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THE

NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II.

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1858

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THE

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

No. 1.

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## NORTH CAROLINA.

THE area of this State is 50,000 square miles—32,000,000 acres. The surface of the globe is computed at 200 millions of square miles, of which three-fourths are water, and one-fourth, or fifty millions of square miles, are land.\*

The thirteen United States at the era of the Revolution extended over a million of square miles, the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, added another million, (and thus doubled our domain,) and the subsequent acquisitions of Florida, Texas, California and New Mexico, a third million, so that our territory is treble in extent what it was at the formation of the Union, in round numbers, three millions, or more precisely, 2,963,460 square miles.

The population of this State in 1850 was 868,903, or 17 to the square mile. The same geographer, (Mitchell, Table No. 2,) estimates the population of the globe, at 853,450,000, 17 to the square mile. Belgium has a population of 347 and Massachusetts 126, the square mile.

The following facts deduced from these statements may be conveniently

remembered by the young geographer. The area of North Carolina, is equal to the one-thousandth part of the land surface of the globe, to the one-twentieth of the 13 original States and to the one-sixtieth of the thirty-two States and the territories which constitute the present American Union. In other words, the world might be divided into just a thousand, and the Union into sixty States, equal in extent to North Carolina.

The average population is the same with the foregoing estimate of the average population of the globe, (17 to the square mile,) and is equal to a twentieth of that of Belgium, the most densely populated of European, and to one-seventh of Massachusetts, the most densely populated of American States.

### SURVEYS AND MAPS.

The running of the dividing line between North Carolina and Virginia was commenced at "Coratuek Inlet,"\* on

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\* See Westover Manuscripts, published by E. & J. C. Ruffin, Petersburg, 1841, from which we may have occasion to make amusing and instructive extracts hereafter. It is surprising that so interesting a narrative in relation to our early history should have attracted so little attention in this State.

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\* Mitchell's School Atlas, fourth revised edition, Table No. 4.

the 5th March, 1728, under the direction of Sir Richard Everard, Governor of the former and Col. Spotswood of the latter province, and extended to the South branch of Roanoke river, a distance of 170 miles. The commissioners upon the part of North Carolina were Edward Mosely, William Little, Christopher Gale and John Lovick, on the part of Virginia, William Byrd and William Dandridge.

The Proprietary Government of Carolina ceased in 1729, sixty-six years after the date of the first charter. On becoming the property of the Crown it was divided into two distinct provinces; and on the 29th April, 1730, George Burrington, who had previously held the office under the Proprietary Government became the first Royal Governor. After his death and the brief administration of President Rice, Gabriel Johnston, the second Royal Governor entered upon the duties of the office at Brunswick on the 2d November, 1734. The first attempt to designate the boundary between North and South Carolina was made in 1735. The survey began at the mouth of Little River, on the seashore, and extended  $64\frac{1}{2}$  miles in a north-west course to a point two miles north-west of one of the branches of Little Pedee.

#### MAPS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

##### 1. *Mosely's Map, 1733.*

The inscription is as follows: "To His Excellency Gabriel Johnston, Captain General and Governor-in-chief in and over his Majesty's Province of North Carolina in America.

"This Map of the said Province is most humbly Dedicated and Presented

by your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD MOSELY."

The title, as exhibited with appropriate ornaments at the opposite corner, is "A new and correct Map of the Province of North Carolina by Edward Mosely, late Surveyor-General of the said Province, 1733."

The Map is on the scale of 5 miles to the inch, is 3f. 8in., by 4f. 8in., neatly engraved, and on canvass. "J. Cowley Sculp. Sold at the Three Crowns on Fan-church Street, over against Mincing Lane."\*

Parallels of latitude from  $33^{\circ} 12'$  (Cape Carteret or Cape Roman) to  $36^{\circ} 37'$  are exhibited, but no lines of longitude are given. The Roanoke is represented as nearly parallel and conterminous with the entire extent of our northern boundary, while the Yadkin, running nearly South, seems to be almost the line of our Western limits. "The Cherokee mountains" are shown at the sources of the Yadkin on the north-western corner.

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\* We enter into these minute particulars because until within a few weeks past we were entirely ignorant that any such Map had ever been published, and have good reason to suppose that this is the only copy in North Carolina, and probably in the Union. Neither Governor Davie nor Gen. Steele, his successor as Commissioner, in the protracted controversy with South Carolina, nor Governor Turner during the border war waged with Georgia about the forgotten "County of Walton," (part of Buncombe, for a time represented in the Georgia Legislature,) probably ever suspected the existence of this muniment of title. We are indebted for our knowledge of it to Hugh Williamson Collins, Esq., of Edenton, to whom it belongs, and by whom it has been politely transmitted to us for examination.

The Province is divided into the counties of Albemarle, lying mainly North of the Albemarle Sound; Bath, between the Albemarle Sound and Bogue Inlet; and Clarendon, extending from Bogue Inlet to South Carolina.

Albemarle was subdivided into six precincts,\* Currituck, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Chowan, Bertie and Edgecombe. Bath into four, Beaufort, Hyde, Craven and Carteret, and Clarendon into two, Onslow and New Hanover.

Edenton, Bath, New-Berne and Brunswick, are the designated towns.

The principal settlements in the province at the date of this map, were on the Roanoke and Meherrin rivers, and around the Albemarle Sound. Tranter's Creek, on Tar; Fort Barnwell, on Neuse, and the Brown Marsh on Cape Fear, indicate the utmost verge in the march of empire westward.

The following explanations and directions are displayed, on the southern border of the map. We copy them *in extenso*, because they may impart very important information, to the corps of

engineers engaged under the authority of the general government in devising plans for the removal of obstructions at the mouth of the Cape Fear, and ascertaining the practicability of re-opening Roanoke inlet.

“EXPLANATION.”

“Roanoke Inlet has generally 10 feet at low water, where it was commonly about 4 feet, but those Shoals shifting, it was not thought proper to lay them down at large, as in the other harbours. The channel may be seen within from the chart head (though the Bar breaks) so as to guide a vessel in.

“Currituck Inlet, Hatteras Inlet, New Inlet, Bogue Inlet, New Topsail and Rich Inlet, may do for small sloops, but those shoals commonly shift. The rest of the Inlets are only fit for boats and shallops.

“Those places called mires, take their denomination from a glittering kind of ore, of a sulphurous smell found there. The Coast is now generally inhabited by the English, and very safe

\* There was a Court House and Jail in each Precinct. The following extracts from the records of the Court of Berkley, subsequently Perquimans Precinct for Sept. and Oct. 1780, reflect some light on primitive morals, manners and jurisprudence:

“Ordered that Albert Alberson new cover the prison, and till nails can be procured, that he get boards for ye same.”

“Ordered that Ralph Cowles be amerced for ye use of ye precinct, five hundred pounds of Tobacco, for ye use of ye precinct for being drunk.”

“Whereas Mr. John Davis and Elizabeth Boon were by the Jury of Inquest presented for the sin of fornication, and the said Davis humbly supplicating the Court (acknowledging the fact) it is therefore ordered that according to

Act of Assembly, the said John Davis for himself and said Elizabeth be amerced one thousand pounds of tobacco and cask, with cost of suit and be bound to his good behaviour.”

“Whereas it sufficiently appears unto us by the testimony of sundry persons, that Ann Williams wife of Richard Williams, hath with most opprobrious and base language together with words of dangerous consequence highly defamed the wife of the Hon. John Jenkins, Esq., Governor, &c., it is therefore ordered that the Deputy Marshall forthwith have the body of the said Ann Williams to the whipping post and give her on the bare back twenty and five lashes well laid on, and thence return to Berkley Jail, there to be kept close prisoner till costs of suit be paid. Richard Williams becomes security for his said wife to pay costs.”

for vessels in distress to come ashore, the soundings decreasing gradually; nor is there any danger from Indians, none now inhabiting the sea coast, but about 6 or 8 at Hatteras, who dwell among the English. In 1780, the settlement at Cape Fear, contained about 1000 Tithable persons and is now computed at one-fourth more, and is daily increasing in trade and people. The Catawbas, Sutures, Esaus, and those Indians in the neighborhood of this Province are computed to be about 1000 fighting men. The Creek Indians are somewhat more numerous, but the Charokees are computed to be 4000 fighting men, and more numerous than all the other Indians, that are in confederacy with the Government of South Carolina.

"The Charokees are divided into 3 tribes or cantons; the Indian Town on Chatahoochecks River is the principal of that nation and where all public assemblies are held.

"At Cooswater lives the chief or conjuror of the Upper Charokees; under him are fifty towns. At Togolo lives the chief of the Lower Charokees, and under him are thirty-six towns. There is no account worth notice of the Tuskororal and Meherrin Indians, &c., but in 1730, they were not computed at above three hundred in all, and their number is now much less."

"DIRECTIONS FOR OCACOCK INLET, IN  
LAT. 34°, 55'."

"If you happen to fall in with Cape Hatteras which lies in lat. 35°, 3' N. the Cape Land is full of low trees.—

Your course to Oacock, is W. by S. about ten leagues distance from the Cape.

"When you come up with the Inlet, to the northward lies a large tuft of trees. In the middle of the Inlet lies a small island having two large beacons on it. You must bring them in one, and your course will be W. by N. Then steer up with them till you come within a cable's length of the shore; then steer up along the said Beacon Island till you bring Thatch's Hole to bear E. N. E.; then steer up with the same, and there come to an anchor in five or six fathom water, marked *J*.

"You have, over Oacock Bar 2 Fathoms at low water in the range of the Beacons.

"S. E. by E. moon, makes full sea on the Bar, and the Tide flows 3 feet. The flood runs in the sound 3 hours after high water.

"If you happen to fall into the Southward of Oacock near Cape Lookout, then will appear double land. But if to the Northward, then, a large Sound within, and nothing but water will appear over y<sup>e</sup> banks.

"*At Thatch's Hole, take a Pilot to go up the country.*"

To some these details may seem to be tedious, yet meagre and barren, while others will find in these glimpses at the condition of things in "the county of Albemarle," a century and a half ago, and in the Province of North Carolina just a century ago, fruitful themes for philosophic musing.

## LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF DANIEL WEBSTER;

*An Address, delivered at the request of the Students of the University of North Carolina, in the College Chapel, Nov. 18, 1852. By Prof. F. M. HUBBARD.*

YOUNG GENTLEMEN :

The task you have assigned to me is both difficult and sad. It were no easy thing at any time to sketch the services, to analyze the intellect, to describe the eloquence, to delineate the life of Daniel Webster; but now, when the tones of his manly voice are yet in my ear, while the sense of our country's loss is blended with that of personal bereavement also,—to devote to words even of eulogy the hours that should be consecrated to sorrow, is doubly difficult. I speak to you to day, not for his sake, who is gone—much as I honored, revered, I may say, loved him—but for yours, who may learn many lessons from the excellencies of his example.

For more than thirty years there has been no man who exercised a larger influence in the public councils, and over the permanent destinies of this country; no man to whom in days of darkness and perplexity the eyes of millions have been turned with a more confident reliance; no man who has proved himself more worthy of that reliance. For the forty years which embraced the term of his public life, of all the eminent men who have adorned our country's service, who has brought to that service a larger intellect? who a larger heart? Who has exhibited a nobler

patriotism? Who has more calmly stood in the face of danger? Who has oftener and more cheerfully given up long cherished hopes—who oftener and more cheerfully risked the loss of what was dearer even than those hopes, for his country's interests and safety? In all the qualities of mental greatness, and in the peculiar power of making that greatness to be recognized and felt everywhere, and by all among us, what one of all who in the councils of the nation stood with him, or against him, and of whom so many have gone down before him to the grave, was his superior or his equal? And among those who remain, and to whom we must now look for guidance and safety, where shall be found the like of his lofty and far-seeing wisdom, his prevailing eloquence, his devotion to truth, duty, and his country? When such men die, a part of its life seems to be sundered from the heart of the nation,—some great organ of the system rent,—and the whole people mourn. I find no slight evidence of the sincerity of this mourning in your presence here to-day, that among us, of whom almost no one personally knew him, so many have come up hither to pay such homage as we may, to his memory.

The life of Mr. Webster was not what

is usually called an eventful one. The main incidents are few, and have been repeated in the experience of many others. What made him the object of reverent admiration, while living, and what now that he has passed from among us, has drawn out the regrets of a grateful nation, was not in the position, or offices, or circumstances of the man, but in the man himself. It was no rank, or wealth, or power, nor recollections of a strange history that brought ten thousand men to weep around his grave. The true story of his life is a story of earnest thought, of intellectual progress, of a great mind, putting forth its energies on great occasions.

He was a lawyer from early life in the foremost rank in that highly honored profession. He represented the chief districts of New Hampshire and of Massachusetts in the Lower House of Congress. He was repeatedly called by the State of Massachusetts to occupy a seat in the Senate of the United States. He was Secretary of State under two administrations. So much only did he experience of what makes ordinary men conspicuous. But what entitles him to a high place in the memory of his countrymen; what, we do not doubt, will win for him a remembrance, so long as an American statesman shall be remembered, was, not the honors he gained, the offices he filled, but what he was and did in those offices, how worthily he graced those honors by his wearing.

Let us recall more particularly the events of his life. Mr. Webster was born January 18th, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, N. H., then on the outmost skirt, the extreme northern verge

of human habitation in that state. The outward training of his youthful life was stern and rude; while his father's house was full of those sympathies, and affections, and amenities, it had much of that strong discipline also, which, now as then are characteristic of a New England home, and has, more than books and schools, an influence on the destiny of those whose fortune it is to be reared in such a home. But, without, all was rude and stern. The forest growth of centuries, untouched almost by the settler's axe, was everywhere around him. Lofty mountains clothed with dark hemlocks, and in the long winter months covered with deep and impassable snow; torrents, ice-bound, or bearing on their swollen waters, when the snow melted, rocks and trees, and cattle, and the wrecks of human industry; wide solitudes among the hills where for miles hardly a solitary house gave token that human life was there; a harsh and granite soil, which yielded a reluctant and scanty return to the labor of man;—in scenes like these did the boy wander and muse, and from them his early life derived no small measure of its training. He became familiar with nature in her grander, if more sullen forms, and both his intellect and his imagination received their impress, and bore always the traces of that austere influence.

Struggling, as few but Yankee boys do struggle, for the advantages of education; going, daily, miles through deep snows, to schools where the barest rudiments of the commonest learning were imparted, and with only a few months attendance at an academy, he prepared himself to enter Dartmouth College

in 1797. Throughout his college life he was a diligent student, "keeping," as one of his classmates has since his death reported of him, "the end of his college course steadily in view;" adding, as others testify, extensive reading to his prescribed duties, not substituting it, or the name of it, for them; not dreaming that indolence there would qualify him for eminence thereafter; but even then awakening in the minds of his friends a prophetic anticipation that he might achieve greatness.

On leaving college in 1801, he began the study of the law. But, as his father's means were small, and his own were naught, he taught for one year an academy in his native State, eking out a salary of \$300 by writing in his leisure hours in the office of the county Register of Deeds. A part of his legal studies was pursued near his early home, and the last half year in Boston, in the office of Hon. Christopher Gore, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. The whole course of his preparation for the bar, in the wise direction and earnest prosecution of its appropriate studies, might serve as a model for youthful students. Mr. Webster seems never to have felt that the inspirations of genius could at any time stand instead of constant and laborious study; and though no man, perhaps, has been more felicitous in efforts that were all but impromptu, these too were the results of intense thought and protracted investigation long before. None who did not combine studious habits with high powers of intellect could have won from a judge such as Mr. Gore, on the day of his admission to the bar, in the spring of 1805, a commendation of his unusual

worth, and a prediction of his future greatness.

Having practiced, in a retired village near his father's residence, for two years, he was admitted to the superior court, and removed to Portsmouth, the chief city of New Hampshire. It is proof enough of his labor, as well as abilities, to say that he speedily took a place beside such men as Dexter and Story and Jeremiah Mason. His practice became extensive; he is said to have been retained in nearly all the important causes in the circuit; and, what well shows the estimation in which he was held by the profession, as well as by the community, he hardly ever appeared as junior counsel.

Lawyers conscious of superior abilities are apt to become politicians. Perhaps it were as well to say that the people are fond of placing such men in political situations. Be that as it may, Mr. Webster was brought forward by the Federal party as a candidate for Congress, and took his seat in the House of Representatives in May, 1813. The country was then at war with England, and in such a period of danger, her first experience of armed conflict since the Revolution, she selected her ablest sons to fill the public counsels. Clay and Calhoun were there, and Lowndes and Gaston. Though untried in public life, yet so large were the resources of his knowledge, so deliberate his judgment, so commanding his eloquence, so lofty his statesmanship, that the opinion of those best able to form an opinion, gave him a rank inferior to none of them. John Marshall declared that he would prove "one of the first, if not the very first statesman in America;" and Mr.

Lowndes, that "the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior." Mr. Clay in the organization of the House placed him on the committee of Foreign affairs, then by far the most important committee. The political position of Mr. Webster was, of course, in the opposition, yet his opposition was a moderate one, and the measures he brought forward and urged, as the increase of the Navy and the repeal of the embargo, were such as he thought the exigences of the country then most imperatively demanded.

Mr. Webster was re-elected, and served through the fourteenth Congress. The war with England had now ceased. The old Federal party had now become almost extinct. New questions arose out of the altered relations of the country, both within and without, which must be settled before parties could well crystalize around new centres. The public debt was to be provided for. A greatly increasing amount of capital was investing itself in domestic manufactures. Population was beginning rapidly to flow over the Alleghanies. And there was a general concurrence among the politicians of different shades, and different sections of the country, in schemes of internal improvement, in a tariff for protection, and in the establishment of a United States Bank. On all these subjects the influence of Mr. Webster was a leading influence, and most of all, on the always complicated and at that time peculiarly difficult one of the public finances. When it is remembered that nearly all the banks in the country had, after the close of the war, suspended specie payments, and that the notes of these banks were current at all imagi-

nable rates of depreciation, and so received even by the government, some estimate may be formed of the skill required to devise, and the boldness to propose, and the ability to carry, with no weight derived from a connexion with the administration, a simple, safe, and effectual plan for placing the whole currency of the country on a solid specie basis. This was reserved for one so young in public life as Mr. Webster. In the autumn of 1816 he removed to Boston, and after the termination of this Congress, devoted himself, for several years, to the duties of his profession. In the refined and intelligent society of the metropolis of New England he was received with an appreciative welcome, and found a fit sphere for the display of his fine social qualities. Few men have excelled him in the power of engaging conversation, whatever might be the subject, and whosoever the companion. Narrative, humor, repartee, anecdote, genial remark, ingenious criticism, grave and profound suggestion, with a manner always interesting and impressive, were his at all times, to do with them what he would. In one respect only, it is said, that on his entrance into it, he felt himself unequal to some of the many highly cultivated men around him, viz: in the fulness and accuracy of a knowledge of the classics so common among them. No one, however, can read his speeches without perceiving that this deficiency was speedily and amply supplied. While they are moulded and pervaded by that severity of taste which usually a classical training only can give, they contain many instances also of apt allusion, and derived metaphor, which show familiarity with the best classical authors.

In his profession he found compeers worthy of him. Though his legal eminence had been recognised here, and though his pre-eminence was soon and cheerfully acknowledged, yet there were men there well nigh his mates in forensic skill, and whose legal knowledge tasked and developed his own great powers. Whatever may have been his ability as a common lawyer, and his success before a jury, his peculiar field certainly was in the region of constitutional law. His first appearance in this department of the profession, the first occasion in which he appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States, was in the famous case of Dartmouth College, in 1818. As this case illustrates this very important and peculiar branch of American jurisprudence, I may be pardoned for dwelling on it a few moments.

This, the only College in New Hampshire, derived its existence from a Royal Charter, granted under the advice of the Provincial Council. Under this Charter it continued its operations until 1816, when the Legislature of that State passed an act, the effect of which was to convert the College into a University, merging the old corporate body in a new one with altered and enlarged powers. The original Trustees refused to accept the new charter, or in any way to co-operate with the new corporation, in which the act vested all their common property. To recover this property, their common seal, and franchises, thus transferred, the Trustees brought a suit in the State courts of New Hampshire, which was finally, after elaborate argument, decided, by the highest judicial tribunal of that State, against them.

The case was brought, by writ of error, before the Supreme Court of the United States, and there Mr. Webster appeared for his Alma Mater.

The ground taken by the plaintiffs in error was that the Statute of New Hampshire was a violation of that article of the Constitution of the United States, which forbids the Legislature of any State to pass any act "impairing the obligation of contracts." Mr. Webster urged that the charter was a contract, and that the change wrought in it, without the consent of the Trustees, was a violation of the contract. The argument on this subject which is found among his published works, is a skeleton only, and doubtless gives a very inadequate representation of the eloquence and force with which he argued the case. Some idea of them may be gathered from the fact, that one of the Judges of the Court of the United States, when he looked over the record of the case, declared that he did not see what the plaintiffs could have to say against the judgment of the Court below; but after argument, the Court decided, with only one dissenting voice, that the act of New Hampshire was unconstitutional. The importance of this decision, placing on a secure basis every Collegiate Institution in the country, the ability with which Mr. Webster argued the case, and the general consent that the decision was due mainly to his argument, gave him at once an introduction to an extensive practice in that Court, and assigned him, in the general estimation of the Court and of the country, a high rank among its ablest counsellors. He found there such men, and such lawyers, as Pinkney and Wirt, and Ogden and

Emmett, and Hopkinson, and one could hardly say that, even there, he was second to any of them.

I have spoken of constitutional law as being a department of jurisprudence peculiar to these United States. Evidently in countries where there is no constitution there can be no constitutional law. Even in Great Britain, where so much is said about the constitution of England, there is strictly no such department. Parliament is omnipotent. No court would venture to deny the validity of its enactments. That there may be constitutional jurisprudence, there must be a *written* constitution.— Thus, in all the State courts, questions arise, not only whether the acts of the Legislature apply to such and such cases, but also whether the acts themselves are in accordance with the constitution of the State. The State courts are competent to entertain and decide such questions. But as our government is, in some sense, a system of confederated States, with its higher Legislature and Executive, there arises another class of cases, those in which the questions are whether any law or decision of a State, or any law of Congress, is in accordance with the constitution of the United States. These questions the Supreme Court of the United States is competent finally to decide. It will be seen, from this statement, that cases of this kind are often exceedingly delicate, involving the rights, jurisdiction, and interests of States, which, in all local matters, are sovereign; that they are of a complex nature also, and demanding great subtlety in the discussion of them, as they arise often from a conflict of jurisdiction between the several States and the

United States; and that they are vastly important, for the decision often affects, in some way, the rights and interests of every individual throughout the whole length and breadth of our country. Thus in regard to the celebrated case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, where the question was touching the constitutionality of a law of New York, which gave an exclusive right to navigate by steam the waters of that State to the heirs of Robert Fulton, Judge Wayne, of Georgia, said that the decision of the court against the law, “released every creek and river, lake, bay and harbor in our country, from the interference of monopolies.” And he ascribed the decision to the force of Mr. Webster’s reasoning. In all such delicate, difficult, and important questions, Mr. Webster felt himself at home. Here he soon found himself without a rival. His clear perception, to which every subject of contemplation seemed transparent, was well suited to disentangle the intricacies which always, to ordinary minds, embarrass such cases. His simple, direct, compact logic, illuminated by an imagination bright, wide-reaching, and always subservient, and enforced with an impassioned, yet calm deliberate eloquence, fitted him far more than most, even great men, to deal with knotty questions. To apply to himself, and they could be more justly applied to none other, the language in which he referred to Samuel Dexter,—in his day the great lawyer of Massachusetts,—“a question of constitutional law was, of all subjects, the one best suited to his talents and learning. Aloof from technicality, and unfettered by artificial rule, such a question gave opportunity for that deep

and clear analysis, that mighty grasp of principle, which so much distinguished his higher efforts. His very statement was argument; his inference seemed demonstration. The earnestness of his own conviction wrought conviction in others. One was convinced and believed, and assented, because it was gratifying, delightful to think, and feel, and believe, in unison with an intellect of such evident superiority." It has been said of Mr. Webster, that he founded a school of constitutional law. If this be not strictly true, it is true that he was the greatest constitutional lawyer of our day, and contributed more than any other man, to settle the existing interpretations of the constitution, on many points of great and universal interest.

He did this not only as a jurist, by guiding the decisions of the courts, but still more, perhaps, as a Statesman by influencing the judgment of the people. His large experience and the broad views he took in the one capacity, fitted him for as eminent service in the other. He was a constitutional Statesman, also. In all the many discussions in which, during his congressional and senatorial career, he was called to take a part, while none excelled him in a ready and thorough understanding of the exigency before him, or could better devise the means of extrication; no one approached him, in the firm grasp with which he held, or in the clearness with which he apprehended, or in the strength and frankness, and manliness, with which he vindicated the principles of the constitution. I know that on several of these points some still entertain different opinions. Others may be otherwise settled hereafter. But in regard to the

most of them, the most vital of them, those which most nearly touch the permanent life of our country, the judgment of the people has acquiesced already, and there can be no reversal.

After repeated refusals to leave the close pursuit of a profession now becoming quite lucrative, and the enjoyments of private life, which no one knew better how to enjoy, he at length yielded to urgencies which would admit no refusal, and took his seat in Congress, as a Representative from Boston, in December, 1823. He remained in this post till 1827, when he succeeded Mr. Mills, of Northampton, an able and distinguished man, in the Senate of the United States. He was retained in the Senate through the administrations of Gen. Jackson, and of Mr. Van Buren, and in that of Mr. Polk, enjoying, throughout, the confidence and the affection of the noble constituency of Massachusetts.

Into a detail of his efforts and influences in Congress time forbids me to enter. It may be enough to say that no important subject engaged the attention of the nation during that period, on which it did not receive fully, if not always thankfully, his wise and patriotic suggestions. The Greek question, the Panama mission, the Tariff, the United States Bank, Nullification, the sub-Treasury, the Specie circular, the Presidential protest, Oregon, the war with Mexico, California, Slavery, all subjects of foreign policy, or of domestic interest, received from him due attention, and his opinions on all of them, are now, and will remain on record. I cannot speak of them all. Let me select one or two which will best illustrate, as all the rest also do, the character and genius of

Mr. Webster as a statesman, and a politician.

I have said that Mr. Webster was a constitutional statesman. He was also a national politician. Much as he loved Massachusetts and New England, as a Senator he felt bound by no local ties; he heeded no partial interests. His affections embraced the whole nation. His sympathies were for it as a whole. The honor, integrity, and preservation of the Union, were uppermost in his heart. To these he devoted the energies of his intellect. To these he sacrificed himself.

Strongly as he felt that the interests of the country were identified with the success of the party with which he acted, he more than once, dissented from their policy, and pursued his independent judgment, of what the nation called for, though his former friends looked coldly on him. As one instance: when the whole of President Tyler's first cabinet had resigned, and the body of the whig party in Congress had issued a manifesto declaring "all connection between themselves and the administration at an end," and the same declaration had been echoed by a highly respectable convention in his own State; he remained in the office of Secretary of State, because he felt that important negotiations were in his power, which he could bring to a successful issue better than any other, and so he shared the unpopularity of the President, and consciously run the risk, as he called it, of being "read out of the whig party" even in Massachusetts.

Again, in the noble stand he took, now some two years ago, on the subject of slavery, he run a greater risk. The

South were hardly satisfied with it; the North were almost alienated by it. He stood for a while almost alone. But, as he said, "he had made up his mind to embark alone on what he was aware would prove a stormy sea, because, in that case, should final disaster ensue, there would be but one life lost." Soon after his statement in the Senate of the position he should occupy, he returned to Boston. Massachusetts, in the excitement of the hour, had almost shut her heart against him. The doors of Faneuil Hill, which had so often been flung wide open to give him welcome entrance, were now, by the authorities of the city of Boston, closed against him. He entered the city, not as before, to be greeted with the warm plaudits of multitudes of admiring followers; but, as his carriage stopped at his hotel, in the dusk of the evening, a few friends gathered round him, and he spoke a few words to them. They were memorable words. "I take no step backward." In this hour of his desertion, and which would have been to most men an hour of dismay, he would not retract one word of what his deliberate judgment of truth, justice, and the preservation of the Union had led him to say, though the retraction would have restored to him the confidence of his friends and the love of Massachusetts.

A little more than four months ago, it was my fortune to witness the public reception of Mr. Webster by the citizens of Boston. The decision of the Whig Convention at Baltimore had extinguished their hopes of seeing him elevated to the Presidency; and they felt that they were wronged in the wrong they conceived to have been done to him. The

reception was an expression of sympathy as well as of admiration; and well were both manifested. A civic and military escort, such in splendor and numbers, as had not greeted the entrance of Presidents, turned out spontaneously to give him welcome; thousands, and tens of thousands, from that loyal city, and from all the country, crowded in to do him honor. It was a tribute worthy of him. It was an ovation worthy of him. I stood at his side when he spoke his last words to the people of Boston. They were words for the Union, and the whole country. The shouts with which they were received, and the whole ceremonial of the day, proved, if proof were wanting, that the national attitude, from which Massachusetts had swerved, or seemed to swerve, for a moment, had been cheerfully, and heartily resumed. And this change, or rescue, I do not doubt, and I say it with all possible respect for the many able men of that ancient commonwealth, is to be ascribed very much to the influence of Mr. Webster, and found its point of turning in the hour when he uttered those heroic words, "I take no step backward."

These were crises in the personal history of Mr. Webster, in which his own interests and hopes were put at hazard, and which, we have seen, were met by him with a full sense of his peril, and a manly resoluteness to meet and defy it. There have been also crises in the history of the nation, when the elements of our political system were all disturbed, and ready to fly asunder.—The Union of these States has been more than once in danger of dissolution; very recently, I may say, on the verge of dissolution. In those days of danger

and darkness, when our sky was heavy with clouds, and stout hearts were appalled, and we knew not where to look for light; no voice was heard more loudly, or more cheerily, in the pauses of the storm, and in the wildest uproar of the storm, than his. One of these crises is known as the era of nullification. The political doctrine which was put forward as the ground and justification of practical nullification, was the right of a single State, in case of what she might judge a violation of the Constitution by any deliberate act of the Federal Government, to refuse it an application within her borders, and to absolve all her subjects, by her own ordinance, from obligation to obey it. This doctrine had its origin in South Carolina, or at least was mainly sustained by the politicians of that State, and used by them to resist and destroy the then established policy of a protective tariff. It began to grow conspicuous soon after the inauguration of General Jackson. Early in 1830, it was formally announced in the Senate of the United States, by Mr. Hayne, one of the Senators from South Carolina, in the celebrated debate on Foot's resolution. It could hardly have found an abler, or more earnest advocate. The reply of Mr. Webster is well known to most of my hearers. Portions of it are used, almost every day, among us, for practice in declamation. In its rare combination of all the loftier qualities of parliamentary eloquence, logic, humor, pathos, irony, narrative, picturesque effect, a complete adaptation of every word to the purposes of the occasion, with the highest flights of imagination, and the widest "discourse of reason," and the most comprehensive

views of public policy and constitutional duty, it is certainly unequalled by any effort of any American orator. Its effect in the Senate, and throughout the country was wonderful. Great, however, as were its merits in other respects, its greatest was the force of argument with which it shattered the doctrine of nullification. No more masterly exposition of the true meaning of the Constitution had been made, and the body of the country assented to it. If any others hesitated, South Carolina alone openly and deliberately refused her assent. The excitement continued there, growing stronger and stronger, until, near the end of 1832, the doctrine was brought into living operation, and a convention of the State passed the ordinance of nullification. The ordinance declared the revenue laws of the United States to be null and void, and made it unlawful for the officers of the United States to enforce the payment of duties in South Carolina. Of the proceedings of the Government I need not speak. It is enough to say that they were prompt, energetic, and decisive. The great influence of Mr. Webster was sought, by its members, in its behalf; and though he was allied with the President by no political sympathies, it was given freely, and to the fullest extent. Mr. Calhoun was now a private member of the Senate, and devoted all his ingenuity, and the inexhaustible resources of his mind, to the support of this his favorite idea, and the cause of South Carolina. He removed the question from the interpretation of the constitution, to the nature of the constitution, and going back, like a true logician, to the first principle, chose to do battle on

the proposition that that instrument is a compact between sovereign States. On that proposition Mr. Webster joined issue, and it was discussed by both of them, in February, 1833. Of the great powers of Mr. Calhoun, as shown in this debate, and everywhere, before this audience, I surely need not speak. The speech of Mr. Webster was, undoubtedly, the finest specimen of abstract reasoning ever uttered by him. He maintained that the Constitution is not a compact, but a government, substantive, independent, and supreme; and this doctrine once established, the whole scheme of nullification is shown to be utterly without foundation, and worthless. We owe it chiefly to him that this great, fundamental truth is established; and that it is established, deeply and universally, in the mind of the whole country, we need no better proof than the repeal of the ordinance of South Carolina, and the fact that no man there, or elsewhere, ventures to speak of nullification, as a constitutional remedy.

In the present aspect of political affairs all is calm and peaceful. Hardly is there a cloud on the horizon. Yet it is now much less than two years since our house was shaken to its foundation. That this quaking of the earth is past, that all is now calm and peaceful, we owe very much to Mr. Webster. The cause of the recent evil was slavery; the proposed remedy for the evil was secession. In 1850, Texas had been annexed, the Mexican war had been gained, and a vast addition of territory in the south-west had been made to our former abundance. The southern States claimed that this might be slave territory: those of the North would have it free

soil forever. There was a conflict of interests, of passions, of prejudices on both sides : harsh words said long ago, hard thoughts entertained long ago, by each of the other, were remembered, and became causes of mutual exasperation. The old notions and feelings about slavery had changed on both sides. We had learned to think less ill of it, they, to feel a growing bitterness and aversion towards it. Not only was there a conflict of interests and opinions touching our recent acquisitions of territory, but a doubt also, was entertained among us, whether our brethren of the north would be, or were disposed to be, faithful in complying with the order of the constitution concerning fugitive slaves. Under the influence of these causes, and chiefly, of this doubt, South Carolina proposed to secede from the Union, to secede peaceably ! Nor was she alone. Large multitudes in many other southern States were disposed to act with her. A southern confederacy was projected. I can only hope, that coming generations may find it hard to understand how deep our fears then were !

Of the merit of the pacification which followed the adjustment of all these difficulties, an adjustment never, we trust, to be disturbed, the larger part was unquestionably due to Mr. Clay. He introduced the series of measures known as the compromise. It was his unwearied urgency, and eloquence, and influence, which contributed most to ensure their passage through the Senate. Mr. Webster's share in this affair involved a personal danger, to which I have alluded already, in addition to the dangers which menaced the country. Very seldom has any public man, among us,

been called to meet a severer trial of his fortitude and courage. It is no easy thing to stand firmly in a position, which implies rebuke, and utters rebuke, to both sections of the nation ; to say to the South, " You are wrong here," and to the North, " You are wrong here ;" to refuse the fancied interests of the one, and to censure the long cherished feelings of the other ; to be sure he will satisfy neither, and fear all the while, that he may offend both. The personal danger, as we have seen, was utterly disregarded by him ; and the public danger he looked steadily in the face. The very calmness of his position ; the steadfastness with which his friends, and his enemies, saw that he was willing to stand alone, or fall if he must fall, alone, on the deliberate judgment he had always held, and always expressed, of the constitutional rights of the South, and the legal rights of the North and his present conviction of the necessity that must overrule the whole case ; did no little to assure the timid, and bring the great parties, when almost in the attitude of conflict, to peace and brotherhood again. Of the value of his services in this crisis hardly a better proof can be desired, than this, that however ready men were then, especially in the north, to affix approbrious epithets to his name, few can now be found, even there, who do not approve the views he then presented, as the most just, wise, moderate, that could have been offered.

Not less valuable to the country, though perhaps, less conspicuous to the ordinary eye, as the difficulties he set aside were less obvious, were the services rendered by Mr. Webster while

Secretary of State. His more recent acts, touching Cuba, and the Fisheries, and Intervention, &c., are fresh in the memory of the most of my hearers. But when he was for the first time called to the head of that department, he found ready for his best efforts, many most complicated and delicate negotiations. Let me allude to one only, the settlement of our difficulties with England by the treaty of Washington, in 1842.

The adjustment of the north-eastern boundary had been a subject of painful controversy between this country and England, ever since the revolution. The ordinary expedients of diplomacy had been exhausted. Proposals and refusals, negotiations and arbitrations, were all in vain. Each party became more and more confident of the justice of its claims, and successive administrations, on both sides, seemed anxious only to postpone a settlement, which they despaired of effecting. Meanwhile the population was drawing nearer the region in dispute, collision and violence might soon take place. The English Government had sent over seventeen regiments, in addition to their usual colonial armament. Both parties were well aware, when Gen. Harrison came into power, that the question might be speedily settled by arms. The irritation arising from the subject had been made tenfold more intense by the case of the *Caroline*, and the arrest of McLeod. An armed force had been sent by the Canadian authorities into the American waters to burn, and had burned, the American steamer *Caroline*, and this act had been sanctioned by the home government. This was of itself

almost a *casus belli*. Not long after McLeod, who had been engaged in the affair of the *Caroline*, was arrested in New York, and put on trial for murder. When the news of this arrest reached England, such was the universal exasperation, that Lord Palmerston wrote immediately to Mr. Fox, the British Charge', at Washington, that if McLeod were executed, neither the administration or the opposition, nor both combined, could prevent a war. Mr. Webster declared afterwards to the people of Boston, that had the intelligence then received at the Department of State, been made public, "the value of the shipping interest, and of every other interest connected with the commerce of the country, would have been depressed one half in six hours." I should add, what much increased the difficulties, that Maine and Massachusetts must be consulted and satisfied, as being the owners of the disputed territory, and that the United States had no power to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Courts of New York. All these difficulties and many others connected with them, were overcome, by the frankness, simplicity, and directness, with which Mr. Webster met them. All parties were consulted, and all parties were satisfied. Causes of irritation were set aside; a war with England was avoided; and all who were engaged in the negotiation agreed that the successful result of it was owing to the prudence, skill, and moderation of the American Secretary of State.

The success of Mr. Webster, so far as he was successful, in securing the adoption, as principles in our government, of those ideas and constructions

which he judged just, true, and necessary to it, is of course to be ascribed very much to the peculiar character of his eloquence. To those who never heard him, no language can convey an adequate conception of it. His form, as you all know, was commanding; his eye bright, his face marked with the lines of thought, and you could not but feel before he began to speak, that what he should say, would be worthy of a most attentive hearing. In no case was such expectation disappointed. His deep, full voice nobly set off his words; and his words were words of intelligence, patriotism, and wisdom. The largest part of his published works is made up of speeches, delivered on various occasions. They are in your hands, and fit subjects for your earnest study. I know none more worthy to be pondered by those who know how to think; none, I will add, more worthy to be pondered by those who would learn how to think. The results and the processes of the profoundest thought, of the clearest intuition, of the widest range of vision, are given to us in language, most simple, and apt, that could be chosen. You cannot separate the words from the thought, nor either from the emotion that pervades and gives them life. The whole speech, and every sentence, is an utterance of the entire man, mind, heart, and soul; and the thought seems to be born, when it is uttered. There is nowhere any parade, artifice, mere rhetoric. He uses words only as means to an end: strives to produce convictions, because he is himself convinced.

There is hardly a more striking feature of these speeches than the air of reality of which they all partake. His

mind consciously embraced the things around him, the circumstances in which he was placed, the objects he had to gain, as real things, circumstances, and objects; and hence his thought, and his delivery, were grave, deliberate, and earnest. Hence also, what he said on any occasion, was pertinent to that occasion, and the most fit and proper thing that could be said. I heard him on his return from England, in 1840, address the farmers of the Massachusetts Legislature, giving them the results of his observations on English farming. It seemed to me that agriculture must have been the study of his life. I had heard him some years before, on the presentation of a vase by citizens of Boston, inscribed "to the defender of the Constitution." He was then the alarmed and alert statesman, with no thought but the interest of his country, then as he thought in danger of being betrayed by those who were set to defend it. Mr. Webster has said that eloquence resides "in the man, in the subject, and the occasion." Occasions come at no man's bidding. Subjects are not always in our power. And the man! Would you be eloquent as he was, you must have his great intellect, and his great heart.

Much as Mr. Webster may be supposed to have owed to nature, he owed much to laborious thought. His varied learning came from no inspiration. His iron logic was no gift of genius. You who aspire to a reputation such as his, would do well to imitate his habit of severe and constant study.

Of the virtues of his private life, it is enough to say that of those who knew him best, he was best loved.

In this rapid sketch, I may not omit to say that the later years, at least, and certainly the last days of Mr. Webster, were cheered with the consolations of christian hope. I well remember the lively pleasure I felt, when some seven or eight years ago, I was told by a distinguished statesman of our own commonwealth, who sunk to the grave but a few days before him, that he had recently joined Mr. Webster in his first communion, and that he had ample reason to believe, that this step was taken by him deliberately, and with mature preparation. The statement only confirmed my own impression, that a mind of so large contemplations could not fail to look up with deep reverence to the Author of all being, and that a man of so clear moral judgments, must recognise the worthiness and admit the claims of the Savior of the world. We have now abundant evidence that he did both.

I have spoken of crisis in our country's history, in which the abilities of Mr. Webster, were conspicuous, and of eminent service. While they were upon us, they were days of gloom and fear. They are now happily past. We went through them, not without harsh trial, yet safely; and for this our gratitude is due to him, to his conservative influence, to his firm grasp of principles, to his resolute testing of men, and measures, and doctrines by the Constitution.—When the hour of trial comes again,

to whom shall we look for guidance? Calhoun is gone, and Clay is gone, and now Webster is gone, and in whom is to be our reliance?

The hour of trial will surely come. Distractions and perplexities are in store for us. Even now, in the horizon, may be discerned the cloud "of the bigness of a man's hand." I may not, but the eyes of some of you will witness its gathering blackness, and your ears hear "the sound of abundance of rain."—When that storm comes, when the integrity of our Union shall be menaced again, when jealousy, and mistrust, and hatred shall rouse a fraternal feud among us, when the stars in our country's flag shall fade from their brightness, or begin to disappear, what better prayer can you offer, than that his mantle may fall on one as worthy as himself?

"The great are falling from us—to the dust  
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;  
A nation's glory, and a people's trust  
Lie in the ample pall, where Webster lies.

The great are falling from us—one by one,  
As falls the patriarchs of the forest trees;  
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun  
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast Pine,  
Which, like a main-mast, towered above her  
realm;  
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine  
From out the branches of her stately elm.

And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow  
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,  
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now  
Our startled eagle knows not where to rest."

## THE BANKS OF THE EPAC REEF.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE MORNING WALK.

No thought within her bosom stirs,  
 But wakes some feeling dark and dread;  
 God keeps thee from a doom like hers,  
 Of living when the hopes are dead.

CAREY.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charms of earliest birds.

MILTON.

“Stay Lizzie, until I arrange my flowers, and I will go with you,” said a musical voice, as Lizzie opened the gate of the flower garden, with her sun-bonnet on, prepared to take a walk.

“Well, make haste Mary,” replied Lizzie; and shutting the gate she retraced her steps to a diamond bed, where a virgate drooped beneath the weight of collected dew; then stooping down, she busied herself, plucking up the spires of grass that grew around it, till Mary, a handkerchief thrown carelessly over her head and a copy of Hemans in her hand, accosted her,

“Let’s go to the myrtle grove, Lizzie, and recall the scenes of other days: or, as the poetess would say—

“Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells  
 A light all made for the poet dwells:  
 To the woods, to the dingles, where violets  
 blow,  
 We will bear no memory of earthly woe.”

But we will want two characters.—

Our scenes will be imperfect without Leon; and there will be no poet to enjoy the light, made especially for his benefit.”

“Oh that those scenes might really return!” sighed Lizzie, with a fervency known only to herself, for Mary heard it not. Rising, she gently shook the moisture from the plant, and the two walked away in silence.

As they walk on, indulgent reader, I will step aside with you and make an observation or two. We will then join them again.

You will remember that at the time, of which I am writing, no one knew anything of Mahgar’s passion for Lizzie; and only Leon was permitted to read the language of her heart. Why she chose to confide her secret to him, rather than to Mary, it is not my purpose to decide. Some would say, that woman, feeling her inferiority, is ever prompted, by a sense of weakness, to

seek some one stronger and wiser than herself, to whom, in all her troubles and sorrows, she may look for counsel and protection; hence, Lizzie reposed confidence in Leon. Others affirm that the female sex are unable to keep their own secrets, much less those of another; hence they distrust each other. All speculation, physical and metaphysical disquisition aside, now let it be agreed between you and me, that friendship is among Heaven's richest boons; that no joy is so exquisite as not to be enhanced by participation; that no grief is so poignant, that sympathy cannot soothe it. Intimacies between the young of different sexes may be objected to, on the ground that they are apt to *degenerate* or *refine*, if you please into something else. But what if they are? Friendship can only become *less* or *more*. If less, it ceases to be friendship; if more, and it be good of itself, it becomes something better. But I was not going to philosophize. Leon proved ever a true friend. He locked the trust committed to his keeping, in the chambers of his memory, and guarded it with a religious fidelity, suffering not even his own thoughts to visit without precaution the sacred abode.

Our friends of the 'kerchief and sun-bonnet are now out of sight and we must quicken our pace to overtake them. See, here is the brook that winds along the margin of the sedge-field, skirted by a thicket of plum trees, myrtle and elder. The branches are scarcely high enough, to permit us to walk under them; but by stooping sometimes and sometimes breaking or bending a limb out of the way, we will be able to proceed pretty well. The red bird and

thrush seem to regard this as their peculiar domain; for we have seen no other bird, since we left the road, except a swamp sparrow, who darted away at our approach, and is now singing in the meadow. The acclivity here is but slight, you observe, the rise from the edge of the marsh to where we stand being not more than six feet; yet it is perfectly dry, and the fresh leaves that fall from the evergreens, so abundant, cover the ground with a yellow carpet and present an appearance of early autumn. We love, sometimes, to ramble in a wood of evergreens. It withdraws our attention, for a time, from the changes that are going on around us, and beguiles us with the thought that some things earthly may be permanent—a delusion that is always pleasant. But list! I hear a voice singing a well known air.

"O give me a cot in the valley I love,  
A tent in the green-wood, a home in the grove;  
I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be,  
If one faithful heart will but share it with me."

That is my favorite song. How suitable, too, to the place and time! Let's not advance any farther, lest we disturb them. Yonder Lizzie sits, on the trunk of a stooping myrtle; and there is Mary coming from the brook with a bugle flower in her hand.

"I was singing for your comfort, Lizzie; you look so sad and disconsolate. What in the world can be the matter?"

"Oh! nothing very serious."

"If you don't quit looking so melancholy, and doing so ugly, I shall conclude that you are in love sure enough."

"I thought that love was a pleasant sensation, and made people very happy."

How, then, do you say I am sad and in love?"

"Why, I didn't think any such thing. It may make them very unhappy, for all I know. Do you speak from experience?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I may be right. You had the dumps bad enough, at the lake, last week, and Dr. Mahgar seemed to catch the infection. I wish he was here to-day, to see how he would be effected. But, Lizzie, why did you refuse to ride with him, on the lake, and so soon after go with Mr. Osmon? I was so sorry for him! He is always polite and agreeable, and worthy of quite as much consideration as that little fop, if he doesn't dress as finely."

"I know that; and I would rather not talk about that lake party. Perhaps I did wrong; but I mean to show *him*, I don't care so much for him. To have it said I'm in love with a stranger *quack* almost at first sight! Ridiculous!"

"Pshaw! Never mind reports; nobody believes them."

"To be sure! And what's become of your consistency? You remember the day before the party? *You* seem to be very much interested for the young doctor, all at once."

"Now Lizzie! You know I don't care any more for him, than I do for the rest. I was a little vexed that day; and perhaps I am inconsistent."

"And why should you care how he is treated?"

"I don't care a great deal. But he has feelings, as well as other people, and would like to have them respected. He likes you very much, and seems to take it hard, to be treated coolly by you."

"I shall never sacrifice my self-respect to save the feelings of anybody."

"I wouldn't have you to do that. Kindness never argues a want of self-respect."

"Well, I suppose not. La! we haven't heard from Leon since he left. I wonder what is the reason he doesn't write?"

"Why, he hasn't had time yet. He has been gone but little more than a week. Apropos, the sun is getting warm, and we had better be going."

"Give me that flower to send to Cornelius."

"No. But I will give it to you, to send to the Doctor, by way of atonement for your cold-water treatment of him."

"Hush! Let's go,"

"I suppose you think, as it was a warm day, *warm* treatment would be oppressive; and even an icy look would be acceptable, much more the proximity of an ice-berg."

Let us return, also, from our short walk in the fields of imagination. You have not seen any very vivid painting; for I made no use of Fancy's wand, but to roll back the waves of time that have intervened between this and the day on which the above conversation took place. Having done that, I exposed to your view, scenes as they were. It hasn't been long: only a few years. Lizzie *might* yet be a laughing girl: the time is so short. She was not, however, as it might seem, affected with only a temporary sadness. Had Mary inspected the stooping myrtle, she would have there found evidence of deeper grief than she ever dreamed was preying on Lizzie's heart. She had not then been initiated into the school of love, and

knew nothing of the many painful lessons that are taught there. Would she might never have learned them! But alas! her pathway of life, which had hitherto been stewn with flowers only, was soon to be overgrown with the thorn and briar. Leon, too, whose bright sunny sky had scarcely ever been traversed by a cloud, was destined soon to behold, admire and pursue, a dazzling form, which, like the ignisfatuus of fable, should lure him on till he was drunk with draughts of anticipated bliss, then vanish and leave him far in the wilderness of despair, to mourn, without solace, his bitter fate. He learned to sympathize, as only those who suffer can, long before Lizzie ceased to need his sympathy. O why should they all be thus subjected to sore disappointment! Perhaps it was best, for,

“ Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.”

I did not intend to inflict upon you the sad story of Lizzie's early companions. What I have said, I said inadvertently. Let us return to the history I was relating.

Lizzie, after some reflection, thought that she had acted unadvisedly; and although she believed that, if Mahgar truly loved her, he would not be deterred from addressing her, by anything she had done or would be likely to do; yet she determined to revoke her former resolution, and, if possible, conduct herself toward him in a becoming and respectful manner. This determination she kept for a time, and succeeded in her endeavors, so far as to induce Mahgar to believe that there might have been some cause for her change of manner toward him, which was unknown to

him, and which had since been removed. He made no attempt to disguise his intentions, and was prevented from making an open avowal, only by the fact of her superficial acquaintance with him, a wise precaution generally; but in this case, it would seem to have been anything else. The criminal, who is doomed to die, would hardly object to the guillotine or gallows, and choose the slow process of starvation.

