Monthly Recorder" with all the Magazine features.

I have a number of the "London Magazine," dated 1760;—commenced 1732, at least, but I have reason to think much earlier.

—

Stolen, body and soul (and spoilt in the stealing), from a paper *of the same title* in the "European Magazine" for December, 1817. Blunderingly done throughout, and must have cost more trouble than an original thing. This makes paragraph 33 of my "*Chapter on American Cribbage.*" The beauty of these *exposés* must lie in the precision and unanswerability with which they are given—in day and date—in chapter and verse—and, above all, in an unveiling of the minute trickeries by which the thieves hope to disguise their stolen wares.

I must soon a tale unfold, and an astonishing tale it will be. The C— bears away the bell. The ladies, however, should positively not be guilty of these tricks;—for one has never the heart to unmask or deplume them.

After all, there is this advantage in purloining one's Magazine papers;—we are never forced to dispose of them under prime cost.

—

"'*Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur,*' as the acute Seneca well observes."

However acute might be Seneca, still he was not sufficiently acute to say this. The sentence is often attributed to him, but is not to be found in his works. "*Semel insanavimus omnes,*" a phrase often quoted, is invariably placed to the account of Horace, and with equal error. It is from the "*De Honesto Amore*" of the Italian Mantuanus, who has

Id commune malum; semel insanavimus omnes.

In the title, "*De Honesto Amore,*" by the way, Mantuanus misconceives the force of *honestus*—just as Dryden does in his translation of Virgil's

Et quocunque Deus circum caput egit honestum;

which he renders

On whate'er side he turns his *honest* face.

—

"Jehovah" is *not* Hebrew.

—

Macaulay, in his just admiration of Addison, over-rates Tickell, and does not seem to be aware how much the author of the "Elegy" is indebted to French models. Boileau, especially, he robbed without mercy, and without measure. A flagrant example is here. Boileau has the lines:

En vain contre "Le Cid" un ministre se ligue;
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.

Tickell thus appropriates them:

While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

—

No;—he fell by his own Fame. Like Richmann, he was blasted by the fires himself had sought, and obtained, from the Heavens.

—

I have at length attained the last page, which is a thing to thank God for; and all this may be logic, but I am sure it is nothing more. Until I get the means of refutation, however,

* Voltaire.

† St. Austin *de libris Manichæis.*

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I must be content to say, with the Jesuits, Le Sueur and Jacquier, that "I acknowledge myself obedient to the decrees of the Pope against the motion of the Earth."

How overpowering a style is that of Curran! I use "overpowering" in the sense of the English exquisite. I can imagine nothing more distressing than the extent of his eloquence.

"With all his faults, however, this author is a man of respectable powers."

Thus discourses, of *William Godwin*, the "London Monthly Magazine:" May, 1818.

"Rhododaphne" is brim-full of music:—e. g.

By living streams, in sylvan shades,
 Where wind and wave symphonious make
 Rich melody, the youths and maids
 No more with choral music wake
 Lone Echo from her tangled brake.

How thoroughly—how radically—how wonderfully has "Undine" been misunderstood! Beneath its obvious meaning there runs an under-current, simple, quite intelligible, artistically managed, and richly philosophical.

From internal evidence afforded by the book itself, I gather that the author suffered from the ills of a mal-arranged marriage—the bitter reflections thus engendered inducing the fable.

In the contrast between the artless, thoughtless, and careless character of Undine before possessing a soul, and her serious, enwrapt, and anxious yet happy condition after possessing it,—a condition which, with all its multiform disquietudes, she still feels to be preferable to her original state,—Fouqué has beautifully painted the difference between the heart unused to *love*, and the heart which has received its inspiration.

The jealousies which follow the marriage, arising from the conduct of Bertalda, are but the natural troubles of love; but the persecutions of Kuhleborn and the other water-spirits who take umbrage at Huldbrand's treatment of his wife, are meant to picture certain difficulties from the interference of relations in conjugal matters—difficulties which the author has himself experienced. The warning of Undine to Huldbrand—"Reproach me not upon the waters, or we part for ever"—is intended to embody the truth that quarrels between man and wife are seldom or never irremediable unless when taking place in the presence of third parties. The second wedding of the knight with his gradual forgetfulness of Undine, and Undine's intense grief beneath the waters—are dwelt upon so pathetically — so passionately — that there can be no doubt of the author's personal opinions on the subject of second marriages—no doubt of his deep personal interest in the question. How thrillingly are these few and simple words made to convey his belief that the mere death of a beloved wife does not imply a separation so final or so complete as to justify an union with another!—"The fisherman had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was a doubtful conclusion to his mind that the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death."—This is where the old man is endeavoring to dissuade the knight from wedding Bertalda.

I cannot say whether the novelty of the conception of "Undine," or the loftiness and purity of its ideality, or the intensity of its pathos, or the rigor of its simplicity, or the high artistical ability with which all are combined into a well-kept, well-*motivirt* whole of absolute unity of effect—is the particular chiefly to be admired.

How delicate and graceful are the transitions from subject to subject!—a point severely testing the autorial power—as, when, for the purposes of the story, it becomes necessary that the knight, with Undine and Bertalda, shall proceed down the Danube. An ordinary novelist would have here tormented both himself and his readers, in his search for a sufficient motive for the voyage. But, in a fable such as "Undine," how all-sufficient—how well in keeping—appears the simple motive assigned!—"In this grateful union of friendship and affection winter came and passed away; and spring, with its foliage of tender green, and its heaven of softest blue, succeeded to gladden the hearts of the three inmates of the castle. *What wonder, then, that its storks and swallows inspired them also with a disposition to travel*!"

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How exquisitely artistic is the *management of imagination*, so visible in the passages where the brooks are water-spirits and the water-spirits brooks—neither distinctly either! What can be more ethereally ideal than the frequent indeterminate glimpses caught of Kuhleborn?—or than his wild lapses into shower and foam?—or than the evanishing of the white wagoner and his white horses into the shrieking and devouring flood?—or than the gentle melting of the passionately weeping bride into the crystal waters of the Danube? What can be more divine than the character of the soul-less Undine?—what more august than the transition into the soul-possessing wife? What can be more purely beautiful than the whole book? Fictitious literature has nothing superior, in loftiness of conception, or in felicity of execution, to those final passages which embody the uplifting of the stone from the fount by the order of Bertalda—the silent and sorrowful re-advent of Undine—and the rapturous death of Sir Huldbrand in the embraces of his spiritual wife.

—

These twelve Letters* are occupied, in part, with minute details of such atrocities on the part of the British, during their sojourn in Charleston, as the quizzing of Mrs. Wilkinson and the pilfering of her shoe-buckles—the remainder being made up of the indignant comments of Mrs Wilkinson herself.

It is very true, as the Preface assures us, that "few records exist of American women either before or during the war of the Revolution, and that those perpetuated by History want the charm of personal narration,"—but then we are well delivered from such charms of personal narration as we find here. The only supposable merit in the compilation is that dogged air of truth with which the fair authoress relates the lamentable story of her misadventures. I look in vain for that "useful information" about which I have heard—unless, indeed, it is in the passage where we are told that the letter-writer "was a young and beautiful widow; that her hand-writing is clear and feminine; and that the letters were copied by herself into a blank quarto book, on which the extravagant sale-price marks one of the features of the times:"—there are other extravagant sale-prices, however, besides that;—it was seventy-five cents that I paid for these "Letters." Besides, they are silly, and I cannot conceive why Miss Gilman thought the public wished to read them. It is really too bad for her to talk at a body, in this style, about "gathering relics of past history," and "floating down streams of time."

As for Mrs. Wilkinson, I am really rejoiced that she lost her shoe-buckles.

—

A rather bold and quite unnecessary plagiarism—from a book too well known to promise impunity.

"It is now full time to begin to brush away the insects of literature, whether creeping or fluttering, which have too long crawled over and soiled the intellectual ground of this country. It is high time to shake the little sickly stems of many a puny plant, and make its fading flowerets fall."—"*Monthly Register*"—p. 243—Vol. 2—N. York, 1807.

On the other hand—"I have brushed away the insects of Literature, whether fluttering or creeping; I have shaken the little stems of many a puny plant, and the flowerets have fallen."—*Preface to the "Pursuits of Literature."*

—

Had John Bernouilli lived to have experience of G——'s occiput and sinciput, he would have abandoned, in dismay, his theory of the non-existence of hard bodies.

—

As to this last term ("high-binder") which is so confidently quoted as modern ("not in use, *certainly*, before 1819"), I can refute all that is said by referring to a journal in my own possession—"The Weekly Inspector," for December 27, 1806—published in New York:

"On Christmas Eve, a party of banditti, amounting, it is stated, to forty or fifty members of an association, calling themselves "*High-Binders*," assembled in front of St. Peter's Church, in Barclay-street, expecting that the Catholic ritual would be performed with a degree of pomp and splendor which has

* "*Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the invasion and possession of Charleston, S. C., by the British, in the Revolutionary War. Arranged by Caroline Gilman.*

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usually been omitted in this city. These ceremonies, however, not taking place, the High-Binders manifested great displeasure."

In a subsequent number the association are called "Hide-Binders." They were Irish.

Perhaps Mr. Barrow is right after all, and the dearth of genius in America *is* owing to the continual teasing of the musquitoes. See "*Voyage to Cochin-China.*"

Mrs. *Amelia Welby* has all the imagination of *Maria del Occidente*, with more refined taste; and all the passion of Mrs. Norton, with a nicer ear, and (what is surprising) equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses* (an absurd but necessary word), none of them approach her.

With some modifications, this little poem would do honor to any one living or dead.

The moon within our casement beams,
Our blue-eyed babe hath dropped to sleep,
And I have left it to its dreams
Amid the shadows deep,
To muse beside the silver tide
Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot
Where they have laid thee down to rest;
The white-rose and forget-me-not
Bloom sweetly on thy breast,
And birds and streams with liquid lull
Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly thro' the forest bars
Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
Float ever in, like winged stars,
Amid the purpling glooms:
Their sweet songs, borne from tree to tree,
Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
In happier hours thy footsteps made;
This spot was once thy resting-place;
Within the silent shade
Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
That drops its blossoms o'er me now.

'Twas here at eve we used to rove;
'Twas here I breathed my whispered vows,
And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
Beneath the apple-boughs.
Our hearts had melted into one,
But Death undid what Love had done.

Alas! too deep a weight of thought
Had fill'd thy heart in youth's sweet hour;
It seem'd with love and bliss o'erfraught;
As fleeting passion-flower
Unfolding 'neath a southern sky,
To blossom soon and soon to die.

Yet in these calm and blooming bowers,
I seem to see thee still,
Thy breath seems floating o'er the flowers,
Thy whisper on the hill;
The clear faint star-light and the sea
Are whispering to my heart of thee.

No more thy smiles my heart rejoice—
Yet still I start to meet thine eye,
And call upon the low sweet voice
That gives me no reply—
And list within my silent door
For the light feet that come no more.

In a critical mood I would speak of these stanzas thus:—The subject has *nothing* of originality:—A widower muses by the grave of his wife. Here then is a great demerit; for originality of theme, if not absolutely first sought, should be sought among the first. Nothing is more clear than this proposition—although denied by the chlorine critics (the grass-green). The desire of the new is an element of the soul. The most exquisite pleasures grow dull in repetition. A strain of music enchants. Heard a second time it pleases. Heard a tenth, it does not displease. We hear it a twentieth, and ask ourselves why we admired. At the fiftieth it enduces ennui—at the hundredth disgust.

Mrs. Welby's theme is, therefore, radically faulty so far as originality is concerned;—but of common themes, it is one of the very best among the class *passionate*. True passion is prosaic—homely. Any strong mental emotion stimulates *all* the mental faculties; thus grief the imagination:—but in proportion as the effect is strengthened, the cause surceases. The excited fancy triumphs—the grief is subdued—chastened—is no longer grief. In this mood we are poetic, and it is clear that a poem now written will be poetic in the exact ratio of its dispassion. A passionate poem is a contradiction in terms. When I say, then, that Mrs. Welby's stanzas are good among the class *passionate* (using the term commonly and falsely applied), I mean that her tone is properly subdued, and is not so much the tone of passion, as of a

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gentle and melancholy regret, interwoven with a pleasant sense of the natural loveliness surrounding the lost in the tomb, and a memory of her human beauty while alive.—Elegiac poems should either assume this character, or dwell purely on the beauty (moral or physical) of the departed—or, better still, utter the notes of triumph. I have endeavored to carry out this latter idea in some verses which I have called "Lenore."

Those who object to the proposition—that poetry and passion are discordant—would, thus, cite Mrs. Welby's poem as an instance of a passionate one. It is precisely similar to the hundred others which have been cited for like purpose. But it is *not* passionate; and for this reason (with others having regard to her fine genius) it *is* poetical. The critics upon this topic display an amusing *ignoratio elenchi*.

Dismissing originality and tone, I pass to the general handling, than which nothing could be more pure, more natural, or more judicious. The perfect keeping of the various points is admirable—and the result is entire unity of impression, or effect. The time, a moonlight night; the locality of the grave; the passing thither from the cottage, and the conclusion of the theme with the return to "the silent door;" the babe left, meanwhile, "to its dreams;" the "white rose and forget-me-not" upon the breast of the entombed; the "birds and streams, with liquid lull, that make the stillness beautiful;" the birds whose songs "thrill the light leaves with melody;"—all these are appropriate and lovely conceptions:—only quite unoriginal;—and (be it observed), the higher order of genius should, and will, combine the original with that which is *natural*—not in the vulgar sense, (ordinary)—but in the artistic sense, which has reference to the *general intention of Nature*.—We have this combination well effected in the lines:

> And softly through the forest bars
> Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
> Float ever in, like winged stars,
> Amid the purpling glooms—

which are, unquestionably, the finest in the poem.

The reflections suggested by the scene—commencing:

> Alas! the very path I trace,

are, also, something more than merely natural, and are richly ideal; especially the cause assigned for the early death; and "the fragrant bough"

> That drops its blossoms o'er me now.

The two concluding stanzas are remarkable examples of common fancies rejuvenated, and etherealised by grace of expression, and melody of rhythm.

The "light lovely shapes" in the third stanza (however beautiful in themselves), are defective, when viewed in reference to the "birds" of the stanza preceding. The topic "birds" is dismissed in the one paragraph, to be resumed in the other.

"Drops," in the last line of the fourth stanza, is improperly used in an active sense. *To drop* is a neuter verb. An apple drops; we let the apple fall.

The repetition ("seemed," "seem," "seems,") in the sixth and seventh stanzas, is ungraceful; so also that of "heart," in the last line of the seventh, and the first of the eighth. The words "breathed" and "whispered," in the second line of the fifth stanza, have a force too nearly identical. "*Neath*," just below, is an awkward contraction. *All* contractions are awkward. It is no paradox, that the more prosaic the construction of verse, the better. *Inversions* should be dismissed. The most forcible lines are the most direct. Mrs. Welby owes three-fourths of her power (so far as style is concerned), to her freedom from these vulgar, and particularly English errors—elision and inversion. *O'er* is, however, too often used by her in place of *over*, and *'twas* for *it was*. We see instances here. The only inversions, strictly speaking, are

> The moon within our casement beams,

and—"Amid the shadows deep."

The versification throughout, is unusually good. Nothing can excel

> And birds and streams with liquid lull
> Have made the stillness beautiful;

or—

> And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
> Beneath the apple-boughs;

or the whole of the concluding stanza, if we leave out of view the unpleasant repetition of "*And*," at the commencement of the third and fifth lines. "*Thy white hand trained*" (see stanza the fourth) involves four consonants, that unite with difficulty—*ndtr*—and the harshness is rendered more apparent, by the employment of the spondee, "*hand trained*," in place of an iambus. "*Melody*," is a feeble termination of the third stanza's last line. The syllable *dy* is not full enough to sustain the rhyme. All these endings, liber*ty*, proper*ty*, happ*ily*, and the like, however justified by authority, are grossly objectionable. Upon the whole, there are some poets in America (Bryant and Sprague, for example), who equal Mrs. Welby in the negative merits of that limited versification which they chiefly affect—the iambic pentameter—but none equal her in the richer and positive merits of rhythmical variety, conception—invention. They, in the old routine, rarely err. She often surprises, and always delights, by novel, rich and accurate combination of the ancient musical expressions.

—

How thoroughly comprehensive is the account of Adam, as given at the bottom of the old picture in the Vatican!—"*Adam, divinitus edoctus, primus scientiarum et literarum inventor.*"

—

A ballad entitled "*Indian Serenade*," and put into the mouth of the hero, Vasco Nunez, is, perhaps, the most really meritorious portion of Mr. Simms' "Damsel of Darien." This stanza is full of music:

> And their wild and mellow voices
> Still to hear along the deep
> Every brooding star rejoices,
> While the billow, on its pillow,
> Lulled to silence seems to sleep.

And also this:

> 'Tis the wail for life they waken
> By Samana's yielding shore—
> With the tempest it is shaken;
> The wild ocean is in motion,
> And the song is heard no more.

—

Talking of conundrums:—Why will a geologist put no faith in the Fable of the Fox that lost his tail? Because he knows that no animal remains have ever been found in trap.

—

Twenty years ago credulity was the characteristic trait of the mob, incredulity the distinctive feature of the philosophic; *now* the case is conversed. The wise are wisely averse from disbelief. To be sceptical is no longer evidence either of information or of wit.

—

The title of this book* deceives us. It is by no means "talk" as men understand it—not that true talk of which Boswell has been the best historiographer. In a word it is not *gossip* which has been never better defined than by Basil, who calls it "talk for talk's sake," nor more thoroughly comprehended than by Horace Walpole and Mary Wortley Montague, who made it a profession and a purpose. Embracing all things, it has neither beginning, middle, nor end. Thus of the gossiper it was not properly said that "he commences his discourse by jumping *in medias res*." For, clearly, your gossiper commences not at all. He is begun. He is already begun. He is always begun. In the matter of end he is indeterminate. And by these extremes shall ye know him to be of the Cæsars—*porphyrogenitus*—of the right vein—of the true blood—of the blue blood—of the *sangre azula*. As for laws, he is cognizant of but one, the invariable absence of all. And for his road, were it as straight as the Appia and as broad as that "which leadeth to destruction," nevertheless would he be malcontent without a frequent hop-skip-and-jump, over the hedges, into the tempting pastures of digression beyond. Such is the gossiper, and of such alone is the true *talk*. But when Coleridge asked Lamb if he had ever heard him *preach*, the answer was quite happy—"I have never heard you do anything else." The truth is that "Table Discourse" *might* have answered as a title to this book; but its character can be fully conveyed only in "Post-Prandian Sub-Sermons," or "Three-Bottle Sermonoids."

—

Dickens is a man of higher *genius* than Bulwer. The latter is thoughtful,

* "*Coleridge's Table-Talk.*"

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industrious, patient, pains-taking, educated, analytic, artistical (using the three last epithets with much mental reserve); and therefore will write the better book upon the whole:—but the former rises, at times, to an unpremeditated elevation altogether beyond the flight, and even beyond the appreciation of his cotemporary. Dickens, with care and culture, *might* have produced "The Last of the Barons," but nothing short of moral Voltaism could have spirited Bulwer into the conception of the concluding passages of the "Curiosity-Shop."

—

"Advancing briskly with a rapier, he *did the business* for him at a blow."—*Smollett*. This vulgar colloquialism had its type among the Romans. *Et ferro subitus grassatus, agit rem.—Juvenal.*

—

We may safely grant that the *effects* of the oratory of Demosthenes were vaster than those wrought by the eloquence of any modern, and yet not controvert the idea that the modern eloquence, itself, is superior to that of the Greek. The Greeks were an excitable, *unread* race, for they had no printed books. *Vivâ voce* exhortations carried with them, to their quick apprehensions, all the gigantic force of *the new*. They had much of that vivid interest which the first fable has upon the dawning intellect of the child—an interest which is worn away by the frequent perusal of similar things—by the frequent inception of similar fancies. The suggestions, the arguments, the incitements of the ancient rhetorician were, when compared with those of the modern, absolutely novel; possessing thus an immense adventitious force—a force which has been, oddly enough, left out of sight in all estimates of the eloquence of the two eras.

The finest Philippic of the Greek would have been hooted at in the British House of Peers, while an impromptu of Sheridan, or of Brougham, would have carried by storm all the hearts and all the intellects of Athens.

—

"The author of "*Miserrimus*" *might have been* W. G. Simms (whose "*Martin Faber*" is just such a work)—but *is* G. M. W. Reynolds, an Englishman, who wrote, also, "*Albert de Rosann*," and "Pickwick Abroad"—both excellent things in their way.

—

Mr. Grattan, who, in general, writes well, has a bad habit of loitering—of toying with his subject, as a cat with a mouse, instead of grasping it firmly at once, and devouring it without ado. He takes up too much time in the ante-room. He has never done with his introductions. Sometimes one introduction is merely the vestibule to another; so that by the time he arrives at his main theme, there is none of it left. He is afflicted with a perversity common enough even among otherwise good talkers—an irrepressible desire of tantalizing by circumlocution.

If the greasy print here* exhibited is, indeed, like Mr. Grattan, then is Mr. Grattan like nobody else—for who else ever thrust forth, from beneath a wig of wire, the countenance of an over-done apple-dumpling?

—

It is said in Isaiah, respecting Idumea, that "none shall pass through thee for ever and ever." Dr. Keith here† insists, as usual, upon understanding the passage in its most strictly literal sense. He attemps to prove that neither Burckhardt nor Irby passed *through* the country—merely penetrating to Petra, and returning. And our Mr. John Stephens entered Idumea with the deliberate design of putting the question to test. He wished to see whether it was meant that Idumea should not be passed through, and "accordingly," says he, "I passed through it from one end to the other." Here is error on all sides. In the first place, he was not sufficiently informed in the Ancient Geography to know that the Idumea which he certainly did pass through, is *not* the Idumea, or Edom, intended in the prophecy—the latter lying much farther eastward. In the next place, whether he did or did not pass through the true Idumea—or whether anybody, of late days, did or did not pass through it—is a point of no consequence either to the proof or to the disproof of the literal fulfilment of the Prophecies. For it is quite a mistake on the part of Dr. Keith—his supposition that travelling through Idumea is prohibited at all.

* "*High-Ways and By-Ways.*"

† "Literal Fulfilment of the Prophecies."

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The words conceived to embrace the prohibition, are found in Isaiah 34-10, and are *Lenetsach netsachim ēin over bah*:—literally—*Lenetsach*, for an eternity; *netsachim*, of eternities; *ēin*, not; *over*, moving about; *bah*, in it. That is to say; for an eternity of eternities, (there shall) not (be any one) moving about *in it*—not *through* it. The participle *over* refers to one moving to and fro, or up and down, and is the same term which is translated "current" as an epithet of money, in Genesis 23, 16. The prophet means only that there shall be no mark of life in the land—no living being there—no one moving up and down in it. He refers merely to its general abandonment and desolation.

In the same way we have received an erroneous idea of the meaning of Ezekiel 35, 7, where the same region is mentioned. The common version runs;—"Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth"—a sentence which Dr. Keith views as he does the one from Isaiah; that is, he supposes it to forbid any travelling in Idumea under penalty of death; instancing Burckhardt's death shortly after his return, as confirming this supposition, on the ground that he died in consequence of the rash attempt.

Now the words of Ezekiel are:—*Venathati eth-har Sēir leshimmanah ushemamah, vehichrati mimmennu over vasal*:—literally—*Venathati*, and I will give; *eth-har*, the mountain; *Sēir*, Seir; *leshimmamah*, for a desolation; *ushemamah*, and a desolation; *vehichrati*, and I will cut off; *mimmennu*, from it; *over*, him that goeth; *vasal*, and him that returneth:—And I will give Mount Seir for an utter desolation, and I will cut off from it him that *passeth and repasseth* therein. The reference here is as in the preceding passage; allusion is made to the inhabitants of the land, as moving about in it, and actively employed in the business of life. I am sustained in the translation of *over vasal* by Gesenius S.5—vol 2—p 570, *Leo's Trans.*: Compare, also, Zachariah 7, 14 and 9, 8. There is something analogous in the Hebrew-Greek phrase, at Acts, 9, 28—*και ην μετ' αυτων εισπορευομενος και 'εκπορευομενος εν 'Ιερουσαλημ*·—And he was with them in Jerusalem, coming in and going out. The Latin *versatus est* is precisely paraphrastic. The meaning is that Saul, the new convert, was on intimate terms with the true believers in Jerusalem; moving about among them to and fro, or in and out.

—

The author of "Cromwell" does better as a writer of ballads than of prose. He has fancy, and a fine conception of rhythm. But his romantico-histories have all the effervescence of his verse, without its flavor. Nothing worse than his *tone* can be invented:—turgid sententiousness, involute, spasmodically straining after effect. And to render matters worse, he is as thorough an unistylist as Cardinal Chigi, who boasted that he wrote with the same pen for half a century.

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THE REMONSTRANCE.

BY C. WILKINS EIMI.

[A very frail and lovely girl—the last branch of a race who had been stricken down by consumption at nearly the same age for several generations—is the subject of this remonstrance. She had been long haunted by the presentiment of an early death in common with her sister. This wearing apprehension had finally such effect upon her imagination, that she suddenly withdrew from a society, in which she had been almost overwhelmed by the unceasing tide of admiration which her transcendently spiritualised beauty had drawn from every quarter. Her friends assigned the reason, as given by herself, to be, that she feared any longer to trust herself within the reach of a mortal passion, lest by it, her mind should be degraded from those higher contemplations which it was fitting should occupy it in the short space apparently allotted for existence here.]

They say thou'st ta'en a nun-like vow
To scorn the unholy love of men;
That thy chaste spirit will not bow
To aught less pure than Heaven again;
Oh no! For this poor world e'en now
Is dark enough—it cannot be,
Where there's so little glad, that thou,
Iris of Gladness! should'st be first to flee.

Oh, leave us not! our pilgrimage
Wearily here we drag along,
Compassed about by the dull rage
Of Passion's hirsute, tameless throng!
Cannot this piteous state engage
Thy gentle heart to stay and sing
Those skiey notes which Zella's age
Heard the clear harps of seraph-lovers ring?

Such sweet unearthly harmonies,
To pale way-faring men, I deem,
The low voice of thy sympathies
In soft commune with them would seem.
Oh, how elate and joyfully,
Their brows all clear again, they'd smile,
And talk of Hope, of Heaven, of thee,
And shower thy locks with blessing-dews the while!

Thou canst not think to hide away
The splendors of the light thou bearest?
It cannot be the garish day
Of life, in thy meek heart, thou fearest?
Can clouds obscure the sky-fire's play,
Or earth-mould soil its red quick streams?
Oh, how much lovelier a ray
Immortal from the dust of sorrow gleams!

What though thou should'st not linger here,
Like common things for many a day,
Is the frail violet less dear
To gentle thought, that will not stay,
Like a coarse summer-flower, the year?
Or odorous memories left behind,
By the quick bright-winged messenger,
To those who mourn, less perfectly refined?

Eternity of bliss can pour
Its eager flood of ecstacy

Careering through one single hour
Of love though earthly it may be!
Oh, scorn it not then—but before
Life's spring-time from thy span be wasted,
Though the weird draught be brimming o'er,
Leave no sweet wildering drop unknown, untasted!

Time is not counted by the flight
Of minutes and of days, to love;
But by the throb, the pulse, the might
Of wide emotions, while they move
Like drifting shadows, fast and light,
Across the soul's clear firmament—
Ages of being through one bright
And giddy-whirling instant, flashing, sent!

Aye, then! repent thee, lady fair,
Of that rash vow!—and in belief
That life's most precious treasures are,
Not length of days, but in the brief
And glowing commune of those rare
Thought-freighted spirits here—oh lay
That sweet soul's holy secrets bare,
Confidingly to love's own warm-eyed day!

THE WORLD.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

"The world is well!" the full-fed noble cries,
And on his silken couch sinks down to rest;
"The world is well!" the preacher still replies,—
"There may be wo, but all is for the best—
"It is God's will!"—and thus the lie goes round.
The starving child waileth aloud for bread;
The famished mother maddens at the sound,
And the pale father, from his wretched bed,
Prays Heaven for help. The slave clanketh his chain
In the free air, and to the blanching stars,
That blanch for fear, displays the festering scars
Of whip and fetter. Blood and outrage stain
The groaning earth, making its breast a hell—
And yet the preacher cries, "The world is well!"

Thou willing fool! For this hast thou pored o'er
The sacred page, and scann'd the thrilling speech
Of Him, the Nazarene, who did speak and teach
As never yet did man, and conn'd the lore
Of prophet and apostle? Turn again,
And from the lips of Him, whom thou dost call
Thy Master, learn, that what ye would that men
Should do to you, do ye even unto all!
Then look abroad throughout this peopled sphere—
List to the prayer of want, the wail of wo;
Mark how the tyrant scoffs the victim's tear,
How Power and Pride ride o'er the weak and low;
And lift thy voice, as His was raised of yore,
Or leave thy *trade*—the sword befits thee more!

Taunton, Mass.

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LOVE VERSUS TASTE.—A TALE OF ART.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

> " O that I thought it could be in a woman,
> To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love :—
> Outliving beauty's outward with a mind
> That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
> Or that persuasion could but thus convince me ;—
> That my integrity and truth to you
> Might be affronted with the match and weight
> Of such a winnowed purity in love;
> How were I then uplifted! But alas!
> I am as true as truth's simplicity,
> And simpler than the infancy of truth."—*Troilus and Cressida.*

CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1825, it happened that a young man, whom we shall simply call Louis, a musician by profession, arrived in Berlin. He had long wished to visit this city; its advancement in art, its gifted men, the cultivation and taste of its citizens generally, were no slight attractions for the artist and student. It was his rule to neglect no opportunity of hearing anything good; so that he usually visited the opera every evening.

One day soon after his arrival in Berlin, passing the opera house, he saw a man fastening a fresh bill to a column of the building. He waited to read it; it announced the sudden illness of one of the singers, on which account the evening's entertainment was to be changed. Instead of the Otello of Rossini, Don Giovanni was to be performed.

While Louis stood, attentively reading the bill, he heard a soft female voice close to him say, " Ah! I am so glad of that!" He turned quickly, and saw a beautiful young girl, who had noticed the bill in passing by. When she caught the young man's look, she blushed, and turning away her head, walked hastily on. Louis stood gazing after her; the tones of her rich voice had charmed him, but much more her slender, elegant, and graceful figure, and the lovely face of which he had caught a brief glimpse. Unacquainted with the ways of young men in large cities, he did not follow her, but stood looking till she vanished from his sight, and then went thoughtfully towards his lodgings.

Suddenly the idea struck him, she will of course be at the opera to-night! and he resolved to do what he had never done before, observe the ladies particularly.

The hour came for the opera; carriages rolled along the streets; Louis sat in the pit where he could see over the house, and looked eagerly around for his unknown fair one. In vain! she was nowhere to be seen!

The magnificent overture began; Louis was now in despair. She would not be at the opera; for who would miss the overture to Don Giovanni! He was disappointed, and felt only half roused to his wonted enthusiasm. The grief of Donna Anna, Elvira's tears, Zerlina's witchery, Don Giovanni's bold wickedness, failed to excite him as they had been used to do. In fact, he only half listened to the music.

The performance was at an end. Discontented and vexed with himself, Louis stood in the vestibule while the crowd was passing out. Just then he caught the tones of a remembered voice—" To the left, dear father, the carriage is at the other door!" He started, and pressing forward, saw what appeared to be the same dark silk scarf he had seen in the morning. It was worn by a young lady, who leaned on the arm of an elderly man; and both were going towards the side door. Louis was about to follow them,

* The incidents and criticism of this tale are taken from a *novelle* of Ludwig Rellstab, entitled " *Julius.*"

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when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and at the same moment his arm was grasped by some one in the crowd. "Good evening, friend!" cried a rough voice. "Whither, in such haste? I have been looking for you everywhere. Quick, come with me! We shall sup together!" The speaker was Heissenheimer, an old merchant; an excellent man, and a passionate admirer of music. Louis had brought a letter to him; and thus he found it impossible to decline his friendly invitation, unwelcome as it was just at this moment. Mechanically he suffered himself to be led away, wishing, however, the old gentleman and his supper at the bottom of the sea, and looking back more than once, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his beautiful unknown. Nothing could be seen but a throng of strange faces, and his companion hurried him out of the nearest side door, to escape the confusion.

While they made their way through the crowd without, Heissenheimer did not observe the abstraction of his young companion. But they soon emerged into a clear space, where the moon shone brightly on noble buildings; and the old man suddenly cried—"But have you nothing, friend, to say? I have been waiting for the expression of your delight, and hardly kept my own within bounds. What is the meaning of this? Is anything the matter?"

"Nay, Mr. Heissenheimer," returned the young man, smiling. "I have felt the beauty of the work none the less, that I have enjoyed it in silence."

"But," cried the other petulantly, "that is not the way with young people! I like not this dullness, and grave looks, when the heart should be full of joy. You have youthful spirits, love, fire in your breast, and should give them vent! Be cheerful, I tell you; be delighted, be frolicsome, be half mad with enthusiasm; or I warn you, you have old Heissenheimer for an enemy! But stop; here we are at the place already!"

They stood under some linden trees, in front of a house whose lower story was brilliantly lighted. The light fell full upon the street through the windows. Before they entered, both turned to look at some passers-by. What was the astonishment of Louis, to recognize his fair unknown, leaning on the arm of the elderly man he had seen at the opera! The lamplight shone upon her face; it was the very same! He started forward; nothing now would have withheld him; but Heissenheimer sprang also towards them, exclaiming—"Ha! Signor Ricco! Maestro! whither away! Good even to you, pretty Nina!"