They met often; hope again was numbered with the active principles of Mahgar's mind. Lizzie was cheerful, gay and apparently happy. But the gleam of joy that had burst upon them, was soon to be shut out by a denser, darker cloud, than any they had ever yet experienced. The mouth of Rumor—I will not call it slander—was not yet shut. Lizzie heard, and heard only to hate herself.

“ O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer never meant.”

She felt as if she had done something—she knew not what—that had exposed her to the derision of the world. That she could bear; but the thought that she had given her heart to a stranger, unasked—that perhaps she had betrayed her feelings to him—was more than her proud spirit could endure. She did not so much regard any rumor she heard; neither did she censure those who propagated them, nor blame Mahgar for anything he had done. All that was needed to induce a return of the invisible, the unknown, strange power, that impelled her to treat with scorn the man she loved, and loved as few hearts can love, with a deep, abiding, consuming, intensity, was for her to

turn her thoughts within and realize how wildly, how madly she loved.

Opportunity was not wanting for her to do the thing she would have given worlds to have left undone. She was a member of a singing society, which Mahgar also attended. Here they had often met. Here they met again. That day Mahgar resolved to escort her home, declare his passion and meet his expected doom. To this end he had fortified himself with all the firmness he could command, and attempted to throw around him the impenetrable cloak of stoicism. Thus prepared, he believed he could bear the sentence of banishment from the presence of an idol he had so long and so fondly worshipped, with a degree of composure, that would prevent the betrayal of the agonies of his soul.

The hours of the meeting passed, as hours at singing societies are usually spent. More gallantry than singing was practiced, and more conversation than music was heard. Every act, word, or even look, of Lizzie toward Mahgar, was cold and forbidding. His remarks were always replied to in monosyllables.—When the meeting adjourned, he offered his attendance to the carriage; but Lizzie must have some private conversation with a friend, and for that purpose lingered behind. Mahgar and Mary walked on, and waited at the carriage. As Lizzie left her friend and was advancing alone, he returned to meet her.

“Miss Eliza, have I offended you in any way?”

“Not at all.”

“Your marked coolness toward me, induced me to fear that I had.”

They were now at the side of the carriage and, Lizzie stepping in and mak-

ing a hasty bow, it moved away rapidly, leaving Mahgar in a state of feeling, I presume, very much like that of Tantalus, when the cooling beverage first glided from his fevered lips. He soon found himself in his buggy, scarcely knowing how he came there, and in a few moments he was seated in his armed chair, in his office at Dr. Bonds. Thinking was out of the question. Reason was shaken from her throne by the storms and convulsions that passion had aroused in his soul. No one, who has not felt them, can understand the thousand emotions, varied and diverse, that passed, with electric rapidity, through his heaving bosom—the total absence of the power to think—and the deep-seated grief that now commenced its work.

“O love! thou bane of most generous souls!  
Thou doubtful pleasure, and thou certain pain!  
What magic 's thine that melts the hardest  
hearts,  
And fools the wisests minds?”

And Lizzie, ah! she endured no less anguish of mind, beside the pain of knowing it was self-inflicted. She hastened to her bower in the twilight, and sought to relieve her heart by weeping. But no relief was found in tears. She felt that even time—the great physician of the mind—could not now reach her case. Cease, idle words, ye cannot express sorrows, such as these!

Turn, my friend, if you have followed me thus far, and read the lines that head the chapter. There is meaning in them now. And, if you have any sympathy for poor, deluded, self-destroying mortals, drop a tear for Lizzie; for she needed many.

[To be continued.]

## THOUGHTS ON NATIONAL LITERATURE.

WHAT is the great distinction of a country? Is it language? Surely not, in our case; for then we would still form a part of the British Empire. It cannot be the particular form of religion which prevails in any country, that distinguishes it from every other. It is characteristic of christianity, that it breaks down the middle wall of partition between the nations, and assimilates them to one another. It is not the mere conventionalities of civilized life which obtain among any people, that constitute the difference between them and others; for, if such were the fact, we should again be in danger of losing our nationality in that of England. Now, though it is not the political institutions of a country which make the whole difference in this respect, yet, they play a most important part, and in conjunction with an influence still more potent, and in their action and reaction upon each other, we must look for an answer to this question.

"National Literature," as defined by an eminent American scholar, "is the expression of a nation's mind in writing." This definition, it will be seen, includes under the general term literature all the writings of superior minds, be the subjects what they may. This then may be said to be the distinction of a country, that it produces men of great minds. By reason of our novel situation as a

nation—a race of pioneers—having been obliged in the first instance to found an empire and establish a government, then allow time for that government to mature itself, and for all the elements of physical greatness to become developed; it is absurd to expect at such an early period that gigantic literature and long succession of illustrious authors which characterize England. Why, there is Germany, old as it is, which possessed a short time back no national literature whatever; but now she rivals England: her literature having been chiefly produced and fostered by a single master-mind, the illustrious Goethe. The influence which she now wields in the world of letters, is unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by that of any other nation. Her great metaphysicians, borrowing the philosophy of Locke through the channel of France, and acting upon it as mere suggestions, have built up systems—the impress of whose genius, as exhibited in the refined powers of reasoning and analysis, can never be effaced by the hand of time. True, she committed the fault of running into the opposite extreme to that of France. But the philosophy of France, at least of Condillue, was delusive in its tendencies, like that of Hobbes in England. Germany, through Hunt, fought against nationalism, and strove to rescue the nobler part of man from the destruc-

tion with which it was threatened. But to return: our life as a nation, so far, has been mostly that of merchants and mechanics. We had to build up a national reputation in respect of the common arts of life and industrial skill, generally. We have already surprised the Old World by the variety and importance of our inventions. And when the false notions of utility that now prevail shall burst their narrow limits, and a taste for the ornamental be acquired, it will then be perceived what a wide field here presents itself for the cultivation and improvement of the mind; here where there are no restraints to the free exercise of all its powers, none to make afraid, none to distort by fear, or to prevent the representation of the truth by corrupt patronage. It is obvious to all, that a poetical literature especially is the growth of ages; it is the offspring of leisure, luxury and a long and picturesque train of traditions and associations.

That America has not produced a first rate poet, or few master minds in any department of literature, with the profundity of knowledge and varied learning of European philosophers and philologists, must not be ascribed to our youthfulness as a nation, so much as to more natural and potent causes. America has risen to greatness under circumstances which have no parallel in history. The heiress of Britain's glory, she is so fortunate as to be able to begin her career with a capital rich beyond comparison. For what England has been for ages accumulating in intellect, science, art and renown, is no more than so many new elements in our hands with which to build up our fu-

ture success. So that where England left off, we begin; she is already nearly spent, while we are only beginning to surmise what is our "manifest destiny." Such being the state of the case, springing into existence with liberty and civilization for our birth-right we have been enabled to accomplish in the short space of three quarters of a century, what other nations have been laboring at for ages. Hence we have been so fast, so utilitarian, in our ideas, as to allow ourselves no leisure for the cultivation of the imagination. We have had few, if any professed scholars, who have been surrounded by all the appliances of literature, dwelt among their books, and made nature the subject of their study. The reason obviously is because they have stood in need of the necessary encouragement. A republic, and especially one so recent as ours, is not the form of government most likely to direct its attention to objects of such apparently minor importance. An aristocracy begets patronage, which is absolutely requisite to encourage and foster the larger class of men of letters. Many whose tastes would induce them to direct their thoughts to literary pursuits, cannot, were they ever so much inclined towards them, spare from their respective professions and avocations the time required to achieve the reputation of authors. Some of our most distinguished writers heretofore have either been engaged in banking, some mercantile pursuit, or called to labor most sedulously in the learned professions. Except one here and there, it is difficult to point out any who are professedly men of letters. When luxury shall increase among us, and those who wallow therein shall

become wearied in the pursuit of riches, then will they begin to turn their attention to other and more noble, as well as rational means of enjoyment. This is obliged to be the case. We have seen it exemplified in the case of Greece and Rome. And wherever a free people becomes rich, and vicious indulgences do not creep in with luxury, or intolerant superstition and tyranny crush their sensibilities, as well as physical energies, learning will make its appearance among them. Unhappy Spain, grown powerful and wealthy by reason of the discovery of America, but ground down by the iron heel of despotism under Philip, and disgraced by the Inquisition and papal domination, was prevented from retaining that stand among the nations to which she was fast attaining,

Is it not to be hoped that the Americans, with none of these drawbacks, will draw around them the talent which is now suffered to languish for want of proper encouragement, cultivate their own tastes, and become the patrons of men of letters. By so doing they will deserve a place in our estimation next to that of the scholar himself. For next to the professors of merit, we most applaud those who are capable of discerning and rewarding it in others. Our country cannot furnish material for the production of an epic which can ever compare with the works of sublimity inspired by the genius of a Homer, a Virgil and a Milton. The success of the Grecian lay in the rich and inexhaustible mythology of his country, and the credulity lavished by semi-barbarous nations upon fabulous traditions, however marvellous in their nature. The Roman was equally fortunate in the generally

received and flattering opinion which his countrymen entertained respecting their origin. While the great English bard could find nothing in the traditions of his country, sufficient of itself, without the mythology of his predecessors, which enabled him to build, as they had done, a monument of sublimity to the nationality of his country. He sought for a theme to inspire his bold and lofty pen, in regions and times even more remote than the Grecian and Mantuan bards had done. Thus, however happy in his choice of a subject for his great poem, because of the superior interest which revelation threw around it, his materials were foreign, and referred to the remotest antiquity. We can never hope then for an American epic at all comparable with these, if we confine the poet at home, and do not suffer him to roam abroad in quest of other and more appropriate materials than our own country and times can furnish. We can produce the actor; but our annals are too few and meager to serve his purpose. And our literature will never become nationalised until the case is altered.

In proportion as the number of our native authors increases, who choose subjects entirely American, and feel that they are writing for the benefit of their country, and not merely for the dimes, will our literature become nationalized. Let them elucidate the principles of our government, and write like patriots; then will our institutions in turn react upon them, and, in some degree, enter into the spirit of all their writings. It will then be they that rule, they who closet themselves and work out problems of political economy, which, perhaps, their own age may be unable to comprehend,

and still more unwilling to adopt; but as the truth can't be suppressed, the next year or generation will laud them for their efforts in the cause of mankind, and their system will have its day. Some great writer says, "show me the two or three great heads, who, unnoticed, are buried in their libraries, and oc-

cupied in deep studies; and I will show you the men who will rule the next generation."

Thus it is, that the habits of thought of any nation, its modes of thinking, and the great men who do that thinking, constitute its national distinction.

WAH-TA.

## OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

How are our pleasures mingled with disquietude and grief! We look around in vain, to find some sweet as yet untainted by any irritating pain; some little fountain of joy gushing its pure waters as from Eden's bowers, unmingled with a stream of sorrow. Nay, in all the vale of life, not even a flower purely beautiful and lovely meets the eye. Its petals were fanned by a mournful zephyr, and its blushing sweetness is tainted with the odor of grief. Nature has denied us pure joys, and memory, the choicest of her gifts, is imbittered by the reflection that "Out of sight, we are out of mind." Forever gliding on the stream of time we hourly see new scenes of pleasure; friends pass before us, fond worshipers at fortune's shrine, and every face is beaming with a smile. But in a moment they are gone and are as soon forgotten. Other scenes as bright arise, other faces are as radiant

with sweet smiles: why should our thoughts then linger on the past?

Forget we should at times; forget the injuries we have suffered, the pains of disappointment, the pangs of former days that fester in the heart, the piercing thoughts which wound the tender feelings. Yes, let them fade away in the past. But shall we forget the kind words and affections of those we love? Shall the hours which friendship hath made happy, the fond recollections of moments which mingled kindred hearts, shall *they* sink beneath the sleepy waters of oblivion? Shall the chords of love and friendship so tenderly wreathed with our every affection, decay in absence, and be flung forgetfully away? Forbid it kind Heaven! We dislike to reflect on the past, because 'tis fraught with scenes of disappointment. Painful thoughts rush to the mind; feelings awake which long had been concealed

within the archives of the heart, perfumed with tears of grief; and now aroused they call anew for tears, nor will they be allayed until the heart has paid the offering due. "Oh, that I always were a child!" was not said in thoughtlessness; for who would not forego the few happy moments which manhood gives to snatch from memory the countless pangs which rend the heart? Who that bears the wreath of fame upon his temples, but would say, my golden days were in my childhood? Yet oft amidst the rugged barrenness of life the burning thirst is soothed and the drooping spirit revived by some refreshing fount of pleasure, gushing from the very rocks that fret us most. Such pleasure is doubly sweet, because when most 'tis needed it springs up before us. And such are the joys of friendship, such the memory of past hours—*shall they be forgotten?*

When bitterest disappointments check our every step, when summer friends with summer years have fled, when not one star of hope to guide us on our way pierces the mantle of adversity that shrouds the sky of life, 'tis then, fond memory recalls the happiness of other days and brighter scenes, 'tis then a thousand thoughts of former bliss cluster around and shed the balm of Gil-ead o'er the aching heart. But in the hour of prosperity we forget the past: so brightly shines the day, so blooming every face that greets us, so favoring every smile, life is a bed of roses, and we may revel in its luxuries. *Then* joys are no sooner fled than forgotten. Friends meet our eyes with smiles, they fill our cup of joy, they task themselves to run it over, but our hearts are too full to de-

vote a place to their memory; no sooner are they out of sight than they are out of mind. It is too often true; but the heart that thus forgets the past, has yet to learn that one of the purest streams of pleasure which gladden life flows from the past.

New friends may crowd around to fill the places of those far away, they may present new pleasures before us, but *shall* we forget those who were once beloved? The thoughtless may, but never can the one that feels. He knows too well the worth of love: he who has loved in truth cannot forget. The chords of life will burst as soon as those which bind true friends. Let others glide along in life forgetful of their friends of former days, basking in the smiles of ephemeral spirits like their own, but give me "Old friends and true." While present I'll love them, when absent I'll cherish their memories. Prosperity shall never sink in oblivion the remembrance of the hours I spent with them; adversity shall but make them seem sweeter; each change in life shall awake them anew, and time can but prove them unfading.

"Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall,  
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;  
Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;  
Dear—as his native song to exile's ears—  
Shall sound each tone the long loved voice en-dears."

He were a worthless being who could forget the one he loved, and fling aside the feelings once cherished as most dear. How nobly was it said by one who loved,

"But if for me thou do'st forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipped image from its base,  
To give to me the ruined place—  
Then, fare thee well, I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake,  
Where thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine."

But who could bear to be forgotten?  
When happiest with our friends to think,  
that no sooner were we gone from their  
presence than we were remembered no  
longer—that those who *now* love us,  
even the friends of our youth will soon  
forget us? The very thought grows  
painful.

Are all the appearances of affection,  
the words so bland and soothing to the  
heart with all the smiles which seek its  
very recesses, are *they all* false and vain?  
And shall my friends forget me when  
I am gone? When thrown upon an  
unfeeling world to bear its pains and  
disappointments, must I then know that  
I live no longer in the affections of those  
to whom I once was dear? Nay, take  
away my fortune, shut fast the portals  
of fame's temple, let my home be on the  
barren rocks, my sighs be answered by  
the desert sands, but give me a place in  
the memory of my friends!

Who is it hath no gentle hand to  
smooth his dying pillow, for whom no  
parent yearns, no brother, no fond sister  
weeps, no son, no daughter sighs,  
for whom no friendly heart would shed  
a tear? Oh, lead me to his side! I  
weep for him.

Let me only be remembered by some  
affectionate heart, I scorn to ask one

sigh, one thought from a cold world. I  
would not shrink from all that pain  
could dare, so that my name be cherish-  
ed still as dear by those I love.

"Oh, let my sister kiss my dying lips,  
And with a tear my fading cheeks bedew,  
Then say, my memory to thee is given,  
I ask no more of earth, what more of heaven?"

And there is one upon whom my  
memory dwells with fondest recollec-  
tions; one whom it would be sweet to  
love with all the love there be in earth;  
one whom I would not, nay, cannot for-  
get, one who, though out of sight, can  
ne'er be out of mind. Think not, fair  
spirit, if thou ever seest this, think not  
thou e'er can'st be forgotten; though  
far away, thine eye seems bright before  
me, thy voice falls sweet upon my ear.  
But shall *I* be remembered? Thou  
hast fled to another land.

"Remember him thou leav'st behind,  
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,  
Close as the tenderest links can bind,  
A heart as warm as heart can be."

Perhaps ere now mine is an unmean-  
ing name upon the earth, that touches  
a sympathetic chord in the hearts of  
none, that wakes a joy in no kindred  
breast, perhaps forgotten by thee. The  
very thought doth chill me. Is there  
not *one* to love me, not one who will  
moisten my grave with a tear?

"Remember me, oh pass not by my grave,  
Without one thought whose relics there recline;  
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,  
Would be to find forgetfulness in thine."

## MUSINGS OF A STUDENT.

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I AM sitting by my fire that sparkles and cracks with merry music in the neat fireplace, feeling the conviction that I must write something for the next number of the Magazine. And what shall I write? My room is too comfortable for work. The curtains are close drawn; a soft mellow glow is produced by the candle and fire, and the keen whistlings of the wind around the house corners furnishes a grateful contrast to the warmth and cheer within. The table is filled with books, but I feel in no humor for Philosophy or Metaphysics. I prefer to follow rather than control the vagaries of my mind, and drawing the light a little closer, hitching my chair nearer the fire, I dip my pen in the ink, and as thought after thought rises, waits for a moment as if to be considered, and then drops back to its mysterious resting place, I note it down and here they are.

A College life is a strange one, filled with many a queer thought and act, at which, if known, some would laugh and others weep. Separated from home and friends for perhaps the first time, the student feels those curious emotions that beset one entering upon a new and untried course. Somewhat matured in mind, yet not strong enough to cope with the world, he despises his childhood, and casting off the schoolboy garb, vainly tries to wear the manly robe; yet it must be worn, for College life is so short

that ere he is aware of it, he is ushered into the world where, unless it is worn, he must go down before the proud lance of some doughty knight. The object then of College life is to learn to be a man, and in no place could it be better learnt. Before, among those who loved and cared for him, no exertion on his part was necessary. His wants were provided for without his knowledge, his course marked out, all obstacles removed, and in the blissful enjoyments of home, his life resembled a placid lake through which flowed a current so quiet that he was unconscious of his progress. Life to him was an unknown land. But as soon as he enters the College walls he takes his initiatory steps. Left to the guidance of his own judgment, moulded in some degree, it is true, by previous impressions and parental advice, he yet feels that it is to himself that he must look, and his judgment is strengthened by the exercise. Entirely arbitrary in the disposition of the means placed in his hands, he begins to feel that spirit of independence, absolutely necessary to his future well being. Animated by hope, he forms resolutions, the execution of which depends entirely upon himself. Were this all, it would be enough to excite deep thought, but it is not all; a thousand circumstances never thought of until they act, conspire to warp his reason and interfere with home instructions, and his own consciousness

of right. His hopes are modified, their direction changed, and the resolutions depending on those hopes, necessarily alter their nature. No longer is he the gay boy without pain or fear. He has become a passionate being, swayed in spite of himself in a great degree, by those passions that are wildest and most need restraint when they have the least of it. College life is emphatically a passionate one, and students are men of the heart. In this consists the difference between them and the world. The one is the slave of impulse; the other acknowledges no master but cold reason. The one is a heart-man, the other a head-man. Neither are right, for both are equally the gift of God, and were destined to be equally used. Perfect happiness can only be attained when they are united. When the cold suggestions of reason are warmed by the glow of benevolent affections, and the passionate boundings of the heart are tempered by the firm decrees of a just judgment. But this union is rare, and I must speak of College life as it is. To many, and indeed I may say to the most, it is but a dull imprisonment to which they are subjected by the prejudices of parents, and so thinking, in gay pleasures, in wild revels and vicious enjoyments, they pass their time, which passing sows in their hearts the seeds of bitter repentance. The fires of youth may check their growth, but they cannot destroy them.

In after years, when the hot blood of youth has grown cold, when the snows of time have whitened the once raven locks, when the bustle of life is over, and in retirement he seeks happiness, the fatal seeds will spring up and bear their

fruit, from which exudes a deadly poison. Such is College life to many. Such in some cases is the student's life. Repentance and regret follow, though from a different source. Burning with desire to do and be something in the world, he considers College life as only an impediment that separates him from greatness, and though to books he may turn, and from their hiding places drag the learning of ages; yet it is only as an outlet to his eager spirit; a sad alternative to which he is reduced, and no joy mingles with his labors. It depends upon himself if it is a happy life, and the genuine student's life is happy. Unlike the first, he enters College with a proper knowledge of his aims, and unlike the second, he judges more correctly of the means by which those ends are to be gained.

From his mind he banishes all vain longings and fretful wishes. He waits till the world shall present the cup of joy to his lips, and then with safety quaffs the delicious draught. Man's applause falls upon his ear with a faint echo that soothes the throbbings of his heart, like the far-off sounds of music borne upon the passing breeze. He hears the mighty rushings of the busy world, like the echo of a dream, and in himself, and with himself and his books he lives; draws lessons of wisdom and instruction from the experience of the past. Wandering with the ancient philosophers, he catches the words that fall like priceless pearls from their lips; hangs with delight upon the eloquence that still is borne to his ears from the grave of buried time; glows with the Poet's flaming numbers; feels his inmost soul stirred by the recital of bold and

daring deeds ; dwells enraptured upon the magic productions of the chisel ; gazes with fascinated eye upon the pencil's glorious forms ; or wandering amid the ruins of ancient cities, wreathed with the coronal of fallen greatness, each ruined altar and crumbling stone speaks, and he is taught to look beyond the bubbles of earth, and fix his hopes upon a promise that *cannot* be broken.

Thus quietly gathering strength for the awful conflict, his very quietude leaves him time to exercise the noblest attributes. Unwarped by vice, his heart can sympathize with virtue's distresses, and joy in her triumphs. Here he can find a field for the exercise of charity, meekness and patience. For quiet as his life is, it is sometimes disturbed, and its sweet harmony jarred by the rough contact of his fellows.

He can find ample room to encourage virtue and frown down vice ; to protect innocence and reform guilt. And though he may oftentimes fail, yet by chance he may reclaim an erring spirit, and be blessed with the gratitude of a repentant heart. At least the chance is worth the labor. Here too he can enjoy the sweetest of all delight—untainted friendship. Finding some congenial spirit, they may live together, each bettered by the other. Together they may cull the flowers from classic fields, or lighten the hours of philosophic research. Each may tell the other his hopes and fears, and from an unbiased mind receive advice ; and tired of books, in the open fields find pleasures never before known ; see beauties never before seen. Wandering by the purling rivulets shelving banks, glean instruction from its bubbling waters. Examine the pebbles that strew its shore, and learn from the voice-

less shells ; see and read their destiny in the fading flowers that shall again bloom brightly, or by the bright fireside draw from the garret of memory impressions long past, and brushing the accumulated dust from their old familiar faces, hold them up for each others enjoyment. Such is the students life : a stream that first flowing quietly from the confines of home, is crossed and checkered by a thousand counter currents that run into and across it. Sometimes one that pollutes its clear waters, rendering dark their transparent depths, and sometimes one that its own waters sully. Now a sickly stream empties into it, and forces it to bear along its own slime ; and now one whose rushing current lends strength and impetuosity to ; it and now it blends its waters with one so like itself, that he wishes they might forever mingle their volumes, and roll on in harmonious union. Sometimes its own sources fail and the stream stagnates, but to be hurried on more swiftly, when the fountains are fresh filled from secret springs. Now winding crystal clear through flowery fields and verdant vales ; now confined between high mountains, it speeds its course, as if longing for those beauteous sights again, and seeking them beyond—for it cannot return. Now yielding joy and pleasure, with merry laughter pealing from its throbbing bosom ; and now dark and turbid the swollen torrent dashes madly on, its hoarse voice mumuring a bold defiance. Still on it flows through sunshine and shade, calm and storm. Now covered with wrecks, and anon with its flashing wavelets kissed by the drooping willow and sedgy flowers that fringe its banks ; on and still on it goes, and how swiftly !

So swiftly that it seems but a short

space since he enrolled his name on his Alma Mater's books, and the interval is like a pleasant dream. But many changes have taken place since then. War has left his mouldering mark on nature's face. Ambitious hopes have been formed, some blasted, some realized; kings have died and—peasants: beneath the same sod they lie. Nations have rejoiced over the birth of princes, and the lowly cot has echoed to the infant's wail. Time has not stopped his course, but has made the future the present, the present the past, and he is about to become the man with a man's toils. And has he been worsted by the exchange? The heart says yes! the head no! The heart points for proof to withered hopes, past joys and lost innocence. The head says the future is yours to enjoy: the past has but prepared you to reap a full fruition. Ambition points the way; reason will guide you aright, and far through the dim vista of time fame's temple looms obscurely into view, seen but enough to excite curiosity, and the noise of the world falls with seducing tone upon your ears. Imagination here steps in and throws her deceptive robe over all, and charmed with the brilliant view, the wayward heart smilingly turns and yields. Then comes the long struggle as to his future course. Shall he forget all his innocence and purity, and plunge headlong into action, striving for himself alone? Shall he encrust himself in a hard cake of selfishness and fight for fame only, caring not who goes down before his advance? Ambition raises high his haughty head and tells him that he must. With glowing tongue he paints to his mind the splen-

dors that the world gives those who bow to her, the favors she lavishes on all who acknowledge her sway. Wealth, fame, and power are her smallest gifts, and decked with these he is placed before the lying glance of fancy and beholds himself a kingly being. Intoxicated he is about to yield, when at his side sounds a low and timid voice, and love speaks thus: "I have heard the words spoken by Ambition, and thy weak desire to follow his cold suggestions. From thy birth I have been thy constant companion and have cheered thee on. Thou art pure and innocent, and it is my work. Thou hast obeyed me and hast done well. Let me still rule in thy heart and thou wilt still be happy." But ambition interposes and points to a cottage—a quiet place, in a green vale, with a clambering vine and flowers. "Take love," says he, "*and this.*"

Contemning the offer you turn and feast your eyes on the world's favors. But love says, "do not, oh! do not banish me from thee. If thou wilt not let me rule, at least let me be thy slave. I will obey thy slightest bidding; I will bring to my assistance an attendant train of blessings. Mercy and Hope, and Faith and Charity are my followers: they shall be thine with me. In adversity I will lighten thy load of grief, and smooth thy troubled pillow. In prosperity I will lend a holier joy to every pleasure, a fresher tint to every flower, a brighter glow to every beam. Shut me not up in the cold cells of thy heart without light or air; bind me not with the galling chains of mistaken duty: I cannot survive it." He hesitates; Reason tells him not to delay; the winged moments are precious. On the one

hand Fame, on the other Peace, but he looks and sees but a white paling around a narrow plot of grassy ground, and a plain slab tells that he sleeps beneath. With a desperate air he folds the friend to his bosom. Ambition, he is thine henceforth. Glory he may win, the laurel wreath may deck his brow, but never will he forget this hour. From memory's tablet he can never, O Love, erase thy fond imploring look as thou wast rejected! and though the tumult of

the world may drown thy voice awhile, yet in the solitude of his own chamber thy low sobbings will reach his ear and fill his soul with bitter regrets. But they are useless. The dripping sands of time never stop, the current of life never turns back. In fancy alone the pictures of his youth live. The die is cast; and henceforth cold, and stern, and selfish, he must live unloving and unloved!

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## A VACATION FROLIC BY THE WAY SIDE.

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PERHAPS a more beautiful day was never seen than the 9th of June 1851. Not a cloud darkened the azure vault of heaven, nor did the sun pour down his withering rays, with his accustomed severity; but as if feeling for the unprotected travelers, he shone with a tender ray. A brisk north wind played with wanton freedom among the shooting flowers. The frisky kids aroused by the invigorating appearance of all around, bounded over the verdant meadows unmindful of nature's carpet of green grass destroyed by their sportive feet.

It was such a day as this, that some ten or twelve young men were seen walking along the public road in one of the western counties of the "Old

North State," and judging from their appearance and costume, one might think they were prepared for a journey of some days. Just behind this strange group of pedestrians was a wagon, whose load beggars description. Of the meagre driver it is more easy to speak. The person of this strange specimen of humanity, without being in any way deformed, was in the greatest degree ungainly, for having all the bones of other men they were in such proportions as to have baffled a professor of mathematics. His legs might have been called remarkably long, had they not been attached to the lengthy foundations on which this superstructure of curious humanity was so *promiscuously* reared. His sharp face, the pecu-

liar *twitch* of his black, piercing eye, his gaunt body, added still more to his novel appearance. His very looks proclaimed him one well calculated to engage in any vacation frolic, "more ready to have the fun," as he expressed it, "of entrapping *barn-pheasants*, than pay the hard-earned cash." And even now he is engaged in that cheap manner of obtaining dinner. For on both sides of the curiously loaded waggon are lines with hooks to them baited with corn, and as the fowls nibble at the line, the queer looking driver would pull them in, throwing *the game* into an already heaped pile, and with a gratified smile he casts an upward glance at the lazy sun., then accelerating his speed as if it would hasten the hour for dinner; for, in imagination already, he was sitting around the camp-fire half buried in the pot.

Let us leave the mysterious wagon and the no less mysterious driver for the squad in front. With a fatigued step they walked on, stopping here and there, as they came to the farm houses that thickly dotted the road, to quench their thirst with the water so very fine in that part of the country. They all seemed to be in fine *spirits*, (thanks to the late ball-managers.) The honest farmer and his spouse, with their *numerous* pledges of plighted love, crowded the doors and windows to view, the to them, strange sight. Many questions were asked concerning their intentions and destination. These were answered by a little loquacious fellow, who seemed to be, either by appointment or assumed authority, spokesman. For all he had an answer suited to each. To this old gentleman, who seemed to be possessed,

judging from his conversation, of "State pride," he was a Central Railroad surveyor, or on his way to build some Plank road, on which account, he of course, would be asked to the *side-board*, an invitation never refused.

To this one he would be a Cuban adventurer, and after trying the merits of his distillery, with a "God speed" on his perilous undertaking, he would leave. To this old lady he would be an adventurer to the Eldorado of the Western Continent, a seeker after the great attraction of that country. After his *unvarnished* tale was told to a gaping group of women and children, he parted with a "Heaven's blessings attend you" on *their* part, and his slight moustache whitened with their milk, on *his own*. And to all, he was the same pleasing fellow, who always talked himself into the good graces of the rustics, as well as talked the crowd up to the side-board.

Among the travelers was one, distinguished from the rest by his pretence to whiskers, more like the "quills on the fretful porcupine" than what they laid claims to. The others addressed him as Captain, but rather freely for him to possess the command the title indicated; but, still judging from his proud step, especially when passing a house with a pretty girl at the window, you might think he had some claims to the title given him; but on such occasions he "*piled on the agony a leetle too mountainious.*" On the day above mentioned, when passing a neat cottage, the Capt. proposed to call in for water—whether that was his object can be judged by his subsequent actions; for no sooner than he had reached the house,

forgetful of his parched lips covered with the dry dust, evading the well, he entered the open door. His companions, after refreshing themselves with a cool drink, sat down "*sub tegmine fagi*" descanting on a cock that strutted by proud of his golden feathers. At last the Captain made his appearance, and his tongue grew wanton in the praise of a newly found lass. But when this paragon of feminine beauty showed herself, scanning her features, we found none in the superlative degree, with two or three remarkable exceptions, the Captain reminded of this, protested against Chinese feet, and to his taste, small mouths and waists were not pretty,—and it should be stated here, by way of parenthesis, that the action of the Captain, during the whole trip, towards the "fair sex" plainly indicated that he had no idea of floating *singly* down the tide of life.

It was in this excited state that the Captain first saw the warlike cock: his extravagance knew no bounds; five dollars was the sum named for him. Wishing the old lady to reap the full benefit of his liberality, two from the number volunteered to capture this "Cæsar of his race." With untiring zeal they chased the obstinate fowl. Now the smaller of the two pursuers seizes him. Alas! fatal mischance. The frightened cock, too quick for him, had so far lengthened the distance between them that he caught the gaudy feathers of his tail, and the fowl "pursued the even tenor of his way. But soon the other gave chase, and triumphantly brought in the captured game. The Captain received him with the exclamation, "A V more for him, if he had not lost his tail."

Again the crowd moves on; hours wane; the sun had passed his zenith, and was hastening towards the western horizon. The driver had done full justice to his dinner, and his rapacious appetite unappeased, longed for the third meal. The birds had begun their evening carols: the pleasing notes of the mocking-birds, the dissonant cry of the jay, and an occasional moping of a reviving owl, was all that interrupted the drowsy silence. In this moody state, the party stopped before a neat house, owned by one Smith, wearied by the day's travel, and needing excitement as well as rest. Multitudes of the feathered race flocked the yard. In fact Mr. Smith was one,

"Whose fell delight  
Was to encourage mortal fight  
'Twixt birds to battle trained."

A fight was proposed between the "Captain's warrior" and Smith's best fighter. Each heaped encomiums on their respective champions. Our worthy host's fowl

"Had never fought, but had made flow  
The life-blood of his fiercest toe."

The Captain was not lacking in praise. Being told by the lady of whom he purchased the fowl, that he had *never* engaged in a combat, he proudly exclaimed that his "had never known disgrace." Each had their supporters and excitement grew high. Gaffless and fearless they approach. "Now comes the tug of war." Bets are taken freely. A shout from the Captain and friends, for their star seems to be in the ascendancy; but it is momentary. "His courage droops; he flees." Another shout

from the Captain and band, and cry of "A wheeler! A wheeler!" rings through the air, as the cock slowly turns towards his adversary. But short was this last hope; for a little urchin, called from his play by the noise, coming on the opposite side of the house had turned the defeated cock. The Captain "doomed his warrior dead." He seized him fast and snatched the spit,

"And bring me the cord he cried--  
The cord was brought, and at his word  
To that dire implement the bird  
Alive and struggling tied."

The Captain thrusting his hands into his empty pockets left in disgust, tired of a cock-fighter's rewards. The crowd after testing Mr. Smith's best brand, followed after the Captain to where the tent was pitched for the night.

RANGER.

## TWENTIETH MAY, '75.

### THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

On the 25th day of August, 1774, assembled the *first* provincial Congress of North Carolina, in the town of Newbern. Protests and complaints had repeatedly issued from the people against the unconstitutional legislation of the parent country, and they had been as often scornfully rejected, until kindred ties and sympathies being no longer able to smother the fire, it burst into the unextinguishable flame which, about that time, enveloped the whole territory from Georgia to Maine. In this Congress, in defiance of the frothy proclamations of Gov. Martin, were discussed those matters which inevitably tended either to subvert the national, inalienable, and holy rights of the people, or divest an ignominious tool of a corrupt, despotic government, of his

authority. They did deliberate; they recurred to the tyrannical sceptre degenerated Rome once wielded, and the delegates, then and there appointed, about two months after proclaimed in Philadelphia, in the famous first Continental Congress, that North Carolina, wearied with having been for ten years the mere instrument of pleasure, convenience, and caprice to the mother country, was ready to assert her importance, and strike for redress. On the 27th August were passed a series of resolutions which indicated, beyond *misapprehension*, the disloyal sentiment that pervaded the province. They urged that the CAUSE in which they had embarked was the FREEMAN'S cause, the cause of every noble-souled American; and that the position of the Bostonians,

in standing foremost in opposition to measures which, in their natural tendency, must have involved America in abject servitude, met with their deepest sympathy. These resolves were permitted to rest with the people till the second Congress of the 3d of the succeeding April, in which they pledged themselves to an adherence to the provisions of the Continental Congress, and re-affirmed their ardent devotion to the Whig principles. While these deliberations and measures were taking place in the face of the province, an event of *more than minor importance* engaged the attention especially of the people of North Carolina, which is recorded on the imperishable scroll of time. "When power becomes tyranny, resistance is a duty, and the God of battles must decide;" and this immutable law of nature seemed to have been engrafted in the constitution of a patriotic few, whose sentiments are embodied in that no less remarkable than eternal article drafted on the 20th of May, 1775—THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In vain do we appeal to the faithful records of profane history, of whatever period, of whatever people—unless we except that monument of *national spirit*, the National Declaration of Independence—to furnish one lone, isolated event capable of honorable emulation with this. Deeply sensible of the shame and oppression riveted upon them by a merciless British Parliament, and singularly sensitive to their virtual non-entity as a people of national pride or self-respect, by the steadily obstinate refusal of this Parliament of a hearing of their remonstrances, the star of free-

dom rose in its beauty and splendor, a foretaste of the radiance with which the world was soon after flooded from the orb of '76. From their native hills they witnessed the spirit and action of one, then a second provincial Congress; and then common grievances and a common spirit of pride, that disdained indignity and the insolence of a supercilious power, united them by irrefragable ties, strengthened by a common sympathy. It was no servile, impoverished faction, desirous of a change of government merely, incited to rebellion by a feigned aggression on the rights of beings, but the hitherto stifled passion for freedom, bursting through the mound of rude innovation, repeated injury, despotic sway, cherished in the bosom of a stern, inflexibly patriotic band. The clang of arms from the fields of Lexington, the grievances of the town of Boston, the base, unwarranted encroachments of Parliament, the silently observed results of the second provincial Congress, were still grating heavily on their ears, till now the storm of emotions and indignation, which had been hovering dark and gloomy over their hallowed homes, broke forth in sudden violence and fury, nor ceased to rage till it had marked its horror upon the wincing royal administration of Martin. The tornado did its work, and in the hushing tempest, MECKLENBURG was free.

In spite of her mere geographical insignificance, so amply compensated by stout hearts, immaculate patriotism, sterling worth, she maintained that independence, and instituted a government peculiarly her own, based upon the instinctive, irradicable principles

which were indelibly stamped upon her very nature by the King of Heaven—the only sovereign she deigned to acknowledge. The flag of *Great Britain*—a name with the rest of the world synonymous with respect and terror, a host on the battle-field—is now stricken to the dust. *England* is mockery. The floating palace royal of Martin, alias *Hortis*, is the school-boy's crab-skiff.

In the midst of peace, plenty and prosperity, and the countless blessings with which every part of this country seems peculiarly blessed—Americans, pause, reflect what was the initiatory of the glorious career of that country? Ye North-Carolinians, what think ye of that memorable 20th May? We address not Jeffersonian memory, North-Carolinians, but those deserving of the name. Has the American name, has the free air you breathe, no relation to that day? In the face of your country, in the face of history, before high heaven, you dare not say, No. You look for sublimity of conception—you find it in that Declaration. You look for sterling love of freedom—you find it there. There you find daring. And when now, after turning over musty volumes or old manuscript history, the Mecklenburg Declaration is drawn forth in venerable dignity, we think that next ought to follow the shade of departed Puritanism.

A small county, far off from the parent country, within the sound of the oft-repeated proclamations of the governor, situated in the province in which the voice of freedom was first echoed upon her sisters, she dared openly to proclaim the pervading sentiment, and

nobly to share the common calamity which the Boston shock presaged. They looked to no party tactician, whose guiding motive was self-aggrandizement and satiated ambition, to lead them on. But a deep sense of the despicable condition to which the mother country would reduce them, a full appreciation of the position of proud man, untrammelled by the humiliating shackles which a power already metamorphosed into tyranny, would rivet upon them; such were the instigations to the effort, the successful effort.

The resistance of the Stamp act and the Boston port bill, are events which will be cherished in fond recollection by all who still claim an interest in the early history of this fair land of ours. But to those who have parted with the last vestige of conservatism, who have repudiated the American spirit, and who seek to build up their fortunes upon the ruin of their country, the downfall of the Republic, and would consign to oblivion every monument of the pride of our revolutionary fathers; to such we say that the Mecklenburg Declaration will survive, and will be read and admired by unborn millions, when they and every element of their darling creed shall have been forgotten centuries ago, shall be dead, "twice dead, and plucked up by the roots. It was the horoscope of Independence, the presage of that fabric which now stands the guiding light, the mark and model of the world. Many are disposed to reproach North Carolina with the charge of inertness, that she does not seem to be aware that the present is "the age of progress." That the good people of the Old North State are, and have al-

ways been, more remarkable for their wisdom than *fanaticism*, is a fact prominent in her history, peculiarly distinguishing her character. And to her revilers, and to the modern wiseacres—if we were sure we should not thereby be “wasting our incense on the desert air”—we would say, review her efforts for Independence, and you will find, perhaps, that her old-fogyism was rather commendable than otherwise. The paper of which we have spoken was the fruit of their decision, their puritan manner, their “cool, calculating wisdom.” And were the vast territory over which the flag of our Union floats, settled by such old-fogies, such martyrs or *hotspurs*, who had inherited some of the Mecklenburg spirit, we might imagine it within the sphere of duty to consecrate, on the topmost height of Black Mountain, a temple to the memory of those staunch old liberty-loving fathers, on the climax of which would be carved, inlaid with gold, every word of the MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

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## CALICO—ITS WONDERS AND MYSTERIES.

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THE laudations that have been heaped upon earth revolutionizing steam, by the journals both great and small that flourish in our times, if collected into one map, would, I imagine, out-bulk by far, the great library destroyed at Alexandria by the ignorant scoundrel who propagated the tenets of Mahomet by fire and sword. Steam is all the go. or at least all the way *to go* fast. We hear of nothing, we see nothing, we know of nothing that has not been, or that cannot be improved by the application of steam. It is absolutely impossible for the mind of man to calculate the fourth, the tenth, the hundredth, the thousandth part of the great things that have been done by steam, the changes it has effected in all physical, mental or moral affairs; changes that have innovated upon the most intricate and minute particulars of the economy of man's existence, as well as upon the broader and more prominent, radical systems affecting or pertaining to his condition.

Too much cannot be said of this magic element, and I believe it is the only subject upon which it is impossible for the novel loving enthusiasm of man to go crazy. Even newspaper adulation which under ordinary circumstances, to use an expressive phrase, can “run any thing, living, into the ground” must speak at length “the dreadful word” and confess that they are unable to do justice to the subject. But as there are

upper currents of wind in the air as violent as the under currents, although we feel them not, so there are currents upper and under in society, which blow human affairs toward all the points of the compass simultaneously. It's fair to presume, therefore, that there are other great motive-powers to human existence and exertion, beside steam. Among the many objects which man pursues as if life or death were in the chase, what is more universally pursued than *calico*? Before what object does he bow in such abject and heartfelt adoration, such heathen idolatry, such unadulterated loyalty as he does to *colored calico*? Some shrewd person has remarked, "that if a man did not wish to run mad, he should never snap at calico," which caution comes to us something like it would be to cast a man adrift in the midst of the Pacific, and tell him not to get drowned, for alas the calico-mania is unavoidable while we stand upon this earth: it pervades the air like a destroying pestilence, baffling the skill of medical science, and poisoning every gulp of air that we take into our lungs. Mad indeed! The whole world is already mad, raving, striving, checked striped and flowered *calico* mad. Unlike the dreadful hydrophobia, it needs not an incision in the flesh of the victim, it is communicated like the lightning's flash through the etherial medium, from eye to eye, from brain to brain. Since first the cotton gin was invented, and that great staple of the South began to minister to the wants of *naked* humanity, has calico been the admiration and the distraction of mankind, and we be to the brutal, vulgarized, shrunk-up, dwarfish, and in-

human spirit, that dares in this the glorious nineteenth century, in the blazing glare of the noon-day sun of science and civilization, with impious and rebellious tongue to dispute the supremacy of its universal sway. The man who strikes at the power of calico, will have to *bolt* from civilization: he is not fit to dwell even on the *skirts* of society. The age is emphatically an age of calico: the golden age, the brazen age, the iron age, are as nothing to it: it is a *pattern* to them all. The statesman of gigantic intellect, who shakes Senate chambers with the fire of his elocution, and decides the fate of nations in his mind as matters of trivial every-day occurrence, lays his blushing honors and world-wide renown, meekly at the foot of calico. The warrior whose blood-stained brow is encircled by the laurels torn from the smoking embers of burned cities and the slaughter of infatuated millions, feels a chill creep over him and a cowardly palpitation to seize upon his reckless frame when Banquo-like, the vision of calico flits before his trembling gaze. Talk of the muses: what other muse but calico, *cotton calico*, strings the harp of poesy and of song? What other inspiration has ever

Waked to extacy the living lyre?

Talk of hero-worship with "pen and ink-dom" and "flunkey-dom" Carlyle! What soul pours out the deepest, purest, sincerest adorations to the object of its love and fear its hope and despair like the sentimental, romantic youngster who first allows his timid and trembling gaze to steal a glance at the blazing, dazzling, magnificent and overpowering glories of striped calico? Go ask him

as he sits in his solitary chamber in the lone hours of the night, struggling and grasping after other people's ideas, what is this for? and if he speaks the feelings of his heart, he will answer, calico. Go ask that smitten wretch who hangs over a scrip of paper, on which are traced some mysterious looking characters, every *line beginning with a capital*, as if the fate of empires were awaiting the success of the effort, what means this? And he will reply with the talismanic word, calico. Little does the poor toiling, neglected workman of Manchester and Lowell, think as he toils away, that the lifeless, inanimate substance which he holds in his hand is the magic wand which transports a nation into extacies, or sinks into the lowest depths of sorrow and despair—"well might he hold it up to his curious gaze and soliloquize, as did Hamlet, discourse over the skull of Yorick," saying, "What art thou, thou striped, figured compound of vegetable and ingenuity? thou that gatherest thy *dark folds* around mankind, and dost wield such an influence over his destiny, covering him with *unfading* glory, or consigning him to the drear abodes of infamy?" Alas, alas, many an amiable, high-souled youth has been the victim of this same calico. Many a fond parent's joys have been forever blighted, many dinners have been turned from with disgust by the heart-sick *hopeful*, many lonely walks taken, many names carved upon trees with Barlow knives, many sheets of foolscap forever ruined with doggerel, many long-tailed blues purchased, many gallons of McCassar oil and bear's fat poured upon "the cappillary substance on the apex of the cranium," many standing collars elevated to an angle of forty-

five, many *sighs* of enormous *size* heaved in mental agony, and many suicides committed in intuition at least, all from this fruitful source of human misery or human happiness—Calico. Oh! calico, calico, thou that swayest the rod of despotic power over earth, what would man do without thee? Well may he tremble when thy banners flutter in the breeze—

"Small curs are not regarded when they grin,  
But great men tremble when the lion roars."

When an unfortunate youth is laid prostrate in the bloom of his morning hopes, when the wings of dark despair have gathered the gloom of night over his vision, the only hope of restoration lies in the very source of his disease, poison must be counteracted by poison, and calico alone can *measure* arms with calico.

Oh! when foolish men refuse to marry,  
And find at last all comfort gone,  
What hand can hem their handkerchiefs  
Or sew their blasted buttons on?

The only chance their souls to save  
From bach'lor miseries here below,  
Is straight to gin up, 'fess the fault  
And tie themselves to *calico*.

Reader, especially, fair reader, let me beseech you to be merciful to the poor suffering victim who is agonizing under an afflictive visitation of calico. Insult not his distress or jeer at his misfortunes, but rather strive to minister the balm of consolation, with kind intent and sweet *ad-dress*, that the wanderer may be brought back to the *fold*, that the sweets of contentment may again be his, and the *rose, which arose* and left his cheek may return and usurp the place of that "hucless hue" that marks him as the victim of solitude and tobacco.

LINES TO ETTIE.

Bright spirit,  
 If thou hast for me  
 One kindly smile,  
 O shed its rays  
 On this lonely heart,  
 Dispel that gloom  
 Which o'er me now doth steal  
 Like darkening clouds  
 Upon a summer sky.

Lov'd spirit,  
 If thou hast one gentle word  
 To soothe this sad heart,  
 Then whisper to the zephyr soft  
 And on its aerial wings  
 'Twill bring the cheering echo  
 To my ears, and then  
 I'll cease to weep—  
 And think thou lov'st me still  
 As when I shared thy angel smile.  
 Tho' thy lov'd form is gone,

Methinks I see thee still.  
 The star of eve which sheds  
 Its lustre mild o'er nature's gloom  
 When night's dark pall obscures  
 The orb of day, is but  
 The emblem of thy smile serene  
 Which erst at eventide,  
 With scintillations bright,  
 Of hope, my vision filled,  
 As at that sacred hour,  
 Communion sweet  
 I held with thee.  
 Tho' hushed thy voice,  
 Methinks I hear it still,  
 In rustling leaves, amid  
 The sacred groves,  
 And music strain of zephyr  
 Murmuring soft, its echoes sweet  
 To thy departed song.

Mor.

TO MISS M. L. G.

When the East of silver hue,  
 Is crimsoned by the rising sun ;  
 In fancy then thy charms I view,  
 And think of thee, O dearest one.

When the shades of eve begin to grow,  
 The sun doth seek the saffron West ;  
 I think of thee I've loved before,  
 And now I cannot love the less.

When sadly darkness fills the earth,  
 And through the mist some stars appear ;  
 Then sadness takes the place of mirth,  
 And brings the memory of thee here.

Where e'er on land or y feet may stray,  
 Or briny billows of the sea ;  
 I will the call of love obey,  
 And never cease to think of thee

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## EDITORIAL TABLE.

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**KIND READER :** We are before you once more. Do'st thou recognize us? Ha'st thou in our long absence forgotten us? Does our appearance come to you like a dim dream half forgotten, or like a renewed reality? In the busy days that have passed, hast thou bestowed one thought upon us? Or have we been like a thing that is seen and seen no longer, forgotten?

A year has elapsed since you first became acquainted with us. A year! Short the time seems, yet its foot-prints are stamped indelibly upon us all, reminding us each moment that another year has passed and another is passing. And how has the past year been employed? What is the result of the experiment that we have made during the past year for the establishment of a Magazine? It has been only an experiment, but we believe that now it is something more.—At all events it is a successful experiment and we are willing that it should be always called that. We have affirmed that it has been a successful experiment. To be an experiment it must have aimed at something: to have been successful it must have attained its object. What was aimed at? To do good to the students and to the University. Has it been done? Listen, and we will tell you what has been done and you may determine whether or not it is good.