Both stopped at this salutation. While Heissenheimer was speaking with them, Louis stood in some embarrassment; till his friend recollected himself, and presented him. "Ecco—Maestro—here is a young musician, who will give you something to do: he will dispute with you about Sebastian Bach and Rossini. Master Louis —— the chapel-master, Signor Ricco, and his daughter Nina!" Louis bowed, coloring deeply, and murmured some indefinite words about pleasure and honor. His companion interrupted them with "My good friends, may I beg the favor of your company with us? Will you sup in the *Café Royal*, fair Nina?" Nina declined the invitation gracefully, but begged her father not to lose the pleasure. Their home was only two doors off, and she could go there without escort. "We will all escort you," said the old merchant, "hurt as I am that you will not go with us." Two or three more gallant speeches passed, and the three accompanied the young lady to the chapel-master's house. After a polite acknowledgment of their courtesy, Nina disappeared; the gentlemen went to the café where an excellent supper was prepared, with the best wines; and Heissenheimer played the merry host to his heart's content.

CHAPTER II.

After Signor Ricco had explained the mystery of his daughter and himself going home on foot, their carriage having disappointed them, the conversation turned on the opera they had just seen. The chapel-master declared, with a half comic distortion of face, that he wished he had stayed away.

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"And why, maestro?" asked Heissenheimer. "I hoped to have heard Rossini's magnificent *Otello;* and was compelled to take instead that confounded Don Giovanni."

"Ricco," said the old merchant, "you are certainly skilled in the black art, and have wrought magic upon me; else I know not what prevents me from throwing this empty champagne flask at your head! Butler—some more wine! and have done, chapel-master, with your nonsense about Rossini, for whom I know you care as little as I! and tell us truly, were you not enraptured with the glorious masterpiece of to-night?"

"O Germans—where are your ears? Caro Heissenheimer, I will tell you the truth; but shall I, mio cuore, criticise as an Italian or a German?"

"What do you mean by the distinction?" asked Louis.

"What a question! Young man, can you be so ignorant? As Italian, I complain that this opera gives me no rest; that I must be kept on the stretch from beginning to end; that I forget the singers in the orchestra; that I feel more fear and horror than delight; in short, I complain that the devil, instead of Don Giovanni, has not taken the composer, who forces me to *labor*, where I expected only *pleasure.* But I can also complain as a German. Do you think I know not what you wish? *Per Bacco!* the misfortune is, you only *half* wish! An opera should be a whole; connected from beginning to end; each impression on the mind should be a stone added to the dramatic structure, strengthened by the music. Is it not so?"

"I should think a reasonable person would desire nothing less," answered Louis.

"Well then—have you that in Don Giovanni?"

"You will drive me crazy!" cried Heissenheimer impatiently.

"Nay—rather you me—senseless Germans!" returned Ricco. "You can devise a theory that leaves nothing to be wished. But place a work of Art before you, you have no eyes nor ears—much less a judgment. You fit on your theory; do they agree in a few points—well; the work is a masterpiece, though it may differ in all essentials from your own principles; thenceforth you *believe* blindly, and each adopts the other's opinion. Do they not agree—you have not independence enough to yield to an impression of nature, and judge thereby, the thing is worthless. If a German is dying with rapture, he is to blame if not enraptured according to rule! Corpo di Bacco! I have more gall in me than wine! Fill my glass!"

"You are leaving the subject—Signor Ricco," said Louis; "you were to complain of Don Giovanni as a German. I confess, I am curious to hear you."

"I also," added the merchant. "But it will come to nothing; for I see he is treating us to one of his accustomed jokes."

"Nay—it is my ardor that leads me to digression. To return to Don Giovanni. At first—and then the Germans were reasonable, for they had in their theatres chiefly the works of Italian composers or their pupils—at first, I say—the thing was not popular, and with reason."

"Stupid slanderer!" exclaimed Heissenheimer.

"There were in it a few good musical touches, and the Germans thought it a pity the work should be lost. They fitted on a skilful theory; they found that Don Giovanni stabs the commendatore, and commits other crimes, and is finally carried off by the devil: the thing is complete, and has a capital moral! Why should it not please? So its nonsense and folly are passed over. A single wise head has seen through it, who really understands more of the opera than your thirty millions of Germans besides. This was your late Hoffmann. He marked well where the thing halted: but he admired the music, and put a good face on it for his countrymen, quieting the last murmurs of their consciences. How he must have laughed over their fond delusion!"

"As well as I can gather your meaning," said the young artist, "you seem to think there is a want of unity of idea in the action and music of Don Giovanni?"

"I should be blind and deaf if I thought otherwise."

"And thus, as a German, you would find fault with the work?"

"Exactly."

"I entreat you, then, to dispense with your oracular ambiguity, and

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passing by a few improbabilities and other trifling defects—to show us where is the vulnerable heel of this Achilles."

"Ha, maestro!" cried the merchant, "you have but shallow water for the war-ship with which you mean to manœuvre round this walled and fortified citadel of art! You will be aground presently."

"On the contrary—I will make you a breach, so that the enemy shall march in with all his forces."

"Triumph not too soon!" cried Louis—"for we shall fight to the last man in its defence."

"Right, my young friend!" added Heissenheimer; and Ricco proceeded, after a digression or two, from which he was called back by his two challengers—

"Is it not true, friends, that in a drama each principal person should contribute substantially to the progress of the action? You assent; well—in Don Giovanni there are five—the Commendatore, Giovanni, Octavio, Donna Anna, and Elvira. I have nothing against the old man, nor Giovanni. Your Hoffmann has cunningly rescued Donna Anna from criticism; Octavio may be considered to have a sort of right to his place. He is, so to speak, the earthly hostage for the elevated Anna, or rather the stake to which she is bound. Now for Donna Elvira. Many have felt that this fifth person is the fifth wheel to the wagon; and in many ways they have sought to justify her appearance. But it has not succeeded. Your Hoffmann does best, who says as good as nothing of her."

"I thought," observed Louis, "she was to be regarded as an avenging goddess; at least, so the great composer conceived her, even if the poet assigned her a somewhat doubtful place."

"Excellent!" cried the merchant. "What have you to say to that, Ricco?"

"That it is not true. An avenging goddess—who whimpers rather than implores for love, and at last would snatch from justice the object of her revenge!—The kneeling in the last finale, or ante-finale (for you would have a battle also about this double close), looks like revenge!—Look you, this Elvira could be borne, or not observed, if she did not so lower herself in the middle of the piece. And here the composer is even more in fault than the poet. The terzetto in A major I will let pass; I will believe she can forgive her repentant betrayer, and love him again. But the sestetto! Have you borne in mind what wickedness has been committed towards her! I am an Italian, and we look over some things more easily than you Germans. But a Chinese, or a barbarian, must revolt at this! The trusting, confiding, forgiving, loving Elvira, is exposed to the deepest disgrace—the most crushing insult! Has she a spark of womanly pride or Castilian spirit in her breast, it must burst into a flame that will consume the guilty betrayer, or sweep the wretched victim to destruction. What has she suffered? The most horrible injury that can be inflicted on a woman! Why does she not snatch a dagger, to plunge it into the breast of the slave who has been employed against her—or that of the fiend Don Giovanni, the author of the outrage, or those who behold her dishonor—or, Lucretia-like, into her own? Go—you Germans, and boast of your passion for completeness! You feel not where a work of art strikes the heart. When Leporello's mask is fallen, and Elvira, who should sink back in despair, or rise in the invincible might of revenge, sings so passionately with the other five voices—as if nothing more had happened to her than Zerlina,—I feel my blood boil! Would our Rossini have done the like? In his polonaises you feel the dolor of love: could you only understand the heavenly melodies as the maestro himself conceived them! The notes are not—indeed—but *he* dreamed of a singer such as your wooden German never thought of—a singer, the charm of whose expression could ennoble the most insignificant passages into a moving plaint of the heart! Have you never heard that the English Garrick could so repeat the alphabet as to move his audience to tears? So it is with Rossini's music. He sacrifices himself; he wants not to shine; but that his performers should. But your German hears from paper; and thus writes tolerably. And you trouble not yourselves, if your singers misrepresent the best your master has furnished. The performance of to-

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night—but I am speaking only of Don Giovanni. What say you to my criticism on Elvira? why do I not hear reproaches?"

"You are a clever critic," answered Louis; "I know you are wrong, and yet I cannot reply to your objections."

"Yes—quite wrong—chapel-master!" added the merchant. "I will venture you do not believe yourself what you say. Swear that you do—in good faith!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Ricco; "you would have me swear to what I have proved! My good Heissenheimer, I will read you the riddle. We Italians are more candid than you. We know well what is wanting in our operas, and have judgment enough to understand that it cannot be otherwise. Where two make a work, the whole cannot be cast in one great mould. If we thus discover disproportion betwixt the music and the text, it disturbs not our enjoyment. But the German will smoothe it all away; he rests not till the faults growing out of the nature of the thing are changed into beauties by some juggling of the understanding; and after he has in this way deceived himself, he begins to enjoy. If I loved Don Giovanni ever so much, the part of Elvira would not disturb me. I would easily help myself out of the difficulty; I would have Elvira fall senseless on the discovery of her error, and a friend of Anna's supply the sixth voice. What have you against that?"

"In this manner," replied Louis, "you may banish reason from art altogether. I cannot conceive of a work of art, which shall not proceed from the full consciousness of the artist, and contain only beauties designed by himself. Therefore do I detest Rossini's works, void of meaning ——"

"Void of meaning? Young man, do not depreciate our master. Think you, he was unconscious of that for which you reproach him, and that he could not have bettered it if he had chosen? But he wished to lead music back to her own natural place; to make her again a science for the ear, and deliver her from your massive philosophical smoke-cells and pedantic fetters. Turn nothing but counterpoint; screw only fugues and canons; write only dissonances, like your Mozart and Beethoven; drive your anarchy ever so far, nature will still be victorious. And then delight yourself in the conceit—that your masters look to the *whole!* Truly, they may have the will, but the vision fails them, and they see no further than a mole on the top of Mont Blanc. Your beloved Don Giovanni, of which you believe that it came forth fully armed from the composer's fancy, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, is an automaton, whose limbs are fastened together with thongs, and secured with hammer strokes; a thing that has more rents and seams than a clown's jacket; which you can cut up like an eel, without touching its heart;—in short, as I have proved, a thing that can neither live nor stand, if more is expected than that it should be the scaffold on which the musician builds his illumination of tones."

"But," cried Louis, "the splendor of that illumination shall light up the gloom of the most distant future! It shall remain a Sirius, the central sun of stars of the first magnitude, so long as art itself shall exist."

"Aye, and your torchlight, your will-o'-the-wisp, Rossini, shall be blown out by the first breath of time!" said Heissenheimer.

"Friends," replied Ricco, "were it not better that we broke up our conference? Our discourse grows somewhat warm."

"You have chilled me completely, at least, towards yourself," returned the merchant. "But I cannot believe you in earnest with your talk, so I will drink a glass with you. If I did not think you have joked with us, I would have had the wine poisoned for me in which I pledge an enemy of Mozart."

"Have I called myself his enemy?" said the chapel-master. "Who would deny the man genius? I charge him only with a wrong use of it—and of music, which should bring us joy and happiness, not gloom and melancholy. What should I do with wine that did not make me merry like your champagne?"

"So merry," grumbled the merchant, "that, truly, you have made yourself merry with us. But, Louis, why so thoughtful?"

"Pardon me," answered the young man; "I am troubled by what I cannot yet make clear to myself. I would reply to the chapel-master's accusation against the part of Elvira. His opinion is plausible, but he is wrong in

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reference to the work. I believe I can see a way to lead to a right understanding."

"We cannot reach it to-night," said Ricco, preparing to depart. "It is midnight, and I must go home. Some other time we will speak on the subject; and I will convince you that your conviction is incorrect. Now, fare you well."

"Good night—incorrigible fellow!" cried Heissenheimer; and then put it to the choice of his young friend, whether they should empty another flask, or take a walk in the fresh air. Louis preferred a walk, for he was somewhat excited with the conversation.

CHAPTER III.

They walked for some time in the open air. The double row of old lindens that shaded the promenade, rustled in the summer breeze; the moon shone on the tall buildings; all was silent, as if the city were buried in slumber. As our friends passed the dwelling of the chapel-master, Louis stole a look upward at one of the windows, which he fancied might be that of the fair daughter of the heterodox musician. "*She* has a purer taste," said he to himself, and turning to his companion—

"How is it possible that one can be so insensible to the beautiful as this Italian?"

The merchant glanced at the house of Master Ricco, and replied: "The heathenish churl! Yet there is something about him that inclines me to believe he does not express his real opinions. Did you not remark his contradictions? Now he slashed at Mozart, now at the subject of the piece; and, after all, only complained of the part of Elvira. What should he care for the subject, if he be really such an admirer of Rossini, and thinks music merely a science for the ear? His inconsistencies were palpable. Depend upon it, the man has not such wretched taste."

"But why should he speak against his own convictions?"

"Because he is unwilling to confess that his countrymen are surpassed by the Germans in composition? Only one thing staggered me. He permits his daughter to play no music but Rossini's, Mercadante's, Caraffa's, and the like."

"But she sings it unwillingly, surely?" cried Louis, quickly.

"On the contrary; she knows nothing else."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young man. "How can that lovely face—those eyes—so deceive? How can those features, expressive of a refined soul, be the index of a shallow understanding?"

"Ha, friend! Have Nina's beautiful eyes shot their beams so deep into your heart? That is a precious discovery!" And the little man leaped forwards, rubbing his hands, and chuckling for joy.

Louis colored deeply, and in much embarrassment explained that his acquaintance with the young lady was scarce of two hours standing; but the merchant continued his expressions of delight till they reached Friedrick street, and then took his leave with a wish that the young couple might be happy, humming a love tune till he was out of hearing.

As Louis walked toward his lodgings, absorbed in thought, he was startled by the sound of a female voice, singing. In the stillness of night the melody had a magical sweetness. He followed the sound, retracing his steps, and soon came opposite the chapel-master's house. The music came from the windows, which were open, although the chambers were not lighted. Though he lost not a single note, Louis could not determine exactly in which room was the singer. "It is she," he cried to himself; "it is herself—the beautiful girl!" and leaning against one of the trees, he drank in the melody, never once removing his eyes from the windows.

It was evidently a German song. The voice was clear and powerful, yet soft and touching; the melody had a strange mingling of joy and sorrow, of suffering and repose. The enraptured listener could not distinguish the words, but the music penetrated his very soul. A sigh heaved his breast; he could not tell if delight or melancholy was the emotion excited; but felt, if that were sorrow, he wished never to be

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happy! The song at last ceased; but another more exquisite, more deeply moving, began. Each verse closed with some words in which seemed to lie a world of feeling Louis caught the words "*Dahin*," "*Zu dir;*" and at the close distinctly "*Nur Du!*" It seemed to him like the voice of fate. Tears streamed from his eyes; once again he heard the words "Nur Du" uttered with a melodious pathos he had never heard before; and, with strained attention, just as it ceased, caught a glimpse of a white figure moving behind some plants near the window. It passed the next window; he listened for a renewal of the song, but all was silent; and, after waiting some time, he took his way homeward.

The earliest beams of next morning's sun aroused our friend from an unquiet slumber. The day was fine, and he had many objects of attention; but the image of the fair songstress alone occupied his mind. He leaned from his window, looking out on a garden opposite, and the scene beyond. A few carriages and foot passengers were in motion, but the bustle of the day had not yet commenced. Only here and there the shutters had been thrown open to admit the sun.

Louis remained some time in deep thought. At length, it occurred to him that it was possible the object of his reflections might also be up, and inhaling the morning air. In a few minutes he was dressed and in the street; and a brisk walk soon brought him opposite the dwelling of the chapel-master. The windows were open as the night before, but all was still and motionless. Louis walked for some time under the trees, back and forward, keeping his eyes fixed on the house. At length he discerned a white dress moving behind the plants. In a transport of joy he approached, and stood directly opposite. The white robe was there; the figure rose, turned round, and looked out of the window. It was Signor Ricco himself, in his nightcap and dressing-gown, with a long pipe in his mouth! He leaned out, as if to look at the weather, and must have thought the sky too clear, by the cloud of smoke he sent whirling over his head!

Our young friend shrunk back, but it was too late; there was no one besides him in sight, and the glance of the chapel-master unavoidably fell on him. He was immediately recognized. "Good morning, Signor Louis!" cried the Italian. "So early abroad! Or have you been up all night." Louis bowed in some embarrassment, and answered that the fine morning had tempted him to a walk. "Right!" cried the signor; "I also am taking a peep at the weather, to see if it will do for a drive in the country, we have been planning for some time. Suppose you accompany us?" "With the greatest pleasure!" answered the young man promptly. "Come in, then, and breakfast with me," said Ricco; and Louis hastened up the steps.

He found the chapel-master in his music room; the piano stood open; Rossini's Tancredi lay on the desk. Ricco made some remarks on his favorite opera; the eyes of Louis wandered restlessly to the door. "You wonder," said the Italian, lighting his pipe again, "that my daughter does not appear. Ah! she is a sad sluggard! But I shall play her a trick to-day, we will go off without her; I have already sent for the carriage."

These words caused no little chagrin to our young artist; but he was not to endure it long; they were surprised by a musical laugh, and looking up, saw Nina at the door. "Your scheme has fallen through, papa!" cried she. "But really it is true, that listeners hear no good of themselves. Yet I hoped, sir," turning to Louis, "that you would have said something in my defence." She pouted her pretty lips in affected anger, and a little scene of apologies ensued. "All's well that ends well," said Ricco at length; "we will have friend Heissenheimer of the party; now, daughter, let us to breakfast." Nina led the way with a cheerful smile.

Louis had now opportunity to observe the fair girl whose first appearance had captivated him. She wore a white morning dress, with a colored silk handkerchief tied round her white, slender throat. Her dark brown hair fell in ringlets over her cheeks and neck, contrasting with a complexion fresh as the spring rose. Beautiful as she was, he could hardly understand how so much frankness and playfulness of manner could consist with the

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depth of feeling speaking from her large, dark eyes.

After several efforts to overcome his diffidence, he said to her, "I was made very happy by your song last night, Mademoiselle Nina. I heard you sing after midnight."

"Impossible!" she answered in some surprise; "I did not sing last night."

"Nay—that would have been forbidden," said the father, gravely, "singing late at night is bad for the voice. We are no nightingales; our business is to sleep o' nights."

"You need not deny it," cried the young man. "The music I heard came from yonder apartment, and I saw—pardon me—I saw a lady in white dress pass the open window."

"That could not have been my daughter," repeated Signor Ricco.

"But," persisted Louis, "I could not have been deceived. I heard the sweetest soprano voice, and saw a female figure, which approached the window, and then passed through the chamber."

Nina looked very mischievous, and cried—

"Oh, you are a ghost-seer! I will have nothing to do with you!"

And she began to sing an air in a clear, silvery staccato, making gestures of aversion with her pretty hands. Then the lively girl ran to the window, and exclaimed that the carriage was come; threw on her shawl and bounded down the steps so swiftly, that Louis could hardly keep pace with her. He assisted her into the carriage, and waited for Signor Ricco, who soon made his appearance with a roll of paper.

They stopped at Heissenheimer's house, to take their old friend along. He was just up, and after he came to them, had to parry a great deal of raillery from the arch Nina.

The country was arrayed in all the loveliness of early summer. The fields were green with the young grain, the foliage was in its freshest verdure, the morning air was cool and balmy, the sky cloudless, all things breathed of pleasure and beauty. Little was said by our friends, who each in his own way enjoyed the scenes around, and the motion through the fresh air. It might have been observed, however, that the eyes of Louis rested frequently on the fair Nina, and were withdrawn in some confusion whenever she raised hers to his face.

At length they left the high road and drove through an avenue bordered with cherry trees, past a little village, and into a wood beyond. On an eminence before them, half hid by foliage, was an old hunting seat, and at the foot of the slope, the water, bordered with trees and bushes. On the other side of the river were situated country-seats.

The carriage stopped here; the friends alighted; and Nina immediately proposed a walk or a sail. The walk was decided upon, as the sun was now high, and the cool shade of the woods particularly inviting. They wandered about for some time, till they came to a knoll shaded by a large, old tree, covered with the softest moss. This served them for a sofa; and then Heissenheimer proposed that Nina should give the nightingales a lesson. She complained of being hoarse, and made twenty capricious excuses, till Signor Ricco produced his roll of paper, and handed a leaf to his daughter.

"What is this, dear father?" asked the maiden. "A composition?" inquired the merchant. "Truly," answered Ricco, "I have attempted to arrange something; it is a cavatina from the '*Gazza Ladra*,' to which I have made an accompaniment."

Nina was delighted, and declared it was her favorite piece; Louis looked at her doubtfully. Signor Ricco assigned him the tenor, and the bass to Heissenheimer. Louis hoped to discover by Nina's singing, if she were the songstress of the preceding night. It seemed to him that he was not mistaken; but he could find in her really charming voice not the least of that fervor and feeling which had so enchanted him with the mysterious songstress. His disappointment was so great that he went wrong in his own part, and was only recalled by a sharp look from the chapel-master. Nina seemed roguishly inclined to laugh. At last the piece was finished, and they rallied him severely on his abstraction. Heissenheimer said candidly he thought the solemn wood a place as unsuitable for such a melody, as a church for a waltz or polonaise; and thereupon ensued a renewal of the dispute about Rossini, Mozart, and Mercadante. Nina took a decided part with her father, who at last put an end to the discussion by proposing that they should go where they could obtain some lunch.

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CHAPTER IV.

The providence of Nina had prepared for them a little surprise—a table spread with refreshments, under a neighboring tree. They talked of other matters besides music, and Louis recovered spirits enough to enter on a lively conversation with the young lady about the climates of Germany and Italy. While the elder guests were deep in their discourse, she proposed a walk down to the water.

The day was delicious; the blue, clear waters reflected the sunshine, and the foliage on their bank. An avenue of chestnut and linden trees followed the windings of the river. Nina stood on the bank, smiling as she looked on the lovely scene; Louis was beside her, but a strange conflict agitated his bosom. Her evidently superficial apprehension of art, of that which formed the great object of his life, disappointed him so deeply, that his regard for her seemed nipped in the bud.

After a long silence, he ventured on the question that oppressed his heart. "We are alone;" he said to her in an earnest tone of entreaty; "tell me, was it you who sang last night? I beseech you answer me truly."

Nina looked at him, and burst into a mischievous laugh. "So," she cried, "you are still haunted by the unknown singer? A strange adventure—in truth, you must have heard a witch! Now I understand why you did not praise my singing just now! And our poor innocent countryman, Rossini, must suffer for it! A young man hears a singer at midnight, and fancies her perfection; next day I sing an air which does not please him, because *I* have not that good fortune! I thank you, sir, for your flattering confession!" and she made him a mocking courtesy.

"But tell me, I conjure you," persisted Louis, "was it not you—"

"Hold!" cried Nina; "not so solemn. I think if I say yes, I can win you for an admirer of Rossini; so I will say, yes! I am a sort of siren, sir, who entices young artists by her song to worship Rossini even against their will."

"Nay, then," answered the young man, "last night's song was not such an one. Now I really believe you were *not* the singer. Heaven knows how I could be mistaken; but I see such must have been the case."

"Then," replied the maiden, "blame not me; I am innocent; I hope sincerely you will soon find out your mysterious singer, who seems to have so captivated you. Be not unkind, meanwhile, to me, because you did not like my song; I have a favor to beg; take me out on the water; yonder is a boat. The shade of the trees on the bank will protect us from the heat."

She spoke with so much gentleness and sweetness that Louis felt his growing coldness melt away. He hastened to push off the boat, took up the oars, and gave Nina his hand to help her in. She leaped in gracefully and seated herself opposite him. The boat soon glided swiftly over the smooth waters: Louis looking straight forward, or at his fair companion's shadow on the water; for a feeling he could not explain, prevented him from looking at herself.

They went on for half an hour without speaking. The boat now glided into a small inlet, shaded by the foliage on high banks. "Let us stop awhile here," said Nina; and Louis took up his oars. The young girl laid aside her straw hat, pushed her ringlets from her fair brow, and looked on the sweet picture with an expression of delight. Behind the wooded shore rose the walls of the ancient-looking hunting castle, embosomed in picturesque woods. The inlet was in deep shadow, which contrasted with the gleam of sunshine on the waves beyond; and the light flashed like jewels in the foliage above. The soft air, the refreshing coolness of the shade, and the fragrance of flowers that filled the wood, completed the effect of this charming scene. The heart of our young artist was full. He looked at Nina; her head was drooped slightly; but as she raised it with a sudden motion, he saw that tears were in her eyes. "You weep?" said he, taking her hand sympathizingly. "No," she answered softly, and with a smile, "but there is so much beauty here!" After a moment she withdrew her hand; but not before a light pressure had responded to the expression of her feelings. So passed some minutes, till

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recovering her vivacity, she suddenly exclaimed—"Mercy! how late it is growing! We must make haste back, or my father will be uneasy!"

They were shortly at the landing-place again; but found the old people had suffered no uneasiness on their account. Both Ricco and his friend were leaning against the trees, fast asleep. Nina awoke the merchant with a mischievous tickling of his red nose, and he started up from a dream of orchestras and violins. After a walk in the castle garden, they returned to their carriage, and drove back to the city.

The next night saw Louis walking for two hours in front of the chapel-master's house, in hopes of hearing again the mysterious singer. But all remained silent, and he returned disappointed to his lodgings.

As soon as he thought it proper, he paid a visit to Signor Ricco. On the steps he met Nina, going to visit a friend. After replying to his polite inquiry, how she had been since the excursion into the country, she had already left him, when she suddenly turned back, saying, "while I think of it, I have found out your wonderful singer; but I cannot approve of your taste!" A flush rushed to the brow of the young artist. "And who is she?" he cried, eagerly. "Oh, sir," answered Nina, "I can keep a secret, I assure you."

"I entreat you!" cried Louis, catching her hand. She drew it away—and with mock gravity replied, "do you think I have so little of the vanity of an artist as to favor so dangerous a rival?—one, the mention of whom so agitates you? No, sir, you learn nothing from me; and no one else can put you on the right track!" With this she walked away, leaving Louis embarrassed and disappointed. He had to betake himself to her father, who received him kindly, and invited him soon to repeat his visit, and join them at their family concerts.

Our artist was fain to avail himself of this invitation, and became a frequent visitor. He was conscious of a strong partiality for Nina, which she did not, however, seem to return; at least she treated him with a degree of caprice which he could not help fearing proceeded from levity of mind. Painful was the struggle in his breast; her beauty, frankness, and goodness of heart charmed him, while her utter want of sympathy with all his tastes and pursuits, was a perpetual vexation to him. She seemed to regard music only as a science of sounds, and to be insensible to its life and power; and all his enthusiasm could obtain nothing responsive from her. Louis could not help thinking her, with all her loveliness, a frivolous and soulless being. Notwithstanding, when under the spell of her presence, he could not escape from its fascination. This incessant strife of feeling caused him real suffering.

One evening the conversation chanced to turn again on Don Giovanni, and the chapel-master expressed opinions as strange as before, in the same ironical manner. Nina went even further; she abused the music altogether, which she thought too grave and tragic, and particularly the airs of Anna and Elvira; completing the horror of poor Louis, by declaring she would rather sing anything from Rossini, and that the opera might be made tolerable, if only Rossini would compose all the music anew! That was too much! The artist ventured no reply; but soon after took his leave abruptly—not even hearing, as he rushed from the door, the playful "good night" of the pretty maiden.

On his way home Louis met his old friend, Heissenheimer, who remarked his ill-humor, and drew from him a confession of his trouble. The merchant, enthusiastic as he was in music, gravely remonstrated with his young friend for indulging such large expectations on the score of taste. Louis mournfully insisted, that it was not so much want of taste he complained of, as an absence of true refinement of feeling and mind. The want of an ear was a defect of nature; but Nina had a fine ear, and the highest musical cultivation; hers was a want of *soul*. HE WHO COULD NOT APPREHEND THE BEAUTIFUL, HAD NO HEART FOR THE GOOD. "She is lost to me!" was his final exclamation, uttered in such anguish of spirit, that Heissenheimer knew not how to console him.

They had walked for some time, without giving heed to the direction in which they went, and almost, unexpectedly, found themselves nearly opposite the house of Signor Ricco. It was late, and the street was quite still;

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but low mutterings of thunder, at a distance, and flashes of lightning at intervals, foretold an approaching storm.

All at once the softest and sweetest melody rose on the silence of night. Louis started, and grasped his friend's arm; Heissenheimer cried, in surprise, "Who is singing? It cannot be Nina; and it seems to come from that house!" "No, it is not Nina!" answered Louis; "I once thought it was!"

"It comes from the upper story," whispered the merchant: "who can it be?"

"For two months I have longed to know," cried the artist, much affected, "and now I *will* know! *her* alone will I love, whose soul breathes in that music!"

"Hush!" said Heissenheimer; "it comes like an air from heaven!" and leaning against the iron railing, he listended, while Louis drank in the delicious sounds with passionate delight, standing motionless, with folded arms, tears chasing each other down his cheeks.

The full, rich tones, were accompanied on the piano; and strangely did the exquisite melody blend, from time to time, with the rolling thunder, that came nearer every moment. But it seemed sweeter from the contrast.

Meanwhile the clouds were gathering thickly overhead. Large drops fell, and the wind rushed hoarsely through the trees. Presently a vivid flash clove the darkness, making the whole street light as day, and half-blinding our two friends; it was followed by a tremendous crash of thunder, and then the rain came down in torrents.

"Der Teufel!" cried the merchant; "'tis time we were gone! Come, we shall find shelter in the *café royal!*" And seizing Louis by the arm, he dragged him away. Both ran down the promenade to the café, from the windows of which shone a welcome light. "Never mind," said Heissenheimer, as they entered, "such a song was worth a drenching. Let us drink the singer's health."

It is needless to record all that was said between the friends, on this occasion: the result was an appointment to dine together next day; and meanwhile, Heissenheimer pledged himself to do his utmost to unravel the mystery.

CHAPTER V.

So deeply had the heart of our artist been impressed by the nocturnal music, that he thought no more of Nina, but only of the mysterious songstress. He waited, with the utmost impatience, for the appointed hour, next day. His first question, on meeting the merchant, was, "Have you discovered the singer?" Heissenheimer put on an important face, and began to talk meaningly of the folly of being too curious, and the wisdom of Providence in concealing some things from us. From all this Louis divined that his friend had penetrated the secret, but was determined not to impart his knowledge.

Heissenheimer began to quote Faust; his friend reminded him of his pledge to disclose what he could find out. "Well, then," replied the merchant, "you shall guess who she is?"

"I conjure you, keep me no longer in suspense."

"I may not name her; but this much I will say—you have often seen her; now will you guess?"

"I know not," replied Louis; "perhaps the Countess, who lodges over the chapel-master?"

"No."

"Or Nina's friend, Mademoiselle Louise?"

"No."

"Or the Italian dancer, who comes there sometimes—what is her name—Donna Cerconi?"

"No!—you do not go on. See now, how pure is your love for Art! you have guessed only those who have beauty of person!"

"Mock me no longer!" cried the young man: "what pleasure is it to you to torment me?"

"Well, then, you shall know; but first, a question—have you never observed a female in the house of old Ricco?"

"Never."

"Strange—and yet you have seen her frequently."

"I can assure you——"

"Hold, Sir! no assurances! I see

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plainly, the young artist so deeply in love with music, has eyes only for a *pretty* damsel! She of whom I speak, is neither handsome nor young. In short, it is no other than the girl who performs the services of maid to Nina."

"Impossible! you are joking!"

"I am in earnest."

"But how could a person in such a station, acquire such perfection in an art, which, if she chose to exercise it, could place her above dependence? No—you are in jest!"

"Your incredulity is but natural, considering the ideal you have formed of your singer. But let me tell you how I made my discovery. I went at nine this morning to the Signor's, entered without ringing, and passed quietly through the hall, for my object was to surprise him. I heard nothing in his apartment, and his daughter's; but musical sounds came from a distance. I followed them into a corridor at the end of the hall, and soon found they came from a room above. I went up a narrow flight of stairs, listened, and ascertained that it was really the singer of last night. I held my breath; the voice was suppressed, but it had the same fervor and depth of feeling; I could even distinguish the words that closed the song—'*Nur Du.*'"

"It is the same!" cried Louis, passionately, "I have heard that song——"

"Let me go on. I could not withstand the impulse of curiosity; I peeped through the key-hole—I confess it—but could see only the bust of a female figure, which, however, I saw could not belong to Nina. I then determined to open the door suddenly, and to pretend I was in search of some one. This I did; the figure turned round quickly, and I recognized Caroline, the maid. She blushed deeply, and seemed much confused: at last she asked—'you wish to see Signor Ricco, Sir? He is in his chamber.' I recovered my self-possession at these words, and told her all: how I had heard the music, looked through the key-hole, and finally opened the door to surprise her. I then begged her to sing again, and to inform me how and where she had acquired that exquisite cultivation of her rare musical talents. She refused to sing; but after some hesitation, told me her story. Enough; you know who is your singer: let us go to dinner."

"No!" cried Louis, "I entreat you to tell me what she said of herself; why she has concealed her precious gift—why she submits to dependence, when she might place herself in a higher sphere!"

"My friend," returned the merchant, "I feel it would be a breach of faith to repeat her story, merely to gratify curiosity. You scarce remembered her existence—how can you be interested in her?"

"Indeed," protested the young man, "I have often noticed her quiet, modest manners, and interesting countenance. I would do anything to befriend her."

The merchant smiled at this late discovery of her merit, and looked very mischievous. At last, he said—"I will then communicate to you all I know—provided you will promise silence—particularly to the chapel-master and his daughter."