It is not hard to determine the tangible amount of our labors. We have it before us now—a neatly-printed, handsomely-bound octavo volume of four hundred

and eighty pages, almost entirely written by the students and embracing every variety of articles from the philosophical discussion to the mournful ditty of a love-sick Freshman. Among them are articles from the Professors' pens, biographical sketches, historical papers that but for us would perhaps have slumbered forever in the dusty room of some modern Dry-as-dust, together with a large amount of information in reference to the College, its wants, its advantages, its modes of life, &c. It has moreover incited a literary spirit among the students, cultivated a generous ambition, and by opening a field for the display of the results of this ambition it has improved the quantity and quality of compositions submitted to a Professor as required by College-law.—All who are conversant with College life know that the student's most distasteful task is, to prepare his College theme, simply from the fact that the advantage from it, if any, is very remote and in no degree compensating one for the labor.—They now see where the benefit of writing well is made immediately serviceable to them and they turn eagerly to the exercises of the class-room whence only this benefit can be derived. They now no longer slur over a few pages of foolscap with black marks as intelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphics, but they bestow time and labor in their productions for they hope by excellency in the recitation room to win a place in the columns of the Magazine. By means of our Periodical the reputation of the institution has been

made familiar to readers in other States And even in this State it has been brought nearer home to the thoughts of the people, has kindled a new desire for its success, made men acquainted with its prospects and showed them the many advantages of such an University in their midst. Reader, is it good? Dignified Trustee, who has patted us on the back half-patronizingly, half-reluctantly as if afraid of compromising your dignity, we ask you, is it good? Come! Don't be afraid to answer. We'll not hurt your dignity.— Come out boldly like a man and use your influence for us. It is your duty. It should be your pleasure. Mr. Alumnus, is it good? If what we have done is beneficial we shall soon receive your name and two dollars. If you do not we must think that your more mature intellect has decided against us and that we have been waging war against our best interests and those of the University.— Old men and young men, stately matron and aged dame, we ask you all, is it good? And we find satisfaction in the belief that you will say, yes; and being consistent men and women you will of course aid the good. Young Misses, (we came near forgetting you,) is it good? Perhaps you have a lover or a brother at College. How would it delight you to know that the noble sentiment, the spicy remark, or the poetic effusion was from his pen? We have ascertained that etiquette does not forbid a young lady subscribing for a paper though the Editors are single young men. We won't tell your names except to Mr. Cooke and he is a married man. You won't mind him. There is no excuse for any of you not subscribing, but many sound reasons why you should.— We shall soon see if you are influenced by prejudice or reason. Send us your names as soon as you can for with this number we commence the second volume.

MANY men mistake surliness for dignity and hence we see promenading the Campus individuals with pursed-up lips, knitted brows, shoulders thrown back, chest forward, chin well up and eyes intended to be expressive, staring vacantly at the United States. They wish every one to think that their minds are occupied with great thoughts as they themselves believe. But alas! the subject is only themselves after all. What a mistake!

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By the immutable decrees of Etiquette, ladies are obliged to receive whomsoever visits them, and because they do so, are often unjustly charged with being pleased with the nonsensical chat of some adle-brained chap, whom they heartily detest. But they can't help it.

A man may yawn when he is bored, look at his watch, talk of how much work he has to do in a given time; but a lady daresn't yawn unless she has good teeth and if she has it is done to show them.— Their watches are not to be looked at, and as for work—*they* never have any thing to do.

A man may kick an impertinent fellow out of his room—but a lady—pshaw!— In fact her parlor isn't her own, but her visitors, and she is a piece of indispensable furniture rather ornamental than useful.

Good Lord! wouldn't we hate to be a woman!

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A FRIEND of ours went out not long since, and to defend himself against the attacks of the cold, took with him a "*patent pocket pistol*" loaded not with "DuPont's best" but literally full of "Nick William's d—ndest." His carelessness with such weapons was well known, and not returning in due time serious fears for his

safety were entertained. A party was formed which, after some search, found the unfortunate young man lying on a log, apparently in the last agonies and perfectly insensible, complaining bitterly in the wanderings of his mind of his chum for "pulling cover." He received every attention that his unfortunate situation demanded and was soon able to give the particulars of his accident. It appears that he was attempting to draw a plug from the muzzle of his pistol with his teeth, and while in this dangerous proximity it was discharged, the whole load passing into his throat and thence ranging downwards. We are glad to state that the wound is not mortal though its effects will be probably felt through life. We might chronicle several other accidents of a similar nature but we hope this will be sufficient to induce others to dispense with those weapons fraught with so much danger to themselves and their associates.

OUR village will soon be the prettiest in the whole State. The enterprize of our citizens has lately considerably enlarged and beautified its proportions. The main street has been lengthened to an indefinite extent and the ground through which it runs has been divided into beautiful building lots. Its sides have been lined with young trees, which in a few years will spread their graceful foliage to intercept the hot rays of the summer sun.— New houses are springing up in every direction, and the whistlings of the plane, the grating of the saw, the sound of the hammer and the ringing music of the anvil form a pleasing accompaniment to a stroll "round town." Several handsome buildings grace its streets. The Episcopal church is a neat affair and the Presbyterian is the embodiment of our idea of a village church. The Methodists are erecting a building for public worship, which

with the College Chapel, amounts to four churches for about nine hundred souls. If the Devil ever gets a foothold on Chapel Hill, Heaven help the rest of the world.

It is but right that we should notice the advent of a new set of philosophers.— We are not acquainted with many of the principles; in fact they haven't got any particular theory and no name has yet been given them, though they expect soon to have both a name and theory. We make no conjectures concerning it for fear of being wrong. Many are desirous of joining them, and their principal requirement being "to be devoid of sense," not a few have been admitted. Others are preparing themselves for the same enviable distinction by a course of reading, commencing with a big dose of infidelity accompanied by nightly draughts from Hume, Voltaire and Paine, the whole settled by a spoonful of "Tincture of Carlyleism." The rapidity with which this medicine operates gives us grounds to hope that by our next emonement their numbers will be so enlarged that they may commence operations on a larger scale than heretofore. We congratulate them on the success which from the peculiar nature of their requirements they are likely to meet with.

THE address before the literary societies at our next commencement will be delivered by the Honorable A. O. P. Nicholson, formerly U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

The address before the Alumni Association will be delivered at the usual time and place, by James H. Dickson, M. D., of Wilmington, N. C.

THE tide of grief that swept over the

country at the news of the death of Daniel Webster, reached even this remote place, and due respect was shown to the memory of the departed Great. At the request of the students, Professor Hubbard delivered an address in the College chapel, which we are kindly permitted to lay before our readers. To mention the subject and the author's name is to insure its being read.

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#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"SYPHAX," we would be glad to hear from you again.

"LORN," your subject is trite.

"QUILP," is very respectfully declined.

"VOTRE AM," seems to have a vague idea that men differ from each other in some respects but how, or how much, he doesn't exactly know.

"B . . . .," your subject is not a proper one for the Magazine. Others may not have your particular fondness for this "drink divine."

"MARCUS," we thank for his intention, but cannot make use of his suggestions.

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An article appeared some time since, entitled "Our Magazine," reflecting rather severely upon the Tutors of the University. Upon farther reflection we have concluded that those charges are unjust and now withdraw them, regretting that they were ever made.

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The following is said to be a veritable love letter, written by a love-sick swain in College to his Dulcinea. How we got it is no business of yours. Don't try to find out, but content yourself with being obliged to us for letting you read it.

Chapel Hill, Aug. 15th, 18—.

MY DEAREST —

Ever susceptible of the hallowed and

refining influence of beauty, and having a soul painfully alive to whatever is lovely in nature, I cannot delay a moment longer to unburden to you a bosom struggling under the deep and ardent emotions of first love, which presses like a mountain upon me.

Language, *My Dear Girl*, is totally inadequate to express the fathomless profundity of my affection for you. Could I call to my aid the wisdom of Minerva, breathe the impassioned eloquence of a Cicero, and with the forked lightning of my pen write my devotion to thee in characters of fire on the azure vault of Heaven, I should fall infinitely short of conveying to your mind the remotest idea of the existing reality.

I'm in a bad fix and no mistake. The flower garden of my heart once so lovely, has been visited by a thunder storm, the tender vines of my affection have been shaken to the earth and nothing but the ruins of that terrible tempest and awful heart-quake are to be seen. Mine is a passion, which it is impossible to check. In spite of every effort it will develop itself. Like Vesuvius it may struggle to conceal what is passing within, but ultimately it will burst forth consuming every obstacle that dare oppose it. As well might I attempt to quench the brightness of the noon-day sun or check the fiery comet in its mad career as to essay to control the passion that racks my inmost soul. In the poet's beautiful language: there's

"Fire! Fire!! and I'm bound to go—  
O! tote them buckets of water up  
There's fire down below!"

I have even tried to forget thee thou mint-drop of my ambition and lemon-juice of my affections, by chaining my mind down to the investigation of occult laws which govern the Universe—have essayed to dive deep into the hidden arcana of nature in search of new trophies to present at the altar of Science in the temple of Fame: but alas! wherever I may be, no matter what my pursuit, whether it be rising for prayers "at morning's rosy dawn," or trimming my toe-nails "at twilight's pensive hour," thy lovely image is ever present to my enraptured vision.

Speak then the life-giving word, O! woman, and let me still live, or hoarsely whisper "no!" and let the dark and

gloomy clouds of despair envelop my soul.

Intensely and forever yours,

WE are indebted to Mr. Thomas for the "Transactions of the Medical Association of the State of North Carolina, at its third annual meeting," held in Wilmington.—We cannot publish the accompanying address, as it was received too late for insertion in the present number and before our next issue it will have received publicity enough through the newspapers.

THE Trustees at their last annual meeting, resolved to establish in connection with the College, a "School for the application of Science to the Arts," and for that purpose formed two new professorships, one of "Civil Engineering," and one of "Agricultural Chemistry," to be opened on the first of January, 1854; the former held by Mr. Charles Phillips and the latter by Mr. B. S. Hedrick. Mr. Phillips has been engaged for some years past as a tutor of Mathematics in the University, with great credit to himself and advantage to the students. The science of "Civil Engineering" has become of vast importance to the South within the last few years, from the number of railroads in process of construction, and Mr. Phillip's intimate acquaintance with all the Mathematical branches—his love for his profession and his peculiar ability to make clear the knottiest points—eminently qualify him for teaching it.

With Mr. Hedrick, we have but a limited personal acquaintance, but he has a fine reputation for talents and industry.—As he is a young man and has a name to win, no doubt every effort will be made to fulfil his important office.

#### EXCHANGES.

WE receive the following papers regularly: "N. C. Whig," "People's Press," "Argus," "Recorder," "N. C. Democrat," "Standard," "Register," "Giraffe," "Biblical Recorder," "New Era" and "Weekly Post." "Arthur's Home Gazette," "Asheville Messenger" and "Christian Sun" do not come regularly. Can't you send them at the right time. Many of these papers have come out in a new dress for the new year, and the "Post," before excellent, has been improved in size, type and name, and as a southern literary paper, well worthy of ample encouragement. We wish them all success, both because they have expressed the same kind wish for us and because they deserve it.

"Ladies' Keepsake."—We are glad to get and read it with pleasure and profit.

The "Yale Literary," "Nassau Literary," Stylus' "Randolph Macon Magazine," "Southern Repertory," and "Georgia University Magazine" are brothers in the cause of college literature, and as such, we welcome them.

"Southern Methodist Pulpit."—We regret to learn that this periodical is discontinued. Though not interesting to the mass of readers, yet *surely* there should be enough Christians in the State to support a religious publication. We are somewhat compensated, however, by the Editor's promise still to write and strengthen and embellish the truths of religion with his able pen.

THIS being the commencement of the Second Volume, many subscriptions have expired. *The "Magazine" will be sent regularly to all, and they will be charged for it unless notice is given to the Editors that subscribers wish their paper discontinued. We would gently hint that a remittance of the amount due from delinquent subscribers would not be by any means unacceptable.*

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE OLD THEME.

Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne  
reponam Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?  
Juv.

ALL, I suppose, know what the "Old Theme" is. If not, they can find out by reading this article. If they do not wish to read it, I don't care whether they find out or not.

For some time past my ears have been vexed, even unto tingling, by the wise opinions of the "lords of creation," concerning woman's proper sphere of action, and her duties therein. They have used newspapers, periodicals, novels and all the productions of the printing press, as engines for cramming down the throats of the weaker vessels, their orthodox opinions on all subjects. If a girl gets a new fashioned dress and arrays herself therein, editors, ever watchful over the rights of men, imagining (God knows how they do it) that they see in the cut of the sleeves or waist, some tendency towards the darling bifurcated garment, immediately place at the head of their columns, that old worn out latin phrase, (which every fool knows) "*O tempora, O mores;*" and under this caption read a long lecture to

women, on dress, &c. If a girl puts on a "sack," the workmanship of her own hands—the neatest and most becoming little garment the graces ever invented, these gents will shroud their sheets in profound mourning, and call upon the people of the States, to do likewise; "for the women are being transmogrified into Amazons." If a girl combs her hair in a certain way, these vigilant fellows, not being able to see the difference between their semi-ginger-brown, semi-quince-fuzz-white whiskers and a glossy ringlet, will cry out in doleful accents, as they imagine themselves (and rightly too) surpassed in this token of manhood.

"It is finished," their thunders are ceased within doors,

The women are men, 'and my country deplores,'

They have made 'whiskerets' now, what next?"

Thus they pour forth their pitiful jeremiads whenever the women make any alteration in their apparel.

Now as vain as men are, they must admit that women have better taste, as

regards dress, than they. Suppose men had to devise female fashions, how would they (the women) look? Falstaff's rag-amuffins, perhaps, will give some idea of their appearance. But to return. As they have better taste, and as it is their business to please the men (as mean and as illiberal as they are) it is not to be supposed that they will adopt any fashion which will disgrace them, or rob them of any of their fascinations. And we see proofs of this daily. They are admired as much and more in their new costume as in the old: and men who railed at the new fashion in its incipency, in two or three months are enraptured with it—men who went into horrors at the mention of a long waist, and clung with leech-like pertinacity to a short one, and to meal bag sleeves, are now ashamed of their folly. So it is. Girls have never made any change in dress, which was not a decided improvement; and if fools will let them alone, they will go on from one improvement to another, until they blaze forth in all the meridian splendor of fascination, cheering numberless pilgrims in this "vale of tears," and irradiating many spots, in which the mind retiring from the active regions of melancholy and sorrow, may bathe in peace for a season.

Men, again, have become exceedingly disgusted with female customs, and have declared eternal war against them. They not only wish to dictate the forms of dress, but also the modes of smiling, talking, blushing, laughing, &c., &c.

If a girl does not blush crimson when a yearling boy strings out his boyish jargon, mixed with amorous sighs, folly and impudence, and accompanied with a wanton, cock-pigeon-like roll of his

eyes, he will valiantly call her "a cold-hearted thing;" "an iceberg"—could she not accord him one blush? His speech was enough to have made the blood bound through the veins of a palid corpse—yea, through a statue of Parian marble. Now, all I have to say in defence of cold heartedness, is, that the rush of the blood to the face of a girl is not a spontaneous thing. They have no command over this. It is a law of nature. So if the glowing words of the gentleman can't bring this law of nature into action, he should not blame the girl: she is innocent: let him blame the establisher of this law.

Again: if a girl does not smile at the tame wit of a gentleman, he accuses her of assuming "parlor faces;" of hypocrisy and deceit; of being shackled by the slavish rules of etiquette. It is common sense—a sense of decency and self-respect, that chases the smile from the girl's face, amidst the coarse wit and boisterous impudence that issue, like poisonous exhalations from Acheron, from the mouths of latter day gallants. If it be hypocrisy and deceit, to hush the merry laugh and assume staid countenances, whilst young men pour forth a ceaseless torrent of coarseness, impudence, (yes, and degradation) why then welcome hypocrisy and deceit, I say. If it be the shackles of etiquette which prevents girls from leaping into the boat of folly and oaring with might and main down the stream of imprudence to the port of infamy, why then, welcome, thrice welcome such shackles. They are and should be as pleasing to the maiden as the purling brook to the thirsty man, or the first rays of the rising sun to the bewildered traveler.

Again: if a girl greets her companion with a kiss, and there are any men in eyeshot or earshot, they are struck with amazement; they seem to think the poor girl has committed an enormous breach of propriety; that she is degraded forever, and for what? For kissing her female companion. Is there any criminality in the act? Is her kiss the kiss of death? Or like the upas does it blight everything that comes within its influence? Offer a kiss to one of these gents, will he fly from it? Not he. Why then blame others for doing the same innocent act, which he will do himself? Because girls should not be the recipients of kisses from their own sex, they should not suffer any one to kiss them but males, nor kiss any but males themselves. None but males deserve their kisses, and if girls deprive them of their just rights they will merit the everlasting displeasure of the LORDS OF CREATION.

Gentlemen, doubtless, think a good deal of themselves, and suppose that they deserve many favors; that girls are "hissing hot" to kiss them, but such as *I* am, I would rather kiss the foaming animal, in search of which Bangum rode the river side, than one of them, whose mouths are palisaded with little prickles which they call the "bloom of manhood," and whose breath is loaded (is it not tainted?) with the aroma of cigars, &c. (You know what "&c." means. See Gen. Washington's reply to Sir William Howe.) It would be like kissing the raw material of the tanner, just drawn from the tanpit, ere the hair has been carried off. Don't let your arrogance, gents, lead you to believe that the girls are nearly dead to

kiss you; that they kiss their companions, female, because they can't kiss you; that were it not for the slavish rules of Elizabeth, they would rush into your arms and smother you with a shower of busses. They don't want to kiss you. Besides, they don't lavish on their companions any sweets that belong to you. They can do as they please with their own property, and will do so—young gentlemen to the contrary notwithstanding.

Again, gentlemen find fault with the conversation of ladies in the "social circle." It is not dignified, not learned, not scientific enough for them. It is nothing more than a continued flow of nonsense from beginning to end, which comes over practical, deep, reflecting men (and all are so to be sure) "like a rake of bamboo briars." Yes, it ought to "come over" them like the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. Can't any one see that men set up this cry about the lightness of parlor talk more for show than anything else? To make it appear as if they loathe shallowness and frivolity and are dreadfully in love with profundity. Why do they countenance such nonsense? Why don't they make all parlors ring with good practical common sense? O, they are not so ungallant as to lead ladies in deep water, where they "can't swim a lick." Stay, ladies may be rather diminutive in stature, but I imagine they can wade the stream of common sense very comfortably. The Creator has endowed them for this purpose. So, if you are disposed to frolic in this stream, they can and will frolic with you. Bnt, pshaw! You desire not to grope in this stream in search of tadpoles and

minnows. You wish to plunge into the ocean of pedantry and flounder about on the backs of Leviathans and sea-serpents.—(and floundering it is too.) Yes, you wish to make the ladies an audience and the parlor a stage, on which to display the little scraps of learning which have been screwed into you by the continued labor of your teachers; and if ladies will not listen to your partial elucidations of mathematical problems and lame metaphysical disquisitions, &c., you set them down at once as flimsy, frivolous, shallow things. Suppose your pretended desires with respect to parlor conversation were gratified, what sort of scene would the parlor present? One wishing to acquire the reputation of a deep thinker, or mathematician, (as if the ladies were judges, and ready, provided he acquit himself well, to crown him with some kind of crown—it should be asses' ears)—expatiates before them on the properties of Ellipse and Parabola, and upon the beauty of Infinitesimals (“one of whom he is which,”) until the clock warns him to retire and liberate them from their thralldom.

Another, ambitious of the name of a classical scholar, rings the changes of the Greek and Latin nouns, which is about as far as he can go, until the “clock tolls the hour for retiring.”

Another, proud of the name of metaphysician, rambles and scrambles through the title pages and prefaces of Locke, Brown, and many others, and jabbbers incoherently, like a man in his sleep, about “horned cats” and the materiality and immateriality of—God knows what.

Another, glorying in the knowledge of government, reviews the opinions of Machiavel, Burke, Peel, and all the rest at length, and then winds up with his only scrap of latin :

*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

And certainly a chance should be afforded him to do so—to die for his country.

Another, proud of his fine imagination, shells out from his memory choice scraps of poetry, which he has picked and culled from “Watson’s Poetical Quotations,” and stowed away for express purposes.

And thus I might follow them to the end of the chapter. A half dozen in full cry would convert any parlor into a bedlam. Can you conceive of anything more ridiculous and puerile than making the parlor a place for the ostentation of a little learning? I can’t—and I don’t believe any but striplings, and young men “in self-adoring pride securely mailed,” wish to prostitute it to such vile, improper uses. The business of social conversation is not the eliciting of thought, says a great man of the age. Its object is to banish, rather, or to play with it—so that, at the proper time, the mind may return to its labors refreshed and with tenfold vigor. Is not the social conversation now-a-days well suited for this? If it were not, methinks it would be laid aside, and men and women would adopt that which is suited to such an end. So when I hear a youngster of the masculine gender complaining of parlor nonsense, I conclude that he is vain of his acquirements, and wishes for a place (the parlor) where

he may display them or that, "planè caret commune sensum."

There is yet another case of intervention of men in the affairs of women, which I wish to notice at this time. If three or four old women meet together to tell of the wonders of their gardens, dairies, and poultry yards, news of the assemblage spreads like wild-fire from man to man, and you may see knowing winks interchanged among them, and hear them mutter, "There is no good in it," "Rebellion's afloat," "All of you hold fast your breeches." Now, if a half dozen old ladies assembled for the purpose of discussing the best manner of setting a hen, and whether the long or short stemmed collards are best, can spread such panic into the camp of the men with breeches on, I must conclude that they are conscious of having usurped their powers, or of using them badly, and are therefore frightened by every movement of the wronged party. All usurping tyrants have acted thus—"I appeal to history."

But still more. If a party of women assemble for the purpose of manufacturing a bed quilt, or to organize themselves into societies, (sewing societies, for instance,) for charitable purposes or for bettering their own condition, then you may see the white-livered sex whispering to each other with white lips, "hurrying to and fro," and "mounting in hot haste," as if the land were invaded by our deadliest enemies. Then every paper in the commonwealth is filled with the acts of the "Woman's Rights Convention." Speeches of the leading women are quoted and com-

mented upon, and the women are rebuked severely, because

"They seek for rule, supremacy and sway,  
When they are made to love, serve and obey."

Because women, by united effort, try to better their own condition and that of others, is it a proof that they seek for "supremacy and sway," and that they "love, serve and obey" less? By no means. They can try to better their condition, love with vigor, and serve with alacrity at the same time, I imagine. But men say, and try to prove, that women can't better their own condition, and are in the "fix" they ought to be in. *Do* they prove this? I will notice an argument, or whatever it is, of a man of genius, doubtless, but who in this case appears, in the heat of imagination, to have forgotten his logic. He reasons by comparison. He makes in his imagination a princess just to suit his purpose—places her on the frontiers of her father's empire, in a gorgeous palace, surrounded by all the beauties of nature, &c., &c. To this palace the princess invites maidens from all parts of the world, in order that here, remote from men and their influences, they may acquire all the arts and sciences in which men are learned, and may render themselves every way equal to the men. The female college of the princess goes on prosperously for some time. But presently a prince, who had been betrothed to her while in the cradle by the parents of both, and who was desperately in love with her just from seeing her picture, enters her sacred college in disguise, though he knew that death was the penalty for so doing. By some in-

discretion he soon betrays himself, and is about to forfeit his life. Just at this juncture, the prince's father appears before the palace with an army, and demands his son. The princess' brothers appear with an army at the same time. The prince's father sends to the princess and tells her if she does not give up his son unhurt, he will take the life of her father who has fallen into his hands. The princess surrenders the prince of course, and he agrees with her brothers to decide his claims to her by the sword. About fifty on each side fight. The prince is overcome, being almost killed. The princess' brothers are wounded also, and several others on both sides. After the decision in favor of the princess she hastens down from her tower of observation, and hurries to the bloody field to thank her brothers for their services in her behalf. She sees the prince of course, all pale and bloody. Pity takes possession of her soul, and she begs him of his father that she may nurse him well in her palace. In fact she throws open her college as a hospital for the wounded, sending her maiden students and professors home, except a few to nurse the wounded. She herself becomes the nurse and physician of the prince, and falls in love with him, and renounces forever her project of bettering the condition of woman. From this story men in these days, (whether the author intended it or not,) draw this conclusion. *Inasmuch as the princess, a sensible, persevering woman, possessing every advantage for the experiment, tried faithfully, and failed completely; therefore all attempts of the kind will fail.* Admitted—all attempts

*of the kind will fail.* But be it remembered that the princess and her project are figments of the author's brain. There never was such a woman, and there never was such a project attempted, and there never will be. Women now-a-days are not princesses. They propose no such thing. They wish not to engage in any such a wild goose chase. The case supposed is an impossible one physically. There is no parallelism between Ida and the ladies of our day, nor between her project and the projects of women now. Hence the "princess argument" against female improvement, in all fairness, should be abandoned. But from this story men conclude—*Inasmuch as the princess and her girls, after the battle, made proper nurses for binding up the wounds, for easing the posture of the sick; and inasmuch as all the nurses fell in love with the invalids, therefore nursing and falling in love are the proper callings of women.* I might reject this conclusion, as flowing from an unnatural case, but I don't think it is against female improvement at all. Pray tell me, does intellectual and moral improvement render a woman unfit for performing these kind offices? If so, they should be kept in profound ignorance, so that they may the better perform their duties. I have yet to learn that education, or improvement of any kind, blunts the sensibilities, and renders one less active in the performance of his duty.

Well, we have seen that the failure of the princess' project does not prove that it is impossible to improve the condition of women: nor does it prove that improvement in the female sex is in-

compatible with loving kindness and obedience. And now, what will men do? Under what other error will they take shelter. They will say "let good enough alone; the women are good enough—too much seasoning spoils the pie—we hate innovation any how." Yes, the cry against innovation is one of the greatest absurdities extant. It is no argument at all against a reformation. A man attempted once to introduce sawmills into England: the people cried "we hate innovation; clear out with your sawmills and smooth planks—Puncheons are good enough for us." When locomotives were first introduced, the greater part of the people, eyeing the thing as it flew past them, said, "move yourself, you noisy thing, ox-carts are good enough for us." When forks were first invented, the English despising innovation, and glorying in indecency, said, take your fol-de-rols away; fingers were made before forks, and by a better machine too. Now when women propose to improve themselves; to render themselves fitter companions for men, other ungrateful men cry out, "out with your innovations; women as they are, are good enough for us; give us wives such as our revolutionary mothers were; such as the 'Spartan mothers' were, and we will be satisfied." Certainly our revolutionary mothers suited the times in which they lived, and the men with whom they lived very well. But times are quite different from what they were then. Men are different also, (you can't deny that *you* are better men) and common sense will tell us that there ought to be a corresponding change in the women. The women of these days should not

follow in the tracks of revolutionary women in every respect. Such a course would be just about as sensible as that of the Dutch waggoner, who scorned the new dry road and trudged along through the mire of the old one. While sticking in the mud, a traveler flying along the new road above him in a vehicle, asked him why he did not take the best road; he replied, "mine farder haf always been drife alonk tis road and I drifes alonk here too." I think just about as much of that fellow's sense, as I would of the woman's who should try to imitate in every respect a woman of 1776.

As for "Spartan mothers," the man who is greatly in love with one of them is a fool, to say no less of him. I see nothing commendable in a woman who will suffer one son to be thrown to the wolves of Tagetus, and who will teach the other to steal and suffer his entrails to be gnawed out rather than be detected in the theft. Such a woman suited the iron code of Lycurgus; but we live under no such laws. A Murrell or a Hare might glory in such a mother, but I am sure no one else will. We see then, that revolutionary and "Spartan mothers" served very well in their own day, but would not do now, and that innovation should be tolerated, when there is a necessity for it; and I hold that as regards the condition of women, there is much room for reformation: there is a necessity for it. This I will try to show by quoting from the circular of a female college; under the head of "Sabbath," we read: "*Pupils are not allowed to visit each other on the Sabbath.*" Now what does this imply? That girls are so prone to vis-

iting; so much in love with it, that they cannot satisfy their propensities by consuming the week days in this business, but will violate the Sabbath, unless prohibited by positive precept. Should there be no reformation here? Should they not have sufficient respect for the Sabbath "to keep it holy," without being compelled to do so by a written edict of man? They must be low in the scale of being to be sure. Let them be raised if innovation will do it.

In the same circular, under the head of "Visits" we read: "*Young ladies boarding in the college are permitted to receive visits from no one but their nearest relatives, unless in the presence of some member of the Faculty, nor are they permitted to visit families in town unless their parents especially desire it, in which case the Institution will have no responsibility.*" What is implied here? That "young ladies" are so frail, that they cannot be trusted in the company of a gentleman or lady who is not nearly related to them, unless some "member of the Faculty" be present to prevent any untoward consequences from keeping such company; and that "young ladies" may suffer exceedingly from visiting families in town, two or three hundred yards from the college. Such visiting seems to be very dangerous; for the Institution declares, if parents will allow such privileges, it will not be responsible for the damages. Is there not need of reformation here? Methinks "young ladies" should be able to visit any decent company of ladies and gentlemen, and any decent gentleman's house, "without fear or trembling"—without being guarded by some old veteran to prevent them from acts of imprudence.

Again, from the same circular we read under the caption of "Dress," *To prevent unnecessary, expense and loss of time in devotion to dress, a uniform has been adopted—Masarine blue worsted for winter, and plain white Jackonet for summer. Silks, Swiss, gay patterns, flounces and jewelry, will be useless and should be left at home. No jewelry at any time is allowed to be worn.* What is implied here? That it is necessary to establish by law "a uniform," Masarine blue worsted, &c., to prevent "young ladies" from foolishly spending their money in purchasing finery, and their time in "devotion to dress;" that they are so wedded to "silks, swiss, jewelry, &c." that they are ordered to leave them at home, lest their affections may be so set upon these that they will be unable to attend to the lessons assigned them. Now is this not rank idolatry? Is there not room for reformation here? Methinks, "young ladies" should be so schooled as to estimate "silks, swiss" and all such fool's baubles, at their proper value, looking only to comfort and decency, without suffering themselves to be completely absorbed by such trivial things.

Again, under the head of "Expenditures," we read: *Pupils will not hereafter be allowed to purchase costly books, useless articles, and expensive presents—an important part of a young lady's education is to know how to use money.* What is implied here? That girls are so foolish as to buy "costly books, presents, &c.," to the great detriment of their fathers purses; that they don't know how to use money—room for reformation again. Young ladies should be taught how to "use money," and

yet they can't be trusted with it: it is put in the hands of "the President," and "teachers make the purchases." This seems to be learning them to use money with a vengeance; they never get their fingers on it. It reminds me of the old lady who wished her son to learn to swim, but forbade his going into the water before he learned how. From the same circular, under the head of "Extras," we read: "*Music on the piano or guitar* \$20; *use of the instrument* \$2,50. *Latin or Greek* \$5." What is implied here? That "young ladies" are so much taken with trifles, (music for instance) that they will give a greater part of their time and money, (\$22,50 per session) to make them to ascend and descend the gamut, producing certain unintelligible, but perhaps, harmonious sounds, while they will give but a small part of their time and money (\$5 per session,) to follow the chaste and classic Virgil among the lowing herds and bleating flocks of Arcadia or Sicily, and along the verdant banks of the Po and Minicius. They will give much time and money to enable them to sing "Jeannette and Jeannot," and to accompany the song with a guitar, but will give only a trifle to learn from Tully the joys of friendship and the consolation of old age.

Now if the inferences from this circular are legitimate, (and I think they are) in what condition are "young ladies?" What kind of beings are they?

1. They are breakers of the Sabbath.
2. They are unfit to be trusted in company, without overseers.
3. They are squanderers of time and money in devotion to dress.
4. They don't know how to use money—they are bad economists.

5. They are more delighted with a few harmonious sounds than with pure and healthy food for the mind.

Is there not room for improvement? In the name of God I would ask is there not a necessity for "innovation?" Who will say in view of these things, that women are good enough? If they only had to finger a piano, or guitar, to scour spoons and "chronicle small beer" and the like, then they would be good enough to be sure. But "every fool knows" that women have higher duties than these to perform. The first eight or ten years of the lives of all children are spent under the immediate care of the mother, (a woman, I judge) and in these eight or ten years, the child learns more than in all its life afterwards. It is necessary then, that the mother (a woman, mind you) should be able to give the child correct lessons concerning all the duties of after life, "and when he gets old he will not depart from them." If the mother be ignorant and narrow-minded, in eight cases out of ten the son will be so likewise. If the mother be a pigmy, morally and intellectually, so will the son be in eight cases out of ten. John A. Murrell said his father was an honest man, but his mother was of the "pure grit," and all know that the son was of the "pure grit" also. Hence, if the mother be a breaker of the Sabbath, imprudent, delighting in gaudy dress, and a foolish spendthrift, so will the son or daughter, in eight cases out of ten, be. Then for the sake of posterity, for the sake of our country and our God we should suffer innovation. If women can better their condition let them innovate.

But if none of these things will re-

concile man to innovation, they should suffer it, for the sake of their own interest. We have seen already from the circular, that "young ladies" don't know how to use money—in other words, they are bad economists. Now should not men suffer innovation if it will render their wives better economists, inasmuch as the men will be infinitely benefitted by this good economy of their wives. It is not necessary to prove that economy in the wife is gain to the husband. Every idiot knows it. But on the good economy of the wife depends the husband's affection for her, and the happiness of the family. It may be more difficult to show this. I will do it by the words of a better and abler man than the majority of his sex. Hear him.

"It will be seen that in order to enjoy the comforts or the luxuries of life at the least expense, care and superintendence, and knowledge of the various operations in a household, are absolutely necessary. And as this department of consumption, in general, devolves on the mistress of a family, we see how important to the execution of it, with success, must be vigilance, care, intelligence and industry.

The husband, by the employment of capital, labour and skill in productive consumption, secures an annual revenue, for the purpose of consumption in the various means of gratification, whether necessary or superfluous. *The expenditure of this annual revenue, or the making of those arrangements, which govern the expenditure, generally devolves upon the wife. If that expenditure be made without economy, either the gratifications which it might procure, are*

*never enjoyed; and, by all the consumption, neither comfort nor pleasure is obtained; or else if the gratification sought for, be obtained, it is obtained at an expense absolutely ruinous. Hence it will be seen that the physical comfort, as well as the means of happiness, of both parties, depends more on the domestic education of the female sex than is ordinarily supposed. Affection will rarely exist in the atmosphere of self-inflicted poverty. NO MAN CAN RESPECT A WOMAN, BY WHOSE CAPRICE AND IGNORANCE OF HER APPROPRIATE DUTIES HE IS PLUNGED IN DISGRACEFUL BANKRUPTCY AND WEDDED TO HOPELESS PENURY. Nor let it be supposed that no talent is requisite skillfully to superintend a household. It requires, at least, as much ability to direct, with skill, and on principle, the affairs of a domestic establishment, as to select a ribbon or dance a minuet; to finger a piano or to embroider a fire screen."*—*Dr. Wayland.*

This passage needs no comment. It cannot be gainsaid. It establishes one position, i. e. that the affection of the husband for the wife, and consequently domestic happiness, depends on the good economy of the wife. Then let innovation come, if there is the remotest possibility (as there certainly is) of its doing good in any of these respects—Yes, as old Henry would say, "I repeat it, sirs, let it come."

Forward, forward, let us range,  
Let the great world spin forever down the ring-  
ing grooves of change."

The above style may not appear sufficiently delicate and refined for the character of the subject. I know the ladies should be defended in a chaste,

polite style, but as for "my single self," (having been forty years old for the last ten years, and expecting to remain forty for some time to come,) I am past the time for using holyday and Sunday phrases with the men. Beside, I had the choosing of neither the ground nor the weapons. They have thrown down

the gauntlet again and again; I saw fit to take it up and tilt with them upon their own grounds, and I am satisfied that I have written no greater absurdities than they commonly write in like cases. But a truce to apologies.

HORTENSE.

## A SEA FIGHT.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in May, 1812; the sun was just showing his rosy face over the clear blue expanse of the mighty Atlantic, and his long slanting rays reflecting themselves over the vast deep and coming in bold and beautiful contrast with the azure vault above, flooded the old ocean with his glorious light, and reflected upon his heaving bosom a sea of molten gold. At such a time might be seen a beautiful fore-top-sail schooner moving along as carelessly and gracefully as a swan, dashing aside the foaming spray from her nicely chiselled prow, and leaving in her wake a long line of white caps jostling against each other in sportive play. She was built after the style of what is technically called a "Baltimore clipper." Her sharp keen bow, her long raking mast and width of beam showed her to be built mostly for speed, while every

rope taught and adjusted in its proper place, the canvass white as the spray that danced around her, and fitting to her mast and yard-arms like wax, showed the unmistakable "Yankee Doodle" rig. A close and practised eye might have detected other peculiarities which stamped her of a different nature than that of a mere sailing packet; for, a few feet below the gunwale, on either side, were pierced round holes above a foot in diameter, through which peered most menacingly the mouths of cannon, while "amidship" was mounted on his carrage the sailors' pet "Long Tom," or, in other words, a thirty-six pounder, while, high above all, from her main peak floated off triumphantly in the breeze the glorious stars and stripes, stamping her at once a cruiser in the service of Uncle Sam. She had been out several days in quest of a British

man-of-war of 70 guns, which had captured several prizes during the war. For some time the search had been futile and the gallant commander of the "Waterwitch" had well nigh given up his pursuit in despair, when on the day we have alluded to, all hands were aroused from their morning nap by the thrilling cry at the mast-head, Sail ho! Every one sprang from his hammock and hurried on deck with a mingled expression of anxiety and gladness depicted on his countenance. No one, unless he has witnessed it, can imagine the electric effect an announcement of this kind produces on shipboard. Every eye was eagerly scanning the horizon for the long wished for sight, while on the quarter-deck, high above the rest, was the tall form of the Captain, coolly surveying with his spy-glass the new comer. At first, she was a mere speck; gradually the tops of her masts were distinguishable, then her sails, then her hull, and finally a seventy-four gunship, in his Majesty's service, loomed forth in bold relief. The quick eye of the Captain soon recognized in her the "Sea-serpent," his long sought for enemy. Coolly laying aside his spy-glass, he seized his speaking-trumpet, and gave to his subordinate officers their respective commands. All sail was crowded on, every rope adjusted or coiled in its proper place, the men sprang into the rigging as active as cats, so eager were they for the onset; the decks were cleared for action, all obstacles removed, the guns were loaded and primed, old "Long Tom" was loosed from his moorings, swung round on his axis and loaded and shotted for the occasion, and the staunch old gunner, who bore

the scars of many battles, as he cleared it for action, patted its glossy back as affectionately as one would a pet animal. In short, everything was done which a brave captain and mate could do. In the mean time a stiff breeze had sprung up and the Sea-serpent, now but a short distance off, seemed to plow her way through the boiling surges, proudly dashing aside the spray that curled in beautiful festoons from her bow. She was indeed a noble vessel, built with a most admirable model. She seemed to combine both speed and strength. Above her was a perfect cloud of canvass, while her decks were literally covered with men, and from her numerous port-holes frowned out the bristling cannon. It was now a moment of intense excitement; there was not a whisper to be heard on board the Water-witch, but the flashing eye and sternly set lip told what spirit and determination reigned there, while nearer and nearer the two vessels approached, the one a mighty giant of oak and iron, the other a comparative skiff. It was a scene for a painter. The wind, now freshening into a gale, whistled through the shrouds, seeming to sing a mournful requiem, the white capped waves dashing with vehement force against the side of both vessels, shrouded them for an instant with mist and spray, then a mountain billow rushing on, would lift the mighty ship to a dizzy height and then would let her down, down till it seemed she would rise no more.

Just then, the flag of Great Britain unfurled itself from the main peak of the stranger, and as she mounted the top of a lofty wave, a wreath of blue

smoke curled from her bow chasers, and a seventy-two pounder aimed too high, whistled harmlessly through our rigging. Then our old gunner stepped forward to his favorite, and sighting with his eye, applied the match. In an instant Long Tom belched forth a sheet of flame, and ere the smoke cleared away, a crash was heard and the topmast of the Sea-serpent fell over by the boards. Still nearer and nearer they came, when within a biscuit's throw of each other, our captain put his helm "aport," ran up directly to the windward, thus presenting his broadside in a raking position with the strangers bow; in an instant, at the top of his stentorian voice, he cried out fire! The next moment the little craft quivered like an aspen leaf from her keel up, and a livid sheet of flame burst from her starboard quarter; quickly coming about, she brought her larboard guns to bear upon the enemy, with fatal precision and murderous effect.

This manœuvre, so skillfully executed, and so unexpected, took the captain of the Sea-serpent completely by surprise. He was, however, an old stager, and was not to be bluffed off thus; so quickly wheeling about and taking exactly the same position, poured in two most murderous fires, in quick succession, which literally mowed down the ranks of the devoted crew of the Waterwitch. Volley after volley was returned by both vessels, but the murderous fire and superiority in guns and number of the Sea-serpent could not be borne. In the thickest of the fight might be seen moving, the tall form of the captain, cheering on his men. At one moment, as a gunner was shot down at his side, he would leap in

his place and aim and discharge the gun himself; and then seizing the helm, would guide his craft through some daring and skillful manœuvre. But such a state of affairs could not be borne longer. Crash after crash told him his vessel would soon become unmanageable; while the shrieks and death-cry of the brave fellows cut down by his side, told him that they would soon be all gone; so calling the bravest of his men together, he determined upon a "ruse." He stretches a piece of canvass across the whole width of the vessel, entirely concealing the quarter deck; behind this he placed most of his cannon, filled to the muzzle with grape shot, and bullets, and about half of his men, the other half he kept fighting, so as to deceive the enemy. Just at this moment, he perceived, to his great joy, that they were boarding him; having got every thing ready, he directed part of his men at the bow to repel the boarders as long as possible, then gradually to retreat toward the canvass. They did so; long and well did they maintain their ground, but the enemy, consisting of at least three times their number, gradually drove them back, step by step. At length, within a few feet of the canvass, the gallant Tars ceased fighting, and sprang behind it, which in an instant was cut away, and displayed to the now terror-stricken enemy the bristling line of cannon, and behind it as brave and desperate a set of men as ever lived. They immediately turned, panic stricken, and attempted to return to their own ship, thus adding double confusion, but by some accident the two vessels had become separated; in an instant the command to fire was given. There was

a scene which beggars description ; from which the imagination turns away, sick and disgusted. In an instant the deck was strewn with the dead and mangled, and the blood flowed from the scuppers and port holes, dyeing the sea for several feet around. Immediately the captain leaped, sword in hand, over the guns, followed by his men, rushing impetuously on the remaining enemy, who would have been cut to pieces in a

few minutes, had they not come to an unconditional surrender. Then as the brave hero, covered with blood and the carnage of battle, stepped forward to receive the sword of the British commander, three of those hearty cheers arose from the deck of the *Waterwitch*, which only an American soldiery can give utterance to. In a few moments, the stars and stripes were floating from the main peak of the *Sea-serpent*.

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## A RAINY DAY.

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AND with the mere mention of it, thoughts arise readily as soldiers at the shrill whistle of Roderick Dhu; and great-coats, cloaks, umbrellas over-shoes, are characters too intimately connected with such a day to remain unnoticed.

The capriciousness of the mind too is by no means seldom displayed on such a day, and you are often struck with the sudden change of affection towards some favorite, perchance a — or it might be a Tom or Jim cat, or a Carlo, or a peewee dog, for though you have seen the former caressed and addressed in the most endearing style on a fair day, yet on a rainy day none, apparently, are favorites and poor puss finds that the new carpet has far more charms than she can command, and so she contented herself with stealing a march on

her mistress and seating herself by the quiet fireside where she must by no means be conspicuous. And as for Carlo, you see him not as on fair days wagging his tail with self-complacency but ready for a retreat, often in the most unceremonious manner, even at the voice, not daring to encounter the looks before which others perchance have quailed. Amidst all these various phenomena you try to set perfectly quiet and strive hard to look totally unconcerned, but with all your assumed heroism you feel a kind of dubious uncertainty creep over you lest the mud adhering to your inoffensive boots may have incurred the displeasure just now manifested against a less fortunate animal, and you find yourself resolving deeply to make in future a better use

of the rug placed in such a conspicuous position for the accommodation of enterers.

But a rainy day has its joys as well as its sorrows, its bitter as well as its sweet; and well can you recollect at the first dawn of morning, what a peculiar effect the steady pit-a-pat of the rain on the roof had, and with what pleasure you composed yourself under its more than musical sound for a "little more sleep, a little more slumber."

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.  
He like the world his ready visit pays,  
While fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes."

And how easily you persuade yourself that it was not sluggard-like or even lazy to sleep away the hours of a rainy morning, and with what reluctance you interrupted the train of your half-dreamy ideas as they spun themselves out in a form far more pleasant than profitable, or perchance in one of those monster dreams which you lately read and by which, on scriptural prophecy at least, was realized, viz., "your young men shall dream dreams."

On such a day the very fire seems to possess (if it be cold and you can get it to burn) twice its usual life-giving cheerfulness, and you sit by it with real pleasure and see the smoke rise with a slow but constant movement from your pants and boots moistened by a late exposure. Edibles too are in demand on such occasions as their sudden disappearance too truly manifests—

"And dire is the sound of plates, knife and fork  
That merciless fall like tomahawks to work."

While you no longer wonder at the

haughty old Turk's love of Coffee. And truly it is singular what alteration unpleasant weather makes on your feelings. Nothing is pleasant, nothing lovely, even things that were pleasant and agreeable on a bright healthy day, are so no longer, and as long as you think about the tediousness of in-door employments, the hours seem twice their usual length, and what ever besides you may do, you resolve never to visit pleasant scenery on a rainy day. But notwithstanding all the obstacles to enjoyment who has failed to find, ever, a rainy day pleasantly spent, in a comfortable apartment, with an interesting book or periodical for a companion. It is truly the time for literary research or scientific investigation. On such a day, the outdoor pleasures have not inducements sufficient to decoy you from your half-performed task, but rather lends encouragement to your diligence; and you perchance will find that a rainy day may be spent with pleasure and profit. On such a day, you are not in perpetual fear of those who have learned the peculiar art of wreaking their revenge by inflicting their company on innocent victims, but who have yet to learn that others have feelings if they themselves have not. Free from all such harrowing thoughts, you can compose yourself for a "feast of reason if not a flow of soul." But one of the happiest thoughts connected with a dull dreary day, is the fact that such days, and such alone, teach us rightly to appreciate fair weather. When the lowering clouds have discharged their contents, and the rumbling thunder is heard only in the distant hills; when the bright sun of nature has broke through every opposing

barrier, and reflected the dazzling bow of promise in all its resplendent beauty; then do the works of nature truly appear lovely; then the gloom of the morning, the unpleasantness of noonday, are alike forgotten, and the mild beams of the setting sun dispel gloom before their life giving cheerfulness, and who can fail to see the human mind reflected even in the irregular workings of nature. At times troubles and disappointments cast a damper over all our

pleasures and fair prospects, and grim despair stares us in the face; the beacon by which we have guided our actions, seems for a time almost obscured, but "despair not," the darkest hours are just before the morning light, and fairer prospects are just dawning; the beauty of which, a contrast with the late darkness will only enhance. For

"Who finds Providence not allwise,  
In what he gives, and what denies."

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## DEMOSTHENES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

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THE literature of a people, is a thermometer which marks distinctly the moral and physical declensions and ascensions of that people. It shows them, in their infancy, ascending slowly and feebly the hill of respectability; then, in their manhood, careering with the strength of a lion across the plains of prosperity; and then, in old age, rolling rapidly down the hill of degradation into the pit of oblivion. In other words, literature is the exponent of the manners, customs, intellectual strength, honor and glory of the people which produce it. This being the case, it becomes all to be exceedingly watchful and cautious, lest something may find a place among their literature, which will not be a faithful exponent of manners,

customs, &c., The rotten should be separated from the sound—the chaff from the wheat—so that, the wheat may be preserved, and the chaff burnt up with "unquenchable fire." Fair, candid, unenvious critics are the winners for blowing off the chaff, and a correct public taste is the "unquenchable fire" for consuming the same. Critics then, should be tolerated, inasmuch as they are the scavengers who cleanse the literature of all its impurities, and offer that which is wholesome to an appreciating community. This much is said of literature and critics in general; hence, it may be said of them in particular: If the literature of the world requires scavengers, the literature of North Carolina requires them also. The

literature of North Carolina is just bursting the bud, and the scavengers should clean away the mildew, that the full-blown flower may be of a goodly odor and appearance. With these *saving* remarks, (they are so intended at least,) we will proceed to examine the claims of a new work to a place among the literature of North Carolina. It may seem presumptuous in us, possessing no power of analysis, no ability to see the fine shades and distinctions of thought, to attempt such a thing. We can almost hear some one cry out now,

"Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,  
As heavy *mules* are neither horse nor ass."

Very true. But *mules* are the very best draught animals for trudging through the mud. And we shall, at all events, try to scramble through the Demosthenean morass, which has been created in the field of North Carolina literature, since, wherever *mule* has gone, *mule* may go again, and especially a mule which has fed upon the same grass and breathed the same air as the first mule: in other words, a North Carolinian may review the work of a North Carolinian. The task may be difficult, for when mule meets mule, "then comes the tug of war: but tug or no tug, mule or no mule, here goes.

The work, to which we shall devote a few moments, is a tolerably decent tract to "look upon," of moderate size, purporting to be a translation of Champlius' Select Orations of Demosthenes. The first page of said tract reads thus:

"A *literal version* of Demosthenes' Select Orations, translated from the Greek, by W. L. Scott of Guilford.

—' Vos exemplaria Græcia  
Nocturnæ versate manu, versate diurna.'

Printed at the office of the 'Weekly Post.'

Now, judging from the tract itself, we will confess that we are at a loss to know what is meant by "*a literal version*," unless it be a bungling, twisting, or turning of the thoughts of the Grecian orator into unintelligible English. If this be the meaning, it is exceedingly "*literal*"—"translated from the Greek," &c. What is translated from the Greek! the select orations or the "*literal version*?" The "*literal version*" we should think, and badly done at that too—for we are certain that the "*literal version*" is nearer Greek or some other outlandish language than good pure English. We have bothered our brains for some time in order to find out why the words "of Guilford" have been lugged in. It was done for some purpose surely—perhaps to make the sentence more stately and sonorous—perhaps as a substitute for Esq., LL. D., or D. D., or something of the sort—perhaps thinking himself equal to Chas. Carroll of Carrolton, or John Randolph of Roanoke, in every thing but the appendix, he slapped on "of Guilford" to do away with this little inferiority—or perhaps looking down the vista of ages he saw with prophetic vision, ten or twelve cities contending for the honor of being his birthplace, (as in the case of Homer,)—and to snatch away this bone of contention he very considerately appended "of Guilford." Happy Guilford! thou hast added a sprig of "never fading" bay to the ivory wreath that dropped upon thy brow during the great struggle for independence!

Or may be *he* thought the votaries of Literature, would in time to come desire to make a pilgrimage to the place of his birth, (as they do now, to Stratford upon Avon and Abbotsford,) and he kindly told where to go. Mind you, it's "Guilford." The next in order is

—————"Vos exemplaria Græcia  
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

Now if the "literal version" is an "exemplaria Græcia" it will not be turned except out of doors or into the fire, notwithstanding the author's command in the poetical language of the Venusian bard. Turn it night and day!! Who wishes to die with gaping or with the lock-jaw? Let this end the notice of the first page. On the second by looking closely you will see situated between two parallel lines, (to keep it from running away or to call attention to it) the following line:—"Copyright secured according to law." Who did this, the author? And why did he do it? Did he think the sale would be as rapid as that of Uncle Tom's Cabin? Did he think the people would devour the chaste eloquence of the orator, who poisoned himself and died in classic Greece, as greedily as they did and do, the pious sayings of Thomas the colored man who was whipped and died in the shed room of Legree's old gin house? Looking at things in this light, was he afraid some one would deprive him of the proceeds arising from the sale of the "literal version?" Fear no such thing; no one for the sake of profit will ever think of robbing the author of the "literal version," copyright or no copyright. For the "literal version" like the works of Calhoun, (but from a different cause)

will rot upon the shelves of the bookseller, (if he is green enough to put it there) or be used for wrapping paper, &c., &c.

So much for the second page. On the third we find the "preface" which is a kind of a defence of the "literal version." Here the author declares that he don't believe that translations or "literal versions" are "dulcet syrens which allure only that they may destroy." Now the syrens we used to read of were not called "dulcet," but may be, they were "dulcet." They were goddesses who enticed men, by singing, into their power and then ate them up. To be sure the "literal version," nor any other version, is a man-eating goddess: if so, call out the militia, or we all shall be devoured. Again there is a sort of lizzard in North Carolina, called the syren—can the "literal version" be a lizzard or any thing of the sort which loafs about the fence corners for a living? If so, hands off. The author appears to be apprehensive lest from the appearance of the "literal version" men may imagine it to be a she cannibal or a nasty lizzard, and therefore put in his disclaimer against such imaginings. The author says "translations (among which is the "the literal version" of course) are indispensable guides, which not only enables the student who delights in digging out the roots of greek verbs and in wandering through the mazy intricacies of Euphony, to make a very good recitation; but also assists him whose affections cling not around the stems and terminations of the greek verb in making a respectable one at least; whereas if he had no "literal version" his recitations in the sarcastic language of

a Professor would be 'beautifully ridiculous and sublimely absurd.'" The "literal version" will render the root diggers and the wanderers along the mazy intricacies (!) of Euphony—good translators will it? And will enable those heartless beings who can't have any affection for a stem or termination (who can?) respectable translators at least, and thus save them from the sarcasm of the Professor? Had the Professor ever heard one of those unaffected beings translate, after using the "literal version" freely? If he has, we imagine he thought the translation dashed a little with the "beautifully ridiculous and sublimely absurd."

"Like an ancient Philosopher the author believes (the author believes *just* like an ancient philosopher, think of that) that "there is no royal road to learning," but he as truly believes (like the philosopher of course) that without a translation the brilliant memorials of the great master of Grecian eloquence would be entirely and forever dead to many." Why, really is not the "literal version" an aristocratic, if not a royal road to learning? It will unseal the "brilliant memorials" to a gladdened and grateful world." When we were young we thought it no disgrace to

—————"fall below

Demosthenes or Cicero."

But really *if* the "literal version" contains fair specimens of Demosthenes' oratory, we must say, some of our stump speakers would come off badly if they were to fall below him. If the "literal version" contains the most "brilliant memorials" of his oratory, we must say,

that the old Greeks were curiously compounded—made of rather mushy materials—for they were occasionally melted by the effusion of the "brilliant memorials." Again, says the author, "Let no one quit the lexicon *because he can read* from the translation. Who can read "intelligently and intelligibly" from the "literal version"? We can't. "When one has unraveled all the difficulties he can, let him take the translation and see if he has read like the translation, for two heads are better than one." Shade of Demosthenes help the man who reads or tries to read like the "literal version." "Two heads are better than one"—we add, "if one is a calf's head"—to be sure—then we might make good soup from the calf's head, which would be employing it much better than making "literal versions" with it. By using two heads, one of which may be a calf's head, the author says "a student will be able to make a recitation more profitable and creditable to himself, and more pleasing to his instructor." Pleasing to his instructor! please him by reading after the manner of the "literal version"! We will venture to say that during the whole process you could see contractions and contortions, involutions and evolutions about his face as if he had the *tic-dolor-eux*. It is a slander—a libel—to say that any body will be pleased by hearing or reading the "literal version." Says the author "an elegant writer has beautifully said:

'To err is human, to forgive divine.'

From this, we see plainly that the author of the "literal version" is a

"human," inasmuch as he has *erred* exceedingly. He is every inch a "human," without one spark of divinity about him—as the being "human" and "divine" at the same time is absurd. Again, the preface says "Plainly the work was not undertaken with the hope that it may adorn the centre table of the parlor, for if it had, it would have been dressed in a different garb, nor *even* with the faintest hope that it will be perused by the *bright-eyed* daughters of Carolina, for if it had, the structure of the sentences, and the peculiarity of the idiom and language would have been different." Don't girls! Don't look at it, for your own sakes! Remember the contractions, contortions, &c., of the instructor's face; yours may undergo the same ugly changes, and what is worse, the contortions may be so violent, that your face will be ruined forever. Did you ever eat sour gooseberries, green persimmons and sour crout all mixed together. If so, you have some idea of the effect that the reading of the "literal version" will produce. "Bright-eyed daughters!" what "sort of eyed" is that? Is it "bright" like live coals of fire? Or "bright" like a new tin cup? We have heard of blue-eyed Maries, black-eyed Susans, and ox-eyed Junos, but never did we hear of girls having eyes with the lustre of a new tin cup? N. C. girls are tin-cup-eyed—are they? But they must be brightened indeed, to see any beauty, sense, wit or humor in the "literal version of Demosthenes' select orations translated from the Greek by W. L. Scott of Guilford."

Why mention the ladies at all in the preface, gosling—boy like? They, we dare say, would not have considered

themselves slighted. But "the author" simply wishes to tell them, that had he entertained the "faintest hope" that their "bright eyes" would ever scan his "little work," (how modest,) he would have laid his brilliant imagination and ethereal fancy under contribution to procure bombastic phrases, poetical images and extravagant metaphors to tickle their fancies with. He could do it of course. The author winds up his preface by saying that his "little work" was a labor of love undertaken for the benefit of the succeeding soph classes. Sophs you are placed under a vast debt of gratitude to "the author." With the Sophs let us leave the preface and after quoting a few paragraphs from the body of the work, we will leave that to the care of the Sophs also. Sophs, love "cherish, protect and defend" it. But to the quotations from the "literal version."

#### 1st OLYNTHIAC.

"Instead of many riches, O Athenian men, I think you would prefer that what is about to be advantageous to the state, should become manifest concerning which you are now considering."

Then we felt some symptoms of the lock-jaw, and as a precautionary measure against it, we grabbed the tongs and inserted one prong between our teeth, and then proceeded to read the second paragraph, as follows:

"The present opportunity then, O Athenian men, almost speaks sending forth a voice, that in these well known transactions it must be participated by you yourselves, if concerning your own very safety you reflect: While we seem to me to have,

I know not what manner, in reference to them."

Just at this point we bit the tongs into two pieces, clenched our teeth, and fainted. When we were restored, we found them drenching us with some kind of liquid—pouring it into our mouth, through an opening made by the extraction of a front tooth. After considerable drenching, our jaws relaxed, and we were well again. We were determined to read the "literal version," and went at it again with good will, and finished it, biting in two four pairs of tongs, two claw-hammers, and chewing into fraggles the butt end of an iron wedge in order to keep our teeth apart. Here is the last paragraph in the "literal version"—the peroration:

"Never at any other time, before have I chosen to speak in order to gain favor, except what I have been persuaded was beneficial to you, and now all which I

think I have freely and plainly spoken, concealing nothing through fear. Just as I know that it is advantageous to you to hear the best things, so I would wish to know it was beneficial to him speaking the best things, for I could have spoken much more pleasantly. But now upon the conditions that the things happening to me from those be unknown, so in consequence of the being persuaded that these things will be beneficial to you, if you do them, I choose to speak. Let that prevail, which is on the point of being beneficial to you all."

Now is not that enough to make the teeth of a hyena chatter? Can anything, save an alligator, digest it? I advise all (except succeeding Sophs—they can digest anything) to drink a quart or two of undiluted sulphuric acid, after luxuriating upon the "literal version" to aid digestion. If this notice shall save any one from the lock-jaw, we shall be very well repaid for our labor.

SYPHAX COME-RATTLE-THE-BONE.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

CIVIL WAR 1781-'82.—COLONEL DAVID FANNING.

DAVID FANNING was born of obscure parents, in the county of Wake, about the year 1754, and apprenticed to a carpenter or loom-maker. He removed to Chatham in 1778, and followed his trade until the occupation of Wilmington, by Major Craig, presented other prospects to his imagination. Very shortly thereafter, clad in a long white hunting-shirt and mounted on a common draft horse, he was found at the head of a band of marauders, not more than eight or ten in number. His headquarters were, to some extent, at the house of John Reins, on Brush Creek; but he had no home, seldom lodged in a house, generally passed his nights in solitary and unfrequented places; sometimes with companions, but more frequently alone. He and his colleagues were spoken of as "Out-liers." His first marauding expedition is said to have been to Deep River; and the earliest sufferers from his rapacity and violence were Charles Shearing, Captains Duck and Dye. He went to Shearing's in the night, shot at him as he ran from the house, took his gun, scoured the neighborhood, and returned to Reins. His energy, rapacity and courage, were duly appreciated by Major Craig, who appointed him Colonel of the loyal militia of Randolph and Chatham, clothed

him in British uniform, and presented him a sword and holster of pistols. An old Royalist named Lindley, gave him a mare called the "Red Doe," from her peculiar color. This animal, whose blood is still traced and highly estimated at the present day, became subsequently almost as famous as her master. One of the most interesting episodes in Fanning's history relates to the circumstances under which he lost her. An account of this and other incidents in the life of the marauder will be found in the subjoined narrative, copied from the manuscripts of the late Archibald D. Murphy.

From the time that Lord Cornwallis raised the royal standard at Hillsboro' on the 22d of February, 1781, until the spring of the following year, Fanning was the great object of terror to the Whigs throughout the entire region between Hillsboro' and Wilmington, and between Cape Fear and Pedee rivers. His confederates, Colonels Hector McNeil and Duncan Ray, confined their operations to the intermediate region when acting separately, and when pressed found safe refuge in the Raft Swamp, the neighboring morasses, and occasionally in "the neutral ground" in South Carolina, which the necessities of his position had compelled General Marion

to accord to Major Gainey when he surrendered. The upper country was the ordinary field of Fanning's operations. They frequently united for striking sudden and effective blows, at remote and important points. On these occasions Fanning and McNeil commanded alternately day by day. The celerity and success of their movements under such circumstances were worthy of a better cause, and authentic history will exhibit few parallel cases. The surrender of Cornwallis and the retreat of Major Craig from Wilmington, checked their operations, but did not terminate them. Fanning continued in the field until 1782, when he made his way to Charleston, and subsequently found an Asylum in Digby, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1825. He was a Colonel of militia in Nova Scotia, and had previously been a member of Assembly from Queen's county, New Brunswick.

Among Fanning's earliest exploits was the descent upon Pittsborough during the session of the County Court on the 15th July, 1781, (or as other accounts state during the session of a Militia Court Martial,) and carrying off the officers, among whom were Col. Ramsey, Maj. Griffith and John Williams, Esq., prisoners to Wilmington. On Sunday 5th August, he captured Col. Philip Alston and a few followers at his house on Deep River. On the 14th, he and his confederates took possession of Campbellton, (now Fayetteville,) and carried off Col. Emmett, Captain Winslow, and other leading men, prisoners. On the 1st September the battle was fought at McFall's Mills, on the Raft Swamp; and on the 13th, about daylight, Fanning and McNeil en-

tered Hillsboro', the seat of government, by different roads, seized Gov. Burke, his suit, and other prominent men, and proceeded with their usual celerity towards Wilmington. General Butler intercepted them with a superior force at Lindley's Mill, on Cane Creek, the following day; a severe action ensued, in which Fanning was seriously wounded. The Tories made good their retreat, nevertheless; and in a few days thereafter, Gov. Burke, an able, energetic, accomplished and brave man, was delivered to Major Craig. The Governor was at first put in close prison, to await the result of Gen. Green's determination to retaliate for the execution of Col. Hayne. He was subsequently sent to Charleston, and then paroled to St. James' Island.

Of many other forays in which he was engaged, no authentic accounts can be obtained. The traditions prevalent throughout the central counties of the State thirty years ago, are embodied to some extent, in the subjoined narrative of Judge Murphy.

In 1822, this gentleman, who was much more familiar with the career of Fanning than any one now living, made an ineffectual effort through the intervention of the late Archibald McBride, of Moore, to obtain from Fanning such information as he might be disposed to supply in relation to his own history.— He succeeded in drawing from him a letter of which we present a literal copy. A slight examination will probably satisfy the impartial reader, that in advanced old age his character for candor and veracity had undergone no great change for the better.

Sabine, in his lives of the loyalists,

states that when General Marion came to terms with Major Gainey, and conceded to him the privileges of the "neutral ground," Fanning was expressly excepted from the arrangement. He was one of only three persons excluded by name from all benefits under the general "Act of Pardon and Oblivion" of offences committed during the Revolution.—[Passed in 1783, Chapter VI., Section 3.]

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FANNING'S LETTER.

*Digby, 15th May, 1822.*

DEAR SIR:—The Letters you Sent me Appear to be a Request of some gentlemen in North Carolina or Elsewhere to get holt of my Journal or the narrative of my Servis, During the time of the American Rebellion, I am under nessaty of saying that I would not Let no man have it on any pretences whatsoever—Unless I was well informed of the use that was to be made of it.

You can say to the gentlemen that I now have a narritive of the Transasctions of That War, Both of North and South Carolinas and if any Gentleman wishes to know from me of any particular transaction or the Date, by pointing it out to me, I may give Information of it, if it Dont opperate against my Coming back to look after my property—you may say that my Journal Contains more than one Quire of Fools Cap paper Closely wrote and it would take a good pens man a month to write it over, fit to send to the world abroad.

I was offered by Charles Cook in England fifty pounds Sterling for my Journal to have it Publishē and I Refused him. Cols McDugal Desired me not to Insert in it anything of his Servissas as he Intended going back to North Carolina to Live, and as he knows that I have a Narrative of all the Transactions, If he Should want anything of the Kind from me he would write me himself.

If any person wishes to prove anything fals Respecting the Conduct of the Torys, jet him point out what it is, and I will

Indeavour to give him the Truth, I am Dear Sir

Your obed Servant

DAVID FANNING.

P. S. I believe there is some more meaning in the Letters than I understand, the word Memorial of my life or a word to that Effect that I don't understand. I have hurt my ankil and knee so that I Cannot Come to see you. Ross said you wanted to answer them by the post.

To  
the Revd ROGER VEITS.

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JUDGE MURPHEY'S NARRATIVE.

In the summer of 1781, Fanning collected a party of twenty-five men on Brush Creek and Rocky river and proceeded to Pittsborough during the sitting of the County Court. He entered the Town whilst the Court was sitting, captured the Justices, Lawyers and all the men in Town. He brought them up to the west side of Deep river at Beck's, now called Coxe's Ford. There he encamped for the night. On the next day, having received a reinforcement of fifteen men, he set out with his Prisoners, 44 in number, for Wilmington. Of the prisoners, three, John Williams, (London, Esq., attorney at Law,) Gen. Ambrose Ramsey, and Col. Griffiths, were permitted to ride, he taking their word of honor not to desert him.

On that evening they reached ten miles and encamped. On the second night, Stephen Lewis and John Short, two of the Tories deserted. They traveled by-ways and through the woods to McFall's mill on the waters of Raft Swamp, and before passing the Swamp two of the prisoners, Thomas Scurlock

and Capt. James Herrin, who, Fanning feared would attempt to escape were hand-cuffed, and so continued to Wilmington. On the other side of the Swamp they met Col. McNeill with 150 men returning from Wilmington.— They continued their route on the western side of the river and encamped opposite to Wilmington.

Gen. Ramsey, John Williams, Esq., and Col. Griffiths who were on their parole of honor, were attended only by one man, Michael Pearson, and rode either before or behind the party as they pleased. At Wilmington they were paroled by Major Craig, and returned home. Thomas Scurlock died, and the other prisoners were sent by Major Craig to Charleston.

They remained at Wilmington three days, during which time he received a commission from Major Craig, of Lieut. Col., and a suit of rich regimentals, with suitable epaulets, sword and pistols. He set out on his return to Chathan, and at McFall's Mill, having encamped, intelligence was received by express that Col. Thomas Wade, of Anson county, with 600 men were at Betti's Bridge, on Drowning Creek, 20 miles south of McFall's Mill. The express reached the camp about eight bells at night. Fanning ordered his men to mount their horses and march immediately. At the dawn of day, ten miles north of Betti's Bridge, they came up with Col. Hector McNeil, having with him 300 men—the whole number then amounted to 340. Fanning took the command, and soon learning that Col. Wade had crossed the bridge to the eastern side of Drowning Creek, he turned to the right, and passed up a

swamp to a crossway expecting to find Col. Wade between that swamp and the Creek. The crossway was distant about three-quarters of a mile from Betti's Bridge. Fanning halted at the crossway and gave notice of the order of battle. His men were directed to pass the crossway, two deep; and all having got over, Col. McNeill was ordered to turn down the swamp to the left towards the bridge to cut off Wade's retreat in that direction. He was ordered not to bring his men into action unless Fanning should be hard pressed and in danger of being defeated, but to watch the progress of the battle, and if Wade should be routed, by securing the pass to the bridge, to prevent his retreat and capture as many prisoners as possible. Fanning was to turn to the right from the end of the crossway with all the other men, and they were directed to follow him in the same order in which they passed the crossway until he should reach the extreme left of Wade's line, when upon a signal to be given by him, they were to dismount and commence the fight. Eleven men were left to guard the crossway and prevent the escape of the horses; the swamp being impassable for many miles except at this crossway.

These orders being given, Fanning preceding his column passed the crossway, his men following him. As soon as he passed, he discovered Wade's men drawn up on the top of the hill, in line of battle. The ground was favorable for his attack. There was no undergrowth of bushes, and the pines were thinly scattered on the slope of the hill. Fanning immediately perceived the injudicious position which Wade had ta-

ken, and confident of victory rode on to the left of Wade's line. Before, however, he had proceeded as far as he had intended, one of his men was thrown from his horse, and in the act of falling, his gun fired. Instantly Wade's line fired, and eighteen horses belonging to Fanning's men were killed. Fanning wheeled, gave the signal to dismount, which was immediately observed by his men, who poured in a deadly fire upon Wade's line. Fanning rode along his line in front and ordered his men to advance upon every fire; and they continued to advance and fire until they got within twenty-five yards of Wade's line, when it suddenly broke, and the men fled in the utmost confusion, Fanning pursuing with activity, and expecting that their retreat by the bridge would be cut off by Col. McNeil he had no doubt of taking them all prisoners. To his astonishment, he found that Col. McNeil had not occupied the ground to which he was ordered; that he had passed down to the right of Wade's line, only a short distance, and left the way to the bridge open. Fanning pressed on the fugitives, and soon took 44 prisoners. He then directed a few of his men to mount, and with them he pursued Wade at full speed, for two or three miles. But Wade had fled at full speed and Fanning could not overtake him.

During this fight as well as upon every other occasion, Fanning displayed the most daring courage. Dressed in rich British uniform, he rode between the lines during all the fight, and gave his orders with the utmost coolness and presence of mind. It is strange that he had not been selected by some of

Wade's men, as he was at the close of the fight not twenty yards distant from them. He did not lose one of his men, only two or three were slightly wounded. As he ascended the hill, Wade's men shot over his, and when he approached the summit, Wade's men were so panic struck, that they fired without aim. Wade lost 27, killed, and of the prisoners taken, several died of their wounds.

The battle was fought about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on the — day of July, 1781. It is said that Wade had 600 men; Fanning fought the battle with 240 men, for the detachment under Col. McNeil was not engaged.—Orders were given for burying the dead, and the wounded were placed under the care of Fanning's surgeons.

Among the prisoners taken was Joseph Hayes. He was recognized by Capt. Eleod, of Fanning's party. Eleod alleged that Hayes had plundered his house and ill-treated his family, and Hayes was ordered to be instantly hanged. The order was executed. Hayes after hanging fifteen minutes, was cut down. One of the surgeons being present, thought that he could resuscitate him, and determined to make the trial. Perceiving the appearance of returning life, he informed Eleod of the fact, and Eleod told him to persevere. He did so, and Hayes was restored to life.

In the evening Fanning set out on his return. During his march on the next day, an incident occurred which is worthy of being recorded, as furnishing some relief to the painful scenes which the country was then witnessing. A scouting party apprehended Col. Thomas Dargan, of Randolph county, and

brought him to Fanning. He had been sent by the whigs of the upper counties to learn the situation of affairs on Drowning Creek, the strength and position of the tories, and their plans of operation. He was beloved by the people of his county, both parties regarded him as an upright man, and a friend to his country; and those who differed from him in opinion as to the combat in which they were engaged, abated neither their esteem nor affection for him. With Fanning were several of his intimate acquaintances and personal friends, who all knowing that by the custom of the times, men taken under circumstances like his were immediately hanged, apprehended the same fate would attend him. They resolved to make a generous effort to save him. Trials, often upon such occasions, were short and their execution prompt.—Col. Dargan was brought forward, his case was heard in a few minutes, and Fanning ordered him to be hung.—Dargan's friends interposed their entreaties, and whilst they were imploring Fanning to spare his life, he was mounted on a horse with a rope around his neck, and placed under the limb of the tree to which he was to be suspended. At this moment one of his friends, finding entreaties unavailing, told Fanning in peremptory terms, that if Dargan was hanged, he would instantly shoot him. A general mutiny was threatened, when Fanning resolved to leave Dargan's fate to the decision of the forty men who had attended him in all his expeditions: they divided, and a majority declared in Dargan's favor. He was then taken down and treated as a prisoner.

At McFall's Mill, Col. McNeil and Fanning separated; the latter with his 40 men, returned to Beck's Ford, on Deep River, where his men dispersed, and part of them retired to their respective homes. The prisoners taken at Bettis' Bridge with Col. Dargan, were left with Col. McNeil to be sent to Wilmington.

During the time Fanning remained in the neighborhood of Beck's Ford, Stephen Lewis and—— Short, who had deserted him on his march to Wilmington, returned to his camp. He reproached them for their desertion, and told Lewis he would put him to death; that his men must be true to him as he intended to be true to them: that as they were at liberty to punish him with death the moment he should prove unfaithful to them, so he would punish with death those who would prove unfaithful to him. Lewis treated his admonition as well as his threat with levity. Fanning raised his gun, and standing within a few feet of Lewis took deliberate aim at him: his gun snapped; he then drew his sword and made a pass at Lewis's head, and cut him severely. Some of Fanning's men rushed in and prevented a repetition of the blow, and Lewis's life was spared. It was by such prompt, decisive conduct, and by a constant display of energy, firmness and daring courage, that he sought to win the esteem and attachment of his men; and such was his success, that many followed his fortunes who disapproved of his barbarous cruelties, being led on by their admiration of his extraordinary qualities—they thought him invincible, and that with a handful of men, he could defeat large detachments.

Capt. Roper, of Chatham, collected a small party of whigs and marched up Deep River to attack Fanning, who was still at Beck's Ford. Fanning seeing some of Roper's men on the opposite side of the river, attempted to cross the river, accompanied only by Short. As soon as they entered the river, they were fired on and Short wounded. They retreated, and directing his men to mount and follow him, he hastened to a ford a few miles above, where he crossed; and being acquainted with all the paths and roads of the neighborhood, he went down the river along a small path, expecting to find Roper still at Beck's Ford. In this he was disappointed.—Roper retired down the river in haste, and Fanning pursued him till late at night, when he abandoned the pursuit. He then had with him only twenty-three or four men. On the next day he proceeded down the river and took Moore, of Hillsborough, a prisoner. He was an inoffensive man, and at the solicitation of one of his men, who was acquainted with Moore, Fanning paroled him. On the same day he took Wyat and Tomlinson prisoners, near the Gulph on Deep River, and as they were connected with an active whig family, he resolved to hang them. They were placed in a cart with ropes round their necks. The cart was driven partly through a gate, to the top-piece of which the ropes were about to be fastened, and then when they were about to be swung off, some of Fanning's men who knew them, interfered and saved them. He left their fate, as he had done that of Col. Dargan, to the decision of his followers. Fanning immediately set out for Wilmington,

and took Wyat and Tomlinson on with him as prisoners, and delivered them to Major Craig.

He remained at Wilmington five days. His camp was near the brick house at Belvidere. Here an incident occurred which marked the peculiar traits of his character. He sent three of his men to bring water. At the spring they met with some British soldiers, and owing to some difference with them, they were put under guard. Fanning was informed of this fact, and he immediately ordered three British soldiers who were in his camp to be placed under guard, and gave notice to the officer who commanded at Belvidere of what he had done, and that he should retain those men until his were returned. The officer indignant at his insolence, drew his sword and hastened to Fanning's camp. Fanning was lying in a tent, and the officer entering the tent, inquired whether he was Col. Fanning, who dared to arrest and place under guard three British soldiers. Fanning answered that he was the man. The officer raised his sword and made a pass at him, which Fanning eluded by his agility; and having grasped his sword as he rose, he pointed it to the breast of the officer, and swore he would run him through if he attempted again to lift his sword.—The officer saw the danger which threatened him. They entered into conversation, and then into explanations, which ended in a declaration made by Fanning, that he would retain the officer until his men were returned. A soldier was immediately dispatched for Fanning's men, and upon their return to camp, the officer and British soldiers were discharged.

On his way from Wilmington, he encamped near Mrs. Glascock's in Moore county. Here he received information that a party of men had assembled at the house of Col. Philip Alston on Deep River in Chatham county. Alston was a Whig and lived in continued apprehension of an attack by the Tories, and these men had assembled to protect Alston and prevent the Tories from plundering his house. Fanning immediately set out for Alston's, and reached his house at daybreak. A high fence surrounded the house, and the sentinels placed at the gates on each side of the yard were asleep. Those at one of the gates were immediately taken prisoners. Those at the other being awakened, ran into the piazza of the house, where most of the men were lying. They were fired on, and as soon as they could get within the house, the doors were closed, and each party continued to fire at the other until late in the evening.— The windows of the house were all demolished, and a number of bullets penetrated quite through the sides of the house and wounded the men within.— Knowing Fanning's character, they believed it to be a struggle for life, and they chose rather to perish in making a desperate defence, than to submit and be hanged. Fanning finding his attack upon the house unsuccessful, determined to set fire to it, and sent a negro with fire for that purpose. Alston perceiving it, immediately saw the consequences. At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Alston went out and implored Fanning not to burn the house, and told him her husband and the men with him would surrender if he would spare their lives. Much as Fanning delighted

in carnage, he on many occasions shewed his respect for a brave foe. He declared, if they would surrender, they should not be ill-treated. Mrs. Alston returned into the house and upon making known Fanning's declaration, the men came out and surrendered. Fanning immediately paroled them.

During the fight, Captain Andrews, a British officer, who had accompanied Fanning from Wilmington, climbed up the fence, that he might shoot with more effect through a window of the house. As he stood on the fence, one of the men in the house shot him through the head. It is said that a company of Whigs under Capt. Duck were lying near Alston's house and heard the firing from the morning till evening and feared to come to Alston's relief. Fanning had twenty-four men, including Captain Andrews. Some of them were slightly wounded. Twenty-six men surrendered to him.

#### ANECDOTES OF FANNING.

William Lindley was one of Fanning's favorite friends, and one of his captains. He was a respectable man and beloved by his neighbors, and took no part in Fanning's cruelties. Towards the close of the war, when the tories began to think that the whigs would eventually triumph, Lindley, with many others of the tories, thought it prudent to leave the part of the country where they were known and retire to distant parts.— Lindley crossed the Blue Ridge and determined to remain on New river until the fate of the war was determined.— During his command under Fanning, he had given some offence to Willam White and John Magaherty, two of the

tories belonging to Fanning's party.— They pursued Lindley and killed him. Upon their return, Fanning having heard of the murder of his friend, resolved to hang them as soon as he could apprehend them. In a little time White and Magaherty fell into his hands, and he hanged them together on the same limb.

White's wife was pregnant. He gave her a particular account of the murder of Lindley, describing the wounds on his head and the loss of the fingers of one of his hands, which were cut off by the sword in his attempt to save his head from the blow. The story made such an impression on White's wife, that her child when born exhibited a remarkable appearance—had marks on its head, and the fingers of one hand were declared by the mother to be precisely such as White had described to her to have been those of Lindley.

About the same time he murdered in the most cruel manner many respectable men, who had taken an active part with the Whigs, and many inoffensive men who had taken no part on either side. Towards the close of the war, he made no attempt to collect an imposing force and meet his enemy like a brave man in the field: he degenerated into a cruel murderer, and took pleasure in nothing but the shedding of blood.— He seldom had with him more than fifteen or twenty men, and generally not more than five or six. With them he scoured the country, murdered the inhabitants, burnt their houses, and wantonly destroyed their property. In one of these predatory and murderous excursions, he went to the house of Andrew Balfour, which he had plundered

three years before. Stephen Cole, one of Balfour's neighbors, hearing of his approach and apprised of his intention, rode at full speed to Balfour's house and gave him notice of the danger that threatened him. Balfour had scarcely stepped out of his house before he saw Fanning galloping up. He ran, but one of Fanning's party, named Absalom Autry, fired at him with his rifle and broke his arm. He returned to the house and entered it, and his sister and daughter clung to him in despair.— Fanning and his men immediately entered and tore away the women, threw them on the floor and held them under their feet till they shot Balfour. He fell on the floor, and Fanning taking a pistol shot him through the head.

They then went to Col. Collins' and not finding him at home, they burnt his house. From that place they proceeded to John Bryant's. He closed his doors; they called on him to come out and surrender. He refused. They then threatened to burn his house. He agreed to surrender himself, if they would treat him as a prisoner of war, which they promised to do. Bryant came out and they instantly shot him down.

On the same day they overtook a young man by the name of Daniel Clifton, who had been down the Pedee to visit some of his relations, and was then returning home to Virginia. They took him as a prisoner, and passing by the same tree on which Fanning had hanged White and Magaherty, they halted for a few minutes and hung Clifton on the same limb.

The heart sickens at the recital of such barbarous acts. As the hopes of

the Tories declined, Fanning became more and more furious. Many of his followers were so much shocked with his cruelties, that they abandoned him. A few equally furious and blood-thirsty with himself, adhered to him and spread terror over a large district of country. Parties of Whigs were in constant pursuit of them; but being always vigilant, and mounted on the best of horses, they always eluded the pursuit.

The last of Fanning's adventures was the taking and escape of Andrew Hunter. He had heard of some remarks that Hunter had made about him and he resolved to murder him. Hunter lived on Little River in Randolph, and in company with John Latham, one of his neighbors, had left home with a cart to get some salt and other necessaries on Pedee. He was overtaken by Fanning, and ordered immediately to prepare for death. Hunter and Latham had some provisions in the cart, which were taken out and Fanning and his men sat down on the side of the road to eat, directing Hunter to remain between them and the cart. Fifteen minutes were allowed to Hunter to prepare for death. The rope for hanging him was thrown down at his feet, and in this situation he was left whilst they were eating. A little before the fifteen minutes expired, one of the men by the name of Smally rose up, with his gun in his hand, and Hunter begged him to entreat Fanning to spare his life. As they conversed, they advanced a few feet. Hunter saw Fanning's mare, the Red Doe, standing close by, with her bridle thrown over a small bush. Upon Smally's telling him there was no hope for him, he leaped forward, vaulted into Fanning's saddle,

and with his left hand disengaged the bridle from the bush. The mare did not readily start. Orders were instantly given to fire on him. Smally fired at him at the distance of a few paces, and missed him. The firing of the gun put the mare in motion, and she being Fanning's favorite nag, he called to the others to fire high and not wound his mare. Three more guns were fired and Hunter was still unhurt. The fifth gun lodged a bullet in his shoulder, which disabled his left arm. He pressed forward, and was closely pursued for a mile, when he got so far ahead that they lost sight of him. He kept the road for two miles, when he turned into the woods and rode ten miles further to the house of Nath'l Steed, bleeding profusely all the way. As soon as he aghited he fainted. Steed collected a party of men to guard him, and sent for a physician who dressed his wound. Within a few days he was removed to Salisbury, where the ball was extracted and he got well.

Fanning, in the hurry of pursuit, neglected to trace the blood which marked the route of Hunter, and continued up the road to Hunter's house. Finding that Hunter had escaped and that his mare with the brace of pistols presented to him by Major Craig at Wilmington, were lost, determined to wreak his vengeance upon Hunter's family. He took Mrs. Hunter, then far advanced in pregnancy, and all Hunter's negroes, after plundering the house, and conducted them to a lonely place in the woods in the county of Moore on Bear Creek. From this place he despatched a messenger to Hunter, with an offer to return his wife and negroes, if Hunt-

er would send back his mare and pistols. Hunter returned for answer that the mare had been sent away and he could not get her. This answer was delivered to Fanning in the evening of the fifth day, after he had taken up camp in the woods in Moore. The sun was about half an hour high, when the answer was returned; and Fanning immediately mounted and went off, taking with him Hunter's negroes, and leaving Mrs. Hunter alone. Smally, after proceeding a short distance, returned to Mrs. Hunter and informed her where she would find a path near to the camp which led to a house not far distant. Mrs. Hunter proceeded to the House, where she was kindly treated, and from which she was sent home. It is probable from this conduct of Smally, that Hunter's entreaties at the cart had weight upon his feelings, and that when he fired on Hunter, he intentionally missed him.—Hunter is yet living. He has long resided in South Carolina on the Pedee River, above Mars' Bluff.—He is a man of respectability and wealth, and his adventure with Fanning has not ceased to this day, to be an interesting topic of conversation to his friends.

Fanning immediately retired to his Tory friends in South Carolina, and remaining with them a short time, he proceeded to Charleston and joined the British army. He shortly afterwards went to St. Augustine, and thence to Nova Scotia, where it is understood he is still living.

The following letters will not merely serve to illustrate and authenticate

the most important facts contained in the preceding sketches. They are daguerreotypes of the times and incidents to which they relate, and will make a more truthful and vivid impression upon the imagination, in this, than in any other guise which history can assume. They form but a small portion of the voluminous correspondence of Governor Burke, during his brief but eventful and active administration from the 25th June, 1781, to 24th April, 1782, and indeed but a modicum of the correspondence in relation to Fanning himself.

The preceding and the subsequent letter from Fanning, are so far as we know, the only written memorials he has left behind him, and unless the narrative which he professes in the former to have written shall be published hereafter, his defence of his numerous atrocities is to rest upon the facts to be gleaned from the present correspondence, and mainly upon his letter to Gov. Burke of the 26th February, 1782.

*George H. Ramsey, and others, to Gov. Burke.*

CAMP AT McFALLS' MILL,  
RAFT SWAMP, 22d July, 1781. }

On Tuesday last we were captured at Chatham Court House by a party under the command of Colonel David Fanning, which party we found consisted of persons, who complained of the greatest cruelties, either to their persons or property. Some had been unlawfully drafted, others had been whipped and ill-treated without trial, others had their houses burned and all their property plundered, and barbarous and cruel murders had been committed in their neighborhoods. The officers they complain of are Major Naul, Capt. Robertston, of Bladen, Capt. Crump, Col. Wade, and Phill. Alston. The latter a day or two ago, a few miles in our rear, took a man on the road and put him to instant death, which has much incensed the High-landers in this part of the country. A Scotch gentleman the same day

was taken at one McAffees' Mill and ill-treated. He is said to be a peaceable and inoffensive man. His name we do not know. He lives on the Raft Swamp—should be happy if he could be liberated. Notwithstanding the cruel treatment these people have received, we have been treated with the greatest civility and with the utmost respect and politeness by our commanding officer, Colonel Fanning, to whom we are under the greatest obligations; and we beg leave to inform your Excellency that unless an immediate stop is put to such inhuman practices, we plainly discover the whole country will be deluged in blood, and the innocent will suffer for the guilty. We well know your abhorrence of such inhuman conduct and your steady intention to prevent it. All we mean is information. We expect to be delivered to Major Craig, at Wilmington, in two or three days, entirely destitute of money or clothes. How long we shall remain so, God only knows. All we have to ask is, that the perpetrators of such horrid deeds may be brought to trial, that prisoners may be well treated in future, and we are

Your Excellency's

Most obedient servants,

GEO. HERNDON RAMSEY,  
JOSEPH HERNDON,  
MATT. RAMSEY,  
W. KINCHEN,  
JAMES HERNDON,  
THOS. GREGORY,  
JOHN BIRDSONG,  
JAMES WILLIAMS,  
MATTHEW JONES,  
THOS. SENSBORK.

P. S. Simon Terril is paroled to carry this letter and return to Wilmington.

*Governor Burke to Messrs. Ramsey and others, prisoners taken at Chatham.*

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, }  
July 28th, 1781. }

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter, dated from McFall's Mill, Raft Swamp, 22d July.

Your having been made prisoners has already been announced to me, but I have not yet obtained sufficient information whereby to determine whether you were

acting in a military or civil character at the time of the capture.

I shall make every due inquiry, and be assured, I shall be attentive to you as far as my power and circumstances will admit.

From your letter I am led to suppose Colonel Fanning to be an officer commissioned by his Britannic Majesty, but the people who compose his force must be inhabitants of this State.

Since my return to this State, which is the same with the time of my being in my present office, I have received a variety of accounts of reciprocal violences and enormities between the well and ill-affected to our government which disgrace humanity; but I have received no such information in such a mode as can justify my interposition, either as a civil magistrate or military officer, except in one case, on which I instantly took decisive measures. I have issued the most pointed orders against all rapine on any pretence, and against every act unbecoming brave and magnanimous soldiers and civilized people. I shall, as much as possible, attend to the strict execution of such orders, but for the grievances of which the people you mention complain I can do nothing at present but put the judiciary power in vigor and preserve it free to hear the complaints of all persons, and independent to determine them agreeably to justice and the laws of the State. For this measures are now in train, and if the people you mention are really agrieved, the regular mode of redress will be open to them. If they be not citizens of this State, or of the United States, I suppose they must be objects of the law martial, which, so far as depends on me, shall be executed agreeably to the usages of civilized nations.

I cannot discover from your letter whether the Scotch gentleman you mention is a prisoner of war or a civil prisoner. Upon application made to me by or for him, which will enable me to distinguish, measures shall be taken suitable to either condition.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient serv't,

THOMAS BURKE.

*James Williams to Governor Burke.*

CHATHAM, 22d August, 1781.

SIR: I returned yesterday from Wilmington, on my parole to Chatham county, which prevents my waiting upon your Excellency in person.

I am desired by the prisoners to acknowledge the receipt of yours by the Flag and to thank you for your promised attention to them. Their case really merits it. Every article to be sold in Wilmington is at least three time as high for hard money as usual. It cost me in three weeks there, for board and some few clothing, £32 sterling, for which I am indebted, as they all are more or less. They desire me to solicit you for a passport for as much tobacco or any other article as will discharge their debts. If this should fail, they will be in a very disagreeable situation. Their credit will stop and they must inevitably suffer.

I am told your excellency understood our letter from McFall's Mill, Raft Swamp. We were very unhappy there. There has been no news in Wilmington, either by land or water, these six weeks. I brought up two or three of their newspapers\*, but they are so barren they are not worth enclosing. We hope to be exchanged for shortly.

I am your Excellency's

Most obedient servant,

JAS. WILLIAMS.

To his Excellency THOMAS BURKE.

*Colonels Brown and Robeson to Governor Burke.*

JULY 30th, 1781.

SIR: We now inform you of our distresses in the county of Bladen as being a frontier county to the South State and to Wilmington, and being for these six

\*These were not probably North Carolina newspapers. The prospectus of the North Carolina Gazette, the first number of which was published on the 28th August, 1783, at New Berne, contains the following remark: "As there has not been a newspaper published in North Carolina for several years last past, no doubt the greatest number of its citizens are very sensible that is a great disadvantage to themselves and the State in general, having learned the worth by the want thereof.—Eds. UNIV. MAG.

months, first on duty to defend ourselves and property, and are daily increasing on us by a large party of Tories, and robbers that are daily plundering and destroying of our stock of cattle, and robbing our houses of every thing they can get, and now at this time old Hector McNeil is encamped with a large body of men within eight or ten miles of our Court House. and is increasing in number very fast, and Col. Duncan Ray is encamped in another part of our county with a large body of men, and is giving out notice to the inhabitants for all that do not come in by the first of August, that they will have all their property destroyed and laid waste; and we being but few in number that stand in behalf of our country being not sufficient or able to stand in our own defence, without immediate assistance from other parts of the State.

Our number is not one hundred, to be raised in any manner to oppose between four or five hundred by the best accounts that we can obtain, and we have been in great expectation since the Assembly broke up of having assistance to relieve us from our distresses and finding none coming that we could be certain of to our relief, have prevailed on Colonel Thomas Owens to come to your Excellency to know if it will be in your power to assist us speedily with troops or otherwise. We shall all be broke up and obliged to give way and leave the place, which will be greatly to the advantage of our enemy and will still increase their number.

We shall be greatly obliged to your Excellency to inform us by Colonel Owen\* whether we will get assistance and how long it will be before we shall get it, and beg you will give orders for a general officer to come to command the troops that will come to our assistance.

This from your

Most humble servants,

THOMAS BROWN,

THOS. ROBESON.

To His Excellency Gov. BURKE.

\*Cols. Brown, Owen and Robeson were the Whig leaders in Bladen during the Revolution. Robeson county was named in compliment to Col. R. The late Gov. Owen was the son of Col. Owen and the son-in-law of Col. Brown. Eds. UNIV. MAG.

*General Butler to Governor Burke.*

MOUNT PLEASANT,  
10th August, 1871. }

SIR: The Tories in the lower part of Orange have of late been very troublesome in robbing people of their arms and plundering horses, so that I thought it absolutely necessary that some standing force should be raised to act against them. I have accordingly ordered Captain Allen, of New Hope, to raise volunteers, twenty-five foot and twenty-five horse, to serve three months. The company stationed at Hillsborough to guard that post will be discharged on the 17th inst., and the necessity of keeping a guard there, as well for the purpose of guarding the gaol as the public stores is suggested to me.

I wish to be advised whether to raise another guard by draught or to discontinue it in future. Last Sunday morning the Tory Captain Fanning attacked Col. Alston, at his own house, on Deep river, near the iron-works. Alston, who had only between fifteen or twenty men, and being surprised, took refuge in the house, which was only of clapboards, and after some firing, was obliged to surrender prisoners of war. He had seven men wounded, and Fanning had one or two killed. On notice of this, I ordered Maj. O'Neal, of this county, to reinforce Major Cage, of Chatham, which he did on the 8th inst. They joined in the upper end of Chatham. Their numbers when they joined were 123 privates. Fanning had crossed Deep River the night before at Buffalo Ford, moving towards the cross-roads in Randolph county. His numbers are uncertain, but I suppose they are not one hundred. A party from Guilford county is out after Fanning, and has no doubt joined O'Neal before now. The whole will be sufficient, I hope, for the Tory party. All these things I submit to your Excellency.

Your orders for draughting every thirtieth man, with other papers, are come to hand, and the necessary orders thereon sent to the respective counties.

Last night four copies of the last acts of Assembly, with a letter for the sheriff of Randolph and one for the sheriff of Chatham, came to hand. As there are but four copies of the laws and there are six counties in the District, I conclude that one copy has been left in Granville and one given out to some one of the

counties, but I am at a loss to determine with certainty on this subject.

I have the honor to be  
Your Excellency's  
Most obedient servant,

JOHN BUTLER.

To His Excellency Gov. BURKE.

*Col. Emmett to Governor Burke.*

CAMBLETON, 19th August, 1781.

SIR: I am under the disagreeable necessity of acquainting your Excellency, that on Tuesday last, the 14th inst., between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, this town was in the most sudden manner imaginable surprised by a party of the enemy under the command of Colonels Slingsby, Ray and McNeil. They entered the town in so sudden and secret a manner that it was out of the power of any man who was in it to make his escape. I was at a plantation I have about a mile off, when I was alarmed by a party of about twenty horse. The noise of their horses' feet just gave me time to slip into a swamp, where I lay until the party left the plantation, which they did as soon as they had deprived me of my horses. I then got over the river, where I learned their numbers to be about three hundred. I was likewise informed the same evening, that McNeil, with one hundred men, had gone up the river on the West side, and, not being able to judge where they might intend to cross the river, thought it my best way to keep where I was. Had I done so, I should have kept clear of them, but at such times so many reports are flying that there is no such thing as distinguishing the true one. At midnight, between the 16th and 17th, word was brought me that a Colonel Fanning came down the country with one hundred and eighty men, made a short stay at Cross Creek, had crossed the river at lower Cambleton late in the evening and at that time was encamped, with an intention in the morning to pursue his march up the river and so join McNeil on the East side. On this information I unfortunately crossed the river early in the morning, and about nine o'clock was made a prisoner by McNeil, on his return to town.

It was not my intention to trouble your

Excellency with this tedious relation, by way of intelligence. I am sure you do not expect it from one in my situation, but as I have many private enemies in this county who would be glad to lay hold on any circumstance to vilify my conduct and blacken my name, I have taken the liberty to trouble you with this, by way of vindication.

With all deference, I remain, sir,  
Your Excellency's obd't serv't,

JAMES EMMETT.

To His Excellency THOMAS BURKE, Esq.,  
Governor of N. Carolina.

*Col. Fanning to Governor Burke.*

FEBRUARY 26th, 1782.

SIR: I understand that you have hung three of my men, one captain and two privates, and likewise have a captain and six men under sentence of death.\*

Sir, if the requisition of my articles do not arrive to satisfaction, and the effusion of blood stops, and the lives of those men saved, that I will retaliate blood for blood, and tenfold for one, and there shall never an officer or private of the rebel party escape that falls into my hands hereafter, but what shall suffer the pain and punishment of instant death. I have got your

proclamation, whereas it specifies this, that all officers, leading men, persons of this class guilty of murder, robbery, and house-burning, to be precluded from any benefits of your proclamation. For there never was a man who has been in arms on either side, but what is guilty of some of the above mentioned crimes, especially on the rebel side, and them that's guilty is to suffer instant death if taken.

If my request agreeably to my articles aint granted, and arrive by the eighth day of March next, I shall fall upon the severest and most inhuman terms imaginable to answer the ends for satisfaction for those that are so executed, and if the request is granted immediately, send a field officer to Deep River to Mr. Winsor Pearce, and there he may remain unmolested, or to Colonel Phelon Obstones, under a flag, till we can settle the matter, so no more, but I am, in behalf of his Majesty's troops,

Your most humble serv't,

DAVID FANNING,

Commander of the Royal Militia of Randolph and Chatham.

P. S. On Friday, the 7th of January last, I wrote to lawyer Williams the terms that I was willing to surrender under, and he wrote to me that General Butler could

\* The history of the individuals whose executions called forth this letter, will probably be traced in the following.

*Extract of a letter from Judge Williams to Governor Martin.*

HILLSBOROUGH, 27th Jan., 1782.

DEAR SIR:—

\* \* \* \* \*  
During this term seven persons have been capitally convicted, to wit:—Samuel Poe for burglary, Tho.s Ricketts, Meredith Edwards, Thomas Eastridge and Thomas Dark for high treason; Thomas Duke and William Hunt for horse-stealing. And as I suppose some applications may be made for mercy, I have thought proper to represent to your Excellency the true point of view in which the several persons condemned stood before the court.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Thomas Dark, a captain of Fanning's, and one of his right hand men, is the principal person convicted. He has been very active and interprizing, and near as dangerous a person as Fanning himself, and from his proved inhumanities and cruelties in cutting, hacking and wounding his prisoners, had acquired among

those of his own party, the name of young Tarlton.

Thomas Ricketts, though indicted of treason only, it is hard to mention a crime of which he is not accused, and I have good reason to believe not wrongfully. Murder, house-breaking, robbery, &c., &c., are on the black lists of his crimes, to which is added a general bad character.

Meredith Edwards and Thomas Eastridge were also indicted for treason. They are both men who appeared to be popular among the Tories and very active, and men of Fanning's gang, though generally kind and humane to prisoners while in their custody, and seemed much to lament the fate of their particular neighbors whom they had taken with Governor Burke, and to express some uneasiness at seeing them in captivity. As to the general moral character of these men it seemed to be pretty good only great Tories—Eastridge from the commencement of the times.  
\* \* \* \* \*

I have the honor to be, dear sir,  
Your very ob't hum. servant,

JNO. WILLIAMS.

not comply with my terms, till he had the approbation of the Governor. On Wednesday, the 11th inst., the flag was to meet me at a certain house with the letters, and as the flag was coming it was waylaid by Charles Golson and a party of men, for which it appeared to me that they seemed more like taking my life by treachery than coming upon peaceable terms, but as the gentleman that bore the flag, Balsom Thompson, acting so honorable to his trust, the moment he arrived at the place, he let me know of it, and declared himself innocent, which gave me grounds to think he would act with honor still.

On the 15th of the present, Mr. Williams, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Burns were the gentlemen that were kind enough to wait upon me with a blank parole and letter that my request was granted by the Governor. In the mean time, the gentlemen waiting on me at the place appointed, there came around me a company of the Haw Fields, commanded by Capt. Serbe, which plainly and evidently appeared to me that there was nothing but treachery meant.— On Sunday, the 10th of February, I fell in the rear of Captain Golson and Captain Hines, and following their trail, came on them at dusk, and after some firing that night we rode off and came on them next morning and we came upon terms of peace till I could write to their superior for which I have counselled with some of my officers and we joined hand and heart to comply with the terms underneath written.

“We the subscribers do acknowledge ourselves subjects to the British Government and as you are well assured of our Fidelity and Loyalty to His Majesty and has been daily the case that we have been destroying one anothers persons and property to uphold our opinions and we are hereby willing to come to a cessation of Arms for three months on the condition underwritten.