"Caroline is the daughter of a poor musician, who lived in a remote village. He was reduced to poverty by the war, and suffered from a long illness brought upon him by the rough usage of the soldiers. In the time of his greatest need, Ricco and his daughter, being on a journey, happened to pass through the village. The chapel-master was detained by indisposition and to amuse himself, wrote off the parts of an opera he had composed. As he required help in the work, he inquired of the landlord of the mean inn at which they lodged, who bethought himself directly of Caroline's father. But on account of his illness, the poor man would have to do the work at home. Ricco sent Nina, then a girl of fourteen, to his house; she found him in the utmost poverty, with no one but his daughter, who worked to supply his wants. The sick man eagerly undertook the task required; but his over-exertion brought on a nervous fever, of which he died in a few days. During the time, Nina and her father gave the poor old man all the assistance he needed—they have both excellent hearts!—and Ricco promised to take care of his daughter. The day of her father's death, Caroline had gone some miles for a physician; all was over when she returned, but her father had left her a letter, which she showed me with many tears. She accompanied Ricco and his daughter to Berlin, and now occupies a sta-

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tion in his house, between maid and house-keeper. Now you know all."

"But the letter?"

"True!—it would have touched you to see the affection it breathed; and the style was that of an educated person. Besides the counsels of an affectionate father, with regard to her future life, he gave her sensible advice about music; alluded to her rare voice, and the cultivation which, to the best of his ability, he had bestowed; with a delicate reference to the shocks to which her refined taste in music might be exposed in her new situation. Art, he said, was a revelation from God; and he entreated her not to display to vulgar eyes, the jewel she possessed! Keep it, he said, like a secret treasure; it may yield you happiness when all other sources are withheld, like the hidden fountain to the pilgrim in the desert! And she obeyed his counsels in her prudence. If she has erred, it has been in the sincerity of a pure and loving heart!"

To this relation, Louis listened with the deepest emotion. He felt that the desolate orphan could not be happy in the house of the good-natured, but frivolous Italians. He half formed a resolution in his own mind, but said nothing. During dinner little was said, Heissenheimer leading the conversation to indifferent subjects. When the cloth was removed, he said to his young friend—"I see this matter has impressed you as deeply as myself. But whatever may happen, promise me to take no step with regard either to Caroline, or her young mistress, without first consulting me." This was readily promised.

The evening came, and the hour for his customary visit to Signor Ricco. Louis, as he went, was far from being at his ease. He knew not, in the first place, how he would be received by Nina, after his abrupt departure the preceding night; nor was he satisfied what course he should himself pursue. All thoughts of becoming the fair girl's lover, he had of course abandoned. His passion had grown at first out of the belief that she was what a subsequent acquaintance had proved her not to be. His feelings towards Caroline, he could not define. He felt the warmest sympathy for her misfortunes, and a deep admiration of her talents; her gentle manners touched him, and he was conscious, not of love, but of a fraternal interest in her.

He went to the chapel-master's; Nina received him with even more than usual cordiality and cheerfulness, and seemed to have quite forgotten their late misunderstanding. Louis was absent and thoughtful, and even forgot to ask after Ricco, who did not appear, and who, his daughter at length said, had gone to a concert at the ambassador's. How much would he once have given for such an opportunity of tête-à-tête conversation! As there seemed to be some constraint, Nina proposed that he should accompany her in some new airs. They began with Mozart's great duet between Anna and Octavio, from Don Giovanni. She sang with readiness, but without that fire of inspiration, that loving sorrow, which breathe in every note. Then they sang a duet from Belmont and Constance; this also Nina performed with ease, but in as soulless a manner as the first. Louis went on with a species of desperation, and began with a duet from Fidelio; the young lady smiled, as if she were commending her own patience, and sang with such careless vivacity, that her guest's vexation was complete. With a displeasure he could scarcely conceal, he asked, "Had we not better sing a duet from Blangini?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Nina, apparently delighted, "we will have my favorite, '*Fra valli fra boschi!*'" And springing up, she sought for it in a pile of music.

Louis struck his head with his hand, and looked fixedly on the keys of the piano; he could have shed tears, but anger restrained him. Nina had found the notes, and stood looking at him for some time. At last she said gently—"No; it is better we should not sing; I see you do it unwillingly. Before you get into such a passion as last night, let us shut the piano, and go up stairs to tea. I have done my best to entertain you to-night, but I see it is in vain; you are dissatisfied with me!"

Her tone showed mortification; it moved our artist deeply, and he would have replied by a confession of his feelings, but was restrained by the thought that he might find Caroline in the tea-room, where she often sat with her work. He only answered, "Yes, it is better; I would rather hear no more after that last duet."

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They went up stairs: Caroline was indeed there: he observed her attentively; she seemed conscious of his looks, and anxious to avoid them. She went to prepare the tea; Louis congratulated himself on the superior discernment that enabled him to discover in her plain, and at first sight inexpressive features, the trace of that nobility of soul her singing had revealed. What speaking earnestness dwelt, doubtless, in those downcast eyes! His delight was that of the discoverer of a new land, abounding in unknown treasures. He rejoiced in the thought of offering her his hand, and elevating her to the sphere she was so well fitted to adorn. As she returned with the tea, he could not help fancying, from her apparent avoidance of his glances, that she was aware of his interest in her.

Nina did not complain of his abstraction; but did her part in the conversation with so much grace and sweetness, that the artist involuntarily sighed, regretting that a form so lovely contained no soul. It cost him a severe pang to give her up for ever.

Some time had passed in their monosyllabic discourse, when Nina suddenly started up, having forgotten to order lights, and quitted the room. Louis walked to the open window. His attention was an instant after arrested; he heard the voice of his unseen songstress. The sounds came from Ricco's music room.

Softly he opened the door, and passed through the room into another, which adjoined the music room. There, in darkness—for the blinds were closed—he drank in the rich melody. Caroline was singing the air from Mozart's Magic Flute—

"I feel 'tis gone, 'tis lost for aye,
The bliss of love," etc.

She sang in an under-tone; but this very suppression of her voice revealed so much, that our artist was deeply moved. He could no longer contain his emotion. Gently he opened the door of the room where she sat singing in darkness; and as the song ended, he threw himself at her feet, seized her hand, and pressed it to his burning lips. She sprang from the piano, terrified, snatched her hand away, and hurried out of the room.

Louis stood confused for a moment, then walked up and down the apartment filled with emotions of delight. Then he seated himself at the piano, and poured forth the feelings of his heart in music. Just at the height of his rapture the hall-door opened, and presently a loud voice cried, "No more of that; you play dissonances! Away with your Mozartish stuff!" It was Ricco. The artist rose, and saluted him with some embarrassment.

"What is the meaning of this Egyptian darkness?" cried the Italian; "and why are you playing here all alone?" He pushed open the doors, and the light shone in from the tea-room, where Nina was seated.

CHAPTER VI.

LATE as it was, Louis hastened to his friend Heissenheimer, and told him all that had occurred.

"You do injustice to my fair friend Nina," said the merchant; "she has kindness of heart, feeling, and"—

"No more of her!" interrupted the artist: "I have made up my mind what to do, and am determined to offer my hand to Caroline!"

"Well," said his old friend, "then I will say no more. But the how, and when? You had better do it in writing; for you cannot easily find an opportunity of speaking alone with her. I will be the bearer of your letter—your *postillon d'amour*."

Louis agreed with joy, and promised to bring the letter next morning.

After he had returned home, he considered the step he was about to take; and asked himself earnestly, if he believed *a noble apprehension and feeling for a noble art, a sufficient pledge for nobility and purity of soul?* He thought of instances in which the highest taste in art had seemed to be accompanied by a mean and unworthy spirit; but further attention convinced him that in all these cases the taste had been perverted or vitiated, or else the world's judgment had mistaken the character of the individuals.

After some reflection, he wrote a

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letter containing a formal offer of his hand to Caroline. He confessed his former partiality for Nina, and that his affection had been won by the feeling and soul evinced in her singing. On that security for mind and heart he was willing to rest the happiness of his life!

The letter was given next morning to Heissenheimer, who promised to deliver it. About noon, the impatient artist called again on the merchant, who had left for him the following note:

"DEAR LOUIS:

"Your letter was delivered; but I have no answer for you, for I could only slip it into Caroline's hand, her mistress being present. Ricco and his daughter are gone into the country. They sent to invite you to join them; but you were not at home. Pressing business prevents my seeing you. I send you information, however, as the circumstances may be favorable to you; it is possible you may find Caroline alone at the house. This evening I shall expect to hear from you.

"HEISSENHEIMER."

Our artist lost no time in hastening to the chapel-master's house. He rang, and rang; but no one admitted him. After several trials with the same success, he resolved to wait till evening, when Ricco and Nina might be expected to return. Caroline would then be certainly at home. Who knows, thought he, that she has not some friend, whom she has gone to consult?

He counted the hours impatiently, till it was quite dark; and stood again among the lindens opposite the house. The windows were open, but the curtains down; there was no light, a sure sign that the chapel-master had not returned. All at once he heard the sound of a piano. It must be Caroline, taking the opportunity of the absence of her master and mistress, to indulge herself in her beloved art!

Quickly, but noiselessly, Louis stole up the steps, entered at the door, and passed through the hall. He listened at the door leading into the room; she was singing, with her rich, expressive voice, the same song he had first heard. He could distinguish every word; the closing line being repeated with some variations. The whole song was unspeakably touching, and full of life, love, and hope, such as only a poetic spirit could express. It filled the listener, like magic, with a feeling of delicious sadness; the soft breath of spring, the whisper of love, could alone be compared with it!

Louis breathed quickly. Now is the time or never, thought he, and opened the door. There was only sufficient light in the room to show the outline of a female figure, sitting with drooping head before the piano.

The young man drew nigh, unobserved; and suddenly seizing her hand, "Caroline!" he cried, in a voice trembling with emotion. She started up; he still held her hand, and whispered, "Caroline, canst thou love me?"

The girl trembled, and placed the hand that was at liberty before her eyes. Her lover tried to remove it, and felt her burning tears upon his own. He pressed her to his bosom.

At last, she whispered softly, "Will you love me, questioning not who I am?" Louis kissed the lips that uttered these words, and replied, "For ever and ever!"

Leaning on the arm of the young man, the agitated girl led the way out of the music-room, and through two or three apartments, towards Nina's cabinet. As they stood before the door, she whispered again, "Grant me my first petition; close your eyes till the word is given to open them." Louis obeyed, in some surprise; they entered the cabinet; Caroline drew away her hand; they stood a moment still. At last, he heard a strange voice say, "Now, Louis!" and opened his eyes.

The room was lighted up; directly before him stood Heissenheimer; a few paces off, Ricco, supporting the form of a young girl, whose face was hid on his breast. The Italian seemed much moved, but did not utter a word.

Louis stood mute with surprise and embarrassment; at length, recollecting himself, he repeated anxiously the name of "Caroline!" The weeping girl lifted her face from Ricco's bosom, and turned towards him. It was NINA!

"Nina!" exclaimed the young man.

"Nina—Caroline—what you will," answered Heissenheimer; "but the self-same enchantress, whose song has won your heart."

"No! Is it possible? Oh, can I believe it!" cried Louis, looking bewildered around him.

"The same!" said Ricco. And Nina herself confirmed the truth.

No longer doubting, the artist seized

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her fair hand, and drew her gently to his breast. Long, long, he held her there in silence; amazement—love—unspeakable rapture—deprived him of the power of speech.

At last Ricco, who had been walking up and down the room in great emotion, broke the silence. "Young friend," he cried, "thou hast nobly borne the trial. Art is a divinity—and for the true artist, *no* sacrifice is too great! I vowed—and would have kept my vow—to give my daughter to no one who could not value her mind and heart beyond her outward charms! He who could admire the superficial, frivolous maiden, beautiful as she was, and wish for nothing more—would have been unworthy of her better self. Too often have I heard fair words in praise of art; too rarely does the action correspond; and he alone has right to upbraid his opponents with their want of discernment, who not only has better judgment, but suffers that judgment to guide his conduct. Now, take my girl if you will! I welcome you as my son!" Louis answered by embracing the kind old man.

When their feelings were in some measure calmed, Heissenheimer commenced his explanations.

"You have much to thank me for, young man! Till yesterday I was as much deceived as yourself, and was only let behind the scenes after my discovery. I would have you know, all was truth I told you about my hearing the music, and so forth; except that I surprised, not the maid Caroline, but our sweet friend Nina, while her father was accompanying her in the sweet song you heard a few moments since. There was no escape; both were brought to confession, and having them in my power, I stipulated that you should be kept no longer in suspense, else I know not how many fiery trials awaited you."

"It was my father's will, not mine!" cried Nina; "if you only knew how hard it was for me to play such a part!"

Louis answered by an expressive look; and Ricco said, deprecatingly, "My art—my child—my all, was at stake! We are told to be wise as the serpent."

"But if the issue had not been fortunate?" said the young man.

"Nothing venture—nothing win!" replied the Italian. "We all risked something. Let us rejoice that it has ended so happily."

"Only the poor village musician" said Heissenheimer, "has reason to complain, that I sent him out of the world so sentimentally, without asking his leave! Doubtless he would not be much obliged to me—for to-day is his birth-day, and his daughter Caroline is gone to pay him a visit. But what think you, fair lady, of our friend as a physiognomist! Here he has been finding out that your features were inexpressive—and those of Caroline very interesting!"

"Do not make sport of me!" cried Louis "you were as much in the dark till yesterday as myself."

"Well!" said the old merchant—"at least I shall claim a kiss for my reward as *postillon d'amour!*"

"Come," interrupted the chapel-master; "let us adjourn to the little back room, where we may find something to eat!" They went, Nina leading the way, leaning on the arm of her lover. The "little back room" was a private cabinet, the window of which opened on a small garden in the rear of the house. Here was an excellent instrument, by which Ricco was accustomed to compose, and his daughter to sing. A large book-case contained, in rich binding, the works of celebrated composers, of the old Italian school, down to the latest. There was Palestrina, Lulli, &c., and also Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Portraits of the great masters hung round the walls; the bust of MOZART stood on the book-case.

Louis believed himself in a sanctuary! The fair priestess stood by his side, and smiled upon him. Her usual frank and lively manner was exchanged for something of a timidity and reserve; but love beamed in her eyes, and kindly regard was expressed in the looks of all present. Heissenheimer was the first to recover his vivacity; and he brought them back to this world by protesting that he was inordinately hungry and thirsty. He should prefer a flask of good Johannisberger to all the dews of Castaly! And they would not forget to drink the health of all the divinities of love and music; yea, the present company included, besides the poor village musician and his daughter Caroline, who certainly ought to have a share in their good wishes!

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THE HEART'S BRIDAL.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF CARLO NOVELLI.)

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Wrong me not by hasty censure,
  For all utterance is denied;
Clear would be each doubtful action
  Were it mine to call thee bride!

Could my heart yield full expression,
  Conscience seal my lips no more,
Not a cloud the view would darken
  Which thy gaze might then explore.

No blind, fitful adoration,
  Too ungoverned long to bless,
No emotion self-consuming,
  Vanquished by its own excess;—

But a true, abiding solace,
  Like the breath of native air,
To my consciousness for ever
  Doth thy grateful presence wear!

Passion's tropic heart may foster
  Seeds that chance has scattered wide,
And the barques that Fancy launches,
  Rise and fall on Pleasure's tide.

But when absence doth but hallow
  All communion e'er reveals,
And long silence only deepens
  What a sense of right conceals;—

When the wasted spirits freshen,
  And contentment re-appears,
As if then was first discovered
  The true good which life endears;—

Are such tokens quite unreal?
  May not faith herein repose?
Do we gather grapes of thistles?
  Is it not our star that glows?

Trust, companionship, devotion,
  Frankest interchange of thought,
Tenderness restrained by duty,
  Sympathy that comes unsought;—

Ardor veiled by casual doings,
  Pleadings hid in accents mild,
While of life we reason wisely,
  Feeling simply as a child;—

Are not these the best espousals,
  Such as God confirms above?
And if barred all fond caresses,
  Have we not enduring Love?

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MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

The commercial affairs of the country, which were supposed to have been settled permanently through the Compromise Act of Feb., 1833, under an implied pledge that the minimum duties of that tariff were never to be exceeded, after 1842, except for purposes of revenue, have been, during the past two years, powerfully disturbed, through the bold attempts of a class of citizens to obtain special privileges at the expense of the country at large. The unfortunate result of the election of 1840 laid the foundation of the pretence of the successful party, that the people sanctioned the imposition of taxes for other purposes than to raise the means of defraying the necessary expenses of the Federal Government. The effect has been, to disorganize business, to dislocate all the channels of trade, to produce an artificial movement of capital, to reduce prices, and, finally, to involve all dealers in losses so disastrous as to paralyze their movements and stagnate commerce. The last year has been one of decline in prices so continuous, and of investments so unfortunate, that had business been conducted with the proportion of banking credits employed in years gone by, the bank failures and monetary revulsion must have exceeded those of any former period, not even excepting the years 1836-7, 1839-40. The progress of affairs was evinced to a very great extent in the table of prices current contained in our number for August. The fall in prices of all agricultural productions will average, from the 1st of November, 1843, to November 1st, 1844, twenty-five per cent., and has involved all dealers in serious losses, in no article more than in cotton. The present tariff commenced its operations October 1st, 1842, and consequently, up to the 1st of October, 1844, had been two years in operation. In the year 1843, a very great stagnation prevailed in all departments of business. The cotton market was heavy and falling; the import trade had not been less since the war; agricultural produce very low; the purchasers of goods for consumption very limited, and a general absence of enterprise was apparent. Even protected manufactured goods fell so low in money value that Lowell goods were sold in London. The result of this general business apathy was, that money being thrown out of employ, accumulated to a great extent at the centres of business and the rate of interest fell very low in October, 1843. This abundance of money induced of itself a renewed speculative movement in general business, which movements have all turned out disastrously, because not sound in principle. The progress of the import trade is indicated in the following official table of the quarterly customs received into the Treasury of the States:—

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS' REVENUE.