Our Request is from Cumberland twenty miles North and thirty miles East and West to be clear of any of your Light Horse. And further that every man who has been in actual arms in a permanent order in order to establish a Royal Government excepting those that have deserted from a regular troop who have voluntarily enlisted themselves, them we do obligate to deliver up and each and every man that is at liberty shall have a right to withdraw himself in the said District, and

that any persons living in the said District that have been in actual arms in a permanent manner to establish the Royal Government that we should at any request by writing to me or Major Reins have them apprehended and sent to any of the American officers at or near the Line.

That if any of our men should go out of the Line or District to plunder or distress or murder any of the American party that we will by information made to me or Major Reins or any of the Captains, that I shall return their names. If their request is granted that they s all immediately be apprehended and sent to you or the next officer to be tried by your own Law; and if any of your party shall be caught plundering stealing or murdering or going private paths with Arms signifying as if they were for mischief, to be left to our pleasure to deal with as we see cause agreeable to our Laws. All public roads to be free to be traveled by any Army or company keeping the public roads, or wagons.

That every person that has been in actual arms in a permanent manner in order to establish the Royal Government shall not be interrupted of his arms or provisions and any person that has not been in Arms as above mentioned. If you should want provisions or any other articles from them, to send to either of us and we will send a sufficient guard to see them safe in and out the Quakers excepted and that we will not in the mean time distress or disturb any person abiding by your Law on the said District in their persons or property.

All back plunders shall be void as it is impossible to replace or restore all the plunder on either side.

Our request is to have a free trade to any part with wagons or horse-back without arms with a pass from any appointed officer for Salt or Iron or any other necessary, and we expect the two Coxe's Mills to be free from all Armies belonging to America.

Any man that has been returned a Continental without taking the County, that has been in actual arms as above written shall return in the said District.

If the request is granted above written I should request the liberty to send to Charlestown to let them know what we are about and any request you should ask in reason I will petition for and perhaps a

peace might be made for a twelve month or more if you desire it.

If the request cant be granted be pleased to let me know as quick as possible and if you don't like to comply with our Terms send me an answer back immediately that we may know what to depend on. So no more at present but we remain friends in behalf of His Majesty's Troops."

Sir we remain  
your faithful  
and humble servts.

DAVID FANNING, Colonel,  
JOHN REINS, Major,  
WILLIAM REINS, Cpt.,  
JOHN EAGLE, Cpt.  
WILLIAM PRICE, Cpt.,  
JACOB MANER, Ensign.

\* *Major Tatom to Governor Burke.*

HILLSBORO', March 20th, 1782.

SIR: On Sunday the 11th inst., Col.

Balfour of Randolph was murdered in the most inhuman manner by Fanning and his party, also a Captain Bryant and a Mr. King were murdered in the night of the same day by them. Col. Collier's and two other houses were burned by the same party.

Col. Balfour's sister and daughter and several other women were wounded and abused in a barbarous manner.

These sir, are facts. I was at that time in Randolph--saw the tories and some of their cruelties. Without a speedy relief the good people of that county must leave their habitations and seek refuge in some other place.

I am sir your ob't. serv't.,

A. TATOM.

\* Maj. Tatom died while a member of the House of Commons from Hillsboro', and was buried in the cemetery of the late Comptroller Goodwin, in the Raleigh graveyard, about 1802.

[SELECTED.]

### THE THINKER AND THE DOER.

One sits at home, with pale impassive brow,  
Bent on the eloquence of lifeless letters;  
Noting man's thoughts from Mind's first dawn,  
till now,  
When truth seems, Heaven inspired to burst  
her fetters.

Another plies the force of stalwart limbs,  
And keen wit sharpened by the whirl of action;  
For midnight lore no studious lamp he trims,  
Curtained and muffled from the world's distraction.

Two destinies--converging to one end,  
The glorious issue of all human labor;  
Where in harmonious union softly blend,  
The praise of God--the profit of our neighbor.

Each has his gift--the stamp affixed at birth,  
That marks him for the servant of a Master;  
The chosen steward of His realm of Earth;  
The shepherd watching for a higher Pastor.

Each has his crown---of earthly laurels here  
Gathered and woven by the hand of mortals  
And when the Spirit City's towers appear,  
Dropped on his brow by angels at its portals.

Judge not which serves his mighty Master best,  
Haply thou mightest be true worth's detractor,  
For each obeys his nature's high behest;  
The close-pent thinker, and the busy actor.

## THE BANKS OF THE EPAC REEF.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE DANCING PARTY.

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.—BYRON.

With a few exceptions, if you please. Not "*all went merry as a marriage bell;*" unless in its stirring tones there are some notes of discord.

The saloon at the Upham House was brilliantly lighted up, and fairy forms were floating, as if in ether, across the spacious area. The notes of flute and violin swelled in merry union, and rolled along the perfumed atmosphere. Soon the dance began, and as the waters of dark and crystal streams, when they meet, commingle, eddying in graceful gyrations, so black coats and snowy dresses moved among each other in many mazy windings.

"Of all that did chance, 'twere a long tale to tell,  
 Of the dancers and dresses, and who was the  
 belle ;

But each was so happy and all were so fair,  
 That night stole away, and the dawn sought  
 them there."

But let us seek Lizzie in the whirling throng. There she is, hanging upon Osmon's arm, her large blue eyes raised to his face, prating with a careless air, and vibrating time to the music. Os-

mon, dazzled with the light of those bright orbs, and wounded afresh by the arrow-charms, that played around her to smite every heart but her own, soon forgot the jealous feelings that had been awakened toward Mahgar, and believed that the reports, which had excited his apprehensions and slain, with ruthless cruelty, his hopes of happiness, were without foundation. An external intimacy existed between him and Mahgar ; but on the subject of their expectations and fears, they never conversed. Each, now, considered the other in the light of a rival, and heard all the prophecies for or against him, that were afloat in the village rumors. Mahgar had the advantage of his competitor, in knowledge of the unequal distribution of Lizzie's favors ; while Osmon shared the greater part, though he knew it not ; for until this night, he had but little opportunity of contrasting the different manner, in which she conducted toward each. Now, indeed he saw, or believed he saw, the clearest indications, that he must, in the end, prove victor. How inconstant is

the stream of feeling, when love directs the current! And man, the slave of circumstance, is tossed by every breath of change that blows athwart its surface. Now, the spicy breezes waft him on to Hope's elysian isles, where the balmy air is rendered fragrant with the aroma of anticipated joys. Now, he is borne adown the cataract of disappointment, and plunged in the gloomy vortex of despair. Save me from the thralldom of unconquerable love!

The set, in which Lizzie danced with Osmon, being now concluded, he conducted her to a seat and engaged in a lively conversation. Mahgar advanced to solicit her hand for the next set. He had not spoken to her during the evening, and when he made his bow, she only raised her head to acknowledge it, then turned to Osmon and took up the conversation with redoubled vivacity.

"Oh! but the bargain was to be dissolved at my pleasure."

"No, indeed," replied Osmon.—"There are always two parties to a contract, you know, and each has equal powers where both are equally interested."

"But that was a part of the agreement. Wasn't it?"

Here Mahgar leaned forward and spoke.

"I would not interrupt you, Miss Eliza, only to ask the favor of your hand for the next set."

"I am engaged for the next set."

"And the next?"

"I don't know. I am engaged for four, at the option of the gentlemen."

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, when your engagements

are fulfilled?"

"I shall not wish to dance after that."

This rebuff completely staggered Mahgar. He had partially recovered from the shock he received at the singing society, and renewed his resolution to address Lizzie immediately. He knew that ladies sometimes love most, when they seem to hate; and a certain degree of formality toward him, he would have construed as a favorable omen. Even as it was, after making allowance for Lizzie's youth, and a strong impetuosity of disposition, that sometimes hurried her into extremes, and that riper years would correct, he was willing to indulge the thought that her conduct might be the effect of an over desire to conceal her partiality for him. If this were so, and her affection bore any considerable ratio to the means of concealment, he felt he must be blessed indeed. These were questions to be decided; and he had resolved to decide them. But whenever he met with Lizzie, her repulsive conduct tended to drive him from his purpose. He knew her well; for he had studied her character, and behind a laughing face and a wild, girlish hilarity, he discovered a jewel which he believed he must possess or die.

To return. Mahgar, after securing a partner in another part of the hall joined the dance, and all moved on as before. At intervals, however, he might be seen, with a troubled brow, looking toward the other end of the set. His mind was laboring to decide whether Lizzie's conduct could be viewed in any other light than that of an insult. Only a few more steps were wanting in the

process to reach a negative conclusion. Should he thus decide, he had but one course to pursue : never again to speak to her ; never again to obtrude himself into her presence.

The evening wore away, and Lizzie continued her flirtation with Osman. Often might they be seen alone on a sofa, engaged in familiar chit-chat. The mere passer-by might have regarded her as the same merry, laughing girl, she had always been. Yet, if one had observed her closely, he might have missed some of the music of her voice—might have noticed a shade of melancholy, at times, rest upon her countenance, and seen the abstracted, vacant gaze, when none was nigh. She flattered herself, that none could suspect, from her appearance, the true state of her mind. Her actions, at least, seemed to say,

“ Well, read my cheek and watch my eye,—  
Too strictly schooled are they,  
One secret of my soul to show,  
One hidden thought betray.”

She was, however, distrustful of herself : only once she spoke to Malgar ; only once her eyes met his. He closely scanned her every movement, to see if he could discover any signs of insincerity in her language or her actions. He “ read her cheek and watched her eye,” but no betrayal of a “ hidden thought” was made.

The day was dawning, and those who were tired of the dance drew around the fire—for it was now October. As the company began to leave, Lizzie turned to Osman, and addressed him,

“ Here, Mr. Osman, is your pencil ; I have kept it as long as I intended.”

The presence of other gentlemen, perhaps, prevented her from saying more. Cornelius, also, would have spoken ; but she then speaking to Mary, they retired to the dressing-room.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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### THE RING.

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Trifles, light as air  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKS.—OTHELLO.

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“ Oh ! Miss Susan, wont you go and get my ring ? You promised me you would ?”

“ Why, my child, I did, and I will get it, when I see Cornelius,” said Miss Susan, looking somewhat surprised at Lizzie’s serious air, and the eager emphasis with which she spoke.

“ But I want you to get it to-day,” returned Lizzie, with increased seriousness. “ He will be certain to wear it ; the miserable fellow ! and I would not have him seen with it on, for the world !”

“ Certainly, he would not wear it, without your permission !”

“ Yes he will. He should not have kept it without my permission. I only swapped it for his pencil, during the evening, and tried every way I could to

get it back; but he wouldn't give it up."

"Well, my dear, I can't get it, until I see him."

"No. But you must see him to-day. Everybody will see him with it, and then" —. Here Lizzie checked herself, for her conscience told her she had given everybody reason to think — what she was, perhaps, going to say.

"But," continued Miss Susan, "must I go and look for him, with the avowed object of getting your ring?"

"O, you have some shopping to do, and you will see him at one of the stores. And I would rather have your errand known than for him to keep it another moment."

"Well, I will try," said Miss Susan, after a pause. And putting on a thoughtful expression, as if revolving in her mind what things she must purchase, she took up her work basket and commenced examining the various articles in it.

Here is explained the fragment of a conversation between Lizzie and Osmon, given in the last chapter. She exchanged her ring for his pencil, temporarily, and it will be seen, she delivered over the pencil before leaving the party.

Miss Susan was Mr. M——'s house-keeper—an old maid of rare softness of temper—neat and exact, yet unpossessed of that intolerance of girlish freaks, which characterizes the sisterhood. She seemed to think her only mission on earth was, to minister to the comfort of the two dear girls, whose budding and blooming she had so fondly watched; and she spared neither labor nor pains to make them happy. As a ducenna, she gave them much wholesome advice,

which, if it had been followed strictly, would have saved them many troubled moments. She was the sister of our old friend Martin, who was consequently, intimately acquainted with the family, and generally knew whatever transpired within the sacred circle.

Miss Susan set out, a short time after Lizzie's earnest appeal, thinking much of the purchases she was to make, but more of the primary object of her visit to the village. "'Tis strange," thought she, "that Lizzie will do so many foolish things to trouble me." But, then she was indulgent, and never complained; remembering that she was once young herself. Then she remembered too, how she had been indulged, and why she never married, and she was contented. But the thought of Lizzie's intimacy with Osmon gave her some pain. He was handsome, she knew, and of polished manners, but she could not think that he would make her happy. She sometimes believed that Lizzie would discard him, and as often feared she would not, for she seldom spoke to her of her intentions, and when she did simply expressed her own opinions.—Margar was decidedly *her* choice, and she did not hesitate to tell it.

It was late in the afternoon when she returned. Lizzie was sitting at the parlor window, looking towards the village. When she saw Miss Susan coming she flew to meet her, with a heart vibrating between hope and fear, for events, small in themselves, sometimes become momentous to those concerned.

"Miss Susan! Miss Susan! did you get my ring?"

"Yes, dear, here it is."

[To be Continued.]

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

It is amusing, upon the announcement of a new invention or discovery which is likely to prove important, to see the conflicting claims set up by individuals who esteem themselves entitled to the credit of a prior discovery. They would have us believe that they long ago produced similar results, and that they only failed to reap the benefits which they expected to flow from them by reason of some untoward circumstance of fortune. They would not by any means have us infer that failure ensued from want of clearness in their own conceptions of the thing sought after. It is thus we are assured, "there is nothing new under the sun."

The first discovery of the principle of the Caloric Engine is claimed for a gunsmith in Virginia, and various other persons in different localities put forth the same pretension. So Morse's Telegraph was claimed for a Frenchman, and the most wicked attempts made to defraud Whitney of the patent for his great invention. Now, supposing these prior discoveries to have been made, at least so far as first principles are concerned, who are the persons that have always reaped the reward and been most justly entitled to remuneration? Certainly not those who have made no further progress than surmise that a thing could be done without doing it. Fulton was not the first who applied steam to the purposes of navigation, though the first to meet with cheering success. Hence he will be still remembered when others shall have been forgotten. Men estimate the merit of others from the amount of good which

they have effected, not contemplated, and bestow their praises accordingly. And the mere assertion of a principle gains but little credit for the author, unless he show how it can be made to meet the wants of mankind. There are records which go to prove that the Northern portions of America were discovered many centuries before Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery; but they are treated as being in a great degree fabulous and of doubtful authenticity, while the great navigator's fame is as fresh and far more freely accorded now than when he threw Europe into astonishment and rendered the Old World incredulous by the success of his great undertaking. All this is easily accounted for when we reflect that no advantages resulted from the first reported discoveries, but that vast empires, boundless sources of wealth and fields of prowess were conferred by the old Admiral upon his patrons. The world was not made in a day; and all science is progressive, being continually enriched by the contributions of its devotees, who in turn have their honors multiplied, while the founders are, in many cases, unknown or held in little esteem.

Perhaps the above is only preliminary to the introduction of an analogous fact, which partakes somewhat of the nature of a complaint. Let a comparatively obscure writer, by industrious research or good fortune, bring to the light of the public certain important, but isolated facts of history, which time and the utilitarianism of the age have almost obliterated from the minds of men, and the records

containing which are difficult of access, he may receive but little commendation for his labors; but if some distinguished orator or annalist gives their publication the sanction of his name, he will not lack men's praises for the information given, though the credit be justly due to another. Thereason no doubt is, that it is taken for granted that whatever emanates from the former is unworthy the trouble of a perusal; while every effusion of the latter is devoured with avidity, without a moment's consideration being given to ascertain whether there is not a priority of merit resting with some other, to whom the public is really indebted. There have been, in one instance, we are certain, facts of such a nature communicated for publication in the Magazine, which received but little attention there, but met with a proper reception when announced in the production of one who possesses a national reputation.

WE wish to state for the information, perhaps gratification, of some of our contemporaries, that one of our number has adopted for his motto, *Eupie Eudixia*; the interpretation of which he defies any one to give, who has not command of the "word factory" at the University.

ON Saturday, 22d of January, the day which custom has set apart for the purpose, commencement officers were duly appointed, consisting of a marshal, who names four assistants, and six ball-managers. Mr. Ivey F. Lewis was chosen to fill the former office, and Messrs. J. W. Sandford, W. C. Nichols, W. H. Spencer, C. W. Phifer, R. M. Sloan, and E. H. Davis, to discharge the duties of the latter. It is thought that there will be a larger attendance than usual at the ensuing commencement; and we assure the friends of

the University abroad that nothing will occur of a nature calculated to mar the festivities of the occasion, as was the case last year. Those expected to deliver addresses are gentlemen of distinction, who cannot fail to acquit themselves admirably, and to the satisfaction of all.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"SYPHAX" desires us to present his best wishes to our predecessors and ask them whether he is still held in their remembrance.

The note of our correspondent at E. C., South Carolina, has been received, and it is with pleasure that we acknowledge its friendly tone and the interest of the writer in our success. A want of space and, to deal candidly, some objections in the article itself which he sent us, especially the latter part of it, though in some degree of a local nature, induced us to lay it over.

"TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS" is respectfully declined.

THE following unique epistle was handed us by one of our number, which we insert for the benefit of the parties concerned, as it seems to have miscarried in not reaching its proper destination:

Chaphill, feb. 6, 1853.

I am well at present, and hoping theas few linds may find you all well, give my love to all, and Aspeshally to mis mary P. T. I want you to bie me one doson twelve key locks, as cheap as you can, as thare are none hear. W. B. E.

WE have thought proper, without any comment, to insert here the following effusion:

## A KISS.

BY HARRY HOLDYOURGRIP.

'T is sweet the morning dew to sip  
 From the fair petals of the rose,  
 'T is sweet to lave the thirsty lip  
 In limpid streamlet as it flows ;  
 But something sweeter than the dew  
 I seek, when pants my heart for bliss,  
 That joy which not long since I knew,  
 The earnest, long, fond loving kiss.

Oh ! how delicious 'tis to cling  
 Upon the lips of those we love,  
 While eyes to eyes soft glances fling—  
 While gently falleth from above  
 The starlight of a summer eve—  
 While softly floats the breeze along,  
 And wakes to life each dormant leaf,  
 To flutter forth its spirit song.

Ah, extacy, how weak my tongue  
 Thy blissful happiness to tell !  
 No magic harp, however strung,  
 Can make a fellow feel so well,

as when his Mary throws her arms about his neck, rounds her lips like a wedding-ring, and hits him a lick on the cushion that covers his masticators. Oh, crackie ! it makes a man feel connubial for a week.

## SNEYDSBOROUGH, ANSON COUNTY.

A YOUNG friend (E. R. L., of Anson,) asks for information of the source whence the village of Sneydsborough derived its name. We comply very cheerfully with his request to communicate such information as we possess upon the subject.

Richard Lowell Edgeworth, who in connection with his still more distinguished daughter Maria, has written so much and so well upon the subject of education, was born in 1744 and died in 1817. He was four times married. In 1763, to Miss Elers ; in 1773, to Miss Honora Sneyd ; in 1780, to Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, and, in 1798, at the ripe age of fifty-four, to Miss Beaufort. He had children by each of these marriages, and between the birth of the oldest, by the first, and the youngest, by the fourth, nearly half a century in-

tervened. His first marriage, at the age of 19, while a student at Oxford, not only was a hasty, but probably an unhappy one. All the others were judicious, but the second, with Honora Sneyd, eminently fortunate. The character of this lady is so generally known that nothing more than a mere reference to her history is necessary to attract the attention and command the sympathy of the reader. She was affianced to the unfortunate and accomplished Major Andre in very early life, and neither the ultimate rejection of his suit nor her marriage with Mr. Edgeworth, tended in the slightest degree to efface her image from his memory. A letter of his, published since his death, states that at the time of his arrest he concealed her miniature in his mouth. She died on the 30th April, 1780, the victim of consumption, and he was executed on the 2d October thereafter, at the early age of 29, without any knowledge that she had preceded him to that bourne from which no traveller returns.\*

The eldest son of Richard Lowell Edgeworth was born at Black Bourten, Oxfordshire, Ireland, in 1764, before the father had attained his twentieth year. Of this wayward boy, the autobiography of the father concluded by his daughter Maria, gives the following account :†

“After my return from Ireland in 1765, when I established myself at Hare Hatch, I formed a strong desire to educate my son according to the system of Rousseau. His Emilie had made a great impression upon my young mind,

\* See Edgeworth's Memoirs, Boston edition, 1821, pp. 77, 78 ; again page 161.

† The coincidence between this and the touching case of Emmet and Miss Curran, as shadowed forth in the beautiful verse of Moore, can scarcely escape the memory of any one :

“He had lived for his love, for his country he died ;

They were all that to life had entwined him,  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long shall his love stay behind him.”

as it had done upon the imagination of many far my superior in age and understanding. His work had then all the power of novelty as well as all the charms of eloquence; and when I compared the many plausible ideas it contains, with the obvious deficiencies and absurdities, that I saw in the treatment of children in almost every family with which I was acquainted, I determined to make a fair trial of Rousseau's system. My wife complied with my wishes, and the body and mind of my son were to be left as much as possible to the education of nature and accident. I was but twenty-three years old when I formed this resolution; I steadily pursued it for several years, notwithstanding the opposition with which I was embarrassed by my friends and relations and the ridicule by which I became immediately assailed on all quarters."

"I dressed my son without stockings, with his arms bare, in a jacket and trowsers, such as are quite common at present, but which were at that time novel and extraordinary. I succeeded in making him remarkably hardy. I also succeeded in making him fearless of danger, and what is more difficult, capable of bearing privation of every sort. He had all the virtues of a child bred in the hut of a savage, and all the knowledge of *things*, which could well be acquired at an early age by a boy bred in civilized society. I say knowledge of *things*, for of books he had less knowledge at four or five years old, than most children possess at that age. Of mechanics he had a clearer conception, and in the application of what he knew, more invention, than any child I had then seen. He was bold free, fearless, generous; he had a ready and keen use of all his senses, and of his judgment. But he was not disposed to *obey*; his exertions generally arose from his own will; and though he was what is commonly called good-tempered and good-natured, though he generally pleased by his looks, de-

meanor, and conversation, he had too little deference for others; and he showed an invincible dislike to control. With me, he was always what I wished; with others he was never anything but what he wished to be himself. He was, by all who saw him, whether of the higher or lower classes, taken notice of; and by all considered as very clever. I speak of a child between seven and eight years old, and to prevent interruption in my narrative, I here represent the effects of his education from three to eight years old, during which period I pursued with him Rousseau's plans.

Unfortunately for him, I was persuaded by my friends to send him away from me to school, without having sufficiently prepared him for the change between the Rousseau system, which had been pursued at home, and the course of education to which he was to be subject at a public seminary. His strength, agility, good humor, and enterprize, made him a great favorite with his school-fellows; he showed abilities and was sure to succeed whenever he applied; but his application was not regular; nor was his mind turned to scholarship. He had acquired a vague notion of the happiness of a sea-faring life, and I found it better to comply with his wishes, than to strive against the stream. He went to sea, readily acquired the knowledge requisite for his situation, and his hardihood and fearlessness of danger appeared to fit him for a sailor's life."\*

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\* He some years afterwards went to America, married Elizabeth Knight, an American lady, and settled in South Carolina, near George Town. He died (August 1796) leaving three sons, who with their mother, are still residents in America.

The note appended to the foregoing sketch by the editor, Miss Maria Edgeworth, may or may not be precisely accurate. Her brother may have settled in the first instance in the neighborhood of George Town. He is understood, however, to have been subsequently a citizen of Anson—to have given name to the village at the head of this article, in compliment

THE Address delivered by Chancellor Ridley, before the graduating class in the Law department of Cumberland University, has just been received. We learn from the prefatory remarks that the school is in a highly flourishing condition: established only in 1847, it now contains nearly a hundred students. The following gentlemen constitute the Faculty—

Hon. Abraham Caruthers, late one of the Judges of the Circuit Courts of Tennessee; Hon. Nathan Green, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee; Hon. Bromfield L. Ridley, one of the Chancellors of the State.\*

We extract the following interesting anecdote:—

"I remember an incident connected with the early life of our distinguished fellow-citizen—the late President of the United States—James K. Polk; an incident worthy to be treasured up in the minds, not only of young lawyers, but of literary students in every department of learning—especially those who aspire to distinction in scholarship whilst at College, or to professional eminence in after life. Mr. Polk was graduated at the University of North Carolina, in 1818. In 1847, after he had been elected, and during the continuance of his term as President, he was invited to visit his Alma Mater, at her annual commencement. He accepted the invitation, and made the visit in company with his classmate John Y. Mason, then a member of his cabinet. In 1848, a familiar friend was in conversation with him—the ex-President—at Murfrees-

to the maiden name of his accomplished step-mother Honora Sneyd, and we learn from a friend much better able to weave this narrative into a fairy legend than we are, that Edgeworth's Mill, in Anson, is a locality still well known, and around which are clustered many bright associations. But we leave these, to be traced in due time by fairy fingers.

\* Chancellor Ridley graduated in the class of 1824, which consisted of 39 members; and himself is one of five Judges which it has produced.

borough, when the latter referred to his visit to Chapel Hill—the first which he had made since his graduation—a period of twenty-nine years. He said he walked into the Philanthropic and Dialectic and University Literary rooms—through the familiar walls of the college passages—to the old chapel, and said, "the friends of my youth—my classmates—where are they? And echo answered—where are they?" They were all *gone—gone*. Some of them to their long, long homes, and a *nova progenies* had sprung up. He met with one face only which he recognized, and was happy to be recognized by him. It was his old professor of mathematics, Elisha Mitchell, (who, by the way, still lives in the enjoyment of a green old age,\* an ornament to the college.)

Professor Mitchell related an occurrence which took place during Mr. Polk's senior year, which he, (Mr. Polk) regarded as complimentary to himself, personally. It was this: A student who had not much veneration for the truth, was dealing out the wonderful to his fellows, who stood round the college steps. One of them expressed a doubt as to the truth of his story, to which the relator replied, "It is as certainly true, as that Jim Polk will get up tomorrow morning at the ringing of the first bell!" You ask, pray, what is

\* Does the venerable Professor still live?— Vivit Sodales? inno vero etiam in aulam venit, notat et designat oculis unumquemque nostrum. Patere tua consilia non sentis? Constrictam jam horum conscientia teneri conjunctionem tuam non vides? Quid proxima, quid superiore nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convoveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem ignorare arbitraris?

To return to the vernacular, with which we confess we are somewhat more familiar, we have the pleasure to reply, that the Professor completed the thirty-fifth year of official duty on the last day of January. During all this period, as we learn from the oldest inhabitants, he has attended morning and evening prayers with the exact punctuality which characterized the curriculum of President Polk, and yet no one hereabouts considers him *old*, and all regard him anything else than *green*. May he outlast the century, and his shadow never grow less.

there in that to point a moral or adorn a tale? Go with me and get an answer. When Mr. Polk was graduated, he was appointed by the Faculty to speak the Salutatory Oration in Latin, which was the first honor in a class distinguished for scholarship and talent.— Perhaps his early rising at the ringing of the first bell, which took place at the first break of day, had some agency in the attainment of this honor. He afterwards became a distinguished lawyer, was elected to the Congress of the United States time after time, by the most intelligent constituency in the State of Tennessee; occupied the post, and discharged with ability the important duties of Speaker of the House, and chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; was afterwards elected governor of the State of Tennessee; and, to cap the climax of his honors, was elected by the party with whom he sympathized in politics, to the presidency of this great American Republic.

For all this honorable promotion by his fellow-men, he was indebted, in a very great degree, to his habit of getting up *at the ringing of the first bell*. That same decision of character and energy of will, indicated by this early incident in his collegiate life however seemingly unimportant, pressed him onward, and still onward to glory and honor amongst his fellow-men. It was the great lever power by means of which in early life he became a ripe scholar, and in more advanced years, an accomplished statesman.

### OBITUARY.

NEAR Tallahassee, Florida, on the 1st ult., of congestive fever, died, after an illness of ten days, Richard Henry Whitaker. He was a member of the present Senior class in the Sophomore year, and was constrained to leave college on account of the delicate state of his health; but having sought the sunny South, he has there fallen a victim to one of those malignant fevers peculiar to the less elevated portions of the southern country. Though it has been long since he departed from us, yet his classmates have not forgotten his uprightness of deportment, affability of manners and gentlemanly bearing. We invite attention to the proceedings of the Philanthropic Society, found below, in relation to this sad event:

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, Feb. 19, 1853.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Allwise Creator, in the plenitude of his mercy, to take unto Himself, our beloved fellow member, RICHARD H. WHITAKER, whose uniform deportment and gentle disposition ever inspired confidence and love: Therefore Resolved.

That while we bow in humble submission to the divine decree, we deeply sympathise with the friends of the deceased, in mourning the loss of one, whose many excellencies, both of heart and mind, secured the affection and esteem of all, and gave every promise of future usefulness and worth.

*Resolved, secondly,* That in testimony of our respect for his many virtues we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved thirdly.* That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the parents of the deceased and also to the North Carolina Patriot, Halifax Republican, Floridian and Journal and the University Magazine, with the request that they be published.

J. H. WHITAKER,	} Committee.
D. C. HALL,	
T. PERRY.	

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1853.

No. 3.

BRITISH INVASION OF NORTH CAROLINA.

*A Lecture, delivered before the New York Historical Society, in January, 1853,  
by HON. WILL. A. GRAHAM.*

THE sixth lecture of this course was delivered yesterday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, by the Hon. W. A. Graham, on the above subject. The body and gallery of the edifice was filled to excess by a highly respectable audience. At the hour appointed, the lecturer, accompanied by the Hon. Luther Bradish, President of the Society, Dr. Hawkes, Dr. Francis, Dr. DeWitt, and other distinguished gentlemen, presented himself to the audience, and, after the applause which greeted him had subsided, said:

*Mr. President,*

*and Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Regarding the New York Historical Society as a national institution, I have not scrupled to undertake the task devolved on me this evening, however conscious of my inadequacy to its proper fulfilment; and a primary object of its establishment being the study and dissemination of a correct knowledge of American history, the topic on which I propose to engage your attention is the British invasion of North Carolina, in 1780 and '81. Having been requested to turn my attention to some subject pertaining to the history of the South-

ern States, it was not until after the choice of this, and at too late a period to prepare on another, that I learned, that a reverend and distinguished friend of mine, who has preceded me in the series of exercises appointed by the society, had made the subject of his discourse another interesting chapter in the history of North Carolina. With earlier information of this fact, I would gladly have chosen some other topic, to give greater variety and interest to a course of lectures which has thus far been so well received by the public.

The subject is withal commonplace; but it is the story of our ancestors—their struggles and sacrifices—their freedom and renown. The scene, too, is circumscribed, but the actors were personifications of principles, and representatives of nations, and upon the close of the drama, depended the fate of an empire. If other apology be wanting for the selection of this theme,

“I am native *there*,  
And to the *manor* born.”

and from occasional access to official documents, as well as from the traditions and legends of those whose honorable scars bore witness of opportunities, for acquaintance with some, at least, of the events of that period, am impressed with the conviction that from want of chroniclers and printing presses in the then infant State, at the time of these occurrences, and from negligence or accident since, it has not received full justice from the pen of history. Let it be remembered, that the period to which we refer is 1780 and 1781, more than five years after the first blood shed in the war of the Revolution at Lexington, and full four years after the national Declaration of Independence.

Yet, had North Carolina been no indifferent or idle spectator while other States were the theatre of war, or in regard to the common cause in the incipiency of the contest. As early as the passage of the Stamp Act, and down to the breaking out of hostilities, disputes of a domestic nature, touching the rights of creditors in the province to proceed by attachment against the lands of debtors residing in England, and the mal-administration of the provincial government, had been agitated between the crown (through the royal governors) and the people of the colony, which, added to the causes of complaint of more general interest, produced a free discussion of the constitution of Great Britain, and sharpened and invigorated the public mind in relation to the rights of British subjects in the colonies. Emboldened in these controversies, the population were intelligent and acute in their comprehension of the issues involved, jealous of undue control by the

mother country, and ready to hazard any consequences in resisting her encroachments. This was sufficiently attested in the alacrity with which she responded to the call for the first continental Congress, in 1774; in the proceedings of her various provincial Congresses and Councils, prior to the establishment of the State government; and in those of her popular assemblies, among which, it may be enough to particularize the Wilmington, Cumberland, Rowan and Tryon associations, and the memorable meeting in Mecklenburg, on the 20th of May, 1775, which declared absolute independence.

And these prompt and decisive manifestations of sentiment had been sustained by military aid, in the immediate scenes of danger, in a manner which proved that she had no selfish, sectional or exclusive ideas of defence and protection. Establishing a thorough military organization at the Provincial Congress, which assembled in Hillsborough on the 20th of August, 1775, in December of that year an expedition was sent under Colonel Howe, for the defence of Norfolk and Lower Virginia, against Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor of that province, who, having collected a large army of whites and negroes, proclaimed martial law, and offered freedom to the apprentices and slaves of the country. This force, in conjunction with a detachment of regulars and Virginia troops, under Colonel Woodford, defeated his lordship's army in the battle at Great Bridge, and obliged him to abandon Norfolk and take refuge on board a man of war in the harbor, as the last royal Governor of North Carolina, six months anterior, had been ob-

liged to do at Wilmington.

About the same date, an expedition under Colonels Martin, Polk and Rutherford, marched from the western part of the State against the tories, (called Scovillites, scovil or scofil, from a royalist emissary of that name,) in the north-western section of South Carolina; and in connection with the troops of that State, under General Richardson and Colonel Thompson, drove the tory commanders, Cunningham and Fletcher, from the seige of the village of Ninety-six, and on their retreat, surprised and defeated them, with the capture of four hundred of their followers. This is known in tradition, as the snow camp campaign, from the violent snow storms with which its camps were visited.

In the Autumn of 1776, a force of nineteen hundred men, from the same region, under General Rutherford, was despatched against the Cherokee Indians, who had espoused the British cause, and committed depredations on the neighboring settlements, which chastised and compelled them to sue for peace.

In the campaigns of 1776, '77, '78, '79, and '80, she furnished her contingents to the continental service upon the requisitions of Congress, to meet the common enemy in other States; and her militia were marched, by divisions, brigades, regiments, and battalions, to the aid of South Carolina and Georgia; not to mention that the ranks of Sumter and Pickens were often filled with her citizens, who took service under these famous partisan officers, when those States were the seat of war, and were computed among the troops of South Carolina. From New Jersey to

Florida, inclusive, there were few battle fields in which a portion of the troops engaged in defence of the liberties of the country were not hers.

Besides these contributions, however, for military operations abroad, a considerable force was required for the interior defence and safety of the State. Although the great mass of the people were true to the country, there was no contemptible number who maintained their loyalty to the crown, and stood ready to defend it with arms. This was more conspicuously true of a body of Scotch Highlanders, who had emigrated in large numbers to the waters of the Cape Fear in the incipient stages of the controversy between the colonies and the mother country; and the signal victory obtained by Colonels Caswell and Lillington, at the bridge of Moore's Creek, one of the Western tributaries of the Cape Fear, on the 27th of February, 1776, with one thousand men, over the tory forces levied in that region, under General McDonald and Captain McLeod, numbering fifteen hundred men, who were marching to relieve Governor Martin from his exile on board an English ship of war at the mouth of the Cape Fear, and to bring him back, and restore him to his authority in the colony, is one of the proudest events of the war, in that year. Pursued with vigor, as this victory was, in capturing prisoners, arms, military stores and munitions of war, it so broke the spirit, and destroyed the resources of the enemy in the State, and so cheered the hopes of the patriots, that its effects were widely and deeply felt. Still, the feeling of attachment to the royal cause infected individuals, and in many in-

stances pervaded whole neighborhoods and districts, and required constant vigilance, determination and energy on the part of the authorities and troops of the new government.

In the spring of 1776, a formidable invasion was threatened by a military and naval armament, under Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker, at the mouth of the Cape Fear, and a large military force was called out to repel it. But its attention was soon directed to the more tempting prize of Charleston, where, in June of that year, occurred the famous repulse which has given immortality to the name of Moultrie. In this defence, of Charleston, the American forces were commanded by Major General Charles Lee, and included two brigades of North Carolina continental troops, under Generals Robert Howe and James Moore. The latter was the brother of Maurice Moore, a colonial Judge, and an uncle of Alfred Moore, subsequently an associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. Gen. Moore died in the early part of the year, 1777, after his brigade had been ordered to the northward, and was succeeded by Gen. Francis Nash. *Gov. Caswell's letters MSS.* Gen. Howe survived the war, and is well known to history.

With the exception of a detachment from this armament, which was landed and committed some depredations in the county of Brunswick, among which was the sacking of the private mansion of the patriot General Howe, no British force had entered the territory of North Carolina until the period announced in the outset of these remarks—the latter half of the year 1780.

But, although the geographical posi-

tion of the State, or the military plans of the enemy, had thus long delayed his visit, he now came with a prestige of success which threatened entire subjugation. South Carolina and Georgia had been overrun and conquered, and their patriot citizens driven to concealment, exile, or submission to his victorious arms. Charleston had fallen on the 12th of May. Improving his success with the skill of a veteran commander, Lord Cornwallis moved forward at once to Camden, near the centre of the State; and on the 29th of that month, his light troops, under Lieutenant Col. Tarleton, overwhelmed and massacred a Virginia regiment under Col. Buford, at Waxhaw Creek, near the frontiers of North Carolina.— On the 16th of August, in a pitched battle near Camden, he had signally defeated and routed the main army, which had been rallied for the defence of the South under General Gates, the hero of Saratoga. And although some consolation was administered to the wounded spirit of the American General under this crushing defeat, by the success of General Sumter, in capturing, about the same time, a convoy of the enemy, yet this daring and vigilant officer was himself surprised by the dashing Tarleton, and his force of eight hundred men put to route and dispersed, with the loss of his artillery, arms, and baggage, at Fishing Creek, two days afterwards.— “Thus,” says a spirited writer, “the tragedy of the 16th, closing with the catastrophe of 18th, the army of the South became a second time nearly annihilated.” To this unbroken succession of reverses to our arms, it must be added that the resources of North Carolina

to meet the impending danger, had been greatly impaired by the events of the war. A large number of her people, dispirited and broken down in health by service, the two preceding years, in the low and insalubrious sections of South Carolina and Georgia; her treasury and military supplies exhausted in the maintenance of these and other expeditions; all her continental troops,\* and more than a thousand of her militia,† made prisoners at the surrender of Charleston, and paroled, or yet in the hands of the enemy; more than five hundred more, including some of the most popular and influential officers, taken at the battle of Camden, and now in confinement at St. Augustine‡—these are circumstances, not to be overlooked in estimating the appalling nature of the crisis, and the merit of a brave resistance.

There was no impediment to the onward progress of Lord Cornwallis, except the want of supplies, which he impatiently awaited at Camden. His road to Charlotte, the capital of Mecklenburg county, and the first point of his destination, laid parallel to the great rivers of the country, and crosses the State boundary upon an imaginary line. In the absence of maps, so much of geography as may be necessary to comprehend the movements which we shall describe, may be comprised in few words. The Broad and Catawba rivers are the chief tributaries of the Santee, and the Yadkin of the Pedee, parallel streams

rising in the mountains of North Carolina, and running southwardly to the ocean, in South Carolina. The Cape Fear pursues a like course, but wholly in North Carolina, its head waters being the Deep and Haw or Saxapahaw rivers. The Dan is the headstream of the Roanoke, and at our points of reference is coursing from west to east, nearly with the line of division between North Carolina and Virginia,

But there is an episode to our narrative, before pursuing the march of the invading army. The disastrous tidings of the fall of Charleston sped rapidly through the country, bringing gloom to the heart of the patriot, cheerfulness and joy to the loyalist, and inclining the wavering and irresolute to the cause of royalty. Early in June, the militia of the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan, comprehending the region between the Yadkin and Catawba, who had so early and so constantly signalized their devotion to liberty, were ordered out under Brigadier General Rutherford, to oppose the triumphal march of the British General. Scarcely had they assembled at the place of rendezvous, about ten miles northeast of Charlotte, when the intelligence arrived of an assemblage of a body of loyalists at Ram-sour's Mills, some forty miles distant, beyond the Catawba, in the county of Tryon, and within view of the present village of Lincolnton. Unwilling to weaken the force he had gathered to impede the advance of the British army, General Rutherford despatched orders to Col. Francis Locke, of Rowan, and other faithful officers, to collect the available force of their several neighborhoods, and suppress the insurrection

\* Life of Davidson, appendix to his Memoirs.

† Marshall's Life of Wash. p. 333.

‡ Journal of Board of War, MSS.

at the earliest practicable moment. It appeared that one John Moore, of the county of Tryon, (now Lincoln,) who had joined the enemy in South Carolina the preceding winter, had recently returned, dressed in a tattered suit of British uniform and a sword, and announced himself a lieutenant colonel in the well known regiment of North Carolina loyalists, commanded by Col. John Hamilton, of Halifax. He brought detailed accounts of the siege and surrender of Charleston, and an authoritative message from Lord Cornwallis, that he would march into that section as soon as the then ripening harvests were gathered, so as to afford a support for his army. Very soon thereafter, Nicholas Welsh, of the same vicinity, who had been in the British service for eighteen months, and bore a major's commission in the same regiment, also returned, with splendid official equipments and a purse of gold, which was ostentatiously displayed to his admiring associates, with artful speeches in aid of the cause he had embraced. He also gave the first information of Buford's defeat, and represented that all resistance on the part of the whigs would now be hopeless. Under these leaders, there was collected, in a few days, a force of thirteen hundred men, who were encamped in an advantageous position, preparatory to their being marched to effect a junction with the British in South Carolina.

Colonel Locke, and the other officers who had received the orders of General Rutherford, already referred to, proceeded to execute them with the utmost alacrity and promptitude. In less than five days they levied their several quotas, and

crossing the Catawba at various fords, effected a junction within sixteen miles of the camp of the royalists, on the 19th of June, with three hundred and fifty men. At sunrise the next morning, with this unequal force, and without any chief commander or understood arrangement of battle, except that three companies of horse, which constituted their cavalry, should go in front, they assaulted the camp of the tories, containing as already mentioned, thirteen hundred men, and, after a well sustained and bloody engagement of an hour, compelled them to retreat. The particulars of this action, did time permit us to recur to them, are of much interest. Blood relatives and familiar acquaintances fought in opposing ranks, and when the smoke of the battle occasionally cleared away, recognized each other in the conflict—the tories wearing their well-known badge of a green pine twig in front of the hat, and the whigs a similar badge of white paper, which was in some instances taken as a mark by the enemy, and occasioned the wearers to be shot in the head. These were the only means of distinguishing the two parties in the action in which neighbor met neighbor in deadly strife, with the rifles carried in hunting, and in the use of which weapon one hundred men on either side were as expert and unerring as any like number of Kentuckians in the time of Boone. Seventy men, including five whig and four tory captains, were left dead on the field, and more than two hundred were wounded, the loss being shared about equally by the respective sides.

It is a remarkable omission, in the histories of the war of the revolution,

that no author, neither Marshall, Lee, Ramsay, Botta, nor any other, that I have consulted, makes mention of this important battle of Ramsour's Mills. The only intelligible record of it, *in extenso*, from the pen of Gen. Joseph Graham, an officer in Rutherford's brigade, who was on the battle-field immediately after the action, was published in the newspapers of North Carolina thirty years since, and has been copied by Mr. Wheeler in his recent collection of *materia historica* of North Carolina. It is likewise noticed by Mr. Lossing in his recent work, the "Field Book of the Revolution."—For daring courage on the part of the whig assailants, considering that the enemy outnumbered them in the proportion of four to one, and had great advantage in position, it is surpassed by few events of the war: and as a chastisement and a check upon the rising and exultant spirit of the loyalists over the recent disasters to our arms in South Carolina, the result was of the same nature, and almost equal in salutary effects, to the victory of Caswell and Lillington, at Moore's Creek bridge, four years preceding.

I have failed, earlier, to mention that Colonel Locke and his brave associates, after resolving to engage the enemy, despatched a messenger to carry this information to General Rutherford, and request his co-operation if possible, but did not make his compliance a preliminary to their attack; and that this officer, having heard of the retirement of the British forces from Waxhaw to Camden, had, without knowledge of the intentions of Locke, crossed the Catawba, with the purpose of himself dispersing the tories at Ramsour's, and ar-

rived with his brigade on the battle field about two hours after the retreat of the enemy. Had the assault been postponed for this brief space, the victory would doubtless have been more complete, and possibly many of the gallant dead would have been spared to encounter the invading Briton, trained for the conflict by this first essay in arms.

General Rutherford, in the succeeding month, joined Gen. Gates, in command of a brigade of militia, and in the defeat at Camden, on the 16th of August, was wounded, and taken prisoner by the enemy; and, therefore, does not appear in the ensuing campaign.

The determination of Gen. Gates not to attempt to rally his routed army short of Hillsborough, which is near the centre of North Carolina, and more than two hundred miles from Camden, was an entire abandonment of one-half of the State to the depredations of the enemy. This is mentioned, with regret, by Lee, in his memoirs of the war in the South, on account particularly of the district between the Yadkin and Catawba, on whose efficiency and devotion to the patriot cause he pronounces a high eulogium. With the British in front, and bodies of tories within striking distance both on its right and left, the contest now became in that section, a war *pro aris et focis*, with few immediate resources for its protection but those furnished by itself, and these greatly diminished by the melancholy events to which allusion has already been made. But the spirit of the country did not forsake it in this trying hour, and it was, perhaps, fortunate that the British army, in its first inroad into the State, was to encounter a people of such un-

shaken resolution and activity in the gloom which overspread the southern country.

Among many noble and intrepid patriots, in this district, "who struggled with the storms of fate," and upheld the falling fortunes of their country, two characters deserve to be conspicuously remembered. These are Brigadier Gen. Wm. Lee Davidson, and Col. Wm. R. Davie.

Gen. Davidson was of Irish extraction, and his parents, like almost all the original settlers in that region, were emigrants from Pennsylvania. He was educated at an academy called "Queen's Museum," in Charlotte, and, fired with a noble ardor to sustain the patriot cause in arms, was commissioned a Major in one of the regiments raised in North Carolina for the continental service, in 1776. In this capacity he marched northward in the brigade of Gen. Francis Nash, who was killed in the battle of Germantown, in October, 1777, joined the main army under Gen. Washington, in New Jersey, and served under the Commander-in-chief through the three following campaigns; during which time he was promoted to a lieutenant colonelcy, with the command of a regiment. His presence at home, at this juncture, was purely accidental.—The troops of the North Carolina line having been detached to re-inforce the Southern army, then under the command of Gen. Lincoln, he obtained permission to visit his family, from which he had been three years separated, with the expectation of joining his regiment in South Carolina. But Charleston being invested at the time of his approach, and all access cut off, he was thus saved

from capture with his comrades in arms, and returned immediately to his home in Mecklenburg. He, however, did not resign himself to repose and inactivity, but, taking command of a body of militia, rendered effective service in quelling the tory insurrections consequent on the fall of Charleston. After the capture of Gen. Rutherford at Gates' defeat, Col. Davidson was appointed a Brigadier General of militia, and thus had immediate command of the citizen soldiers of the frontier county of Mecklenburg, at the time when the services of every man were required who was capable of bearing arms. His romantic devotion to the public service, as manifested in a continuous absence of three years from a young and endeared family, his familiarity with the well foughten fields of Monmouth, Brandywine and Germantown, and the fact that he had seen service under the eye, and with the approbation of Washington, made him a star of guidance to his countrymen, and inspired them with hope and confidence.

Of Col. Davie, a less minute introduction is necessary. Surviving the war, he became subsequently known to the Union, as one of the great American orators, lawyers and statesmen, a leader in every great enterprise for the improvement and elevation of the character, of his own State—at one time her Chief Magistrate—a member of the federal convention, a special minister to France, in conjunction with Mr. Murray and Chief Justice Ellsworth, during Napoleon's Consulate, and one of the most accomplished and elegant gentlemen of the revolutionary race. At the period to which we refer, he may have been twen-

ty-five years of age—some four years graduated at Nassau Hall, Princeton—interrupted in his law studies by the events of the war,

*Inter arma, silent leges,*

he had gratified his early desire and the inclinations of his genius, and become a soldier. Of studious habits, he had brought his well furnished and disciplined mind to the study of military science, and had mastered it. His service had been in the horse, where he had received the approbation of Pulaski. He had approved his gallantry at the battle of Stono, where he was severely wounded, at Hanging Rock and on other fields, and his zeal in the patriot cause by expending an estate, constituting his chief, if not only fortune, in equipping a legionary corps, of which he was now at the head. He was prudent, vigilant, intrepid and skillful in his movements against the enemy, and with a charming presence, a ready eloquence, and an undaunted spirit, he was among the young men of the day, as Harry Percy "to the chivalry of England."

Having received his supplies, Lord Cornwallis moved forward from Camden on the 8th of September, with the assured expectation of conquering North Carolina, before Congress could bring another army into the field. With his military force there were adventitious aids, from which much was expected. In his train was the late Royal Governor Martin, who, having lingered off the mouth of Cape Fear, in a ship-of-war for more than a year after his expulsion from the Province, in the hope of res-

toration to authority, had paid a visit to New York and was now returned, and hoped to receive that doubtful submission, under the guns of his Majesty's army, which he had been unable to exact by the aid of his provincial adherents alone. A printing press formed also a part of the furniture of the camp, with which it was intended to fulminate threats, gazette victories and distribute pardons, protections and promises. In his ranks was a regiment of loyalists, raised in North Carolina, under the command of Col. Hamilton, a Scotch merchant of Halifax, and connected in business with a house at Cross Creek, in the midst of the settlement of his countrymen; a gentleman of high tone and courage held in great esteem for the virtues of private life, and who, after the war, was for many years his Britannic Majesty's consul at Norfolk.\* From these, it was hoped that disaffection would be encouraged, that the State would fall an easy prey, and that the royal army would find ready recruits within her limits for ulterior operations.

The main army moving directly northward, in the direction of Charlotte, Lieut. Col. Ferguson, with a detachment of regulars and loyalists, was despatched west of the Wateree, or Catawba, to advance in a parallel line to it, to open free communication with the loyalists in that quarter, and incite them to effective co-operations with the British.

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\* Col. Hamilton is reported to have been uniformly humane to American prisoners, and Governor Burke, in his correspondence acknowledges his kindness, to himself, while a prisoner at Charleston.