	1843.	1844.
Two quarters ending April 1,	$6,867,941	$11,506,176
Third quarter ending July 1,	4,106,039	8,471,000
Fourth quarter ending October 1,	6,132,272	10,750,000
Total duties,	$17,106,252	$30,727,176
Dutiable goods,	48,739,984	90,132,240

The imports, although comparatively small, have paid a high tax, the effect of which has been to draw large sums from the importers into the hands of the government, and the United States deposits with the banks have prospered as follows:—

TOTAL UNITED STATES DEPOSITS.

	New York Banks.	Boston.	Phil.	All others.	Total.
June 24,	4,384,161	1,516,585	688,843	1,857,854	8,747,443
July 29,	5,274,229	1,403,321	944,254	2,407,808	10,029,612
August 26,	6,103,501	1,772,685	1,036,885	2,757,924	11,670,995
September 23,	6,335,135	1,989,116	917,125	4,633,915	13,875,291
October 28,	5,372,005	2,138,297	927,711	5,382,238	13,820,251
November 25,	3,530,118	2,100,979	......	7,281,804	12,293,287

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This tax, $30,727,176, levied upon goods under cash duties, is a sum advanced by the importers to the government, for which they are to reimburse themselves by adding to it the cost of their goods when they sell them to consumers. It has, however, so turned out, that although the imports have been made in the hope of favorable sales, yet that hope has been disappointed, and serious losses have overtaken the merchants, probably equal to the whole sum advanced by them to the government, say $25,000,000. The fall trade failed to meet the anticipations of the dealers, and they reduced their importations to an extent which diminished the revenue from $4,185,268 in the month of August, to $900,000 in the month of November. The expenses are about $2,500,000 per month. Hence the above table of deposits gives a diminution in the surplus, instead of a large increase as in every previous month. This was the course of the import trade under the full operation of the tariff for two years.

At the time the import trade began to swell in 1842, a great movement in cotton also commenced. It was supposed that the crop would turn out sufficiently less than the yield of the previous year, to warrant speculative purchases. The supply of cheap capital withdrawn from regular business, gave the means, and operations commenced by buying the cotton to hold on this side of the Atlantic. The progress of the speculation is evinced in the following table :—

RECEIPTS, EXPORTS, AND STOCKS OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES.

	Sept. 1st. to 1843.	Feb. 1st. 1844.	To April 1st, 1843.	1844.
Receipts, (bales)	1,333,801	1,008,039	1,943,385	1,546,372
Exports,	835,359	374,583	1,296,691	619,264
Stock on hand,	371,559	510,992	446,44	722,399

Up to April 1st it appears one-half of the whole receipts were retained here: while in the preceding year scarcely more than one quarter was held here. The progress of prices in the New York market was as follows :

	Oct. 14, 1843.	Feb. 14, 1834.	April 3.	June 5.	Sept. 7.
N. O. Ordinary	6¾ *a* 7	9 *a* 9¼	7¼ *a* 7⅝	5⅞ *a* 6¼	5¼ *a* 5½
" Middling	7¼ *a* 7½	9⅛*a* 9¾	7¾ *a* 8	7⅜ *a* 7⅛	5¾ *a* 6
" Fair	8½ *a* 8¾	10⅛*a*10¾	8¾ *a* 8⅞	8 *a* 8¼	7¼ *a* 7½
" Good Fair	9½ *a*10⅛	11¼*a*12¼	9¼ *a*10⅜	9 *a* 10	8¼ *a* 9¼
Average	8 *a*8 7-16	10 *a*10¾	8¼ *a* 8⅝	7¾ *a* 7⅞	6¾ *a* 7

The advance in cotton to Feb. 14, was 25 per cent. The average purchases were 9 cts. The average from that time to April 3, was also 9 cents, at which rate 1,600,000 bales received up to that time cost $57,600,000, on which a loss of 20 per cent., or $11,520,000, was sustained by the fall in price, which was precipitated at the moment the stock held was the largest, by the combination of the Manchester spinners. On the 600,000 bales, subsequently received, a loss of fully $3,000,000 was suffered, making $14,520,000 positive loss to a certain class of dealers, growing directly out of the absurd movements of the government in interfering with the course of trade. This money was loaned by individual houses mostly; but, had the trade turned on bank facilities, as in the year 1839, when a similar speculation took place, a ruin, as extended as was apparent in that year, would have been manifest; as it was, a few houses only have failed. We have here two items of loss. In the import trade, $25,000,000, and in cotton near $15,000,000, making $40,000,000. The markets for agricultural produce have presented the same features. The prices of the leading articles, during the year, have, in the New York market, been as follows :

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	Oct. 1843.	Feb. 14.	June 5.	Sept. 28.
Ashes, Pots,	$4 50 a —	4 75 a —	4 25	4 — a 4 25
Pork, O. Mess,	10 87 a 11 00	9 25 a 9 62	8 50 a 8 62	8 93 a 9 00
Beef, "	6 50 a 6 75	5 87 a 6 25	5 00 a 5 50	5 00 a 5 50
Cheese,	4½a 5½	4½a 5½	3 a 5½	4½a 5½
Butter,	12½a 15	15 a 16	11 a 15	8½a 11
Wool, half,	25 a 27	36 a 38	34 a 36	36 a 38
Wheat,	92 a 95	1 00 a 1 05	95 a 98	85 a 90
Lard,	5½a 8	6 a 7¼	5½a 6¼	5¼a 6½
Lead,	3 37 a 3 45	3 50 a —	3 40 a 3 45	3 95 a 4 —
Hams,	5 a 6½	8 a 9½	3½a 7	4 a 7
Whiskey,	24 a 25	23 a 24	23 a 23½	24 a 25
Corn,	— a 53	50 a 51	50	50 a 51
Tobacco, leaf,	3 a 6½	2½a 6½	2 a 5	2½a 6

The value of these articles, coming through the Erie canal, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans, was as follows:

Arrived at New Orleans, ...	$36,716,538
At tide water, Erie Canal, ...	20,588,118
Total at two points, ...	$57,304,656

As much more was received at all other points, making $114,609,312, on which a loss from falling prices of full 10 per cent. has been sustained, making near $12,000,000. The result has, then, been nearly as follows:

Loss on imported goods, ...	$25,000,000
" cotton, ...	15,000,000
" Agricultural produce, ...	12,000,000
Total loss by different dealers, ...	$52,000,000

In the case of cotton, the high prices paid to the different dealers went into the pockets of planters, and were a benefit to them. In the case of produce, however, the highest prices paid scarcely remunerated the farmers, and the subsequent loss sustained by dealers was purely a bounty to manufacturers, whose goods have advanced 20 per cent. on a value of $200,000,000, or $40,000,000, and this small class alone have felt any actual improvement in business, and their profits have been in proportion. This state of affairs has checked investments of capital in all directions except in that of manufactures. The artificial movement produced thereby has again received a new direction by the change of policy on the part of the government, supposed to be involved in the result of the late elections, and attention is again turned to commercial enterprises and general trade, to which the door is opened in a legitimate way. A slight paralysis is the consequence of this change, accompanied by a diminished demand for money, but it can by no means be the cause of a scarcity of money. The quantity of money in the country can be diminished as affairs have been for the last few years, only by sending a portion of it out of the country. In the year 1843, some $22,000,000 were imported, and up to October of the present year, the imports had exceeded the exports. The unfortunate state of the cotton market abroad at that time, was productive of the failure of a cotton house, and the return of a quantity of bills. The amount returned was not large, but in the state of affairs, was sufficient to discredit bills generally based on cotton, and to induce remitters rather to pay more for specie, than to run the risk of bills being returned, through a fall in the price of the cotton against which they are drawn. These circumstances occurring at a season of the year when the remittances are the largest, and the supply of bills the smallest, have induced the export of some $4,000,000 of specie, mostly silver, with every indication that it will soon be returned, when the cotton season shall have further advanced. Considerable sums have in the mean

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time been received from Mexico and South America, at New Orleans, and other cities. Probably for the year; the amount of exports of money does not greatly exceed that of the imports, notwithstanding which, the rate of money has considerably advanced, and the banks of New York have become very chary of their loans. This has arisen, however, more from the action of the government banks, than from any other cause. The continual changing of investments, to which we have in former numbers alluded, has the effect of producing alternate contractions and expansions, although the quantity of money remains the same. The movement of all the banks of New York State has been as follows:

Banks of New York State.

	Capital.	*Loans.*	*Stocks.*	*Specie.*	*Balance due Banks.*	*Circulation.*	*Deposits.*
January,							
1831,	$27,555,264	$57,689,704	$395,809	$2,657,503	$4,310,936	$17,820,408	$19,119,338
1836,	31,281,461	72,826,111	803,159	6,224,646	3,892,314	21,127,927	20,088,685
1837,	37,101,460	79,313,188	1,794,152	6,557,020	2,630,569	24,198,000	30,883,179
1838,	36,611,460	60,999,770	2,795,207	4,139,732	2,025,292	12,460,652	15,221,860
1839,	36,801,460	68,300,486	911,623	9,355,495	1,222,158	19,373,149	18,370,044
1840,	52,028,781	67,057,067	5,464,120	7,000,520	1,031,419	14,220,304	20,051,224
1841,	51,630,280	60,230,130	6,738,000	6,536,240	1,302,000	18,456,230	20,678,279
1842,	44,310,000	56,380,073	10,291,239	5,329,857	883,099	13,949,504	17,063,774
1843,	43,950,137	52,348,467	12,446,087	8,477,076	7,771,112	12,031,871	19,100,415
1843, Aug.	43,019,577	58,593,081	12,320,987	14,091,779	10,611,940	14,520,843	24,679,230
Nov.	43,369,152	61,514,120	11,665,311	11,502,789	4,942,514	17,213,101	27,389,160
1844.							
Feb.	43,649,887	65,418,762	11,052,458	10,086,542	5,343,845	16,335,401	29,026,415
May,	43,462,311	70,161,068	10,362,330	9,455,161	7,650,803	18,364,331	30,742,289
Aug.	43,443,005	71,673,929	10,648,211	10,191,974	7,744,118	18,091,324	28,757,122
Nov.	43,618,607	73,091,788	10,773,678	8,968,092	5,664,110	20,152,219	30,391,622

The deposits and circulation range very near the highest points they have ever reached. The amount of money furnished by these New York Banks within the year has increased 25 per cent., or near $4,000,000, and their specie has diminished about 10 per cent. The highest amount of specie was in August, 1843. The change in the city and country Banks since then has been comparatively as follows:

	City Banks.		Country Banks.	
	August 1840.	Nov. 1844.	August 1840.	Nov. 1844.
Loans...	$36,514,332	42,600,514	22,078,749	30,491,274
Specie....	12,965,944	8,082,277	1,125,835	885,815
Circulation	5,308,525	6,231,272	9,212,318	13,920,941
Deposits..	23,475,641	25,208,490	1,203,589	5,183,132

The principal increase has been on the part of the country Banks, as is usually the case at this season of the year. They have a circulation of near $14,000,000, turning upon a very small amount of specie in their own vaults, as they depend upon their city credits for the redemption of their bills to a very considerable extent. The accumulation of government funds in certain of the city Banks gave an impulse to expansion, which spread itself speedily over the State, and the quantity of money as furnished by the country Banks has increased in 15 months near $5,000,000, and the loans of the Banks $8,000,000. The time has now arrived when the government money has been removed suddenly from the city Banks, and a violent curtailment is the result. As above stated, the surplus revenue has not increased since September 23, in consequence of diminished customs receipts. Previously to that date, the largest proportion of the deposits was kept in New York, where they were collected. This, however, produced competitors for the use of the public money, and it began to be transferred to other sections, particularly to Washington, where, in June last, the Banks held but $455,757. That amount in November had risen to $2,684,064, and an individual broker's house at Washington had also succeeded in obtaining $1,445,013 of the public money, to be loaned out for individual

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profit. Thus making $2,510,378 of the public money collected in New York and transferred to Washington, seemingly for no object of public utility. The New York Banks, on the 28th October, as seen in the above table, held $5,372,005, and a large portion of this was transferred to other cities, to prepare for the government loan, falling due on the 1st January, and amounting to $5,674,996; a part of this loan had been previously paid, $234,000, during the quarter ending September 30th, 1844. The withdrawal of this money from the New York Banks was productive of a powerful contraction. The situation of the government Banks, as compared with the other city Banks, was as follows:

	August 1843.		August 1844.		November.	
	Loans.	Specie.	Loans.	Specie.	Loans.	Specie.
Amer. Ex. Bank,	$2,349,175	274.188	2,862,162	404,935	2,821,979	1g7,783
Merchants' Bank,	3,786,240	1,992,410	3.768,323	1,219,559	3,381,354	959,597
Bank of America,	3,646,443	2,048,261	4,566,147	1,611,289	4,384,852	1,162,735
" Commerce	2,848,265	1,530,656	4,550,598	1,101.851	4,275,113	1,163,906
Total,	12,630,123	5,845,515	15,747,250	4,337,634	14,863,298	3,493,323
Other city Banks,	23,884,209	7,120,429	28,482,607	4,835,768	27,797,216	4,586,954

The large amount of specie held by the three government Banks in August, 1843, when the American Exchange Bank was not a deposite Bank was occasioned by the $12,000,000 loan, then recently paid in and remaining on deposit. The continued large deposits with those institutions enabled them to increase their loans 25 per cent., while all the other Banks pushed theirs in a lower ratio. Immediately after the return for November, they were called upon for the government money, and they were compelled to contract. This occurring simultaneously with a small export of specie, contributed to the manufactured panic consequent upon the result of the election, and the stock market, being unsupported at a time when sales took place of large amounts of stocks that had been purchased on time by speculators, under the hope that the success of the Whig party at the election would produce a gambling rise in prices, gave way, and rates fell 10 to 15 per cent. This artificial action of the stock market was then pointed to as an indication of loss of confidence among capitalists. So far, however, from there being any cause for gloomy apprehensions, the general prospect was never more propitious than now. Money in England continues very abundant, and its trade is rapidly advancing, leading to an increased consumption of American produce, thereby ensuring a continued abundance of money here. In the United States the crops of all kinds have been very abundant, and now, instead of the energies of the people being confined by action of law to one branch of industry, that of manufactures, all the channels of trade will alike be open to individual enterprise. The condition of the revenue of the Federal Government will make it necessary to reduce those duties which are now prohibitive in their operation. The revenues and expenses of the government for the year ending September 30th, were as follows:

UNITED STATES REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES.

Revenue.	6 months to April 1.	Quarter ending June 30.	Quarter ending September 30.	Total year.
Customs....	$11,506,176	8,471,000	10,750,000	30,727,176
Lands......	1,148,182	500,500	450,000	2,098,682
Treasury Notes	1,919,800	25,000		1,944,800
Loan.......	4,241			4,241
Miscellaneous	57,337	50,000	25,500	132,837
Total........	14,635,736	9,046,500	11,225,500	34,907,736
Expenses.				
Civ. Mis. & For.	3,016,569	1,280,778	1,411,052	5,708,399
Military......	3,621,313	1,692,978	3,277,995	8,592,289
Naval........	2,825,483	1,309,481	1,906,206	6,082,170
Int'st of debt..	551,879	55,808	81,404	1,171,091
Paid loan 1841			234,600	234,600
T'y notes and int.	3,403,963	1,063,975	322,586	4,790,534
Total........	13,419,207	5,876,032	7,233,846	26,529,083

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For reasons given in the fore part of this article, the customs are now reduced to an extent which threatens to compel the government again to become a borrower, by the close of the coming session of Congress. After the debt due January, 1845, shall have been paid according to notice given, so far, however, from such a modification being in any degree detrimental to business prosperity, it must tend eminently to promote it. Ship-building, and all connected with external commerce, have already evince dsigns of returning activity. A modification of the tariff now will be unattended with any disadvantage to the manufacturing interests, because capital was not embarked in it to any considerable extent, and the renewed and increased exports of agricultural produce, that will inevitably attend an enhanced external trade, will promote an effective demand for goods. When the compromise act of 1833 was passed, a main argument in favor of a gradual reduction extending over a period of ten years, was, that during the preceding four years, considerable capital had been tempted into manufactures on the strength of government protection, and a gradual reduction was necessary to protect them against loss. The effect of this was two-fold, viz. to prevent further investments of capital in manufactures, thereby ensuring to those already in the business a monopoly, and to induce capital to embark in commerce. Now at the expiration of the compromise act the latter capital was equally entitled to protection, yet utterly regardless of its position the tariff was advanced from a level of 20 to 36 per cent. The uncertainty which has attended the present tariff on account of its ultra character, has prevented the employment of capital under its provisions. So far, therefore, from a modification being an injury to any class, it is only a matter of justice to the commercial interests, whose rights were disregarded in 1842. The manufactures already in operation will, by a modification of duties, be protected from those speculative investments of capital, which would become alike ruinous to men as well as to established manufactures. Capital will always seek the most profitable employment. If the government interferes and makes one branch of business more profitable than another, it can only be temporarily so, because the eager desire to take advantage of those privileges will soon nullify the effects, and make that business less profitable than others. The interests of all classes now in the United States, require that the immense surplus of agricultural produce now here and yearly accumulating through the industry of four-fifths of the people, would find sale abroad. An extensive sale of produce promotes the welfare of all consumers of goods, and therefore the interests of the makers of those goods. The number of people in the United States is now not far from 19,000,000. The number employed in cotton manufacture is 72,119. The quantity of cotton consumed last year was equal to 406,979,220 yards of cloth, and there were imported 15,882,120 yards, making a consumption of 421,979,220 yards, or 22 yards per head for the population per annum. Now, if through large sales of produce, the consumption of cotton could be raised to 30 yards per head, an increased demand for 152,000,000 yards would take place, the effect of which would be much better for the manufacturing and all other interests, than a diminution of consumption through inability to purchase, as has been the case last year.

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MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The long looked-for "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition," during the years 1838–42, by Lieut. Wilkes, is now hastening towards its completion. There are to be two editions of the work printed, and issued simultaneously; one to consist of five quarto volumes, with highly finished steel engravings and numerous other wood illustrations; the other to be produced in the octavo size, including also the plates. The former impression will be limited, and is designed for distribution by Congress to foreign powers and public institutions; the latter for public circulation. Lea & Blanchard are the publishers, and we learn that the entire work will probably be ready next month. This noble monument of artistic and scientific skill will exhibit a munificent liberality on the part of the United States in the cause of geographical science. It will be issued in a style of superior magnificence and beauty, embracing sixty-eight large steel engravings, forty-six exquisite steel vignettes, worked with the letter-press, over three hundred finely executed wood cuts, thirteen large and small maps and charts, and about twenty-five hundred pages of letter-press.

D. Appleton & Co. are preparing for immediate publication M. Michelet's Complete History of France, translated by G. H. Smith, F.G.S.; (the first part is just ready.)

Rural Economy, translated from the French of Boussaingault.

Recent Improvements in Arts, Manufactures, and Mines (being a Supplement to his Dictionary), by Andrew Ure, M. D., with near two hundred engravings.

A New Dictionary of the English Language, by Andrew Reid, of Edinburgh.

The same firm have just issued Mrs. Embury's exquisitely embellished work, entitled "Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers in their Native Haunts." This is generally admitted to be the *queen* book of the season, and is one of the most elegant specimens of bibliography yet produced in this country.

"The Book of the Army," and the "Book of the Indians," two illustrated volumes, by Prof. Frost, have also appeared, and will doubtless meet with a ready welcome from a large class of readers.

"The Keepsake for 1845," and "The Rose, or Affection's Gift," are quite worthy their predecessors. The same might be said of "The Gift," "The Opal," "The Literary Souvenir," &c., &c.

Of the English Annuals for 1845, "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" deserves particular notice, for its attractions, as also "The Keepsake," both general favorites, but this year their claims seem to outvie those of former volumes.

As we have not space, however, to enumerate the several titles of these elegant works designed for presents, we cannot perhaps do a more acceptable service to our friends, especially those who reside in the city and suburbs, than to advise a visit to the beautiful and costly display of these literary treasures to be found at the establishment of our worthy publisher, Mr. Langley, No. 8 Astor House, where not only every *variety* may be obtained, but combined with this the advantages of economy.

Velpeau's great work on Surgery, edited by Dr. Mott, the first volume of which has been so long, though unavoidably, delayed for the receipt of valuable recent materials from M. Velpeau and others, is now ready, and comprises what is technically styled Minor Surgery. It is accompanied by numerous finely executed wood engravings. The two remaining volumes will follow in course of the spring. (H. G. Langley, publisher.)

Mr. Owen, of Cambridge, has in press a new little volume by Longfellow, entitled "The Waif," a collection of fugitive poems. New editions of his other poetical works are also just ready; some in illuminated covers.

Mr. Lowell's Poems, which have been so favorably reviewed by the British press, have passed into a third edition. He has also a new prose volume, "Conversations upon the old English Poets and Dramatists," nearly ready.

Dr. Guy's "Medical Jurisprudence," which has been so long delayed for the publication of the third part in London, is now rapidly passing through the press of Langley, who will issue the American edition of this valuable work forthwith, embodying much additional matter from the pen of Dr. Charles A. Lee.

E. Dunigan has in press a new work from the accomplished pen of Dr. Con-

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stantine Pise, entitled "Saint Ignatius and his first Companions." We hear this will be an elegant volume.

The cheap "Douay Bible," by the same publisher, is in course of publication. The 14th number is now out—24 will complete the work. It is beautifully embellished.

Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of England," which has just appeared, will be welcomed as a rich contribution of poetic gems. This selection, from the writings of the British Poets of the age, differs from all its predecessors in more than one important particular, and, if on no other account, is especially valuable as comprising the best specimens of many of the minor poets of the present day not generally known this side the Atlantic. Such is the critical acumen discovered in these selections, that scarcely a page is to be found but is redolent with beauties, and the volume itself may be regarded as a galaxy of literary pearls.

"The Pictorial Definer," by Miss Ormer, accompanied by about one thousand cuts, is to appear in a few days, from the press of J. C. Riker.

A new work by Dr. Thomas Dick, author of "Celestial Scenery," &c., entitled "Practical Astronomy," is now in press, and will be published simultaneously by Harper & Brothers, New York, who have purchased an early copy of the author at a liberal price.

Carey & Hart will publish "Thiers' Life of Napoleon;" having purchased the right to an early copy from the French publisher, who pays M. Thiers, it is said, 500,000 francs ($100,000) for the copyright. The American publishers will issue editions both in French and English, simultaneously with the Paris publisher.

Mr. Hawkins, of Quebec, has in press a new and improved edition of "Guide to the Canadas," a work of good repute, and in fact the only one of any note descriptive of the British provinces. Quebec indeed owes this gentleman no mean obligation for the assiduity and diligent investigation he has bestowed in collecting historical and antiquarian information respecting that famous city; famous among other things for having been the site of the heroic death of the gallant Montgomery, a monument to whose glorious struggle he has erected recently on the very spot where he fell, and which is important as accurately determining a question heretofore somewhat in doubt.

Saxton, Peirce, & Co., Boston, have just issued some beautiful little specimens of literary *bijouterie*: "The Love Gift for 1845," being an elegant selection of poetic gems, mostly from the early writers, of a chivalric and amatory class, embellished with an emblazoned title-page. Also a series of miniature volumes, consisting of poetic selections; and a novel and well-written volume of a moral and religious kind, entitled "The Tongue of Time, or the Language of a Church Clock," by Rev. W. Harrison; from the second London edition, with frontispiece representing the dial of Westminster Abbey.

In the November number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, we observe in a paper entitled "Desultory Notes on Desultory Readings," some very unjust and illiberal remarks upon the respective claims of "Dr. Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine," in connection with the republication by Dr. Dunglison, of "The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine." Now everybody is aware that Dr. Copland is the most eminent living instance of self-sacrificing assiduity and devotion to medical science in the world, having spent about twenty years of his life on this herculean performance; whereas the latter has earned his reputation mainly by his adroitness in collecting and appropriating whatever may be deemed valuable in the joint labors of the whole medical profession of Europe. It is true, the latter has *tact*, a faculty which generally brings its emolument, but a discrimination should be made between an attribute of so subordinate a kind, and the undoubted indications of true *genius*, coupled with the most patient and unwearied mental industry. Dr. Copland's great work, which is now in course of republication, under the editorial supervision of Prof. C. A. Lee, will become an enduring monument of the colossal labor and wonderful ability of its esteemed author; and we are happy to know that his work is now rapidly approximating to so desirable a consummation.

Two or three new magazines are announced for the year: *Mr. Simms' Southern Monthly*, a political and literary work. A new candidate for popular favor is rumored to be forthcoming, under the editorial auspices of Park Benjamin; and a new series much improved of "Sears' Family Magazine," based on the plan of Chambers' Journal, the London Penny Magazine, and other works of their class.

New editions, finely embellished, of two favorite Juveniles have just appeared; "*Robin Hood, and his merry foresters,*"

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with brilliantly colored plates; and the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," abridged for youth, with numerous cuts.

The New York Mercantile Library Association has nearly ready for publication a new and complete Catalogue of its highly valuable collection of Books. An edition embracing the many important additions to the Library since the last catalogue was issued is much wanted, and the new one, we understand, is to be full, precise, and carefully arranged.

A second part of Mr. Schoolcraft's "Oneota," or Red race of America, their history, traditions, customs, poetry, picture-writing, &c., is now ready; the interest increases as the work progresses, and we are happy to learn that its popularity is also rapidly extending.

The Primitive Church, or the records and events of the early history of the Church—is the title of a forthcoming volume in the press of Mr. W. Dodd.

John S. Taylor & Co. have in press the following:—"The Rockite," a tale by Charlotte Elizabeth; the Collected Poems of the same popular authoress, in one volume, printed uniformly with their cabinet series of her works. The same firm have just issued a handsome library edition of Blair's Sermons, the five volumes of the English edition complete in one octavo volume. The eloquent and classical author of "Lectures on the Belles Lettres and Rhetoric," cannot fail of being a most welcome guest with every lover of polite learning. Whether we regard these finished productions as models of elegant diction, for their pure and elevated religious sentiment, or as admirable Sunday readings for the family fireside, we know not a better volume that could be named. We are happy to find that at last a publisher has been found to appreciate the riches of such a writer, and to give them to the community at so moderate a cost.

An extended, *good-natured*, and interesting article, has recently appeared in the "Colonial and Foreign Review," on American works of fiction. After reviewing the *English* school of romance, the writer refers to the leading novelists of our own land, meting out the measure of praise and censure according to the unquestionable standard of *English* excellence. Irving enjoys the highest rank, and is deemed unexceptionable; while the merits and demerits of Cooper are freely discussed. Willis, Mrs. and Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Clavers, and especially Hawthorne, receive very flattering commendations. The reviewer says of the latter, "He has caught the true fantastic spirit which somewhere or other exists in every society, be it ever so utilitarian and practical, linking the seen to the unseen, the matter-of-fact to the imaginative. To such a mind the commonest things become suggestive; the oldest truths appear clad in a new garb of 'grace and pleasure.' He has a vein of temperate and poetical elegance of imagery, the like of which is possessed by none of our writers of prose—Mrs. Southey perhaps excepted. As a recounter of mere legends, Mr. Hawthorne claims high praises: he reminds us of Tieck, in spite of the vast difference of material used by the two artists." Lavish, however, as our critic is in his awards to a few of the prominent pens of America, he fails not to rebuke our neglect in leaving unexplored those vast and almost inexhaustible treasures of romance—the half-buried cities of the peninsula of Yucatan, and the almost equally extinct red men of our forest wilds.

An interesting account is given in the *London Britannia*, of the recent literary soirée of the Messrs. Chambers, the well-known publishers of Edinburgh. Some 200 were present, including Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Prof. Simpson, Dr. Samuel Browne, and others of literary repute. The rapid and astonishing rise of the brothers Chambers, is almost without a parallel; about a dozen years since, they were compositors in a printing office, now they are the proprietors of one of the largest establishments of the kind in the world. Their warehouses are so extensive that the bindery alone will accommodate some 200 persons: the buildings are *eleven stories in height*, being situate on the side of a hill. Each floor is appropriated to a particular branch of the business; the compositors' room, the press-room, the stereotyping department, the binding, publishing, and the editorial rooms. The circulation of Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal* is ninety thousand weekly; thirteen thousand of their *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, and of their *Educational Series*, some fifty thousand. The total quantity of printed sheets issued of their several publications were estimated at about *seven millions annually*. Clowes's marvellous establishment connected with Charles Knight's publications in London—which is the largest in the world—Chambers' in Edinburgh, and Harpers'

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in New York, form the great fountain-head of the *current* literature of the age.

*** It is with unfeigned regret that we notice the recent decease of the well-known author and medical practitioner, Dr. Samuel Forry, of this city. His career as a writer in physical science was as brilliant as it has been brief, his age being thirty-three years. Few have earned such distinguished reputation in so short a space; to whose arduous labors even the renowned Humboldt has avowed his obligation, referring to the patient study and toil evinced in his able production on the "Climate of the United States, and its Endemic Influences," &c. We are gratified to find so generous and spontaneous a demonstration of respect to his memory, made by his professional brethren, in the proposed erection of a monument over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery. At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society, a tribute to his memory was also spoken.

ENGLISH.

The following work of M. Thiers, his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," being the Sequel to his "Memoirs of the French Revolution," is eagerly sought after by the London publishers. Bentley and Colburn, usually sworn to rivalry in their business operations, each announce its translation. The former pays for the priority, however. There is a third edition advertised by Whittaker.

Mr. Dickens' new Christmas book is entitled "The Chimes! a Goblin Story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in." It will appear forthwith, and be republished here in a dozen different forms, and within twenty days of its appearance in London.

second volume of Mrs. Hamilton Gray's "History of Etruria," has just been issued; also a new novel or two, viz., "Hampton Court, an Historical Romance;" "The Chevalier, a Romance of the Rebellion of 1745;" "The Lawyers in Love," by the Author of "Cavendish;" "Hillingdon Hall, a Tale of Country Life;" another from the pen of Mrs. Trollope, entitled "Young Love," which is now issued; also a new production by Fraser, "The Dark Falcon, a Tale of the Attruck."

"The Diaries and Correspondence of Lord Malmesbury," edited by his grandson, the present Earl, which the *Spectator* considers among the most interesting and valuable documents that have recently been published.

The first volume of the "Nelson Papers" has also just appeared, in a handsome octavo volume. Two more will complete the work.

Another work of this class, "The Life, Progress, and Rebellion of James Duke of Monmouth," &c., by George Roberts, is on the eve of appearing.

The first volume of Professor F. H. Wilson's Continuation of Mill's "India: Bokhara, its Amir and its People," a timely work, from the Russian of Khanikoff.

Borrer's "Journey from Naples to Jerusalem," and De Bode's "Travels in Juristan and Arabistan, being a Tour through South Western Persia in 1840-41," are about also speedily to be issued.

Mr. Lever (Harry Lorrequer) has another serial wherewith to begin the year.

"A Guide for the Over-Land Traveller to India, via Egypt," by Capt. J. Barber.

"The Correspondence and Despatches of the Great Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712," edited by Sir George Murray, is to be speedily produced in six octavos, uniformly with the "Wellington Despatches;" also the "Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, the State Keeper of Napoleon," edited by his Son.

"Memoirs of Father Matteo Ripa during Thirteen Years' Residence at Pekin;" and a "Narrative of the Voyage of Discovery by Captain Ross, in the Southern and Antarctic Seas, during the years 1839-43," in which some disclosures are said to conflict with portions of Captain Wilkes's forthcoming production, are also among the latest announcements.

The present publishing season, indeed, teems with historical and biographical works, far beyond the average of such productions. We observe, in addition, the following:—

"The Correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill, Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of St. James to the Duke of Savoy, in the Reign of Queen Anne," edited by Rev. W. Blackley.

Lord Mahon's long-promised "Life of the Great Condé," is about to appear; and a curious work from the German of Dr. Lappenberg, Keeper of the Archives of the city of Hamburg, on the early history of Great Britain, entitled "England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings."

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Mrs. Jameson is engaged in a new work, "Legends of the Saints and Martyrs, as illustrated by Art, from the earliest Ages of Christianity to the present Time."

Rev. E. Sidney has just completed a "Life of the late Lord Hill, with Extracts from his MSS."

The following are also among the late announcements :—

"The Theogony of the Hindoes, with their System of Philosophy and Cosmogony," by Count Bjornstjerna.

"The History of Society in England during the Middle Ages," by T. Wright.

"Travels in India," &c., from the German of L. Von Orlich.

"The Homes and Haunts of the English Poets."

"The World of Wonders," by Albany Poyntz.

"The Fate and Fortunes of Margaret Catchpole, a Convict."

"The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel," by Warburton.

"Adventures of an Officer in the Bengal Service," by Capt. Lawrence; &c. &c.

In addition to the foregoing we have several novelties in science and theology, which our limits forbid our quoting. We will cite, however, a few more titles from the never-failing founts of fiction, to wit:

"Agincourt," an Historical Romance, by James; a subject at which his pen will be *au fait*; "The Deerhursts;" "Married at Last," by the Author of the "Busybody;" "Lady Cecilia Farrencourt," by Henry Milton; "The Roman Traitor," by Herbert; and, we are happy to add, Mancur's historical tale, entitled "The Palais Royal," an admirable work, which has for the most part already appeared in the London *Metropolitan*.

Jesse, the naturalist, has a new volume in press, entitled "Anecdotes of Dogs."

Archdeacon Williams announces "The History of Great Britain, from the earliest period to the Norman Conquest."