To oppose the main army there was no force, but the militia of Mecklenburg and Rowan, under Davidson, and the legionary corps of Davis. These troops had been upon duty the greater part of the summer, and, especially since the defeat of Gates, had constituted a kind of national guard and corps of observation. On his approach Davidson prudently retired in the direction of Salisbury, but Davie, delighting in enterprise, and being perfectly acquainted with the country, resolved, not only to watch the enemy, but harass and annoy him whenever occasion should serve. Keeping well advised of his positions and movements, he struck on every opportunity, and always with effect. By a perilous exploit, at the plantation of Capt. Wahab, one of his own corps, near the South Carolina border, he completely surprised an outpost and after killing and wounding about sixty of the adversary, marched off unhurt, with a large acquisition of horses and arms.

Upon the entrance of the British army into Charlotte, Davie, being joined by about fifty volunteers, hastily assembled from the neighboring country, under Captain Graham, and, relying on the firmness of his troops, made a gallant stand in defence of this Carolina "cradle of liberty." By a judicious disposition of his force, under cover of the buildings and enclosures of the village, he thrice drove back the British cavalry, to receive the rebuke of their commander-in-chief, and made good his retreat, with a loss much inferior to that of the enemy. Lord Cornwallis occupied the village, intending to advance to Salisbury. But with his overwhelmin-

ing force, he found it no place of repose or security. His sentries were shot down at their posts; his pickets kept in a constant state of alarm and annoyance; his wagons, with stores, seized and destroyed within a few miles of his headquarters; and, in one instance, a foraging detachment of four hundred men was attacked and driven home, with a loss of twenty-seven killed and wounded, by an ambushing party of seven individuals from the neighboring country, all of whom escaped unscathed; the British officer declaring on his return, "that he had found a rebel in every bush outside of the lines of the encampment." It was manifestations such as these that induced Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton, in his "History of the Campaigns in the Colonies," to honor these adjoining counties of old Mecklenburg and Rowan with the designation of "the most rebellious district in America."

The printing press—the first that had ever been carried to that region of country—was put in requisition, both by the royal Governor and General, and proclamations of the Board of War went forth filled with asseverations of the success of his Majesty's arms, exhortations to loyalty and duty, and denunciations upon rebellion and treason; but without serious effect.

While his lordship was thus occupied and entertained at Charlotte, he was astounded by the defeat and death of Ferguson, at King's Mountain, about thirty miles to his left, with the loss of his whole force, both regulars and loyalists, killed, wounded or taken prisoners, together with all the supernumerary arms with which he had been furnished

for the inhabitants of the country who might join the royal standard. Of this memorable exploit, achieved within a mile or two of the boundary between the Carolinas, on its southern side, by the co-operation of Colonels Campbell, of Virginia; Cleaveland, Shelby, Sevier, and McDowell, of North Carolina; Williams, Hill, and others, of South Carolina, it would but be idle repetition to speak in detail. Of the action and its incidents, a full description is contained in Foote's "Sketches of North Carolina," and biographical memoirs of its principal actors in "Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution." No one can, however, contemplate the gatherings of these intrepid, "Sons of Liberty," under the leaders of their respective sections or neighborhoods—their issuing forth, as did the largest portion of them, from the gorges and passes of the Alleghanies, and taking the field, without quartermaster or commissary, each man upon his own horse, and furnished with his own arms, "the horse to be sustained by the grass of nature, and the soldier from the homely contents of his wallet, made and filled by his wife or mother"—their concentration—their arrangement of the temporary command by election—their long marches—their eager pursuit of the enemy—his refuge on the mountain top—their assault, persevering courage, and overwhelming victory—without being carried back, in imagination, to the sublime simplicity and bravery of classic romance in Sparta, and early Rome, or to the memorable defence of the Swiss cantons against the invasion of Austria.

This victory, which was obtained on the 7th of October, was decisive of the

campaign. Instead of proceeding to his meditated conquest, the British general was compelled to address himself to the task of maintaining what he had acquired. Departing from Charlotte in the night, pursued by Davidson and Davie to the Catawba, with the capture of a portion of his baggage he retreated to Winsboro', some twenty miles westward of Camden, as the most eligible position for the preservation of this ascendancy in South Carolina.

Thus terminated the invasion of 1780. But the end of the war was not yet.

By his selection of Hillsboro' as the point for reforming his routed army, General Gates had the advantage of consultation with the Governor of the State and the Legislature, which, in view of the public danger, held two appointed sessions in each year, and assembled in that town on the 5th of September.\* This body at once applied itself to providing for the defence of the State in every practicable method. At its preceding session a board had been created "for carrying on trade, for the benefit of the State," for the purpose of importing or procuring arms, and "other military stores for the army, as well as the importation of salt, and all kinds of merchandise, for the use and consumption of the good people of the State." And now, to procure supplies for the large army it was hoped to assemble and recruit, taxes were laid, to

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\*Here also, or hereabouts, was Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, as a refugee, after the dissolution of his government at home, as I infer from the correspondence of the Board of War.

be paid in provisions, and agents appointed in every county for their collection; purchases were authorized of all the means of subsistence, as well as of wagons, horses, and other necessaries, so far as the impoverished treasury would allow, and impressments were freely authorized, other means of supply failing. But the most notable of their proceedings was "An act creating a Board of War," to direct and control the military of the State, and a resolution requesting Gen. Smallwood, of the Continental line, and second in command to Gen. Gates, to assume the command of her militia that were or should be called into service; a measure originating, doubtless, in no feeling of disrespect to Governor Nash, the actual occupant of the executive chair, and prompted by a sense of the momentous nature of the crisis, but utterly at variance with the plain precepts of the constitution, which then, as now, declared that "the Governor, for the time being, shall be the captain general and commander-in-chief of the militia." The Governor, under the constitution, had no power of veto to arrest the law, and, *flagrante bello*, did not interfere with the action of the board, though, in a later stage of existence, he refused to fill a vacancy occurring from the resignation of one of its members, upon the ground of the constitutional objection. The Legislature of South Carolina, the preceding year, had, by its enactment, clothed John Rutledge, then her Governor, with the powers of a dictator—the more effectually to oppose the enemy. Precedents these, rather classical than constitutional, according to our system, and only resorted to, unquestionably, in

those emergencies, because of the imminent danger to the very existence of the State. The commissioners constituting this board, by the election of the Legislature itself, were John Penn, Alexander Martin and Orandates Davis. Their session was commenced at Hillsborough, on the 14th of September, 1780, and continued, by adjournment, at Halifax, until the 30th of January, 1781, when its authorities were returned to the Legislature. Their journal, with so much of their correspondence as has been preserved, is among the most interesting documents in our public archives. They undertook the task devolved on them in the most devoted spirit of patriotism, and with a proper sense of its magnitude, and executed its duties with fearlessness, ability, and eminent public benefit. Conducting an active correspondence with Davidson, Davie, General Sumner, and other officers, as to the positions of the army of the invading enemy, its advances, skirmishes, and retreat; with local military officers, especially upon the upper branches of the Cape Fear and Pedee, as to the risings or maraudings of the Tories, the disposition to be made of prisoners taken from them, and measures for keeping them in check; with the Governor of the State, with General Gates, and subsequently with General Greene, in regard to the rallied troops of the lately defeated army, the reinforcements arriving from other States, and being levied in their own: the Board of War seems to have exerted its utmost faculties in the department of the commissariat—in providing food and clothing for the army. And when it is recollected that the State had no seaport of much com-

merce, her inhabitants, then as now, obtaining their chief supplies of foreign goods through the neighboring States—that Wilmington, the principal of these ports, soon fell into the hands of the enemy, who also held South Carolina and Georgia; and almost simultaneously with the march of Cornwallis on Charlotte, had landed a large body of troops in Virginia, under Arnold, and were threatening an invasion from thence—that there was no internal navigation, and that the best means of transportation from the fertile valley of the Roanoke and from the seaboard to the army, at Hillsborough, Salisbury or Charlotte, was by the ordinary wagon of the planter, and that no inconsiderable portion of the supply of these had been lost in the rout ensuing the defeat of General Gates, the furnishing of the most indispensable necessaries of life was a Herculean task.

The ordinary productions of the earth had been yielded, though probably in diminished quantities in many sections, by reason of the interruptions of labor, from the heavy drafts for military service, in South Carolina, as well as at home, during the year; but in the circumstances of seige, which environed the State, the great privation was in the want of salt, without which animal food cannot be preserved nor vegetable enjoyed—a privation which was alike felt by the army and the people of the country; and it is quite apparent from the correspondence of this board, that an army essentially larger than that which was brought into the field, could not have been long maintained. In their communications with General Greene, the commissioners expressed

their regret, that in consequence of the exhaustion of the treasury, the legislature had adopted the policy of relying on the militia for the public defence.— This species of force was usually called to tours of duty of three months duration; and as they generally turned out on horseback, occasioning a great consumption of subsistence, it seems to have been arranged that but a limited number should be ordered to his aid, except in immediate expectation of a general engagement. Accordingly, large detachments, numbering in all 4,000 men, that had been called out by the Governor or Board of War, and were on their march under Generals Allen Jones, Gregory, and others, to unite with the army of defence, were halted and disbanded, lest, by joining the camp, they should consume the scanty stores of the continental soldiers.

At the next session of the legislature, which commenced on the 18th January, 1781, acts were passed to discontinue the Board of War, and “establish a Council Extraordinary,” to consist of “three persons of integrity and abilities, such as the General Assembly can have the greatest confidence in”—and “to invest the actual Governor (Abner Nash,) and this council, with the executive powers of government,” after the expiration of his official term, provided the invasion of the enemy should prevent the holding of elections, and the meeting of the legislature at the usual time. But I have seen no record of the organization of this council, or any proceedings under these statutes. The result of the campaign probably rendered them unnecessary.

It is to be regretted, that among the

documents of this period there has been but a meagre preservation of the correspondence of Governor Nash. In the infancy of the government, no law required the executive correspondence to be recorded, and, there being as yet no permanent seat of government, such papers had no other depository than in the private mansion of the incumbent. He died some four years after the war, still high in the public confidence, and at the time of his demise a member of the Congress of the confederation. Having made this allusion to the measures of defence adopted by the State government in this, to her, the darkest hour of the war, I cannot withhold the expression of my gratification, that through every line of the public statutes of the journals of the General Assembly and of the Board of War, there breathes the loftiest spirit of defiance towards the enemy, and an unquailing determination to call forth every energy of the country to uphold its now doubtful cause. It well consists with the patriotic and daring resolutions of her popular assemblies and provincial congresses of 1774-'5, and '6; and to the end of the contest her authorities, amid every trial and disaster, kept the standard of independence full high advanced, and the organized government in steady, protective and salutary operation—" *Magna vis est, magnum nomen, unum et idem sentientis senatus.*"

While the work of reconstructing the main army was pressed forward with all possible expedition at Hillsborough, the command of Davidson\* took up a

position on Rocky river, in Mecklenburg, which, in his correspondence, he styles "Camp M'Kuit Alexander," the name of an early and ardent patriot in that county, from which he kept up a system of observation on the British army and the disaffected districts of the country. Gen. Sumner,\* with another force of militia, occupied "Camp Yadkin," west of the river of that name.

Gen. Smallwood,† accepting the command to which he had been invited by the General Assembly, accompanied by two hundred regulars under the renowned Col. Morgan, who had now reached the Southern army, proceeded westwardly, and took command of both these brigades, a few days after the retreat of Lord Cornwallis from Charlotte. Chastising the tories, in a handsome skirmish, by a detachment of his troops under Major Cloyd,‡ at Shallow Ford, on the Yadkin, in a settlement not far from which place Colonel Bryan had raised and marched a regiment of loyalists, immediately after the surrender of Charleston, and joined the British in South Carolina, he advanced to the frontier of the State, on the Catawba, to watch the enemy and give support to General Sumpter, then manœuvring against Tarleton in the upper districts of that State.

General Gates, with the main army, subsequently took the same direction, and had occupied Charlotte, when he was superseded in the command by Gen. Greene. Need I add, that the appointment of this illustrious man, (ap-

\* Journal of Board of War.

\* Journal of Board of War.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

proaching, in his characteristics, so much nearer to the great Commander-in-chief than any other officer in that war,) to the head of the army of the South, filled all hearts with gladness and hope. The Board of War, in a correspondence which was immediately opened, expressed to him its great satisfaction upon this event, and engaged to draw forth all the powers of the State, and every necessary resource in it, to support him; "that," say they "the command with which you are dignified, may be honorable to yourself, as well as satisfactory to the country." The transfer of the command was announced in general orders on the 3d of December.

General Smallwood having been promoted to a Major Generalship, about this time left the service in the South, and Colonel Davie, being out of military employment by the expiration of the enlistment of his men, accepted from the Board of War the office of Superintendent Commissary General, made vacant by the resignation of Col. Thomas Polk, and accompanied the army of Gen. Greene in that capacity through the ensuing campaign.

Having thus occasion to mention the name of Col. Polk, I deem it proper to correct an error into which Mr. Lossing has fallen, in his Field Book, upon the authority of the papers of Gen. Gates, and which—unintentionally, I have no doubt—does great injustice to his memory. It is an imputation of disaffection, at the very time he held the office of Superintendent Commissary General. Fortunately, the Journal of the Board of War explains the whole matter. There was some complaint of inattention to duty on his part, in his important of-

fice, which he explained upon the ground of a scarcity of supplies, and necessary attention to his family; and Col. Martin, a member of the Board to which he was amenable, having visited the army in Mecklenburg, declares in a public letter recorded in its journals, that in his opinion, Col. Polk, under the circumstances, had fulfilled the duties of his office as well as circumstances would admit. He was immediately afterwards entrusted, by Gen. Greene, with the temporary command of a Brigadier General of militia, and in all after, as in prior time, was regarded as a firm and unwavering patriot.

He was not only himself a champion and leader of great influence and effectiveness, but the father of three sons, all of whom were in active military service, after as well as before this alleged disaffection. One of these, bearing his father's name, was slain in the battle at Eutaw Springs, in which, he commanded a company. Another, Charles Polk, was an officer in General Rutherford's expedition for the relief of Wilmington, in the autumn of 1781; and a third, the late Col. William Polk, of Raleigh, after having been wounded in the scoville expedition, and at the battle of Germantown, was aid-de-camp to Gen. Davidson, and at his side when he fell, at the passage of the Catawba, and commanded a regiment of the State troops, of South Carolina, under Sumter at Eutaw. For evidence of the appointment of Col. Polk to the command of a Brigadier General, by Gen. Greene, early in the spring of 1781, see article in the University Magazine for June, 1852, entitled "closing scenes of revolution."

Surveying his troops and supplies, General Greene found himself at the head of about two thousand men, one half of whom were militia, with provisions on hand but for three days, in an exhausted country, and but a scanty supply of amunition, which could not be replenished short of Virginia. With the quick eye of Military genius, he determined to divide his force, small as it was. Relying upon Davidson's militia, to be called from their homes when the emergency might require, as a central force, he sent out Morgan, now promoted to the rank of Brigadier General in the continental service, across the Catawba and Broad Rivers; while he himself led the main army to a point opposite Cheraw, on the Pedee, where he was soon after joined by the effective legionary corps of Lieut. Col. Henry Lee, the author of the "Memoirs of the War in the South," subsequently Governor of Virginia, and the Funeral panegyrist of Washington by the appointment of Congress. By this judicious disposition he secured abundant supplies of provisions for his troops, interrupted communications between the British army and the loyalists, and put it out of the power of Lord Cornwallis again to invade North Carolina, without first driving back Morgan, or leaving him in his rear. Morgan, by concert, was strengthened by accessions of militia under Gen. Pickens of South Carolina, and Majors McDowell, of North Carolina, and Cunningham of Georgia.

Large reinforcements, under General Leslie, having been received by Lord Cornwallis, he despatched a superior force, under Lieut. Col. Tarleton, to oppose Morgan, himself following with

the main army in the same direction. The battle of the Cowpens, which immediately followed, and in which Tarleton was triumphantly defeated by Morgan, with the loss of one hundred killed and more than five hundred prisoners, with arms, artillery, and military stores, being fought in South Carolina, a few miles beyond the border, is not within the immediate scope of our subject, but it brought back the enemy into North Carolina, maddened by this humiliation of his arms, and eager for revenge. Forced to retreat from his first entrance into the State, with the sinecure royal Governor under his escort, by the unexpected reverse at King's Mountain, and now thwarted by the sudden overthrow of the *elite* of his army by an inferior number of the republican troops, a great part of whom were militia, his Lordship resolved upon a vigorous pursuit, to rescue the prisoners of the Cowpens, and destroy Morgan.

In this manner commenced that thrilling series of military movements which was continued with the activity of a steeple chase for quite two months. The main British army lay at Turkey Creek, some twenty-five miles south of Cowpens, and Morgan may be considered to have had, by so much, the start of his Lordship, in this trial of speed. The latter moved immediately, hoping to cut off Morgan, encumbered with prisoners and baggage and stores, the fruits of his victory, before he should reach the fords of the Catawba in North Carolina, for which it was presumed he would aim. Morgan, however, vigilant and wary as his great adversary, and fully comprehending his danger, abandoned his captured baggage, and leav-

ing his wounded under the protection of a flag, on the very evening of the day of battle, set out on his retreat; his prisoners in advance, escorted by his militia, followed immediately by the regulars, under his own command. This, it will be recollected, was on the 17th of January, 1781. For twelve weary days, *nec mora, nec requies*, the retreat and pursuit were continued without intermission. Near nightfall, on the evening of the 29th, the vanguard of the royal army, under Gen. O'Hara, gained the Island Ford on the Catawba, on the present road from Statesville to Morganton, but discovered that Morgan had crossed over with all his prisoners and forces, about two hours before. Halting and encamping on the shore, with the purpose to renew the pursuit early in the morning, the British General was tantalized by the loss of his prize, at the moment he supposed he was about to clutch it in his grasp. During the night the river was swollen by heavy rains, was impassable in the morning, and so remained for two days, at the expiration of which, Morgan's militia, with his prisoners, were far on their march towards Virginia. He himself, with his regulars, passing down the left bank of the river, to Sherrill's ford, there met Gen. Greene, who, having been advised of the movement of the enemy from Winnsborough, and the victory of the Cowpens, had hastened forward, with an aid-de-camp and a few militia attendants, from his camp on the Pedee, to concert measures to secure its fruits, and to act against the adversary as means and opportunity might permit. The swell in the Catawba, which the pious feeling of the country could not but as-

cribe to providential interposition, and the consequent interruption in the pursuit of the enemy, determined Gen. Greene to dispute his passage across the river, and thus gain time for the arrival of his army at Salisbury, whither he had ordered it to hasten, under Gen. Huger, of South Carolina, and Col. Otho H. Williams, of Maryland, with the hope of there forming a junction with Morgan. In execution of this design, Morgan's light troops, joined by a few militia, were posted at Sherrill's Ford. Gen. Davidson, who, in this critical period, was ever on the alert, had called out the militia force under his command, and while watch was kept at various fords on the river, with directions to give information of the approach of the enemy, a considerable body of his troops was placed at Beattie's ford, he himself taking position at Cowan's ford, with about three hundred and fifty men, on the evening of the 31st of January. Lord Cornwallis, in the meantime, foiled in his pursuit, had encamped at Ramsour's mill, the scene of the action between the Whigs and Loyalists the preceding summer; and having experienced delay in his late march, from the incumbrance of his baggage, he here destroyed all that could be regarded as superfluous, himself setting the example by casting into the flames the baggage of headquarters, and converted his whole army into light troops, with a view of renewing the pursuit of Morgan, or forcing Gen. Greene to an action. Thus disencumbered, he lost no time in approaching the Catawba upon the abatement of the flood, and while a feint was made at Beattie's Ford, the most public and eligible pass, by a detachment un-

der Lieutenant Colonel Webster, his Lordship, moving with the main army in the night, was at dawn of day at the private pass of Cowan's Ford, where he had been anticipated by the vigilance of Davidson. Plunging into this bold river, which is here the fourth of a mile wide, with its waters not yet assuaged, the British troops waded through, and were received by a well directed fire from our militia; but succeeded in making good their landing, with the loss of about forty killed and wounded, including Colonel Hall. On the American side the loss was inconsiderable, except in the fall of the gallant Davidson, who here sealed with his life's blood the vows of devotion and duty to his country, which he had made in the outset of the struggle, and which he had zealously maintained by five years of service in the field.

Our repulsed forces retired to Torrence's tavern, six miles distant, on the Salisbury road, where they were joined by their comrades from Beattie's Ford, who retreated on hearing of the loss of their General; and halting there in confusion, and no individual assuming command, they were surprised by Tarleton's cavalry, who had been sent in pursuit, and put to rout, but without serious loss. Gen. Greene now hastened eastward to Salisbury with the troops under Morgan, and despatched orders to Huger and Williams not to advance to that place, but to unite with him at Guilford Court House, some fifty miles further east. Pressing on, pursued eagerly by the British, he crossed the Yadkin at the Trading Ford eastward of Salisbury. And here again Heaven smiled on the American cause. His cavalry ford-

ed at midnight of the 3rd of February, and the infantry passed in boats at dawn the next morning, a few of their waggon-gons being cut off by the pursuers. But the boats were secured at the place of landing, and a rise in the river during the night arrested the passage of the enemy, and forced him to proceed up its western bank some thirty miles, to the Shallow Ford, near the village of Huntsville. Here he received intelligence of the successful junction of the two divisions of Greene's army at Guilford Court House, and lost all hope of attacking them in detail; but being confident of his power to encounter both, he moved forward, in the ardent hope of compelling them to battle before they could reach Virginia, where ammunition, supplies and recruits awaited them. His movement up the Yadkin had thrown him nearer to the upper fords of the Dan River than Gen. Greene, and enabled him to cut him off from that mode of crossing; and trusting so to overcome that distance between them as to arrest his passage in boats, he urged on his march, with all possible expedition. Greene, resting his wearied troops for three days at Guilford Court House, where many of them within a month were to find their last repose, and calmly surveying his condition, determined to continue his retreat into Virginia; and, with twenty-five miles the advantage in distance, set off in a new race with the British General for the lower ferries of the Dan. Long and weary was the march—keen and close the pursuit. Organizing seven hundred suitable troops in a light corps, under the command of Col Williams, subordinate to whom were Cols.

Howard, Washington and Lee, General Greene placed these in his rear, to watch and skirmish with the enemy, while the army with its baggage and stores, should pursue its way without molestation. The British General, with a like policy, sent forward a vanguard of similar troops, under Gen. O'Hara. On their first approximation, the skirmishing between these corps was brisk and active; but experiencing no advantage in their results, they were discontinued by the enemy, and often these columns of the two armies would be seen in the wide plantations by the way moving forward with a quick step without sign of hostility, except where a curve in the road or the crossing of a stream promised some advantage to the pursurers. With a single meal a day to each army, and slight intervals for rest, the pursuit and retreat continued three days and nights. By the masterly disposition of Col. Carrington, of Virginia, the Quartermaster General of the army, who had previously surveyed this river with a view to such a result of a campaign as the present, boats were in readiness at Irwin's ferry, and the army of Greene passed over the Dan on the 13th of February. The division of Williams, eluding the enemy, crossed over the next day, swimming the horses of the cavalry, and pursued by O'Hara until within a short distance of the river.

Thus ended this celebrated retreat of two hundred and thirty miles from the Cowpens, diagonally across North Carolina into Virginia, and which composes one of the most interesting chapters in all military history. Contemplating the romantic Piedmont country through

which it was made; its projecting mountains near at hand, and loftier ones in the distant view; its lovely vales and noble rivers swollen by floods—the battles and skirmishes of the two armies, and exploits of the partisan corps and individuals—literally “hair breadth ’scapes and adventures by flood and field,”—an imaginative mind could not attempt its description without bursting forth into song, and crowning its heroes with unfading amaranth. But it leaves the British General on the northern frontier of a third of the Southern States; shall that State be added to his conquests? Frustrated in the object of his long and wearisome pursuit, he had yet the *eclat* of a victor in compelling his adversary to flee, and wisely concluded to make the most effectual use of this attribute. After a single day's repose, he proceeded unopposed to Hillsborough, where we have seen the Legislature, and afterwards the Board of War had been recently in session. It was, perhaps, a fortune for the State, at that time, that she had no great city to be struck at by the enemy as a vital part, and by impositions upon which general submission might have been exacted; but that her wealth and population were diffused over an extensive territory, intersected by mountains, rivers and morasses, the inhabitants of which were as little dependent on each other, except for good neighborhood and mutual defence, as they were upon the enemy. There was no permanent seat of government, and the Legislature rarely assembled in the same town twice in succession. The occupation of Hillsborough, the recent place of meeting of the General Assembly and the Governor, therefore, was

of itself a circumstance of little importance. Lord Cornwallis, however, erected there the royal standard, and putting his printing press again in requisition, issued forth a proclamation, assuming to himself the air of a conqueror, offering protection to persons and property, and appealing to the liege subjects of his majesty to prove their loyalty and duty by coming to the aid of his cause and thus contributing to restore the blessings of order and good government. This appeal, accompanied by the most rigid observance of order in the restraint of his troops from all trespass on person or property, was not without its effect upon the inhabitants of the country west of the Haw and north of Deep river, many of whom had been leaders in the resistance of the regulation in 1771, and having been then overcome and forced to swear allegiance to the crown, were now loyalists, as much from scruples of conscience as attachment to the enemy's cause.

The quiet of the conqueror did not long remain undisturbed. After the fall of Gen. Davidson, on the 1st of February, we left his command, consisting of men from Mecklenburg and Rowan, routed and dispersed by a surprise from Tarleton's cavalry, at Torrence's Tavern, six miles from the Catawba. Re-assembling, after the passage of the British army, they collected a force of seven hundred men, and followed the pursuing enemy. There being differences of opinion among the field officers as to the chief command, here, as in the case of Campbell at King's Mountain, on the 11th of February, they elected Gen. Andrew Pickens of South Carolina, to the head of

Davidson's brigade.\* This distinguished partizan officer was at the surprise at Torrence's, and had continued with these troops from that time, but without command, except of a few followers from South Carolina. Doubtless, they could not have found a more skilful, gallant, and efficient leader. But the effect of this leadership has occasioned them to be mistaken by Lee and other historians for militia of South Carolina. Passing leisurely through the country after the British army, they effectually kept down the loyalists, and at dawn of day, on the morning of the 18th of February, a detachment of two companies of this force, by order of General Pickens, surprised and captured a picket stationed at Hart's Mill, within a mile and a half of the head quarters of Cornwallis, at Hillsborough. Retreating to a place of safety, in the direction of Stony Creek, with some five and twenty prisoners, Pickens had ordered a halt, to allow those engaged in the night's expedition to refresh themselves with breakfast, when an alarm was given of the approach of the enemy in force.—Great was the joy of the camp, however, to learn that the advancing column was not Tarleton, with his famous cavalry, in quest of the captors of the picket, but Lieut. Col. Lee, at the head of his legion, who had been sent by Gen. Greene in advance of the main army, to keep an eye upon the enemy, and prevent, if possible, the junction of any loyalists to his standard. This was the first meeting of these renowned

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\* Memoranda of General Graham, who commanded a company of mounted men in this brigade.

leaders who co-operated so actively during the residue of the campaign. Informing themselves correctly of the situation and movements of the enemy, and learning that Tarleton had been despatched westward, to encourage the loyalists beyond the Haw River, and escort to head-quarters any who desired to join the king's army, they set out in pursuit, to cut off the communication, and if possible, compel him to action. By a complete surprise on both sides, in the search for Tarleton, they came suddenly upon a body of six hundred loyalists, under Col. Pyles, who, inspired by the apparent success of the British arms, and the proclamation of their General, to take service under his flag, were on their march to Hillsboro', with that object. Expecting to meet Tarleton, they supposed the army of Lee and Pickens to be his, until they were overthrown with terrible slaughter. Ninety lay dead upon the field, and nearly all the residue were wounded. Lee and Pickens, hurrying forward, espied the camp of Tarleton in the evening, and were at the same time joined by Col. Preston, with three hundred men from the mountains of Virginia, who having heard of the straits of Greene's army on his retreat, were marching to join him, ignorant that he had passed the Dan. But the united forces postponing thier attack until the morning, Tarleton eluded their grasp, and made good his retreat to Hillsborough.

Gen. Greene, having rested his wearied troops and replenished his military supplies, and being reinforced by a brigadé of militia under Gen. Stevens, recrossed the Dan on the 23rd of Feb-

ruary, again to manœuvre with the enemy. At the same time, Cornwallis, filled with chagrin at the disaster to Pyles, in the first considerable iusurrection in his favor since his entrance into the State, moved westward of Haw River, to be nearer to the settlement of the loyalists, and prevent the recurrence of a like casualty to his majesty's faithful lieges. The British General, it must be noted, throughout the whole campaign, had two objects in view, after failing to overtake Morgan's prisoners; the one to destroy Greene's army, the other to augment his own by recruits from among the loyalist inhabitants; and the aim of the American was as well to impress the loyalists by an exhibition of his force and spirit, as the safety of his own army and the annoyance of his adversary. Taking position between the upper branches of Haw River, General Greene re-established his corps of light troops, under the gallant and sagacious Williams, which he kept between the enemy and the main army. In a series of interesting movements, assaults, skirmishes and retreats, he baffled all the efforts of his opponent to bring either division of his army to a general engagement, until the arrival of a brigade of militia, under General Lawson, from Virginia, and two brigades from North Carolina, under Gen'ls. Butler and Eaton. His force being now numerically superior to that of the enemy, he advanced to engage him in battle, and selected an eligible position at Guilford Court House. Lord Cornwallis, accepting the defiance, also moved forward to the conflict, which took place on the 15th of March, 1781, and became the assailant. Neither our lim-

its nor your patience will allow an extended description of this, perhaps, greatest battle of the southern war. It is pourtrayed by Marshall, Lee, Johnson, and Lossing. Suffice it to remark, that the order of battle, the sagacity, the calm self possession, ready resource, and courage of both Generals, was well admirable; that few engagements exhibit instances of greater daring and persevering bravery than were manifested by individual officers and men, and whole corps; that rarely have militia withstood the shock of veteran regulars, supported by artillery, better than did those of Virginia, under Stevens and Lawson, and Campbell, and never did veterans in any field better illustrate heroism and discipline than the first Maryland regiment under Col. Gunby and Lieut. Col. Howard, and the Delaware troops under Capt. Kirkwood. And but for the panic which seized the two North Carolina brigades, under Gen'ls. Butler and Eaton, who had recently joined the army, and were posted in the front line of the battle, under the booming of cannon, and an approaching charge of the British under Lieut. Col. Webster, and who broke and fled with only a desultory fire; and the wavering and flight of the second Maryland regiment, under Col. Ford, late in the action, Gen. Greene must have achieved a complete victory. At the commencement, his force numbered more than two to one of the enemy, and after the flight of the militia of Eaton and Butler, they yet stood in the proportion of 3,200 to 2,000. Well, therefore, has it been observed by Marshall, that no battle in the course of the war reflects more honor on the British

troops than that of Guilford. They, however, were nearly all veterans. Those of Greene contained about five hundred of this class. Though retiring from the carnage of the day, northward, across the Reedy Fork of Haw River to the iron works on Troublesome Creek, he effected his retreat in good order and safety to his troops, leaving to his adversary a "gory bed" and barren triumph on the field of battle. His loss in killed and wounded, amounted in all to about four hundred; while that of Lord Cornwallis, according to the official account, was five hundred and thirty-two, including Lieut. Col. Webster, the Ajax of his army, a friend "whom he loved, and who leaned upon his bosom." He was mortally wounded, and died some days subsequently in Bladen, on the march of the army to Wilmington. The Memoirs of Lee, mention that in a sharp action at Whitsell's mill, on Reedy Fork, which occurred with William's light troops, a few days before this battle, thirty-two rifle shots were deliberately fired at Col. Webster, by some of the best mountain riflemen under Campbell, who were placed in a loghouse, with instructions to fire only at "special objects," while he led the British column across the stream, but all without effect. The termination of his life was reserved for probably a chance shot at Guilford. A similar anecdote is related of General Frazer, of Burgoyne's army, who made a like miraculous escape from the fire of a selected body of American riflemen, with like deliberate aim, to receive his death wound in the engagement after the battle of Stillwater, in October, 1777.

The effect of the battle at Guilford Court House was decisive. It drove Lord Cornwallis from North Carolina, and led to his ultimate surrender. Bestowing proper care on the wounded, with his characteristic humanity, he issued a bulletin, in the form of a proclamation, announcing the triumphant success of his Majesty's arms, and promising forgiveness of past offences, again exhorted all loyal subjects to join him in re-establishing law and order. But when he surveyed his shattered columns and thinned and crippled ranks, which had sustained a loss of near one-third, he discovered that 'the victor was himself overcome,' and the scene immediately changed. Thus far, his heart's desire had been a general action. To obtain it, he had strained nerve and sinew, and all the resources of military ingenuity, stratagem and skill; had marched and counter-marched, full five hundred miles, through deep rivers and broken and ruinous roads, in heavy rains in the depth of winter and had denied himself and his army the usual comforts of the camp, by the destruction of his baggage, to give greater celerity to his movements. He had attained it; he had driven his adversary from a fairly fought field, and tasted the sweets of victory, but found them like "Dead Sea fruits." The loyalists had not risen to join him, as he expected, and mortifying as must have been the fact, he discovered that the salvation of his army depended upon the immediate retreat.

The indomitable Greene, on the other hand, refreshing and arraying his discomfited forces at his first camp, after leaving the field, advanced in three days to renew the conflict, and now ex-

perienced the proud satisfaction of seeing his late exultant enemy fleeing before him to a place of refuge, and that he had delivered a State from conquest by his long suffering patience, prudence, courage, and the bravery and fortitude of his troops.

We shall not pursue the retreat of Lord Cornwallis by way of Cross Creek to Wilmington, nor his march thence, nearly with the line of the present railroad, into Virginia, where, in less than six months, he was obliged to surrender to Gen. Washington; nor Gen. Greene in his subsequent march to the relief of South Carolina.

But there was another invasion, in a different quarter, without a brief allusion to which our task would be incomplete.

As a part of his plan for the subjugation of the State, Lord Cornwallis, about the time of breaking up his camp at Winnsborough, had sent from Charleston a land and naval force, under Major Craig, to take and hold the town of Wilmington, as a convenient port through which supplies might be furnished to his own army, which he expected to bring in communication with it. The expedition succeeded, and the town was occupied on the first of February. The only advantage, however, that it afforded to the army of invasion by land, was a convenient retreat and abundant refreshments after the disastrous battle at Guilford Court House. He reached it on the 7th of April; and on the 25th of the same month set off to unite in the attempt to overcome Virginia.

The post at Wilmington, which was occupied by about three hundred regu-

lar troops, and a numerous but varying force of loyalists, gave great encouragement to the disaffected in that region of the State. From the firmness with which the republican cause had been maintained, and the more than doubtful success of the British arms in the late campaign, they had been brought to observe a prudent neutrality; but after the departure of Greene's army into South Carolina, they acquired new confidence, and became a formidable foe. A detachment of this mixed force, under the immediate command of Major Craig, traversed the country, with occasional skirmishes with the militia, as far eastward as the valley of Neuse river, and seized the town of Newbern; and the war between whigs and tories raged in the district between the Cape Fear and Pedee, with a fierceness rarely surpassed in border contests. Generals Brown, Owen, Wade, Willis, and other patriot leaders in that region, besides encountering this domestic enemy in skirmishes and assaults without number, fought with them an unsuccessful battle at Beattie's Bridge on Drowning Creek, a branch of the Pedee, and General Butler, with the militia of Orange county, met and repulsed them, but without a decisive result, at Lindley's mills, on Cane Creek, in the county of Chatham.

One of the chiefs of the tory commanders, if not the head of their forces, was David Fanning, who in his correspondence styled himself "Colonel of the Royal Militia," and who has left a character in the traditions of the State associated with every crime savoring of rapacity, revenge or cruelty. Always well mounted, and accompanied by a

band of kindred spirits, he swept over the country like a Comanche chief. Surprising parties of Whigs when off their guard, he often gave no quarters; or lying in ambush or pouncing upon them at their homes, he seized and murdered or tortured the obnoxious patriots, and then plundered and burnt their dwellings. By a series of bold adventures, he took the town of Cross Creeks, now Fayetteville, captured the whig militia officers of the county of Chatham, when sitting in court martial at Pittsborough, and, by a sudden descent on Hillsborough, at dawn of day, about the middle of September, seized and carried off the Governor of the State.\* He outlived the war, and took refuge in the loyalist settlement of New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia. Mr. Sabine, whose sketch of Fanning, in the Lives of the Loyalists, is exceedingly brief and imperfect in illustration of his character as an outlaw, relates that when General Marion, of South Carolina, admitted to terms Major Gainey, a celebrated loyalist, and a party under him, Fanning was specially named as excluded from the benefits of the arrangement. This quite corresponds with the corsair name he has left to our times, in his old haunts, on the north side of the Carolina border; and caused him, with two others only, to be specially excepted from the provisions of the "act of pardon and oblivion," passed

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\* Since this was written, I have learned that the MSS of the Historical Society of North Carolina, shew that Fanning and McNeil commanded the loyalist forces on alternate days, and that McNeil was in command in the actual descent on Hillsborough.

by the Legislature at the conclusion of peace.\*

The Governor who was so unfortunate as to become his prisoner, was His Excellency Thomas Burke, an Irish gentleman, bred to the profession of medicine in his native country, but had renounced it for that of the law in this. Of a bold and impetuous temper, a ready writer and speaker, and ardently attached to the American cause, he had been one of the great conductors of the contest with the mother country, in the colony and had had a large share in the formation of the constitution for the government of the State. From this work he was immediately translated to the Continental Congress, of which he had been an active and conspicuous member, from December, 1776, until his election to the office of Governor, in the first part of the year 1781. He appears to have left his seat in Congress, at Philadelphia, and gone as an *amateur* to the battle of Brandywine; and his election to the chief magistracy of the State, in this crisis, is presumed to have been in some degree attributable to the energy and ardor of his nature, which might have rendered him a successful leader in the field. Being some thirty miles distant from the nearest approach of these marauders heretofore, he was completely surprised, and without military attendants, in a small village, was

carried off without difficulty. Hurried by long and rapid marches, through deep forests and pathless tracts of intermingled sand and swamp, threatened with personal violence, and pillaged of everything except the clothes he wore, he was delivered by his savage captors to the custody of Major Craig, on the 23d of September; and, by an outrage on every principle of justice and public law, he was committed to close confinement, under pretence that he was a prisoner of State and not of war.\* Being transferred to Charleston, where General Leslie was in command, he was paroled, as a prisoner, to James' Island. This Island was, at this time (December, '81, and January, '82,) infested with large numbers of tory refugees, who had sought protection under the British arms, by reason of the recent success of General Greene in recovering South Carolina, and driving in their forces to the garrison of Charleston. To these Governor Burke, from his past history and official station, was an object of such deep hostility as to endanger his personal safety. To an application for a parole to his own State, or some other Southern State, or to be exchanged for an equivalent, or, if all these should be refused, then that he might be transferred to some other place for his personal safety, no direct answer was made, but he was given to understand that none of his requests could be allowed; and that, at the solicitation of Major Craig, he was to be detained indefinitely, to the end, that if the notorious Fanning, or any tory leader whom this British

\* To those in the least degree acquainted with the history of the State, it is deemed quite unnecessary to say that David Fanning, here mentioned, is a very distinct person from Edmund Fanning, a lawyer of education and literary accomplishments, who was so conspicuous an object of aversion in the movement of this Regulation in 1771.

\* Gov. Burke's letter to Willie Jones, MSS.

officer had employed, should be taken, and suffer punishment under the laws of the State, there might be retaliation upon him.\* It was now the seventh year of the war, and the sixth after the national declaration of independence; the American cause had recently acquired renewed confidence and stability from the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which occasioned the evacuation of Wilmington by Major Craig; from the result of the battle at Eutaw Springs, and the consequent retirement of the British army to Charleston, and from the arrival of large reinforcements to General Greene from the northward, under Generals St. Clair and Wayne. The individual thus subjected to degradation and insult, was a high spirited and urbane gentleman, accustomed to the observances of refined life, and the deference habitually yielded to his position. Officially, he was the First Magistrate of one of the thirteen independent States, and the third person in succession who had performed the functions of that station. In the outset of the war, Great Britain had affected to treat all Americans as mere rebels, without regard to their governmental organizations; and the dignified reply of General Washington to the haughty note of General Gage, at Boston, justifying such a course, in which he announces to the British Commander-in-Chief, "if your officers, our prisoners, receive from me a treatment different from what I wished to show them, they and you will remember the occasion of it,"† will readily occur to the reader of

history upon the statement of this question. But in the progress of the contest, the pretension had been relaxed into the observance, for the most part of the rules of civilized warfare; and the duty of humanity to prisoners, and deference to their rank among their countrymen, had been recognized, not only in not enforcing close confinement, but in exchanges of rank for rank, or its equivalent. But in this instance, chicanery was resorted to, and it was alleged that although continental officers were so far respected as to be subjects of exchange, a like character could not be extended to the militia or State officers. The Continental Congress certainly had given no color to this attempted distinction; on the contrary, upon the second invasion of South Carolina in 1778-'9, when Richard Caswell, a soldier of renown, filled the Executive Chair of North Carolina, that body, at the urgent request of the delegates from South Carolina, had, by resolution, requested him to take command, in person, of the militia force he had ordered out to aid in her defence, with the rank of a Major General in the continental line, and subordinate only to General Lincoln.\* And to negative, in the most unqualified manner, this weak pretension, Brigadier General Rutherford, of the North Carolina militia, who, we well remember, was taken prisoner at the defeat of Gates, had been recently exchanged, and returned to his own State, after a confinement of twelve months at St. Augustine, Florida.

The close confinement of Governor Burke, and his parole only to limits in

\* Gov. Burke's letters, MSS.

† Marshall's Life of Washington.

\* Gov. Caswell's correspondence, MSS.

which he was in constant danger of assassination, was therefore in contravention of recent precedent, as well as of all just principle, and could be vindicated only by that new version of public law, lately acted upon in the Carolinas, by which whole communities of peaceable citizens were claimed as prisoners, and each man forced to a parole of non-resistance or close confinement, and by virtue of which the lamented Hayne had been recently put to an ignominious death, by a military order, without a trial. That it did not produce retaliation, in a summary and exemplary manner, can only be accounted for by the near approach of peace, and the determination of his captivity by the act of the prisoner himself. Stung by the want of respect with which he had been treated from the day of his seizure, and the reflection that he was detained without limit of time, as a hostage for the safety of bandits and outlaws who had forfeited their lives to the municipal laws, and whose depredations were still continued in the State, under his government, he advised the most rigorous punishment on these culprits, should they be apprehended, without regard to his own safety. And being well satisfied that his own life was in jeopardy from the licentious loyalists who surrounded him on James's Island, some of whom were fugitives from justice in North Carolina, he considered his parole cancelled by the circumstances in which he had been placed by the British commander, and resolved to withdraw himself from his custody. This purpose he effected on the night of the 16th of January, 1782, and after having been four months a

prisoner. Having made good his escape, he two days afterwards addressed to Gen. Leslie the following letter:

JANUARY 18th, 1782.

Sir—You will please to recollect that I wrote to you on the 30th of last month, requesting a parole, within the American lines, and informing you that my person was in great danger, from the refugees, who were exceedingly licentious, and to whom persons of my political character are peculiarly obnoxious: therefore, that if granting my request was inexpedient, it would be necessary to remove me to some place where my person might be safe. You were not pleased to answer that letter, and I found myself still exposed to men who are but too well known to be little restrained by moral principles, and whom I have seen commit even murder, with entire impunity. Deeming it exceedingly probable that these might conceive some violent design again against me, and knowing that fear of punishment would not restrain men who felt themselves secure even from discovery, I felt every hour during sixteen days, all the apprehensions of assassination. As my representation to you had not procured your notice, so far as even to induce you to answer me, I saw no prospect of being relieved from my dangerous situation, and I concluded such neglect of my personal safety would justify my withdrawing my person. But though I carried this resolution into effect, I do not thereby intend to deprive you of the advantage which my capture, by the rights of war, entitles you to. I purpose returning to my government, and there to expect an answer from you to the following proposition: I will endeavor to procure you a just and reasonable equivalent in exchange for me, or if that cannot be effected, I will return within your lines on parole, provided you will pledge your honor that I shall not be treated in any manner different from the

officers of the Continental army when prisoners of war. This proposition will, I hope, be satisfactory, and will leave you no doubt that in withdrawing I had no dishonorable intention. I am, &c.,

THOMAS BURKE.

To this letter no reply was directly made, but in a correspondence which ensued between Gen. Leslie and Gen. Greene, and the latter officer and Gov. Burke, a discussion was had on the propriety of his withdrawing under the circumstances of the case, and his rights as the first civil officer of a State, and the commander-in-chief of her militia, when in a state of captivity, which, had we leisure to pursue it, would be found to be among the most interesting chapters on public law, in the history of the Revolution.\* Whatever judgment a stern casuistry may pronounce upon a breach of parole, in any and all circumstances, there can be no doubt that the treatment to which he was subjected was a gross national indignity and wrong, for which atonement was due, and perhaps should have been exacted; and that his apprehensions for his personal safety were not vain or idle, Col. Washington, who was at this time a prisoner within the British lines, having been taken at the battle of Eutaw Springs, and was familiar with the desperate character of the tory refugees on James's Island—declared that he would sooner go into a dungeon than take a parole on that island, in its then situation.

Gov. Burke returned immediately to the State, and resumed the government, but voluntarily retired from public life

at the next ensuing session of the legislature. Soon afterwards, in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners, between Gen. Greene and the British commander, an equivalent was allowed for his ransom, and he was relieved from the delicate and painful embarrassment in which he had been involved by his captivity.\*

During his "inability and absence from the State," Alexander Martin, the Speaker of the Senate, assumed and exercised the powers of Governor, according to the provisions of the Constitution, and the government continued in all its functions and usefulness.

As soon as the seizure and imprisonment of the Governor became known, the veteran General Rutherford, who had returned from his long imprisonment in St. Augustine, raised a force in Mecklenburg, Rowan and Guilford, and led an expedition against the British post, at Wilmington, and the loyalists, who were its emissaries, and after chastising the latter in divers skirmishes, finally dispersed or drove them within the lines of the British Garrison, which, becoming informed of the advances made by Greene in the re-conquest of South Carolina, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, evacuated the town, and returned to Charleston.† Thus was the British flag struck, on the 18th of November, 1781, never again to be unfurled in North Carolina. But true to the great cause of America, her efforts against the common enemy

\* Gov. Burke's letters, MSS.

† For details of this expedition, see "Closing Scenes of the Revolution," in the June number of the University Magazine.

\* Gov. Burke's letters MSS.

ceased not with his expulsion from her borders, as they had not been postponed until his arrival within them. Immediately after the retirement of Lord Cornwallis to Virginia, her western people rallied to the call of Gen. Sumter for service in South Carolina,\* and her Continental battalions being again recruited under Gen. Sumner, Lee with a new "aid" of militia, formed a conspicuous part of Greene's line of battle at Eutaw, and followed the flag of the Union, until the disappearance of the enemy's sails, off the harbor of Charleston.

Having had occasion to refer to the Statute Book, that fruitful and authentic source of instruction in the history of all nations and especially of free governments in time of peril and revolution, I deem it fit to call your attention, in connection with the period of dread and doubt through which we have passed, to an act of the Legislature at its first session after the proclamation of peace, held in April, 1783, respecting those citizens of the State who had espoused the cause of the enemy, "in the late unhappy war." It is entitled "An act of pardon and oblivion;" and declares "that all and all manner of treasons, misprison of treason, felony or misdemeanor, committed or done since the fourth day of July, seventeen hundred and seventy six, by any person or persons whatsoever, shall be pardoned, released, and put in total oblivion," with the exception, 1st, of certain notorious

bandits and other criminals; 2d, those who had taken commissions, and acted as officers under the British government; and 3d, those who had been named in confiscation laws passed during the war—an act of grace and magnanimity, worthy of the heroic but christian and forbearing spirit which had triumphed in the struggle just ended.

I am conscious of so tedious a narrative that I shall not abuse your patience by the reflections to which it might naturally give rise. My object has been to present in outline merely, but in chronological order, and natural connection and dependence, some of the leading events in the struggle for our common freedom, of which my native State was the theatre, after it had become a contest of arms. Although this has been done with a prolixity and minuteness of reference to time and place, far exceeding the limits of good taste in a discourse for the hour, before an audience unfamiliar with the localities described, it is, at best, I fear, but a meagre and defective presentation of the subject. I trust, however, in the retrospect, it may not be wholly unprofitable in the researches of the student of history. The history of the war in the North has been written with far more minuteness than in the South. That that of North Carolina has been especially neglected, will be manifest when it is observed that so important an event, as the capture of her Chief Magistrate by the enemy, is mentioned in no professed history of the Revolution, as far as my researches have gone, and is brought to general notice for the first time in the recent works of Wheeler and Lossing, and in them, without any detail or ref-

\*Gen. Graham's mem. ; see also the act of the Legislature, June 1781, exempting those counties from levies of continental troops, which had furnished men to General Sumter.

erence to the important questions of public law, to which in its consequence it gave rise. As the rapid course of time hurries us further and further from the epoch of the Revolution, filling up the intervening space with the great events of the two succeeding generations, its characters and incidents and places are becoming more and more objects of curiosity and interest. If I shall have contributed to unfold a leaf in a single book of this great epic of the nation, I shall regard the occasion allowed by the honored invitation of your society, as an opportunity for the fulfilment of a patriotic duty.

I cannot, however, omit to remind you, while we delight, like the Athenians in the time of Demosthenes, "to praise our ancestors and tell of their trophies," that although the scenes which have been imperfectly presented to your view were enacted in a far distant part of the country, they, in their day, excited sensations which vibrated from Maine to Georgia; that every well aimed rifle on the banks of the Catawba, Yadkin, or Cape Fear, and every successful exploit of Greene, Morgan, Williams, Davidson, Davie, and their

associates, aided by so much in thinning the ranks and overcoming the power of a British Commander-in-Chief, who, at that very time held his headquarters in the city of New York;\* that the force there opposed to him was a joint force of men of the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, and that the General who manœvered and marshalled it in its more important and decisive operations, with a readiness of resource, a skill and valor, never surpassed, was a citizen of Rhode Island. It was therefore, a union of effort for a common end; the expulsion of a common enemy, and the establishment of a common liberty, which, under the providence of God, was nobly accomplished. Such is the lesson we derive from our fathers. May we improve and transmit it to our children, and in ages and generations to come, may they assemble in the same fraternal spirit in which we are met to-night, to mingle their sympathies and keep bright the recollection of a common glory, citizens of the same free, happy, and *United States of America.*

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\* Sir Henry Clinton, and afterwards Sir Guy Carleton.

## PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTS OF THE DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO MISS H. F. H., OF F—E.

When two quantities of the same kind are compared with each other they are *equal* or *unequal*. They are equal, when their difference is zero, or their quotient is unity. If their difference is not zero, or their quotient is not unity, two quantities are unequal to each other. In determining the inequality of two quantities, we may use either subtraction or division. If the standard be the larger of the two, their difference is positive, that is, so much more than zero. But if the standard be the less, the difference is negative, that is, so much less than naught. Thus, if a man is worth two thousand dollars, and at the same time owes fifteen hundred dollars, he has five hundred dollars more than nothing. But if he owes twenty-five hundred dollars, we say—"he is five hundred dollars worse than nothing."

When two quantities are compared by division, if the standard be the smaller, the quotient will be a proper fraction and so is connected with a negative difference; but if the standard be the larger, the quotient will be an improper fraction—a number greater than unity—and so will correspond to a positive difference. Although either or both of these methods of comparison may be used, yet they discover different truths. For instance, on comparing five and seven, eleven and thirteen, seventeen with nineteen, &c., by subtraction, we find the difference in each couple to be two. Hence we might say that they have the same difference. But, by using division we discover that this two stands for two-fifths in the first couple—for two-elevenths in the second—for two-seventeenths in the third, &c. Comparison by division is the method commonly used in the Calculus. One quantity is said to be *nearly equal* to another when the quotient between the two is nearly equal to unity, that is, when the difference between this quotient and unity is nearly nothing, when compared with either quantity. Two is not nearly equal to three, although the difference between them is only one; because this one is the half of two or the third of three. But 9999 is nearly equal to 10,000, for the difference between their quotient and unity is either the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth part of one of the quantities, or the ten-thousandth part of the other. When two quantities are very nearly equal to one another, their difference may be neglected, and the quantities may be considered as equal. The question may be asked: How can we decide when the difference between a quotient and unity is small, and when

very small? Perhaps no rule can be laid down unassailable by carpings, and safe for guidance in all cases. No more can we define direction—length—the same, and a variety of terms and expressions in the use of which we make no mistake worth noticing. Common sense teaches us that the same number may be large or small according to circumstances. Were twenty leagues added at once to one inch, we might justly say that the increase was enormous. But were twenty grains subtracted from the sands of the seashore, we might as justly say that the decrease was inappreciable—infinitesimal. Astronomers use a stripe through the heavens which from one stand-point is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in width; yet this enormous width is an infinitesimal quantity, when compared with the many—many times greater enormity in its length. So that Astronomers regard this broad mark as a line having no width at all, and their conclusions from this supposition furnish the rules by which the sailor unerringly guides his ship across the trackless deep and beneath a starless sky.

Quantities are either *constant* or *variable*. They are constant, when their values, as compared with that of an assumed standard, are unchangeable. If any quantity may be taken for this standard, the constant is named *absolute*. But if only certain quantities may be taken for the standard, the constant is only *relative*. Were there only one circle in all creation its radius would be an absolute constant, because its length is unaffected by the standard of comparison. But inasmuch as there are many unequal circles, a radius is only

constant relatively to any other radius in the same or an equal circle. The position of the north pole may be taken as an absolute constant. The position of a traveller in a rail-car is a relative constant, when compared with that of his seat; for the motions of both are the same in time, velocity and direction. Again, the constancy of a constant may be *unlimited* by time or space; or it may be *limited* by time and not by space—by space and not by time, or by both space and time. So that, for a specified time, or space, or time and space, a quantity may be a constant, while for a preceding or succeeding portion of time or space, it is not constant. Thus the position of the sun, relatively to the Equator, is constant about the Solstices; but at the Equinoxes it is not constant.

Quantities are *variable*, when their values, as compared with that of an assumed standard, are changeable. As this standard may itself be variable, it follows from the description of constants, that a quantity may at once be relatively variable and relatively constant. Of such a quantity, the position of the traveller in the rail-car is an instance. In the fractions one-half—two-quarters—three-sixths—four-eighths, the denominators are variable relatively to the unit; yet they are constant relatively to their own numerators, so that each fraction is the same absolute constant. Variables are either *dependent* or *independent*. They are independent when they are, or are considered to be changeable in their own sovereign, inherent right, so that they are not affected by a change in any other quantity whatever. But a change in an independent variable

may cause a change in other quantities. A dependent variable changes because of a change in that on which it depends. In a triangle the height may change alone, or the base without the height—but a change in either necessitates a change in its surface. The amount of liberty among a people depends on the amount of true religion and true science. These dependent variables are commonly called *functions*. The same quantity may be considered from one stand-point as a constant,—from a second as a variable,—from a third as an independent variable, while from a fourth it is a function. Thus the pressure of the steam on the piston of a steam engine may be constant in comparing the successive strokes of the piston, while it is variable in comparing the different parts of the same stroke. It is an independent variable when compared with the velocity of the piston, and it is a function of its own heat. Again, one quantity may be a function of several others mutually independent, or all dependent on a third, and this on a fourth, and so on, even *ad infinitum*. A change in the last of any series of quantities connected in this manner will affect more or less each one of the whole series. This last is the independent variable, but any one of the series may be assumed at pleasure as independent with respect to those which depend upon it.

Changes are either of *increase* or *decrease*, and may be effected in a variety of ways. For instance, the number seven may be changed into eleven by adding four to it, or by multiplying it by the fraction eleven-sevenths, or by raising it to a certain power and then extracting a certain root. In the calcu-

lus we assume that increase is always effected by addition, and decrease by subtraction, because these are truly the fundamental operations of Arithmetic, and although a change was in truth effected otherwise, it might have resulted from one or both of these operations. Again, a change may be *continuous*, or only *occasional*. The change of direction in the motion of the piston at one end of the rod of a steam-engine, is occasional, while that of the crank at the other end is continuous. A zig-zag line changes its direction occasionally—a curved line does so continuously. This continuity may be limited by time or space, or it may be unlimited. Farther—a change may be *uniform*, or *constant*, or *variable*. Were a line to be shortened by the subtraction of one inch every second, such a change would be uniform. Were it lengthened by one-tenth of an inch when one inch long—by two-tenths when two inches long—by three-tenths when three inches long, &c.—such a change would be constant. Were it changed by one inch during the first second—by half an inch during the second second—increased by thirty inches during the third, and decreased by five during the fifth second, such a change would be variable. Hence a constant change is a function of the variable to which it is applied. In asserting this fact, we do not deny that uniform and variable changes may be also functions of their variables. We intend only to call particular attention to an important class of changes.

A dependent variable—function—always changes simultaneously with its independent variable. But its change is not always of the same kind. A

function may increase and then decrease, according as its variable increases or decreases. As the radius of a circle increases, its surface increases; decrease in the one, causes decrease in the other, and they are both constant together. A product increases with either factor, and a quotient with its dividend. Again, as an independent variable increases, its function may decrease, and as it decreases, its function may increase. For instance, if two unequal circles be described around the same centre and the outer circle remain constant, when the inner radius increases, the space between the circles decreases, and a decrease in the former causes an increase in the latter. A remainder decreases with the increase of its subtrahend, and a quotient increases with the decrease of its divisor. Hence as a variable increases continuously its function may increase for a certain interval, and then decrease for the succeeding interval. If through a circle a diameter be drawn, and a perpendicular ending in the circumference be slid from one end of the diameter to the other, as its distance from the first end increases, the length of the perpendicular increases, until it reaches the centre; beyond that point it decreases. Again, a uniform change in a variable may or may not beget a uniform change in its function, according to the connection between the variable and function. A uniform change in the velocity of a rail-car will cause a uniform change in the velocity of everything that the car contains. A uniform increase in the number of the strokes of the pistons of a locomotive will cause an accelerated velocity in the driving wheels which they move. If the side of a

square be, at the ends of successive seconds—6, 5, 4, 3, inches respectively—its surface at the same instants will contain 36, 25, 16, 9, square inches. During these seconds the side changed uniformly by one inch, but during the first second the surface was changed by 11 inches; during the second second by 9; during the third by 7 square inches—it changed variably. There is the same uncertainty in answering—How do constant or variable changes in a variable effect its functions? The settling of these uncertainties is one of the functions of the Differential Calculus.

Another of the uncertainties to be removed by the Calculus arises from considering such facts as these. In the fractions, two-thirds, three-fourths, four-fifths, five-sixths, &c, the numerators increase continuously, and so do the denominators. The fractions also increase, that is, each numerator when compared with its own denominator is larger than its predecessor when compared with its denominator. Decrease in any numerator will cause a decrease in its denominator and in its fraction. These results will be always connected with such identical uniform changes in the terms of any proper fraction. But in the series, three-halves, four-thirds, five-fourths, six-fifths, &c., the numerators and denominators increase by the same quantity, yet the fractions decrease. By looking at this series in the opposite direction it will be seen that as the terms decrease the fractions—or the ratios between the terms—increase. And this will be the fact in every improper fraction when its terms are changed in this uniform manner. The complication of these and kindred truths will produce

a variety of other truths, whose labyrinth may be bewildering to the uneducated sight, but is most safely explored with the Ariadne thread of the Differential Calculus. The size to which a quantity may attain by variation may be *unlimited*, or it may be *limited*.—There is no number so large that four may not become still larger by a continued addition. There is no line so short that we cannot think of one still shorter. The length, as well as the area of a parabola are in themselves limitless. Of *limits* there are two kinds, one, that to which a variable may attain but never transgress; the other, that to which it can never attain, but may at pleasure differ from it by less than any indescribably, or even inconceivably small quantity. In the first sense, the level of its spring is the limit of the height to which water can of itself attain in a curved pipe. In the second sense, zero is the limit of the quantity of air left in a vessel by the action of an air pump. In the case of the line sliding along the diameter of a circle, the length of the diameter is to the varying distance of the line a limit of the first kind. As the fraction two-thirds passes through three-fourths, four-fifths, five-sixths, &c., unity is the limit of its value in the second sense, for no one of these numerators can become equal to its denominator. In this world, perfection is to human character a limit of the second kind; in Heaven, it is a limit of the first kind.

The object of the Differential Calculus is to ascertain how much the change in one quantity affects another quantity dependent on it; in other words, it reveals the change which is produced in

a given function by a given change in what is assumed as its independent variable. The given change is always applied to the variable, and is generally supposed to be continuous, infinitely small when compared with its variable, and yet constant, that is, constant relatively to the value of the variable at any given instant. This change is called the differential of the variable, and the consequent change in the function is called differential of the function.—What is called the differential coefficient expresses how many times the change in the function contains the change in the variable—that is, how often the differential of the variable must be repeated in order to produce the differential of the function. Of course, it may be either zero, a proper fraction, unity, an improper fraction, or infinity. It is therefore used to ascertain and reveal the relative size of the changes in these two variables.

The functions used are either *simple* or *compound*. Of simple functions of an independent variable there are only ten, viz: the sum of a constant and variable; the difference between a constant and variable; the product of a constant and variable the quotient of a constant divided by a variable; the constant power of a variable; the constant root of a variable; the variable power of a constant; the logarithm of a variable; the sine of a variable arc (or angle) and the arc of a variable sine. The ingenuity of man has not yet devised any other simple functions by the use of which we may expect to discover mysteries undiscoverable by means of these ten. The eminent French Geometer, Legendre, tried to introduce others derived from the

properties of the Ellipse. But they can be resolved into those given above, and their use costs more than it produces. These ten functions are sometimes called *Algebraical* because they and the operations performed on them are expressed by means of symbols. In a more restricted sense, the first six of these are called *Algebraic* because they are formed by one or another of the six fundamental operations of arithmetic. The other four are then called *Transcendental*, because to write them out algebraically would require a space that infinitely transcends that which reaches hence to the farthest nebula that outlies the cluster of stars in which we move. Whenever an operation—algebraic or transcendental—is performed on a simple function it becomes compound—and these compounds may again be compounded until at last the function becomes indescribable, and even unintelligible, except through the terse, nervous and comprehensive symbols of algebra.

In conclusion, and in behalf of a science which we much love we would earnestly recommend the Differential Calculus, and its function—the Integral Calculus—to the attention of every student, whether his object be mental discipline, or, moved by pleasure therein, he seeks to know the manifold and wondrous works of Jehovah. The discipline it ensures will give to our mental dissecting knives a sureness of temper and a fineness of edge, and to our nerves a steadiness which will be of prime importance in every sphere of life, and are perhaps, unattainable within the same limits by any other process. The footsteps of the naturalist will derive from it safety and security, whether he searches his fertile fields for something to supply the various wants of civilized man—or curiously traces its juices as they meander through a rose leaf—or with swelling soul attends the sun and planets in their unceasing revolutions.

All thy works praise thee, oh! God.

## BRISTED'S FIVE YEARS IN AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

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"No one is taught without being skinned."

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THIS is a very agreeable and readable book. Its design is to show the English University system of training, and its results, in comparison with those of our own country, and, though we are perhaps a little late in the day in our notice of it, we cannot resist the temptation of introducing it to our fellow-students, through the pages of our Magazine. They may be induced to read the book for themselves, and we are sure that no thoughtful man can fail to have some profitable ideas suggested thereby.

As the best biographies are said to be those in which the subject is allowed to speak for himself—we also hold that a notice of a popular work, in a college Magazine, to be readable at all, should consist largely of *extracts*. At any rate, our author shall do most of the talking, in the present instance, our object being more to introduce his facts than our reflections.

Mr. Bristed is a grandson of the late John Jacob Astor, the well-known New York millionaire. Having graduated at Yale College, and wishing to continue his education more thoroughly than he found possible in this country, he went to England, and entered the Freshman class in Trinity college at the University of Cambridge. Here he remained

five years, quite long enough to show him that he knew very little when he went there, and as he assumes himself to have been a pretty fair average specimen of an American graduate, he predicates all his inferences in regard to the American system of education, upon this assumption. On the whole, he pays the rest of us a compliment, if his account of his accomplishments on leaving Yale, be a fair one. He had taken three out of the four classical prizes, given during his course—had been a member of a law school for three months—had broken ground in Juvenal, Thucydides, Aristophanes, and Pindar, exclusive of his text-books.

"Of Mathematics, I knew only a little Euclid and Algebra, having gone through the college course of Mechanics, Conic Sections, &c., with as much profit as some travellers go through various countries. I could talk a little French and Spanish and read a little German, had a boarding-school girl's knowledge of the names and rudimentary formulæ of two or three sciences, could write newspaper articles in prose and verse, had a strong tendency to talk politics, and never saw a crowd of people together without feeling as if I should like to get up and make them a speech about things in general. I had read abundance of novels, poetry and reviews, a fair share of English history, and a great deal of what the school books and newspaper reporters call "specimens of eloquence." I had a supreme opinion of

my country (except in matters of scholarship) and a pretty good one of myself. To complete the list, it should be added, that I could black my own boots, and on a pinch wash my own handkerchiefs."

How many of our two hundred and fifty may say the same, or as much at the end of their four years?

Mr. Bristed tells his story very pleasantly, and if in the accomplishment of his design he points out a little too sharply for our national sensitiveness, our inferiorities and deficiencies in some respects, we may find consolation in the proverb at the head of our article. If we must be "skinned" however, let us first "enter of record" our protest against having the operation performed one-sidedly, for with all our admiration of the brilliance and thoroughness of Cambridge training, we cannot avoid the impression that Mr. B's eyes have been somewhat "blasted by excess of" English "light," or he would not so indiscriminately censure all American Institutions, or so often go out of his way to disparage "Yankee Professors" and their pretensions to scholarship.

But let that pass—we have nothing to do with Mr. Bristed's prejudices and preferences. Our object is to see what we may learn from him, and wherein we may be benefited as well as amused.

The very *modus operandi* of these English Universities involves a series of complications, difficult at first to understand, and keep clearly defined in one's mind. Mr. Bristed's account—though he tells us a great deal we did not know, is very unsystematic, and if we may use the expression, "mixed up"—indeed he qualifies himself to bear any amount of blame in this respect, by avowing in excuse for it, a total distaste for *mathemat-*

*ics*. We have availed ourselves of several sources of information, in order to give as clear and condensed an account as possible of some of their principal features. The University of Cambridge consists of seventeen colleges and halls, united under one corporation, in pretty much the same relation that our States bear to the Federal government. Each college has a distinct and independent corporate existence—its own buildings, libraries, faculty, and funds. The students are subject, each to the laws of his particular college, rather than of the University. Oxford has twenty-four colleges. The number of names on the books at Cambridge eight years ago was 5,974, at Oxford, 5,657. Besides the pleasures and rewards of study for its own sake, these colleges offer many rich prizes to stimulate the diligence of their students. Each college has a number of fellowships to which large emoluments and easy duties are attached, and besides these, Cambridge distributes yearly, money, in the shape of prizes, to the amount of \$6000. Trinity college at Cambridge has 66 fellowships, yielding their possessors, upon an average, nearly \$1,500 per annum, which are perfectly unrestricted—any student may offer himself as a candidate. They are held during life, or till marriage, (it amounts to the same thing,) and though the luxurious ease of such a life may be urged as an argument against them, yet as incentives to study, and as affording facilities for research almost unrivalled, their influence and advantages must be unbounded. St. John's college at Cambridge has 53 fellowships. Queen's college has 20, &c.

Applicants for admission are required

to stand the same examination as for entering the lower classes of most of our colleges. It is after they are in, that they "see the difference." Cambridge has twenty-five professors whose only duty is to deliver lectures which the students are not obliged to attend. The teaching, in preparation for the examinations, which are the only tests of scholarship, is done by private tutors, whose existence as such, is not nominally recognised in the college. They are generally what we should call the "first mite men" of the upper classes, who there, are either fellows, or bachelors trying for fellowship. These tutors, or as they are called there in college slang, "coaches," are an ordinary, and almost absolutely necessary appendage to the life of every college student, rich or poor. Their intercourse with their pupils is usually of the most familiar kind, they being not unfrequently personal friends, though in most cases the tutor is not slow to blow up any of his "team" who give signs of laziness. Indeed this was an acknowledged requisite of a good "coach." "I am afraid of going to T—," you may hear it said—"he don't slang his men enough." Their regular fee varies from about \$35 to \$75 a term, of course exclusive of the other college expenses, which, according to the rank assumed, are estimated at from \$700 to \$4,000 yearly. This is a feature of college life wholly new to us, indeed, as our author says—

"You may almost take it as a general rule that college regulations and customs are just the reverse of what they are in America. In America you rise and "recite" to your instructor who is seated; in England you sit and "construe" to him as he stands at his desk. In America you go to chapel sixteen times a week, or woe be to you, but then you may stay

out of your room all night for a week together, and nobody will know or care; in England, you need only go to chapel about seven times a week, and choose your own time, morning or evening, but you cannot get out of college after ten at night, and if, being out you stay till after twelve, you are very likely to hear of it next morning. In America, the manufacture of coffee in your room will subject you to suspicion, and should that bugbear, the tutor, find a bottle of wine on your premises, he sets you down as a hardened reprobate; in England, you may take your bottle or two, or six, with as many friends as you please without fear of annoyance from your tutor—nay, he will even come himself, and consume his share of the generous potables, and take a hand in your rubber afterwards. In America, you may not marry, but your tutor can; in England, you may marry, but he cannot. In America, you never think of opening a book in the vacation; in England, the vacations are the very times when you study most."

After the first exercises and examinations of the Freshman year, the Cambridge student is left to himself—the college authorities give themselves no trouble about him. He knows very well what he has before him, what he ought to do, and it is left optional with him whether or not he will be a "reading man," i. e. a hard student, or a "rowing man." The time required by the statutes to be occupied in study before each student can be qualified for taking degrees, is three years for the degree of Bachelor, and about four years more for that of master of arts. The degrees are conferred, the honors and prizes are obtained, only after a series of examinations, unparalleled for their rigidity, and the extent of their requirements, and which are, as we said before, the only tests of scholarship. The first step towards distinction must be to enter as one of the "team" of a "coach" of reputation.

The "rowing man" of Cambridge is evidently of the same family as the "rowing men" in the colleges this side of the water—finding the chief end of man in wine parties, and boat races, as their cousins here do in bell-ringing and "old Nick's ——." They need not be described—we have nothing to learn from them.

The "reading men" differ so essentially in many respects from ours of the same class, that we earnestly invite attention to their methods and results. Here is Mr. Bristed's account of a "reading man's" day—condensed. Morning prayers or "chapel" at seven—the service occupying about half an hour. After this it is customary to take a fifteen minutes' walk in the college grounds to afford the servant time to put his room in order, and to give the student an appetite for breakfast. By eight he is comfortably seated in his room with his breakfast before him—*rolls, butter and tea*—an excellent preparation for the morning's study. The mention of breakfast, to a cantab conveys no ideas of ham and beefsteaks. We call particular attention to this novelty. At nine lectures begin and continue till twelve. There are some ten or eleven going on at once, each lasting an hour. The *Freshmen* are required to attend two, a classical and mathematical—the other classes, or "years," as they are called, have their choice of three or four.—They too, are only called on to listen—the *Freshmen* alone, being sometimes asked questions. The practice of taking notes is very general. At twelve the student repairs to his private tutor—reads with him a portion of some author he has prepared, or undergoes an

examination with pen ink and paper (as all examinations here are) on something he has *not* prepared.

"From two to four is the traditional time of exercise—two hours *hard* exercise a day being in England considered little enough for a man who wishes to keep his body in proper vigor. The most usual mode of exercise is walking—*constitution-alizing* is the cantab for it. The country for miles around is very flat, and the roads are very good, two circumstances highly encouraging to pedestrianism. After walking comes the boat-racing, which may indeed be called the distinguishing amusement of English University students. Cricketing and all games of ball are much practised in their respective seasons. During the quarter of an hour preceding four P. M., the students come flocking into their colleges and rooms to prepare for dinner, resuming the academic cap and gown, without which they are not allowed to appear at certain hours. Those of each college dine in a common hall, but with tables variously furnished, according to rank and length of purse—from plain joints and vegetables, and beer and ale *ad libitum*, to three courses with port and sherry in addition to the malt liquors, and abundance of orderly, well-dressed waiters. After Hall is emphatically lounging time, it being the wise practice of Englishmen to attempt no hard exercise, physical or mental, immediately after a hearty meal: they stroll about or read newspapers and periodicals. At six p. m., they go to chapel again, and after that the evening studying begins in earnest. Most of them are late readers—so that if one of them begins at seven, he will not leave off till half past eleven, thus clearing more than four hours consecutive work, his only intermission being to take a cup or two of tea, sometimes, not often, accompanied by a slice of bread and butter:—one solid meal a day is the rule. Even at their "night suppers," of which a "rowing man" will attend two or three a week and a "reading man" one a term, they eat very moderately, tho' their potations are sometimes of the deepest."

The bachelor scholars who are reading for fellowships, averaging twenty-three years of age, the best classics and

mathematicians of their class—prepare for their final examination after this fashion:—

“Most of them well grounded in the grammar, and copiously learned in the vocabularies of the ancient tongues, so that they read Latin and Greek more readily than one does French, were now working over their classics to the utmost pitch of accuracy, branching them out into philological discussions, enriching them with historic lore, and illustrating them from the literature of other languages. Some were carrying up the results of their mathematical drilling to the highest walks of pure science, and all were imbuing themselves with the sufficiently wide course of reading included in the limits of the metaphysical, or as it is more properly called the *general* paper—a course which embraces Logic, Political Economy, Historical and Transcendental Metaphysics and Ethics. For their relaxation, instead of novels, political diatribes, or newspaper scandals, these men read the old dramatists and the standard essayists of bye-gone days—or indulge in critical discussions of various classical authors; their idea of light reading is Shelley's or Henry Taylor's Poetry, Macaulay's Essays, or a treatise on Political Economy or Ethics. They would laugh at you for calling this “reading” in the University sense, or in any sense *study*.”

Here we may remark that *no* novels are allowed in the libraries of the debating societies. It was only after an animated discussion and by a small majority that Scott's works were allowed an entrance! Mr. Bristed himself, by no means “A. No. 1,” amuses himself in hours of relaxation, or when incapacitated by ill health from hard study, with reading the twenty plays of Plautus, or “getting up” the *Iliad*, making notes of difficult passages to be worked over at some future time. Interleaved copies of the classics are very common, and many men keep note books to set down at length any difficulties that may occur. Another of the customs of the

Cambridge students, we are struck with, as likely to be particularly conducive to such a course of intellectual training.

It is not considered *the thing* for students to drop in habitually or uninvited on their fellows to spend the evening or lounge away an hour or two. Visits to each other are not paid without warning or some previous agreement! We are inclined to append many notes of admiration here.

Now let us look at the examinations, for which such preparations are made. It is noticeable that what they call “double men,” i. e. those who take honors in both the classical and mathematical departments, are very uncommon. Nor is this to be wondered at, since there must be a rare combination of the highest powers of body and mind, to sustain the “*tremendous*” work demanded of a man reading for high honors in both. “The reported saying of a distinguished judge who had himself taken the highest honors of his year, in reference to a young relative of his, then reading double, that ‘the standard of a double first was getting to be something beyond human ability’ seems hardly an exaggeration.” The Cambridge examinations are more formidable than those of Oxford, since particular attention is paid at Cambridge to Mathematical studies—and at Oxford they are almost wholly neglected. To be “Senior Wrangler” is the highest point of a *cantab's* ambition, and if to this add the honors of a “Senior Classic,” he is an object of pride not only to his own College and University, but of interest to the country at large—the results of the examinations being as regularly published in the papers as the election re-

turns. In many other points, they differ materially from examinations in our colleges. Only the candidates for honors attend, and these are generally about one twelfth\* of their "year."—The pen and ink system is the only one in use—the viva voce questions occupying perhaps a twenty-fifth part. The examinations last from 4 or 6 to 8 days—eight hours a day, writing against time, under the eye of the examiners who are seldom their own college lecturers or tutors. The papers are printed in the most mysterious way, and only leave the printers hands five minutes before they are sent in a sealed packet, by a trusty messenger to the examination Hall.

If we had space, and were sure that our publisher has Greek type, we would like to copy for the benefit of our readers, a sample of the examination paper on Thucydides, given by Mr. Bristed, and ranking he says, among the easier ones. We consider it a curiosity in its way, but in the final examination, "the Tripos," this is a mere circumstance, "since it is limited in its range, and you have a general idea of the work before, you, whereas in a "Tripos" the only thing you can be certain of, is that there is nothing you may not be asked."—The following extract may give some idea of what is required for one department :

"Our play was the Agamemnon of Æschylus. Now for the examination, you must first make yourself master of every-

thing connected with the Greek stage arrangements, and the history of the Greek Drama. Next, you get up all you can find relating to the *dramatis personæ*, then all the parallel passages collectable, wherein Greeks, Romans or English, may be supposed to have imitated old Æschylus. Then you fortify your Greek geography, and make maps of the signal fires' route from Troy, &c. Finally, you ought to have read the other two plays of the Trilogy, for you are likely to be asked something about them, perhaps there may be a nice little bit of the Eumenides set for you, which is not to be understood by the light of nature. Similarly, for the fourth book of Thucydides, you cram up every thing you can about every body mentioned in Thucydides generally, and this book particularly. And for the tenth and eleventh books of Cicero to Atticus, all your knowledge of the great men of that period, and of the legal matters generally brought in—will be called into requisition. One little bagatelle I had almost forgotten; you will have to turn English prose into Greek and Latin prose, English verse into Greek Iambic Trimeter, and part of some chorus in the Agamemnon into Latin, and possibly also into English verse. This is the composition, and is to be done remember, without the help of books or any other assistance."

This is the way in which one of the candidates for Senior classic did his work on one occasion. There is something positively exhilarating in the description :

"He had read almost every thing—his learning was great. his composition wonderfully rapid and elegant, his taste generally unexceptionable, but he was not very clear-headed or accurate, and therefore always liable to make slips of the pen. His rival was a respectable mathematician and had just taken a Wrangler's degree, was much behind him in speed, elegance and quantity of knowledge, but fearfully accurate, and never forgetting anything he had once learned. My neighbor who knew exactly his own strong and weak points, as well as his antagonists, endeavored to overpower him by weight of learning and brilliancy of execution. He had read almost every single passage that was set in the examination papers, and to

\*This is the proportion given for only one examination. We have been unable to ascertain the general proportion of candidates for Honors.

show that he had done so, wrote at the head of every translation he sent up, the author's name, and that of the particular book or play. He wrote his notes in *Latin*, and "got up" his paper exactly as if he were editing the extract."

Mr. B. then gives a specimen of his "composition" in a Latin ode, written within an hour in the Hall, and adds, that after all he was only *bracketed* Senior classic, some errors of syntax in his Greek Iambics having brought him down to the level of his less learned and showy, but more safe competitor.

The students of St. John's College usually furnish the Senior Wrangler, that college having a patent for turning out Senior Wranglers as Trinity has for Senior classics. To form a correct idea of the Cambridge standard for excellence in the Mathematics, Mr. Bristed advises to

"Procure a set of the Mathematical Tripos papers, say those for 1845, and study them carefully, bearing in mind the limited time allotted to each paper—so limited that you can scarcely appreciate its shortness, without the actual experiment of writing one or two of them out, (though many of the high men write out their book work from memory faster than an ordinary person could copy the formulæ from a book,) and then consider that it is usual for a man among the first ten Wranglers to answer every question correctly and fully of the first four days; that it is not unusual for a man among the first six, to do as many as twelve problems on one paper, and that the Senior Wrangler of that very year, did all the book work except three questions, and more than forty problems out of sixty set, clearing *nineteen* on one paper in three hours—and you will then have some little notion of the extent of preparation and competition."

For which, however, we will cheerfully take Mr. Bristed's word. In addition to this, a high Wrangler will often express the operations more neatly and clearly than they are worded in the text

books, which are taken as models—and in this case he is entitled to extra marks for style. Perhaps we have quoted enough of the processes and results in Cambridge, to enable us to make something like a comparison of them with our own.

Dr. Arnold says:—"It is a good thing to doubt our own wisdom—it is a good thing to believe—it is a good thing to admire others." Mr. Bristed's book then has done us *serv. ee.*

In the first place, however, it must be obviously unfair to compare our infant Institutions, with these foreign Universities, whose immense wealth and splendid positions as fountains of light and knowledge, are the growth of centuries. In comparison of *means*, we must shrink from the trial, but if the *end* of education be "not so much to impart information as to train and discipline the mind," why may not Yale and Princeton and Chapel Hill do as much in the cause, though with limited means, as Cambridge with her magnificent endowments and privileges?

It will be seen that the main difference of the English system of intellectual training from ours, wherein lies the secret of its superiority, is in its *thoroughness*. Mr. Bristed insists very much upon this, and the chapter in which he records his conclusions is so much to our taste, that we cannot express our own ideas better than by quoting largely from it.

"At our Colleges it is so arranged that all the students go through the same course—and necessarily some go through it well, and some ill: it is too much for some, and not enough for others. Now at Cambridge precisely the reverse of this takes place. A student may go through a very limited or a very extensive course

of study as he pleases, but whatever he passes an examination in, he is required to know and do well. But the English student does not only read his subjects *accurately*; he reads them comprehensively, and so that he can apply them—as a general rule it could never be said of them, as has been more than once said of American Collegé students, that theirs is [rather] a knowledge of particular books than of subjects. Take a Cambridge second-year man, and an American graduate, both disposed to study Plato; let the former read four dialogues, and the latter eight, which will take them about the same time, each reading in the way he has been accustomed to; the Cantab from studying half the quantity, will know more about his author than the American, and will translate and explain better a passage at random from any of the other dialogues.”

“Again, the Cambridge student acquires many habits of thinking and reading. He becomes fond of hard mental work, and has a healthy taste in his mental relaxations. At eighteen he may be behind an American or Scotch youth in general information; but the habit of mind once started, he goes on drawing in knowledge at a vast rate, and whatever he does take into his well prepared mind assimilates itself with matter already there, and fertilizes the whole and fructifies; nothing of what he reads is thrown away.”

“Now the general and final effect of this energetic, accurate and comprehensive style of working, is that the Cambridge student exhibits great power and rapidity in mastering any new subject to which his attention is necessarily turned. From many striking instances within my own observation, or only one remove from it, of the way in which a Cantab carries a thing through, let me relate a case that occurred just before I entered the University. A High Wrangler went to see a relative who was largely engaged in the manufacture of plate glass. Whilst lionizing the premises, he learned that the chief difficulty and expense lay in the *polishing*. Forthwith our Trinity man sets himself to ‘to get up the subject,’ and after he has acquired all the information he can from those on the spot, and such other sources as are available in a short time, he goes to work to calculate the formula of a law according to which two plates of glass rubbing together will polish each other. The result was an

improvement which realized a handsome fortune for the manufacturer, who did not forget how he had obtained it, and evinced his gratitude in a substantial manner.

“And now let us see how such a man will write on any subject—the consideration of which I may seem to have unduly delayed, for the first and almost the only test of a young man’s ability that occurs to many of us (except making a speech) is his writing. What training has he had for this? *Directly* very little; he may not have written a dozen set essays—nay not half a dozen—all the time he was at the University. But he has been accustomed to reproduce the thoughts of others rapidly, tersely, and accurately, upon paper. He has never had room for verbiage any more than for ornament. He will have a tendency to say whatever he says correctly, concisely, and pointedly. He will not write fluently at first, for want of practice, nor elegantly, for he has not cultivated the graces of style but he will write understandingly, and from a real conscientious study and knowledge of his subject. He will be ready to detect misstatements, inaccuracies, and false logic in others, and for himself will not be likely to commit an *ignorantia elenchi*—to miss the drift of the question—to find fault for instance with literature *for not being science*, as did a very showy writer on this side of the water, not long ago.”

“As to his style it will soon improve, thanks to another result of his education—an elegant and refined taste, which arrives late at maturity, only to approach nearer perfection. His mind is imbued with the influence of the choicest classic models, *through which he reads and by which he interprets those of modern literature*. Applied to his case, the argument so often urged against the study of the Classics in our Colleges, “that they are forgotten in a few years” would be false and unmeaning. His Latin and Greek are not forgotten. They stick to him through life. They explain his reading and adorn his writing. He does not have to hunt after classical quotations and allusions to be brought in as bits of “business” for the purpose of making an impression on others still more ignorant than himself; they drop from him as naturally as a figure or an antithesis”——

This is the bright side, it must be acknowledged. Mr. B. goes on to admit

the drawbacks, the principal of which in our eyes will be that *speakers* are not produced by this system of close study and thinking—nor *readiness* in any way. At the same time he doubts the wisdom of our paying so dearly for our whistle in this country as to rush into the practice of speaking and writing, before we have acquired any thing to speak and write about.

Now while the benefit of engrafting upon our own, all the peculiarities of the English system of education, would be very doubtful, even if it were possible, still it must be allowed that there is ample room for improvement among us in many respects, and more especially in this one of *thoroughness*. We have neither space nor inclination to enter upon the much debated question of the benefit of a classical education at all, but simply assuming that if it be given, we should at least be able to read our diplomas when we leave college, or construe an accidentally occurring line of Latin or Greek in our general reading—let us ask where the fault lies, and how are the improvements to be effected.

In looking at these foreign institutions, their high standards and rigid requirements—the Prussian gymnasia, for instance, where boys are subjected to ten and twelve years severe mental discipline, in mere *preparation* for the universities—in recording their splendid results in the Historians, Philologists, and Theologians of the world, it is easy to cry out in a fit of envious admiration and self-depreciation; What are our Universities doing? They need reformation? Something ought to be done! A candid examination of facts, of the course

pursued by most of our colleges, and of their influence upon the country, will show that as far as their means have permitted, they are not behind the age in meeting its requirements, in their adaptation of plans for practical education suited to the peculiarities of our civil institutions. Various systems are in operation. Experiments upon all that promised freer diffusion of knowledge, as affording greater facilities and inducements to a greater number, have been fairly made. A very able report on collegiate education by Dr. Manly of the Alabama University presents many interesting facts and suggestions on this subject, and with all the light which our limited means of information have afforded us, we cannot but think that the guardians of our rising generation are faithful in their efforts for the advancement of general intelligence and sound learning through the land, and that our institutions generally are “doing what they can.”

The fault then of shallow, incomplete, or misdirected intellectual training, rests upon us as a people. We value our education too much as a means to get on with, another motive power in the race for wealth and distinctions. We have not yet learned to “*labor* and to *wait*.” Our young men must be fully armed for the battle of life at twenty-one—ready to speak and write and vote, and make two dollars where was but one, and marry and be given in marriage, and be and do and dare all the possibilities of life and its work, while the slow and thoughtful German or Englishman considers half of life well spent in making preparation for living well the other half.

Till this prominent national characteristic be mellowed down and worn away by time—while the successful man of business who at thirty cannot read his own college diploma, but yet has “made” \$30,000, is valued above the quiet scholar and deep thinker, who nevertheless is elaborating in his closet the truths and principles that shall guide the next generation—till we have learned to value study for its own sake—we must be content with simply “going ahead” of all creation, albeit in fluttering rags and borrowed plumes.

These remarks apply more to the more active and stirring parts of our country where the thousand incitements to busy life which surround young men, form at once a temptation and an excuse. Our northern and western States might well be pardoned if in the noise and confusion of their crowds, the whirl of their machinery, and the collisions of their steamboats, mere scholarship were overlooked or undervalued, and the classics stood in as much danger of being run over or blown up as any other unfortunate foreigners—but there are States where these temptations and excuses cannot be urged, and where if the absence of enterprise be a condition of scholarship, there surely might be burned the midnight lamp, and profound research indulged without fear of interruption.

Hereafter, when her coal-mines have opened the door to a general stir-up of all her old foundations—when her Central Railroad shall have made her as great and rich and prominent among her sister States, as all manner of “able editors” within her limits do confidently predict, then North Carolina will

look back with regret to the old quiet time.

When in the hollow Lotos land, we lived and lay reclined,  
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind,

Then she might have built up her colleges and schools—her rich men having then no other investments for their capital, might have founded scholarships and given prizes in her University—her sons and daughters should have got what is better than money or all that money can buy, a love of letters and liberal pursuits, whose refining, ennobling influence would have been shed through many generations.

It is not yet too late. Far off yet is the sound of coming events. Dim as yet the foreshadowing of our future commerce with the world and its grandeur. North Carolina may do much for the education of her children,—and there is much to be done. There must be planted in some parts of our State, awakened in others, and carefully fostered in others, the love of books, and taste for literature, which has yet but a feeble existence among us, and without which, a dozen well-endowed Universities in her borders, would be but so many suns shedding light and warmth on a soil that held no germinating principle of life. Now, while undisturbed by opinions from without, or conflicting interests within, in these halcyon days, we may make our fittest preparation and equipment for the approaching iron age, and while we may,

“Sing the joyful pean clear,  
And sitting, burnish without fear,  
The brand, the buckler, and the spear.”

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

GENTLE Reader, how were you pleased with *old windy, squally* March? Did she appear easy in her manners during her stay with you, or was she as usual in a great *flurry* about nothing? When she first came here, oh! she seemed in the best humor you ever saw, and we began to be afraid she was just going to take up and stay with us all the time; but as good luck would have it, four or five days after her arrival, whilst strolling about, accompanied by almost any of us, she happened to drop her handkerchief—the most beautiful white too you ever saw! And what do you think she did? Why she let it lie a whole night on the ground to see if some of our young college *gallants* wouldn't pick it up and hand it to her; and when she saw they were “just not agoing to do it,” all at once, next day, she gathered it up and cleared out with it, and we have not had many visits from her since.

April has been sending us messages.—You know she is full of pranks. She says she is going to bring a nice *bouquet* to each of the *editors*, and wants us to fill up her number of the Magazine with a *whole parcel* of little *April fools*. Oh, she says it would be so funny! But we haven't heeded her a step, and in our humble judgments we send you one of our very best numbers for April. Read it and see if we haven't.

Reader, has not the Magazine improved considerably since we issued our first number! In our *impartial* and *unbiased* opinion it has, and if we could only stay

with you another year, we would show you a Magazine, *what would be a Magazine*. But so it is in this world, just so soon as men begin to learn to do their work successfully, they generally have to pull up *stakes* and *travel*. Already our successor the Junior is beginning to chafe for our places; and we sometimes detect him measuring our *length*, *breadth* and *thickness* with his eye, or stealthily marching up beside us and comparing his own *diminutive statue* with ours. Well, *verily*, he shall yet be an *editor*, and then, oh GLORY! He shall see his name start off *rattling* adown the corridors of time, like *peas* falling on a *raw cow hide*.

We know that we have in a few instances given offence, and left ourselves open to censure; but our mistakes were not wilfully made, and therefore, we have clear consciences. We have been more-over occasionally criticised by the press; but always in a spirit of kindness, that elicited our respect rather than unfriendly feelings. The notice of the Standard, sometime ago, we considered frank and worthy the pen of a candid man; and we were perfectly delighted with the spicy letter of “Miss Betsie Jane,” of the Register. The *man what* wrote the last editorial wonders if he couldn't “spy a great ‘peard’ under her muffler.” He thinks it is n't possible that a lady could so far mistake his gallantry, as to doubt his ever being in love. As for the rest of us, “we fess the corn,” and our offended brother says, “*tell her I'm in love too.*”

WE are gratified to be able to announce to our readers that Frances L. Hawks, D. D., L.L. D., of New York City, has consented to preach the valedictory sermon to the graduating class at the close of the present collegiate year.

AN article will be found in the present number, entitled "the principles and objects of the Differential Calculus," to which we beg leave especially to call the attention of those studying this branch of the Mathematics.

We feel prepared to say that important information may be gained from this art, which it is difficult to draw from the books.

#### TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

WE regretted very much that the *critique* on "Bristed's five years in an English University" did not appear in our last number, as we consider it a redeeming article. It will be found in the present.

After some hesitation, we decline publishing the article subscribed Mahdeen. The author is, however, a good writer and should not feel discouraged. We are of necessity more particular in selecting matter for the Magazine than formerly, as our contributions have greatly increased, and in many cases are of a high order. "Omnium Gatherum" was not handled in a manner to excite interest. It had emphatically that failing, whatever it is, which causes us to want to quit reading a piece before we get to the end. "Tully Veolan" is not thought to possess sufficient merit. "Orchomenian's" subject is too stale. We would like amazingly well to write as pretty a hand as the author. "Censor," we think, is a little too *ultra* in his views, or in plainer style his "*tobacco is a little too strong*" for college. Cid's "search after whet rocks" is respectfully declined.

Those of our contributors who are so fortunate or unfortunate, which ever they please to consider it, as not to find their names among the list of rejected articles, may take it for granted that their performances have been passed on favorably, and will appear as soon as possible. We doubt not that in many cases our judgments have been erroneous, (we are not infallable,) and that we have rejected pieces which were better than some we have received; but we have not erred knowingly, therefore we must be excused.

WE present to our readers in the present number, Gov. Graham's interesting address before the Historical Society of New York. It is, we believe, the only *correct* copy which has yet been published.

QUERIST, a correspondent of the "Rowan Whig and Western Advocate" of March 11th, calls in question the correctness of the quotation, "I am native *there* and to the *manor* born," contending that it should run "I am native *here* and to the *manor* born." It will be noticed, that in the quotation as used by Gov. Graham, the words *there* and *manor* are italicized to denote an intentional departure from the original. Therefore, QUERIST, in answer to your question, "*Am I right or is the Gov.?*" We say *both*.

In the Biographical Sketch of "Col. David Fanning," published in our March number, the name of Col. Thomas Dargan frequently occurs. The editors of the Greensborough Patriot from "their acquaintance with the names and traditions of Randolph county" "are confident" that it should read *Dougan*. The Patriot is doubtless right; and the great difficulty in deciphering Judge Murphy's manuscript must excuse the error.

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BRITISH INVASION OF NORTH CAROLINA, IN 1776.

*A Lecture, delivered before the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina, Friday, April 1st, 1853, by Hon. DAVID L. SWAIN.*

THE Lecture delivered before the Historical Society of New York, by the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., on the 18th December last, on the early history of North Carolina, is devoted mainly to an examination of the questions connected with the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The lecture of Gov. Graham, on the 20th January, after an interesting preliminary dissertation is confined to a single topic, the British Invasion of North Carolina in 1780-'81. I propose to direct attention to the intermediate period—the invasion of 1776, and especially to the incidents connected with the battle of Moore's Creek, and the subsequent career of Gov. Martin.

Josiah Martin, the last of the royal Governors of North Carolina, entered upon the duties of his office on the 11th of August, 1771. He is said to have been an Englishman by birth. His brother Samuel was a member of the British Parliament, who taking offence

at personal allusions, in one of the numbers of the North Briton, challenged John Wilkes, the famous author of that paper in 1763. A duel ensued, in which the former was wounded. The Governor was, himself, probably, a North Briton in feelings, and associations; and this fact may have aided him to some extent in acquiring the commanding influence which he subsequently exercised over the highland clans in North Carolina. He was a man of talent, tact and energy, and these qualities were improved by military experience and skill. He had attained the rank of Major in the British service, and his military bearing was rendered more impressive by bland and conciliatory manners. Fort Johnston was burned by the militia under the command of Col. John Ashe, on the 18th July, 1775, and on the following day, Gov. Martin is supposed to have taken refuge on board the Cruiser, sloop of war. From the period of his abdication, all our historians seem to

lose sight of him. Williamson, Martin and Jones relate with sufficient fulness and accuracy the leading incidents in his previous history, but neither seems to have suspected that he had any considerable connection with subsequent events.

It is my purpose to show that the plan of the campaign of 1776, was not merely suggested by him ; but the entire system of operations for the reduction of North Carolina, until the retirement of Cornwallis, in May 1781, was prosecuted to some extent under his immediate supervision. The entire omission on the part of all the historians of the revolution, who have fallen within the range of my observation, to present even an outline, of the most important events which occurred within our limits, in the early part of the contest, imposes upon me the necessity before entering further upon my narrative, of explaining the causes of this seeming neglect, and intimating the sources from which I derive the evidence by which I expect to sustain the position I have assumed.

On the 30th April 1819, the Raleigh Register, at the instance of the late Col. William Polk, first directed public attention to the Mecklenburg Declaration. On the 9th July thereafter, Thomas Jefferson in a published letter to John Adams, called in question the authenticity of this paper. In 1831, the Governor of North Carolina (Montfort Stokes) in obedience to a resolution of the General Assembly, reaffirmed the authenticity of the controverted document and published all the evidence that could then be obtained in support of it. The leading objection of Mr.

Jefferson however, was not answered. "This gigantic step of the county of Mecklenburg" was proved by no contemporaneous record, was noticed by no historian of North Carolina, or the adjacent States, and had never until then, found its way even into the newspapers. "When Mr. Henry's resolution's (said Mr. Jefferson) far short of independence, flew like lightning through every paper, and kindled both sides of the Atlantic, this flaming declaration of the same date, of the independence of Mecklenburg county, of North Carolina, absolving it from the British allegiance, and abjuring all political connection with that nation, although sent to Congress too, is never heard of." The living, positive, witnesses who avouched the fact of the declaration, were numerous and respectable ; but in the absence of written contemporaneous evidence, had there been no subsequent developments, the issue, out of North Carolina, would, probably have been decided against us. Shortly after the appearance of the State pamphlet however, Peter Force discovered in an English periodical a proclamation issued by Gov. Martin on board his Majesty's ship Cruiser, in Cape Fear on the 8th August, 1775, from which he copied and published the following extract : "And whereas, I have also seen a most infamous publication in the Cape Fear *Mercury* importing to be resolves of a set of people, styling themselves a committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this country, and setting up a system of rule and regulation, repugnant to the laws and subversive of his Majesty's

government, &c." This publication was followed in a very few months by the discovery in the town of New Berne, of the proclamation book of Gov. Martin, the original record, not only of this, but of all the proclamations issued during his administration. This book was delivered by the discoverer, the Rev. Dr. Hawks, to the Governor of the State, and is now among the public archives, in the office of the Secretary of State.\*

Shortly subsequent to the discovery of the record referred to, Jared Sparks, while engaged in historical investigations in London, found in the State paper office, an original letter from Governor Martin to Lord Dartmouth, dated "North Carolina, Fort Johnston, 30th June 1775," from which he copied the following paragraph: "The resolves of the committee of Mecklenburg which your

Lordship will find in the enclosed newspaper, surpass all the horrid and treasonable publications, that the inflammatory spirits of this continent have yet produced; and your Lordship, may depend, its authors and abettors will not escape my notice, whenever my hands are sufficiently strengthened to attempt the recovery of the lost authority of government. A copy of these resolves, I am informed was sent off by express to the Congress at Philadelphia, as soon as they were passed in the committee." Mr. Sparks states that the newspaper alluded to, unfortunately could not be found in the office.

\* How came this book which Governor Martin carried with him in his flight first to Fort Johnston and then to the Cruiser, in the Cape Fear River in July 1775, to be found in New Berne in 1833? Did the Governor remain with Maj. Craig when Lord Cornwallis marched to Virginia, and accompany the former on his expedition to New Berne in August '81? In January 1775, he had buried there his son Samuel, a promising boy, the idol of his parents and a favorite with all who knew him. (Gov. Burke's Letter Book, p. 8.) Other influences than considerations of policy, may in connection with the latter have impelled a return to the Palace where, amidst extinguished hopes, still lingered the melancholy attractions of the grave.

The history of the Order book of Lord Cornwallis, containing all the entries made during each day's march, until he reached Deep River, on the 20th March, 1781, is not less mysterious. It was found a few years since, among the papers of William Hooper, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, by his grandson the Rev. Dr. Hooper, and is now in our archives.

Gov. Martin on his hasty abdication, probably carried with him all the records that were immediately accessible. There were at that time but two newspapers published in the province—the North Carolina Gazette, at New Berne, and the Cape Fear Mercury at Wilmington. On the 30th January, 1775, Adam Boyd entered into a contract with the Wilmington committee to resume the publication of the latter ("some time ago laid aside") and continue it for a year. The precise period at which James Davis discontinued the Gazette, has not been ascertained, but the prospectus of the North Carolina Gazette or Impartial Intelligencer and Weekly General Advertiser, the first number of which was published at New Berne on the 29th August, 1783, discloses the fact that "no newspaper had been published in North Carolina for several years last past." There were four printing presses in operation at different times during the revolution, one at New Berne, another at Halifax, a third attached to the army of Lord Cornwallis.

his, and a fourth designed to disseminate the counter proclamations and manifestoes of Gen. Greenè. We have in our archives the first volume of newspapers published in North Carolina, (in 1764) and the first political pamphlet which is known to have issued from our press, but there is not a single revolutionary newspaper, pamphlet or hand-bill on our files, with the exception of the laws and journals of the General Assembly. There is probably none in existence, and the copy of the Cape Fear Mercury transmitted by Gov. Martin to Lord Dartmouth and lost from the file in the State paper office, is probably the only revolutionary North Carolina newspaper any portion of the contents of which it is now possible to ascertain.\*

We possess copies in a pretty good state of preservation of all the acts of the General Assembly, passed and printed during the revolution. The pamph-

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\* In March, 1771, John Miller, printer of the London Evening Post, was arrested by order of the House of Commons, for publications regarded as libellous. He was discharged by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, on the ground that the order was illegal, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were in turn summoned to answer at the bar of the House for contumacy. Among the latter was John Wilkes, the author of the famous libel on the King, contained in the North Briton, No. 45.