Dr. Wigan has a curious production just ready,—a new view of insanity, which will attract much notice, entitled "The Duality of the Mind, proved," &c.

Dr. C. A. Browning has just ready a "Narrative of the benefits of mental culture on board a Convict Ship."

Col. Sleeman, of the Bengal Army, two finely illustrated volumes of "Rambles and Recollections in India."

Knight's weekly volumes are becoming exceedingly popular, as they deserve; saving in the exception of "Mr. Craig's sketches of literature and learning in England," whose numerous errors, the *Literary Gazette* has been at some pains to chronicle in black and white.

Grant has also a new work, "Impressions of Ireland and the Irish," which is just ready.

Albert Durer's "Passion of our Lord," has been re-produced in a style which is even superior to the original, inasmuch as the plates are a *fac-simile*, electrotyped from Albert Durer's own blocks, which are preserved in the British Museum; while the printing and paper is perhaps all the better for modern improvement; albeit connoisseurs might not think so. But, "in effect, we have here a picture-book published in London in the 19th century, which, 300 years ago, was popular in Germany and Italy." The type and binding are in keeping; and the book is a great curiosity: expensive, but yet costs about one-twelfth of the price demanded for an original copy.

Punch's "Pocket-book for 1845," is said to be very clever and sarcastic; 4000 copies were taken up on the day of publication, by the London trade.

A new work by A. Thierry, is announced, entitled "Narratives of the Merovingian Era, or scenes of the 6th century."

A little tome, with beautiful illustrations, is now ready, entitled "The Poetry of Flowers," uniform with the "Sentiment of Flowers," to which it is designed as a sequel.

Alaric Watts' long expected embellished volume, "Lyrics of the Heart," will soon appear exquisitely adorned with engravings.

The first volume of John Foster's "History of the English people," is also about to appear.

Leigh Hunt has a new volume, entitled "Imagination and Fancy," being selections from the best English poets.

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FRANKLIN'S CELEBRATED LINE—"ERIPUIT CŒLO FULMEN," &c.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

Dear Sir—It is well known that you are, *ex officio*, thoroughly versed in the *humanities*—may I take the liberty of asking of you who was the author of the following famous line, which has been so uniformly and so happily associated with the fame of Franklin?

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Mr. Sparks, *the* biographer of Franklin, inclines to ascribe it to Turgot. In a note to a letter from Dr. Franklin to Felix Nogaret, who had sent a translation of the line to the Doctor, Mr. Sparks says (vol. viii., p. 537):—

"Alluding to the Latin line, which was first applied to Dr. Franklin by M. Turgot, and of which he is said to have been the author—

'Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.'

The original conception was probably suggested by a line in the *Astronomicon* of Manilius, lib. i., 104, where the poet is speaking of Epicurus:

'Eripuit Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi.'"

And does *fulmen* precede or follow *cœlo?* This cannot be determined by the measure. It is therefore comparatively unimportant as a mere literary question. But the original version would settle that, if it could be found, and would also settle a small bet which is now pending thereon.

Lord Brougham, in a speech made in the House of Lords, in 1838, on the Eastern Slave Trade, ascribes this line to an ancient author. He says:

"I have often heard it disputed among critics, which of all quotations was the most appropriate—the most clearly applicable to the subject matter illustrated, and the palm is generally awarded to that which applied to Dr. Franklin the line in *Claudian*—

'Eripuit *fulmen cœlo*, mox sceptra tyrannis.'"

You will perceive that this is not the arrangement of Sparks. I have examined Claudian with some care, but have failed to verify the line in any of his works, and as Brougham has made mistakes before in classical matters, I venture to believe that he ascribes the line to the wrong author.

In the last Edinburgh Review is an article upon Thunder Storms, in which the following allusion is made to this passage:

"It was in the month of June, 1752, that he performed that celebrated experiment by which he became the Prometheus of modern times, and earned a branch of the double laurel with which the democratic poet has crowned him—

'Arripuit fulmen cœlo sceptrumque tyrannis.'"

Here the arrangement of Mr. Sparks is adopted, and the credit of the line is given to a "democratic poet." The Edinburgh reviewer must know more than meets the eye of his *quotee*. It may be that there is no doubt about the question among scholars.

Here are at least three creditable authorities, however, whose differences upon the question countenance my doubts. My ignorance, therefore, I trust, may not be esteemed that *crassa ignorantia* which is unworthy of enlightenment.

Yours, &c. ?

We should have little expectation of being able to solve a question that should baffle the research and the ingenuity of our correspondent in the present instance. The authority of the Edinburgh Reviewer referred to need scarcely embarrass the matter. He evidently quotes from memory, and misquotes in such a manner as to deprive himself of much weight, by converting "*eripuit*" into "*arripuit*," a variation which spoils the sense by the change of the preposition in the compound verb. Franklin certainly took *to* himself neither the thunderbolt of the sky nor the sceptre of the tyrant, in the act of snatching them away (*rapere*). In ignorance of the source of the familiar quotation, the Reviewer evidently infers that he must be some "democratic poet," from the sentiment; and by thus designating him at random, works round the embarrassment for his name. Our careful correspondent having ransacked the pages of Claudian, and the improbability of such a coincidence in a line of his with the known line in the *Astronomicon* of Manilius being so great, we are led to the inference that Lord Brougham must also have committed one of the mistakes not very unfrequent with that most versatile of "Jacks of all trades;"—a supposition certainly confirmed by the strangeness and improbability of the latter half of his line, "*mox* sceptra tyrannis." The

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origin of Lord Brougham's mistake was probably this: In the *Gigantomachia* of Claudian there is a line of which an obscure reminiscence probably dwelt on his mind, and the mind of the "eminent," by whom he had "often heard it adopted." There is certainly none such as he pretends to quote. The nearest approach to it is in the following, in which the Earth is exhorting her giant brood to their warfare against the gods. To the giant Typhœus she assigns that of seizing upon the thunderbolt and sceptre of Jove:

"Ite, precor; miscete polum, rescindete turres
Sidereas: *rapiat fulmen sceptrumque* Typhœus."

This sufficiently settles the point that Brougham's line is *not* from Claudian; independently of the fact of its manifest *modern* character, and of there being no reference to it in the Index.

In a list of medals struck in honor of Franklin, in Mr. Sparks' 9th vol., p. 509, there are two bearing this motto,—both French, and both engraved by Dupré, one in 1784 and the other in 1785. In the former, the obverse has a head and bust of Franklin, his locks flowing down over the shoulders, with the legend, "Benj. Franklin Natus Boston, xvii., Jan. mdccvi.;" and the reverse has the figure of an Angel standing with one hand pointing to the lightning in the clouds, and the other to a broken sceptre and crown at his feet; in the back-ground a temple with a lightning-conductor, and the legend in question, "*Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*" The other differs from this only in omitting the angel, &c., the admirable legend alone being surrounded with a wreath of oak leaves.

A model was struck in Philadelphia by the direction of Joseph Sansom, in imitation of this, having on the obverse a bust of Franklin, with the legend, in translation of the above, "Lightning averted, tyranny repelled;" and on the reverse an American Beaver gnawing down an oak-tree, symbolical of the condition of America at the Declaration of Independence.

We do not know the authority on which Mr. Sparks ascribes the authorship of the line to Turgot. Its own internal evidence proves it, as remarked above, to be modern—how could such a combination of ideas ever have been conceived before Franklin taught it in his own person? It was no doubt a variation, as it was a singularly happy and ingenious one, from the line of Manilius above given. The application of the line of Manilius is this: It refers to Epicurus, whose philosophy explained the superstitions by which the various operations of nature and the elements had been ascribed to the gods, and especially to Jupiter, so that he may be said to have *torn from him his thunderbolt*:—

"Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi,
Et ventis sonitum concessit, nubibus ignem.

The last line being quoted from memory, may not perhaps be perfectly accurate.

As some reader may perhaps feel curious to see the translations that have been attempted of this celebrated and matchless line, we transcribe those given in Mr. Sparks's note already referred to.

In the *Almanach des Muses* of 1780—

"Cet homme que tu vois, sublime en tous les tems,
Dérobe aux Dieux la foudre et le sceptre aux tyrans."

The following is D'Alembert's translation—

"Tu vois le sage courageux,
Dont l'heureux et male génie
Arracha le tonnerre aux dieux,
Et le sceptre à la tyrannie."

The following paraphrastic is one from an unknown hand:—

"Franklin sut arrêter la foudre dans les airs,
Et c'est le moindre bien qu'il fit à sa patrie;
Au milieu de climats divers,
Où dominait la tyrannie,
Il fit régner les arts, les mœurs, et le génie,
Et voila le héros que j'offre à l'univers."

It was likewise translated into English by Mr. Elphinston:

"He snatched the bolt from heaven's avenging hand,
Disarmed and drove the tyrant from the land."

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NEW BOOKS.

The Lady of the Lake, a Poem. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Illustrated edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1844.

Verily, it is a treat worthy of special note and thanks, to see an edition issue from the American press, in such satisfactory rivalry of the most elegant English typography. Over paper of unsurpassed fineness, whiteness and thickness, the fair large type winds its pleasant way as a narrow stream of print through a broad "meadow of margin." The illustrations are numerous, being beautiful steel engravings for the most part of the highest degree of fineness of the art. It is to be hoped that the success of the experiment, in a liberal sale of the edition, will be such as to make it the pioneer to a long sequel of American issues, on a similar scale of typographical beauty. Certainly no more suitable book could be selected for the purposes of the approaching season of holiday gifts.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, complete; with a Memoir of the Author by WASHINGTON IRVING, and Remarks upon his Writings by Lord JEFFREY. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1845.

This is a handsome reprint of the complete collection of Campbell's poetical writings, of which the poet himself superintended the publication a few months before his death, which took place in June last. Being the only complete American edition of his poems, it cannot, of course, fail of an extensive sale; as this must be the form in which the wide circle of his admirers will desire to possess and preserve them—superseding, indeed, former incomplete editions, even though the latter may, in truth, contain all the poems which have given Campbell his recognized rank as one of the high classics of the language. It is illustrated with a beautiful mezzotint, by Sartain, from Thomas Phillips' well-known portrait of the poet, painted for Murray, the publisher, scarcely less celebrated than the great names which have made at once his fortune and his fame. There are numerous woodcuts scattered through the volume, in the finest style to which that art has been within a few years carried in England. The edition is accompanied with a Memoir by Washington Irving, and an extract from Jeffrey's article in the Edinburgh Review in 1809, on "Gertrude of Wyoming." These additions give it a value superior to that of the English edition from which they are wanting.

Of course criticism has no proper place in a notice of Campbell's works. They have been classical to our parents, as they will remain so to many a generation of our children. We speak of those, at least, which constitute the true legacy of his genius and its true expression—excluding silently from the account the "surplusage," which it is to be regretted must fill a considerable space in any complete collection of all his writings.

Yonnondio, or the Warriors of the Genesee: A tale of the Seventeenth Century. By WM. H. C. HOSMER. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Rochester: D. M. Dewey, 2 Arcade Hall. 1844. 12mo. pp. 239.

This is a narrative and descriptive poem in the octo-syllabic measure so tempting to the pen by its proverbial "fatal facility" of structure and rhyme. Mr. Hosmer's chief purpose, in the choice of his subject, was to enable him to depict, on the canvass of his verse, the scenery, and various monuments of the old Indian time, of his native region the "Pleasant Valley" of the Genesee. The period of the tale is in the summer and autumn of 1687, that of the memorable attempt of the Marquis De Nonville (the "Yonnondio" of the poem, as he was styled by the Indians), under pretext of preventing an interruption of the French trade, to plant the standard of Louis XIV, in the beautiful country of the Senecas. To the incidents of the narrative itself no very particular interest attaches,—the flowing monotony of the measure adopted, with the unrippling smoothness of the versification, not being very favorable to the preservation of the reader's close attention. These disadvantages require indeed to be compensated by all the condensed force and vivid beauty of style, which made this measure at one time so popular in the pages of Scott and Byron, to the misfortune of so many whom its very facility has tempted into the dangerous and difficult emulation of those models. "Yonnondio" contains numerous

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passages of much beauty and graphic power, attesting an intimate habit of communion on the part of the author with the Nature it is his labor of love to paint. We give the following "Legend," as a fair specimen of the poem:

"ON-NO-LEE.

"[A LEGEND OF THE CANADICE.]

"A beautiful lake is the Canadice,
And wild fowl dream on its breast unscared;
Thy golden brooch, of costly price,
Is dim with its radiant wave compared.
Edged by a broad and silvery belt
Of pebbles bright, and glittering sand,
The waters into music melt
When breaking on the strand;
And its glimmering sheet of azure lies
Unvexed by loud and warring blast,
For green old hills, that round it rise,
Fence this fair mirror of the skies
From storms that journey past.

"A beautiful lake is the Canadice,
And warblings from its bosom clear
Go up by moonlight, and entice
The hunter to pause and hear.
Oh! mournful are the tones and low,
Like the mystic voice of the whip-po-wil,
When evening winds through the forest blow,
And other birds are still.
Ear never heard a sadder strain,
In the time of frost and falling leaves,
When brown and naked woods complain,
And the brook, late fed by summer rain,
For perished verdure grieves.

"A beautiful lake is the Canadice,
And tribesmen dwelt on its banks of yore,
But an hundred years have vanished thrice
Since hearth-stones smoked upon the shore:
The Munsee dreamed not of a foe;
Unstrung were the warrior's arm and bow;
And, couched on skins, he little thought
The fall of his nation was at hand:
His ear no rattle of serpent caught,
No gliding ghost a warning brought
While came the Mengwe band.
Too late—too late to fight or fly
Was rung the knell of his ancient power;
His lip pealed forth no rallying cry,
From slumber he only woke to die
At the solemn midnight hour.
In gore his household-gods were drenched,
His altar-fires in gore were quenched;
The wail of babe in blood was choked,
In blood his burial-place was soaked,
And, lighting up the midnight heaven,
To flame were the huts of his people given.

"Though tall oaks fell in their kingly pride,
The conqueror saved a trembling leaf;
Of that little clan all darkly died
Save On-no-lee, the cherished bride
Of their brave but luckless chief.
Morn dawned upon a frightful scene—
The Canadice in sunshine lay;
But blood was on its margin green—
A tribe was swept away.
On the blackened site of a town destroyed,
The raven a goodly meal enjoyed,
And the wolf called forth her whelps, to share
That banquet red, from her gloomy lair.

"Morn dawned—and on their homeward track
The Mengwe, flushed with conquest, sped,
And a far-famed leader, Mic-ki-nac,
That band of spoilers led.
To the red belt, his waist around,
The hapless On-no-lee was bound;
Spared from the death-doom of her race,
The pomp of his return to grace,
And live the slave of one who bore
The scalp of her fallen Sagamore.

"At noon, to snatch a light repast,
The party halted in the shade;
But On-no-lee broke not her fast,
And in the dust, with loathing cast,
The food before her laid.
Oh! woman wronged, within her soul
Feels fire flash up that mocks control,
When the ruthless fiend, to whom she owes
The fearful sum of her blasting woes,
Is yielded up her prey by Fate,
And the dagger is nigh to second hate!

"Mic-ki-nac sat on a fallen tree,
And of savory *no-ke-hike* partook,
And by his side was On-no-lee,
Survivor of the butchery,
Who eyed his knife with an eager look,
Round the haft her fingers lightly wreathed,
The glittering weapon she unsheathed—
One well-aimed blow, and she was free!
Another,—and the purple tide
Gushed from her savage captor's side
Who leaped like a wounded stag, and died.

Thunder, without a cloud in sight,
Or whisper of warning on the gale,
Could not have roused more wild affright,
Amid his braves, than deed of might
Wrought by a hand so frail!
Ere they recovered from the shock
Fled On-no lee like hunted deer;
Glen, stream and interposing rock
Barred not her swift career:
A vigor never felt before,
The form of the fugitive upbore,
And to her active foot gave wing,
Though fleet were the blood-hounds following.

"In vain the foremost runner strained,
And arrows launched from his twanging bow,
For On-no-lee, exulting, gained
A cliff, beyond the reach of foe,
That beetled over the lake below.
Last of her race, with desperate eye—
On the ruined home of her tribe she gazed;
Waved her avenging arm on high,—
Taunted her baffled enemy,
And a ringing scream of triumph raised—
'Base, worrying curs!—go back, go back,
My scalp is saved from Mengwe smoke!
Go hence, and look for Mic-ki-nac—
The famished crow, and the raven black
A dirge above him croak!'
Regardless of the whizzing storm
Of missiles raining round her form,
Imploring eye she then upcast,
And a low, mournful death-hymn sang:
On hill and forest looked her last,
One glance upon the water cast,
And from that high rock sprang.

"Away three hundred years have flown
Since the Munsee found a watery grave;
But when old Night is on her throne,
And stars troop forth her sway to own,
Rise warblings from the wave:
And a shadowy face of mournful mien,
With locks all draggled by the surge,
Belated wanderers have seen
From the glittering lake emerge—
One moment float in moonlight fair,
Then mix with the waters, or vanish in air."

Notices of some other books are excluded for want of space.

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