About the close of the last century, John Miller is understood to have established himself at Pendleton, C. H., S. C., and to have commenced the publication of "Miller's Weekly Messenger." It was a sheet of small size and humble pretensions, and was printed upon the press, which had been used by General Greene in his southern campaigns. The press still in use, was shown to me by the editor of "The Pendleton Messenger," in December, 1820.

let containing the enactments of October session, 1779, consists of 34 pages, 16 small folio, the remainder in quarto. The continued scarcity of paper in 1781 and in 1782, compelled the public printer to adopt a similar arrangement. Even writing paper was not always at the command of men in high official station. In 1776, General Rutherford entreated the council of safety to hasten a supply of powder to Rowan to enable him to march against the Cherokees, and with it a quire of paper, on which he might write his dispatches. In 1782, General Butler of Orange, urges a similar request upon Governor Burke.\*

With these facts before us the absence of contemporaneous evidence, either written or printed, in relation to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, ceases to be matter of surprise. I have entered into these minute details, however, not merely for the purpose of explaining the causes of the mystery and obscurity in which this remarkable event in our history has hitherto been involved, but to prepare you for the tedious and pains taking investigation, upon which we are about to enter.

Whilst the war was in progress, the tory leaders of course communicated only with Gov. Martin or his confidential agents, and when it was over, and life no longer dependent upon secrecy, the fear of disgrace was a sufficient motive for silence.

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\*The acts passed in June, 1781, are comprized in a pamphlet of 20 pages, 16 folio, 4 quarto without title page or imprint, and seem to have been distributed in the ratio of one to each county. See the closing paragraph of Gen. Butler's letter of 10th August, '81 to Gov. Burke—ante p. 83.

For facts and illustrations then, in relation to this portion of our history we must turn to unpublished records and manuscripts, here and elsewhere, to contemporaneous publications in the sister States and especially to the records, magazines and newspapers of the mother country. Many of these sources of information will in due time be opened to us, in the immense and invaluable repository of facts, in relation to the whole range of American history, now in the course of publication under the patronage of the general government by Peter Force \*

Whether the design in removing Governor Tryon to New York, was to reward him for the vigour and ability with which he had maintained the royal cause during the commotion occasioned by the stamp act, and the subsequent

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\* "American archives: consisting of a collection of authentic records, state papers, debates and letters, and other notices of public affairs, the whole forming a Documentary History of the origin and progress of the North American colonies; of the causes and accomplishment of the American Revolution; and of the constitution of government of the United States, to the final ratification thereof."

IN SIX SERIES.—Of these the fourth series from the King's Message of March 7th, 1774, to the Declaration of Independence, by the United States in 1776, has been published in six folio volumes.

Of the fifth series, from the Declaration of Independence in 1776, to the definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain in 1783:—the two first volumes are in our possession, the third has been published but has not yet reached us. When the work will probably be completed, we have no information. The first series will supply a great desideratum and must be anxiously expected in all the older States in the Union.

war with the Regulators, or to make room for a successor better suited to the peculiar condition of things in North Carolina: the measure was evidently a wise one. Gov. Tryon was not a favorite with any considerable portion of the population. He was disliked by the leading men upon the Cape Fear, and was the great object of aversion and dread to the regulators. Gov. Martin on the other hand was able to adopt measures of conciliation, especially by a judicious exercise of the pardoning power, and of this advantage it will be seen he availed himself promptly and dexterously.

The bond of union between the Regulators and the Highlanders and the consequent almost universal support yielded by both parties, to the royal government, are subjects of interesting enquiry, but not we think of very difficult explanation. There was the sympathy produced by the sense of common oppression and suffering, and a common apprehension of future punishment for past offences. There was the additional tie of deep seated devotion to Prince Edward upon the part of the Highlanders, and a decided preference for him, to the reigning monarch, on the part of the Regulators. This is shown with respect to the Regulators by the most prominent fact set forth in Gov. Tryon's proclamation of the 18th October, 1770. The series of outrages perpetrated at Hillsborough on the preceding 25th September in audaciously attacking his Majesty's associate justice in the execution of his office and barbarously beating and wounding several other persons, concludes with an avowal of the crowning enormity of

“drinking damnation to their lawful sovereign King George and success to the Pretender.”\*

The Regulators, though now arrayed on the side of the King, were nevertheless in opposition to Ashe, Caswell, Waddell and the other popular leaders whom they encountered at Alamance. A portion, too, of the Highlanders were probably themselves Regulators, and others may have sympathized with them. A much wider range of country seems to have been under the influence of this political party, than is ordinarily supposed. The spirit which animated it may be traced in events which occurred about this time in Halifax, Bute† and Granville, while it maintained a decided ascendancy in Orange, Randolph, Guilford, Surry and the contiguous portion of Rowan. In Anson, from which the present county of Richmond had not then been separated, the manifestations were about as early and nearly as violent as in Orange. Waightstill Avery, the first Attorney General after the revolution, having just obtained a license to practice law from Governor Tryon, was sworn as an attorney at the April term, 1769, of Anson Superior Court. Here he became acquainted with Maj. John Dunn, Col. Samuel Spencer and Capt. Alexander Martin, the first named a prominent tory, and the two latter leading whigs in subsequent times. His diary records the fact that these gentlemen informed him that on the evening previous to his arrival, (11th April,) “a set of banditti who

styled themselves Regulators brought a large quantity of hickory switches to menace the clerk of the court—Col. Spencer; and flogged his writer.”\* This occurrence was nearly 18 months previous to the great Hillsborough riot which called forth the proclamation of Governor Tryon. How much further the spirit of the party may have been disseminated in the direction of the Scotch settlements, and to what extent the Highlanders had passed the boundaries of Anson, it may not be very easy at the present day to determine. That a very intimate union existed between these clans and the Regulators, from the Cape Fear to the extreme western settlements bordering on the Blue Ridge, within a short time thereafter, is clearly ascertained. Governor Martin’s ascendancy over both parties is every where manifest. A letter from the Earl of Dartmouth to the Governor, dated White Hall, May 3, 1775, reveals the spell which bound the Regulators to the throne. “Your letters of the 26th January and 10th of March, numbers 27 and 28, the latter of which I received only yesterday, contain matters of very great importance. The addresses from the four counties of Guilford, Dobbs, Rowan and Surry breath a spirit of loyalty to the King, and attachment to the authority of Great Britain which cannot be too much encouraged, and it will be necessary that you lose no time in acquainting the inhabitants of these counties, that these testimonies of their duty and affection have been most graciously received by

\* Supplement to the Cape Fear Mercury, No. 48, Oct., 1770.

† New Franklin and Warren.

\* Col. Avery’s MSS. Diary in our archives.

his Majesty; that his Majesty will not fail to afford them those marks of his royal favor, which such a meritorious course of conduct appears to deserve, and that as soon as the necessary forms will admit, his Majesty's clemency towards the insurgents in 1770, will be extended by a proclamation of general pardon, to all except Herman Husbands." He directs him to proceed immediately, through the agency of respectable persons to organize associations in each of these counties for the support of government. He hopes it will be possible to avoid the fatal necessity of drawing the sword, but nevertheless deems it proper to prepare for every emergency. To this end he authorizes him to hold out to gentlemen in these counties, the prospect of commissions suitable to their rank and station. He states furthermore that he has his Majesty's commands to direct General Gage, upon the Governor's application, to send some able and discreet officer, to lead the people forth against any rebellious attempts to disturb the public peace."\*

We have in this dispatch the earliest intimation of the first measure adopted in the plan of the campaign of 1776, the history of which we now begin to trace, and to develop, step by step.

Governor Martin was able and indefatigable, but evidently credulous and sanguine. He had persuaded himself, and in due time succeeded in convincing the home government, that the authors of these addresses spoke the sentiments of a decided majority of the people of the

province. He travelled extensively and mingled freely with the inhabitants of the more populous counties, and especially in the highland settlements. A very large proportion of the monied capital, a much more potent instrument than at the present day, was wielded by Scotch merchants, who had establishments in all the more important counties. At the head of this interest was John Hamilton, of Halifax, who is in due time to claim our attention in a more imposing position.

In May, 1774, Gov. Martin spent ten days in that town on his way to select a summer residence in the county of Bute, and is supposed to have passed a considerable part of the summer there on his return.\* He had secret adherents, moreover, in the ranks of the professedly most ardent of the whigs.—Among these may be particularized Farquard Campbell and Thomas Ruthersford, men of wealth, character and influence in the county of Cumberland. They were members of the first provincial convention, which met at New-Berne, on the 25th of August, 1774, and appointed William Hooper, Joseph Hews and Richard Caswell delegates to the first Continental Congress. They were members of the second Provincial Convention which met at the same place.

On the 3d of April, 1775, they both signed the articles of American Association and united in the vote denouncing the "equivocal conduct" of Thomas Macknight a member from Currituck, in withholding his signature, and in holding him up "as the proper object of

\* Am. Arch., 4th series, vol. 1st, 476.

\* Andrew Miller to Gov. Burke. Letter Book.

contempt to this continent." They were members of the first Provincial Congress in August, 1775, at Hillsborough, and of the second which met at New Berne, 4th April 1776. On the 12th of that month they voted for the Resolution instructing our delegates in the Continental Congress, to declare independence. Before the meeting of the third Provincial Congress, they were both in confinement at Halifax, as prisoners of war.\*

Royal governors, like their royal masters, are frequently in perilous times, in situations not the most favorable for the ascertainment of truth, and it is not very surprizing that a gentleman of Governor Martin's temperament, should from the evidence before him, and the influences by which he was surrounded, have greatly over estimated the strength of the loyalists. With the exception of Georgia, all the English writers of the day concur in the opinion that the adherents of the crown were more numerous in North Carolina, than in any other province, and there is ample evidence, that the opinion was confidently entertained, by the government in the autumn of 1775, that a respectable naval and military armament sent to the aid of Governor Martin, would not merely restore him to his lost authority, but insure the speedy subjugation of all the southern provinces. The selection of an "able and discreet officer," to unite and lead the Highland clans and the Regulators became an object of momentous importance and concern.

Among the emigrants to the Cape

Fear, about the close of 1773, was Allan McDonald, of Kingsborough, the husband of the chivalrous Flora. She was no longer young, but independently of the historic fame which she had even then achieved, was eminently fascinating and attractive. The great giant of English literature, Dr. Johnson, was her guest in September of that year, occupied the room and slept in the bed which had given shelter and repose to the fugitive Stuart, and there is obviously no incident in his personal history, to which he referred more frequently or with greater pride and pleasure. We have his assurance, that her name will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. He describes her as a woman of middle stature, soft features and elegant presence, and in a subsequent letter to Mrs. Thrale, as of "pleasing person and elegant behaviour." He adds, that she and her husband are poor and going to try their fortune in America. She is understood to have married at 24, and must then have been about 45 years of age. Her husband was probably something older.

Boswell represents him to have been the *beau ideal* of a highland chieftain, exhibiting "the graceful mein and manly looks which the popular Scotch song has attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of blue ribbons, like a cockade, and brown coat, of a sort of duffil, and tartan waiscoat with gold buttons and gold button holes, a bluish philibeg and tartan hose. He had jet black hair, tied behind, and was a large stately man with a steady, sensible, countenance."

\* See Journal 3d Provincial Congress.

An only son born in 1759, accompanied them on their emigration to North Carolina—a son in all respects worthy of his lineage and destined to attain celebrity, in arms, letters, and science.\*

High as his pretensions seem to have been however, Allan McDonald, was not “the prudent and discreet officer,” selected by General Gage to lead the united bands of Regulators and Highlanders.

Towards the close of the year 1775, as we learn from the account of the proceedings of the American Colonist’s in the Gentleman’s Magazine for June 1776, two Scotch officers, Messrs. McDonald and McLeod passed through NewBerne. “They were suspected of some sinister designs and questioned

by the provincials concerning their business. They pretended they were officers who were wounded at Bunker’s Hill, and had left the army with a design to settle among their friends.”\*

On the 10th day of January, 1776, Governor Martin from on board his Majesty’s ship Cruiser, in Cape Fear river, issued a proclamation, denouncing the unnatural rebellion then existing, declaring his determination “to erect his Majesty’s royal standard, and to collect and unite his Majesty’s people under the same,” tendering forgiveness of all past offences, “even admitting they have taken up arms,” to all those who would now join heart and hand to restore the Government.†

On the same day he issued a commission‡ to Allan McDonald, Donald McDonald, Alexander McLeod, Donald McLeod, Alexander McLean, Allen Steward, William Campbell, Alexander McDonald and Neill McArthur, Esqs., of the county of Cumberland and Anson;—John Pile, Esq., of the county of Chatham, William Fields, James Hunter, Robert Fields, Jeremiah Fields and Layman York, Esqs., of the county of Guilford;—Michael Holt and James Munroe, Esqs., of the county of Orange; Paul Barringer,\* of the county of Mecklenburg, William Spurgian, William Byrd, Samuel Byrd and Mathias Sappingfield, Esqs. of the county of Rowan, Gideon Wright and James Glynn, Esqs., of the county of Surry, and

\* John MacDonald, F. R. S., only son of the celebrated Flora MacDonald who so materially assisted in the escape of Charles Edward Stuart, in 1746, was born in 1759. He passed many years in the service of the East India Company, and attained the rank of Captain in the corps of engineers on the Bengal establishment. On his return home he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the royal clan-alpine regiment, and commandant of the royal Edinburg artillery. But it is as a writer on military tactics and as a man of science that Colonel MacDonald is especially entitled to our notice. His productions relative to the art of war are chiefly translations from the French, and consist of “The Experienced Officer,” “Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise, and Manœuvres of Infantry,” “Instructions for the conduct of Infantry on actual Service,” Treatise on Telegraphic Communication, Naval, Military and Political, and in 1816, a “Telegraphic Dictionary” extending to 150,000 words, phrases and sentences. During the latter period of his life, he resided at Exeter, where he died, aged 72, in 1831. Copied from Maunders’ Dictionary of Universal Biography.

\* p. p. 281—52.

† Am. Arch. 4th Series, vol. 4, p. p. 980-1.

‡ Idem, p. p. 981-2.

\*Philemon Hawkins, Senior, and \*Philemon Hawkins, Junior, Esqs., of the county of Bute, authorizing them to erect the King's Standard and to raise, levy, muster, and array in arms all his Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects within their respective counties." They were directed to form the forces so raised into companies of 50 men each, and to appoint one captain, one lieutenant and one ensign to each company.

Precisely when, where, and to what extent copies of the proclamation and commission were disseminated, it is of course impossible now to ascertain. On the 10th February, 1776, however, John Reynolds, of the county of Rowan, made oath that he had heard these papers read in the camp of William Fields, "and that he heard from the officers and men, declared free plunder wherever they went." Rowan was then a frontier county, and the union, it seems, between the Highlanders and the Regulators was already perfect from the sea-coast to the mountains.

Allan Macdonald was the first named in the commission, but the manifestoes issued by Donald McDonald, the first without date, the second on the 5th

February, reveal the fact that His Excellency Brigadier General Donald McDonald, is commander of His Majesty's forces for the time being in North Carolina. These papers, like the former, are shown by the same witness to have been read on Tuesday, the 5th of February, in Field's camp at Dillos by William Spurgian.\*

As early as the 24th June of the last year, in a letter from Fort Johnston, to *Lewis Henry DeRossett*,† a member of his council, Governor Martin had admitted that "nothing but the actual and declared rebellion of the King's subjects, and the failure of all other means to maintain the King's government would justify the giving encouragement to slaves to revolt against their masters." This actual and declared rebellion now existed, and on the second of December, John Hancock, the President of the Continental Congress, notified Gen. Washington that Lord Dunmore had erected the royal standard at Norfolk, proclaimed martial law, offered freedom to the negroes, and invited them to join him.‡ To one hundred and twenty regular troops, Lord Dunmore joined a number of Tories and negroes with his force, he marched to the Great Bridge in the County of Nansemond where he entrenched himself, waiting the success of emissaries whom he had sent into the district of Edenton, to tempt the slaves in the northern counties to seek refuge under the royal standard, with the hope of freedom.§

\* These gentlemen, were sturdy and well-tried Whigs throughout the Revolutionary war. Governor Martin may have been misinformed in relation to them, or may have inserted their names, in order to render them objects of suspicion, and strip them of their influence among the Whigs. The first named was made a prisoner by the Tories, and suffered a long confinement within the British lines at Camden, S. C. See Wheeler's *Histor. Sket.* vol. 2, p. 67. For information in relation to the latter, see *idem.* vol. 1, pages 59, 78, 86,—vol. 2, p. 426. Similar injustice may possibly have been done to others.

\* *Idem.* p. 983.

† *Idem.* vol. 3, p. 8.

‡ *Idem.* vol. iv, p. 155.

§ 2 Martin's *N. C.* p. 380.

The Blue Ridge was at this time the dividing line between North Carolina and the Cherokees. The tribe was represented by Col. Drayton as numbering more than 2000 warriors; John Stuart was the royal agent and Alexander Cameron his principal deputy. A letter from the latter to General Gage,\* intercepted in June, 1775, states that Stuart's interest with the Indians was much greater, and that he was more beloved by them than any other man. The writer remarks, nevertheless, that he had the vanity to suppose that he could himself head any number he thought proper, whenever called upon in support of his Majesty's government. Both these persons were Scotchmen, and their names are found among some of the most influential highlanders upon the Cape Fear. Before the middle of August, substantial evidence was afforded that Cameron's was no empty boast, though the storm did not burst upon the frontiers until the 5th June in the following year.

At the time then that Governor *Martin* issued his Proclamation declaring the existence of an unnatural rebellion within the province, and dispatched his commission to leading men, in a continuous chain of counties, from Cumberland to Rowan, urging them to erect the royal standard, and meet him at Brunswick, on the 15th February;—Lord Dunmore was in force upon our northern border;—Sir Henry Clinton, destined to the chief command with the Mercury, King Fisher, two or three tenders and four companies of

troops was on his way from New York; Lord William Campbell in the Syren was expected from South Carolina, and Sir Peter Parker, had sailed from Portsmouth with a squadron of two frigates, eight sloops, a schooner, and a bomb-ketch, with seven regiments of troops on board, under the command of Lord Cornwallis. The train was laid, and it would seem that Governor *Martin* had merely to apply the match and kindle a civil, a savage and a servile war from Virginia to South Carolina, from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies.

Had no unforeseen causes occurred to defeat the operation of this well planned campaign, the early subjugation of North Carolina, and of all the Southern States would, humanly speaking, seem to have been inevitable. But there is a God that ruleth in the affairs of men. Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief, did not clear the capes of Virginia until the 26th February. A six weeks' voyage would have placed Lord Cornwallis upon our shores, by the day appointed for the rendezvous of the Regulators, and the Highlanders at Brunswick. But the season was stormy, the voyage a long one, and Admiral Parker, did not arrive at the mouth of Cape Fear until the beginning of May. Five years thereafter, in the month of February, 1781, a sudden rise of the waters, first in the Yadkin and next in the Dan, twice saved the retreating army of Greene from the same Cornwallis. He led from Ireland on this occasion, a more powerful army than that with which he won the fatal triumph, the victorious defeat at Guilford.

But in the mean time the battle of

\* Am. Ar. 4 series, vol. 11 p. 1112.

Moore's creek had been fought. It is not my purpose to present even a sketch of that action. The pen of English history has never been guided by an abler or more impartial hand than that of Edmund Burke, and his brief account, evidently framed from materials, at that time inaccessible to any one on this side the Atlantic, is the most comprehensive and accurate that has fallen under my observation.\*

The consequences of this victory have from causes, rendered I trust sufficiently obvious by the preceding narrative, never been duly appreciated. The State and the nation owe a debt of gratitude to the victorious leaders, Caswell, Lillington and Moore, which will be more clearly comprehended and deeply felt in subsequent times than at present.— Strange to say, even the official accounts, though on file in the Secretary's office, have to this day never been printed in the State of North Carolina. The brief despatch of Caswell, and a considerable extract from the report of Moore, may be found in the fifth volume of the American Archives.†— But there is no other work, to which I am able to direct the attention of the enquirer, for the official report of this brilliant achievement. Indeed, it is supposed that an entire copy of General Moore's letter has never been printed.

That our troops should have gained a victory at all under the circumstances, in which the parties were placed was upon all ordinary principles of calcula-

tion most extraordinary. The entire force under the command of Caswell and Lillington did not exceed a thousand and militia and minute men. Burke states that the royal force was estimated at from 3000 to 1500, and that the latter number was admitted by the commanding general after his defeat. Stedman the commissary of Lord Cornwallis, who accompanied him in the campaigns of 1780 and '81, estimates McDonald's force at 1800. Neither Caswell nor Lillington had seen previous service. McDonald and McLeod were veteran soldiers, had fought with reputation at Culloden, and must from this cause have had strong claims upon the admiration and affection of their countrymen. The dreaded claymore of the highlander, and the unerring rifle of the mountaineer, were in the hands of men thirsting for renown and for vengeance. Flora McDonald, her husband at the head of a regiment, and her only son, a lad of seventeen, a captain, is understood to have urged her countrymen to the field. Stedman attributes the fortunes of the day to the extraordinary energy and skill exhibited by the provincial commander and "great division in the councils of the loyalists."\*

Allan McDonald it will be remembered was the first named in the commission to erect the royal standard while not only Donald McDonald, but Col. McLeod took precedence in the field. Can it be that the preference of the new comers, over the old settlers, the immediate friends of the pretender, and the husband of Flora, gave rise to this

\* Annual Register for 1776, pp. 156-7-8.

† pp. 61-2-3.

\* Amer. War, vol. 1, p. 180.

fatal dissension?\*. General McDonald was not in the action, but confined to his bed with dangerous illness at a house 8 miles distant. McLeod the actual commander, fell while rushing impetuously at the head of the column, at the first fire.

The victory was not only decisive but overwhelming: 1500 rifles all of them excellent pieces, 350 guns and shot bags, 150 swords and dirks, 2 medicine chests immediately from England, one valued at £300 sterling, 13 waggons with complete sets of horses, a box of half Johannes and English guineas amounting to £15000, and 850 common soldiers, were among the trophies of the field. †

In addition to the highland chieftains, Col. Thomas Rutherford of Cumberland, Capt. John Piles, the unfortunate victim of Lee and Pickens, in 1781, and four persons of the name of Fields of the county of Guilford, all of them familiar as persons authorized to erect the royal standard in their respective counties, were among the prisoners.

The victory was won on the 27th February. On the 5th March the provincial council, communicated Col. Caswell's letter, written the day after the battle, to the president of the continental congress. The council after stating the

measures which had been adopted to secure the persons and estates of the ringleaders among the Highlanders and the Regulators, take occasion to assure the continental congress that they have every thing to hope from the vigilance, skill and activity of the officers and the patriotism and courage exhibited by the men upon this occasion, that a noble ardour pervaded all classes, insomuch, that in less than a fortnight, 9,400 men and upwards were embodied and on their march to meet the enemy, and that more might have been raised if it had been necessary.\*

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman in North Carolina, dated April 17th, 1776, (probably a misprint for the 7th,) may be found in the 5th vol. 4th series of the American Archives, p. 959.

"I arrived here after a tedious journey. As I came through *Virginia*, I found the inhabitants desirous to be independent from *Britain*. However they were willing to submit their opinion on the subject to whatever the general Congress should determine. *North Carolina* by far exceeds them, occasioned by the great fatigue, trouble and danger the people here have undergone for some time past. Gentlemen of the first fortune in the province have marched as common soldiers; and to encourage and give spirit to the men, have footed it the whole time. Lord *Cornwallis* with seven regiments is expected to visit us every day. *Clinton* is now in *Cape Fear* with Gov. *Martin*, who has about forty sail of vessels, armed and unarmed, waiting his arrival. The Highlanders and Regulators are not to be trusted. Gov. *Martin* has coaxed a number of

\*It is stated on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, that the MacDonalds always laid claim to be placed on the right of the whole clans, and that those of that tribe assigned the breach of this order at Culloden, as one cause of the loss of the day. The MacDonalds placed on the left wing, refused to charge and positively left the field unassailed and unbroken.—1 Boswell's Johnson, p. 472.—note.

† Am. Ar. 4th series, vol. v, p. 63.

\* Idem. p. 60.

slaves to leave their masters, in the lower parts; every thing base and wicked is practised by him. These things have wholly changed the temper and disposition of the inhabitants, that are friends to liberty, all regard or fondness for the King or nation of *Britain* is gone; a total separation is what they want. Independence is the word most used. They ask if it is possible, that any colony after what has passed can wish for a reconciliation? The convention have tried to get the opinion of the people at large. I am told that in many counties there was not one dissenting voice. Four more battalions are directed to be raised which will make six in the province."

Within five days from the expression of these opinions, viz: on the 12th April, the provincial congress, resolved unanimously, "that the delegates for this colony in the continental congress be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independency and forming foreign alliances."\* On the following day it was "resolved that the thanks of this congress be given to Col. Richard Caswell and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for the very essential service by them rendered this country at the battle of Moore's Creek."

Admiral Parker arrived about the 1st of May. On the 5th Sir Henry Clinton issued his proclamation, from on board the *Pallas*, declaring that a rebellion existed, denouncing all committees, and congresses, but offering free pardon to all who would lay down their arms and submit to the laws, excepting only Cornelius Harnett and Robert Howe. †

On the following Sunday, between two and three o'clock in the morning, 900 troops under the command of Lord Cornwallis landed upon the plantation of General Howe, in the county of Brunswick, and were foiled in an attempt to surprize Major Davis stationed at the mill at Orton, with about 150 militia. They burned the mill, ravaged General Howe's plantation, carried off a few bullocks and returned to their transports with the loss of two men killed, a prisoner and several wounded. Gov. Martin was received on board the flag ship of the squadron, and this powerful armament from which so much had been expected, was by the close of the month under way to experience further disappointments and more signal disasters in South Carolina.\*

That the plan of this campaign in all its details had been prepared and suggested by Gov. Martin may be fairly inferred from the evidence before us. The extent to which he may justly be considered responsible for its failure, it is not in the present state of our historical information so easy to determine. Why were the Regulators required to traverse the State from the mountains to the Seaboard and rendezvous with the Highlanders at Brunswick? With a strong naval force at the mouth of the Cape Fear, the great central river of the State, Sir Henry Clinton might have advanced into the interior, with an absolute certainty of receiving large accessions to his numbers at every stage of his progress. The Whigs were comparatively numerous on the Roanoke,

\* *Idem.* vol. v, p. 1322.

† *Idem.* 5th series, vol. i, p. 437.

\* *Idem.* 4th series, vol. vi, p. 432.

the Tar and the Neuse, and the counties between the Catawba and the Yadkin were the most rebellious in America, but there is no doubt that from this time down to the close of the Revolution a decided majority of the population between the Pedee and Cape Fear, in North and in South Carolina, from the sea-board to the mountains, was disaffected.\* The intimation of Gov. Martin, of a willingness in any extremity to arm the slaves against their masters, excited a storm of indignation which drove him from the Palace to seek shelter under the guns of Fort Johnston. The allegation of a similar threat, by Capt. Collet, the commander of the garrison, reduced both of them to the necessity of hastening to an armed vessel in the river, and they were scarcely on board when the dismantled fortress was reduced to ashes.† The Governor may have supposed that some imposing demonstration of power was necessary to redeem him from the obloquy incident to ignominious flight. A triumphant restoration to his authority upon the part of the citizens of the province, with a squadron of fifty vessels on the coast, in the presence of the numerous and well appointed army commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, he may well have supposed, would exert a great moral influence, not merely in North Carolina, but throughout the continent. The defeat of McDonald dispelled this glorious illusion. The astounding fact, asserted by the provincial Congress and admitted by Burke,

that the province previously considered so weak and so divided, was able in less than a fortnight to bring 10,000 men into the field,\* may have lost Gov. Martin, the confidence of Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis, induced them to yield to the importunities of Lord William Campbell and direct their energies to the sister province of South Carolina, as a more promising field for adventure.

Judge Martin, the historian of North Carolina, computes the population of the Province at this time at 150,000, one-fifth of whom were slaves, and the population of New Berne, the most populous town, at 600.† It is evidently an under estimate. It has not been usual for writers, at home or abroad, in ancient or in modern times, to overrate us. Even the framers of the Constitution in 1787, assigned us five members and gave the same number to South Carolina. The census of 1790, placed us in the relative ratio of 8 to 5. Our aggregate population was probably 210,000, of these 70,000 may have been slaves. The number of free white males, between the ages of 16 and 50, including tories, quakers, and other non-combatants, was less than 35,000. Sir Henry Clinton might well distrust the hopes of Gov. Martin, and retire cautiously from a people, whose committee at Mecklenburg had declared the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution, in language surpassing all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirits of the Con-

\* Univ. Mag. vol. i, p. 184.

† Martin's N. C. vol. ii, p. p. 354-5.

\* An. Reg. 1776, p. 156-8.

† Vol. ii, p. 395.

continent had yet produced; whose Provincial Congress, in anticipation of all the other States, had declared for independence, and nearly one-third of whose fighting men were already in the field flushed with victory and anxious for more decisive combat.

Gov. Martin probably availed himself most reluctantly of Admiral Parker's invitation to accompany him in the Flag ship of the retiring squadron.— However this may have been, a train of subsequent events shows that he had no idea of yielding up his government to ungrateful rebels. A very brief reference to the leading incidents in his subsequent career will close our notice of him and of our subject. Where he was, or how employed during the five years which succeeded his departure from our coast about the last of May, 1776, we have not at present the means of ascertaining. In the intervening period a sad change had come over the affairs of North Carolina and the entire South.

At the very moment the enemy was menacing us with invasion, on our southern borders, Howe, with one of our battalions, was assisting in driving Lord Dunmore from Virginia. The very first letter received by Gov. Caswell, on his accession to office, was a very brief dispatch from Gov. Rutledge, dated 6th Nov. 1776, imploring immediate aid in behalf of South Carolina.\* In the following year the heroic Nash fell at Germantown. In March, 1779, Gen. Ashe, at the head of a large body of our Militia, sustained disastrous de-

feat at Brier Creek in Georgia. On the 20th Feb. Gen. Lincoln retired from the siege of Savannah, and on the 12th May, 1780, surrendered our continental battalions and a thousand militia at Charleston.\* The two great commercial marts in the South were now British garrisons, and the States of Georgia and South Carolina conquered provinces. Lord Cornwallis at the head of a gallant army, but inferior in numbers to that which accompanied him to our shores in 1776, now proceeded to the second invasion of North Carolina.— The premonitory symptoms of his approach soon began to be exhibited within our borders.

On the 9th June, as we learn from Gen. Graham's account of the battle of Ramsour's Mills, John Moore, a native of the county of Tryon who had left the neighborhood the preceeding winter, returned and announced himself to his old friends as Lieut. Col. of the North Carolina regiment of loyalists, commanded by Col. John Hamilton. A few days afterwards Nicholas Welch made his appearance clad in rich British uniform, and well supplied with British gold. They were directed to enlist as many men as possible but not to embody them until after harvest. Either because they were too impetuous themselves, or unable to restrain the too zealous loyalty of the neighborhood, by the 20th about 1,300 Tories were encamped at Ramsour's mill, and ready to take the field.† Farther reference

\* University Magazine, vol. ii. p. 101. Caswell's Letter Book.

† II Wheeler's Hist. Sket. p. 227 to 232.

to their history is not necessary to our purpose.

Col. Hamilton, whose original residence as we have seen was at Halifax, on the 27th August, 1777, solicited and obtained a passport from Gov. Caswell to go from Hillsborough to New York.\* The next information we have of him, he is at the head of a North Carolina regiment of loyalists under the command of Lord Cornwallis. Where he had been in the mean time, or where and when he had enlisted his troops we have no certain information.

Tarleton states that the defeat of Moore at Ramsour's "encouraged a spirit of persecution, which made Col. Bryan another loyalist who had promised to wait for orders, lose all patience, and forced him to move with 800 men, from the forks of the Yadkin towards the nearest British post. After many difficulties he fortunately reached the 71st regiment stationed in the Cheraws."

† On the 16th August, Lord Cornwallis informed Sir Henry Clinton that "our assurances of attachment from our distressed friends in North Carolina are as strong as ever. And the patience and fortitude with which these unhappy people bear the most oppressive and cruel tyranny, that ever was exercised over any country, deserve our greatest admiration." In the official account of the victory obtained at Camden on the 16th, he records the fact that on this occasion, "Governor Martin became again a military man

and behaved with the spirit of a young volunteer."\* Samuel Bryan who led the 800 men from the forks of the Yadkin was one of the persons named in the commission issued by Gov. Martin on the 10th January, 1776, and authorized to raise men in Rowan, and march then to Brunswick.

Much the ablest and most indefatigable instrument in the hands of the Governor was Major Patrick Ferguson, a native of Scotland and son of Lord Pitfour, one of the Lords of session. At the time he was killed, he was about 37 years of age, of middle size and slender frame, with a thoughtful and serious expression of countenance. Burke remarks that "he was perhaps the best marksman living, and probably brought the art of rifle shooting to its highest perfection. He had invented a rifle which in facility of loading, and in execution was a great improvement upon those previously used. General Washington is supposed to have owed his life at Germanton to Ferguson's ignorance of his person, as he had him completely within the range of his rifle.†

Ferguson's great quality however, was tact and patience in the management and training of militia. In addition to his exact skill in discipline it was natural to him to attract and retain the affection of his men. He would sit for hours and converse with the country people and point out the ruinous consequences which would ensue to the leaders of the rebellion and to the country. The effects of this condescension and fa-

\* Caswell's Letter Book.

† Campaigns of 1780-81, p. 128.

\* Idem. p. 134.

† Am. Reg. 1781, p. p. 51, 52.

amiliarity were manifest wherever he went.\* His defeat and fall were fatal to the second attempt to invade North Carolina. Had he been the leader of the British forces at Moore's Creek, or had he been able to maintain his position at King's Mountain, and been placed as he probably would have been, at the head of the militia, in the impending invasion, very important consequences might have resulted. His Scotch birth would have recommended him to the Highlanders, and he had by nature all the qualities, that were requisite to ensure ascendancy over the Regulators.

Preparatory to the third invasion of North Carolina, Major James H. Craig, an able and experienced officer, subsequently Governor Gen'l. of Canada, was directed to occupy Wilmington. With a detachment of about 300 men from the 81st regiment, and a small naval armament under the command of Capt. Barclay, he summoned the town to surrender and received an unconditional submission on the 29th January, 1781.† On the 1st of February, Lord Cornwallis crossed the Catawba, and on the 20th took possession of Hillsboro', the temporary seat of government. A proclamation was immediately issued inviting the loyalists to come in, but no one was permitted to enter the lines unless introduced by James Monroe, one of the persons named in the commission five years before, to erect the royal standard. On the 22d the army was drawn up and the royal standard displayed under the supervision of his

lordship.\* The horrible slaughter of the Tories hastening to the standard, under the command of Col. Piles, occurred three days thereafter. In the official report, made on the 17th of the victory gained at Guilford, on the 15th of March, Cornwallis bears cheerful testimony that "he has constantly received the most zealous assistance from Gov. Martin during his command in the southern district. Hoping that his presence would tend to excite the loyal subjects of this province to take an active part with us, he has cheerfully submitted to the dangers and fatigues of our campaign. But his delicate constitution has suffered by his public spirit, for he is now obliged to return to England for the recovery of his health."† This design, however, as will be perceived in due time, was deferred until a later period.

Lord Cornwallis after this Pyrrhian victory was compelled by the necessities of his position, mainly by the impossibility of procuring sustenance for his army to retire towards Wilmington. At Cross Creek Tarleton informs us that notwithstanding the cruel persecutions the inhabitants had constantly endured, for their partiality to the British, they yet retained great zeal for the interest of the royal army. All the flour and spirits in the neighborhood were brought to the camp, and the wounded officers and soldiers were refreshed by many conveniences, for the want of which, they had previously suffered. Among the former was the brave and accom-

\* Political Mag., Feb. 1781, p. 60.  
Id. March, p. 125.  
† Idem, March, 1781, p. p. 223-4.

\* Cornwallis' Order Book, MSS.  
† Tarleton's campaigns, p. 324.

plished Lieut. Col. Wilson Webster.\* He was wounded at Guilford, but no serious consequences were apprehended until some time afterwards. He too was a Scotchman, and son of the Rev. Dr. Webster of Edinburg. To the gallantry and professional knowledge of the soldier, he united all the virtues of civil life, and of the brave and skillful officers who served under Cornwallis during his three expeditions in North Carolina, with the exception of Major Ferguson, no one was probably so well qualified as he to lead forth a united army of Highlanders and Regulators. He was wounded in the region occupied by the latter, but died and was buried among his countrymen at Elizabeth in Bladen. Cornwallis turned mournfully and despondingly from his grave; and on the 7th of April, occupied a camp in the neighborhood of Wilmington.

On the 18th, the Earl writes from Wilmington to Lord George Germain as follows: "As Gov. Martin returns to England by this opportunity, I shall beg leave to refer your Lordship to him for many particulars relative to this province. But I think it incumbent on me to be explicit to your lordship on one or two capital points.

The principal reason for undertaking the winter's campaign were the difficulties of a defensive war in South Carolina, and the hope that our friends in North Carolina, who were said to be very numerous, would make good their promises of assembling and taking an active part with us in endeavoring to re-establish his Majesty's government.

Our experience has shown that their numbers are not so great as had been represented, and that their friendship was only passive, for we have received little assistance from them since we arrived in the province, and although I gave the strongest and most public assurances, that after refitting, and depositing our sick and wounded, I should return to the upper country, not above two hundred have been prevailed upon to follow us either as provincials or militia.\*"

It is thus that from April 1776 to April 1781, glimpses of Gov. Martin are revealed to us. But his mission is now closed and he retires behind the scenes to re-appear no more forever.†

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\* Idem. p. 324.

† Lossing in his excellent *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, a work which must soon be regarded as an indispensable portion of every historical library, states that Gov. Martin "was with Cornwallis in Virginia as late as March 1781, when impaired health caused him to leave. He went to New York, spent a part of the summer at Rockaway, on Long Island, and then sailed for England. He died in London in July 1786." Vol. 2, p. 586.

Lossing is generally remarkably accurate in the statement of dates, as well as facts, but is obviously erroneous in this instance. Earl Cornwallis did not leave Wilmington until about the end of April. On the 14th of May he crossed the Meherrin river in his march towards the Notaway and of course took final leave of North Carolina about the middle of the month. See Tarleton's history of the campaigns of 1780-'81, p. p. 285—90.

A preceding note ventures the suggestion of a doubt whether Gov. Martin accompanied the Earl at all upon the departure of the latter from Wilmington. If at the time Gov. Burke was ordered into close confinement, Gov. Martin was in Wilmington, with a competent force to maintain the royal authority, reasons may

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\* Campaigns, p. 281.

He now probably concurred in opinion with the Earl that the strength of the disaffected had been greatly overestimated, and that no reasonable hope remained of the restoration of the missing jewels to the British crown. He was in Wilmington again—*quantum mutatus ab illo*. Broken in health and spirits, separated from his family, what a train of remembrances must have crowded upon him during his brief sojourn amidst the scenes of vanished pomp and power. Alas, the commercial emporium and the State, during these five years had undergone changes and reverses, not less striking and scarcely less sad. No human imagination can conceive, no pencil portray the fearful reality of our condition in '81.

In '76 at less than a fortnight's notice, 10,000 men from the Virginia boundary on the north, from the middle counties and from the western mountains, were on the march to drive the invaders from our southern border. In August '81 Major Craig with 400 regulars, and about the same number of Tories, ravaged the country between the Cape Fear and the Neuse, took possession of New Berne on the 20th, and in due time returned without serious loss, to his post at Wilmington.\* Howe was with his brigade at the North, Moore was dead, Ashe and Harnett were Major Craig's prisoners. Caswell and Lillington were in the field, the

former commander in chief of the militia of the State, but where were the men they led at Moore's creek;—dead, dispersed, dispirited or disaffected.

Gov. Nash had refused to submit to a re-election at the hands of the General Assembly which convened as the record inform us "in the county of Wake on the —— day of June 1781."\* His successor Gov. Burke, entered upon the duties of the office on the 24th. Nine days previous Fanning had entered Pittsborough and carried the officers of the county and the court into captivity. On the 5th of August he captured Col. Alston and his followers on Deep River, on the 14th Cambleton was in his power, on the 1st of September he defeated Col. Wade at McFall's Mills. On the 13th McNeill and Fanning took possession of Hillsborough, seized Gov. Burke and suite, and retiring as suddenly as they had approached, delivered him to Maj. Craig, by whom he was committed to close confinement as a prisoner of State.† In this emergency, Alexander Martin the speaker of the Senate, succeeded to the helm of State. the third Governor during this disastrous year. He held the office until the return of Gov. Burke from captivity in February, 1782.

It is obvious that during the occupancy of Wilmington by Maj. Craig, his power was dominant from the Cape Fear to the Neuse, from Brunswick to Orange. Shortly before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Gen. Ruth-erford with 1400 men, 350 of whom

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have existed, which it was not at the time considered politic to disclose, for considering the former a prisoner of State.

\* Gen. William Caswell to Gov. Burke; in Gov. Burke's Letter Book. Gen. Lillington to the same.

\* Nash to Burke, MSS.

† Gov. Burke to Willie Jones. Letter Book.

were cavalry, marched from Salisbury to the relief of the Cape Fear. On the 15th of October his advanced guard routed a small band of tories under McNeill at Rockfish. About the 1st of November he reached Wilmington, and established his head quarters at Mr. Hill's, whom he found to be "the only active whig," and who had suffered more at the hands of the enemy than any one then in town. Maj. Craig retired on Rutherford's approach, his vessels were still visible on the flats, but on the second day thereafter, they left our coasts.\*

There was no longer an invading enemy. There was civil war nevertheless, waged with bitterness, cruelty and destruction of life and property without a parallel in any other portion of the confederacy. What Attila and his hordes were in their day were Fanning and his confederates at this time in North Carolina—the scourge of God! Tarleton, who looked with unusual composure upon such scenes, seems to have been startled by the state of things around him. He copies an extract from a letter written at Gen. Greene's headquarters on Deep river, dated March 30th, 1781: "Nothing but blood and slaughter, has prevailed among the whigs and tories, and their inveteracy against each other must, if it continues, depopulate this country."† The butchery of Col. Balfour and others, accompanied with acts of savage barbarity towards the feebler sex, was perpetrated in this immediate neighborhood just a year thereafter, in March, 1782.

The last act passed at the General Assembly, which adjourned on the 12th May, 1782, (chap. xlvi.) recites that "from the large number of disaffected persons living in the county of Rowan, joined by a considerable number of disaffected persons in South Carolina, it is dangerous for the citizens of said county, to attend public meetings without arms," and therefore requires all persons attending courts, elections, and other public meetings to carry their guns, with at least six rounds of ammunition to repel any sudden attack of the enemy.

Times of danger are inevitably times of scarcity and privation. The pages of Tarleton and Stedman, abound in evidence of the nakedness, which the devastations of the invading army, and the ruthless civil war had every where produced.

Cornwallis' defence of his retiring from Hillsborough in February, 1781, before the day designated in his proclamation, as the last on which the friends of the crown might find refuge under the royal standard, rests upon the averment that sustenance for his army could not be obtained at that point. Stedman, the commissary and historian, states that after sending a great distance for cattle, and exhausting the scanty supply, much murmuring was excited among the loyalists, by slaughtering the draught oxen, and that he was at last driven to the necessity of providing means of subsistence, at the head of a file of soldiers, by possessing himself of such salted beef and pork and live hogs as could be found among the inhabitants of the town.\*

\* Univ. Mag. vol. i, p. 182-194.

† Campaigns, p. 321.

\* Stedman's Am. War, vol. ii. p. 335.

General Graham informs us that Maj. Craig, on taking possession of Wilmington, ordered large supplies of salt from Charleston. This indispensable necessary could be obtained nowhere else, and too many bartered their political principles to obtain it. In Rowan and Mecklenburg, the price was from \$8 to \$10 per bushel, or in barter a four years old steer. When Rutherford entered Wilmington, he seized upon the supplies left by the enemy, and the effects of the disaffected. When his troops were mustered out of service, his men were allowed to draw a bushel of salt each, and this, the same authority assures us, was of more value than the auditor's certificate, for all the services rendered during the campaign.\*

The Legislature of 1777, to meet the expenses of the war, imposed a tax of half a penny on the pound value of lands, lots, houses, slaves, money at interest, stock in trade, horses and cattle, and a poll tax of four shillings on all persons worth less than £100, in lieu of a property tax. The range of taxation, it will be perceived, was more comprehensive than the system adopted four years ago, and horses and cattle, no inconsiderable item at present, constituted a much larger proportion of the aggregate wealth of the community, then than now. The rate per cent. was between three and four times as great as it is at present.†

In 1782, horses and mules under a year old, were exempted from taxation, and the poll tax on white males confin-

ed to unmarried men, not in military service and over twenty-one years of age. Male adults, it would seem, must either fight or marry; decrease the number of public enemies, or multiply the ranks of friends.\*

† There was no sanctuary for a coward, the legislature might tax, but the young ladies in those days would not marry a man who would not fight.

The following editorial article is copied from "The South Carolina and American General Gazette," published at Charleston on the 9th of February, 1776.

"A North Carolina correspondent, who signs himself *Philo-Gune*, informs us "that the young ladies of the best families in Mecklenburg county, in North Carolina, have entered into a voluntary association that they will not receive the addresses of any young gentlemen of that place, except the brave volunteers, who cheerfully served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovelite insurgents. The ladies being of opinion, that such persons as lazily stay basking at home, when the important calls of their country demand their military service abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave manly spirit, which qualify the gentleman to be the defender and guardian of the fair sex." Our correspondent adds, 'This is the substance of the association, and we hear that the ladies in the adjacent county of Rowan, have desired a similar association to be drawn up, and prepared immediately for signing.'

That the association was formed in Rowan is shown, by the following entries the last on the record now before us, of

\* Univ. Mag. vol. i. p. 134.

† Pamphlet acts, 1777, ch. 2, p. 17.

\* Idem, 1782, ch. 7, p. 17.

† See 2d Wheeler Histor. Sket. p. 737.

the resolves of the committee at Salisbury, Rowan county, North Carolina.'

"May 8th 1776. A letter from a number of young ladies in the county, directed to the chairman requesting the approbation of the committee to a number of resolutions enclosed, entered into and signed by the same young ladies, being read.

*Resolved*, That this committee present their cordial thanks to the said young ladies for so spirited a performance; look upon these resolutions to be sensible and polite; that they merit the honor and are worthy the imitation of every young lady in America.

The committee adjourned till committee in course.

SAMUEL YOUNG, *Ch'n*,

WM. SHARPE, *Sec'ry*."

While the range of taxation was modified the rate per cent. was doubled and was more than equal to seven times the amount of that imposed at present. How much more burthensome it must have been in the then impoverished condition of the country, who among us is able to estimate or to realize?—Quakers and other non-combatants were required to pay treble this rate of taxation and this our fathers considered toleration, for they had solemnly asserted in the Declaration of Rights, that all men have a natural and unalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

To mitigate as greatly as possible the severity of this imposition, it was provided that one-half the amount of each assessment might be paid in specific articles, necessary to the sustenance of our armies, to be delivered at designated depots. Corn was received at, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; wheat 43 $\frac{3}{4}$  and clean rice at 81 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents per bushel. Pork 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , beef 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ , tallow 9,

flour 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ , salt 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents per pound. Tobacco \$3, hemp \$5 62 $\frac{1}{2}$  per hundred. Salt pork \$9 37 $\frac{1}{2}$  per barrel. Indigo 75 cents per pound. Yard wide linen (500 slay) 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ , (700) 50, (1000) 75 cents per yard. The great staple, cotton, is not in the list of enumerated articles. Its manifold production and uses, like the steamboat, the railroad locomotive, the magnetic telegraph and the caloric engine, were not to be heard of, until we should have beaten our spears into pruning hooks and learned war no more.

Onerous as this direct tax may seem to us to have been, and as our fathers felt it to be, the imposition was light in comparison with the indirect tax levied in the guise of paper currency and bills of credit. It is a fact which would be incredible if it were not of record, that the public debt created between January, 1775, and January, 1781, amounted to \$78,375,000. A sum which a shrewd statesman, in the debates upon the Federal Constitution, estimated to be treble the value of all the property, real and personal, owned by all the citizens of the State. The paper currency was nevertheless a lawful tender in the payment of debts, it was an indictable offence to refuse to receive it as such, it was declared unpatriotic to speak of it in disparaging terms, and it was death to counterfeit it.

The laws of trade however, founded on the laws of nature are not to be controlled by human enactments. On the 1st of January, 1777, the paper currency was at par; in 1778, at the rate of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  for 1; in 1779, 6 for 1; in 1780, 32 for 1; in 1781, 210 for 1, and on the 1st of January, 1782, it settled

down to 800 for 1,\* at which rate it was redeemed. At this rate the whole amount that was issued, was little more in value than 95,000 specie dollars. It had purchased all the supplies for our armies, nevertheless, and paid all the wages received by our officers and soldiers during the seven years' war for independence.

I fear that in this extended detail of incidents, connected with the campaign

\* Idem, 1783, ch. 4, p. 10.

of 1776, if I have not exhausted the subject, I have very severely tried the patience of the Society. Succeeding the eminent gentlemen, to whose lectures I referred at the opening, mine is the humbler task of attempting to glean handfull in the fields from which reapers have garnered the sheaves of history. We may well esteem ourselves fortunate if our united efforts shall contribute, in any degree, to illustrate the fame of those who, in the darkest days of the republic, did every thing for the country.

## MAY, 1775.

THE revolutionary history of North Carolina is a noble history—one in which its citizens may properly be very complacent. Among the first in the field of battle, North Carolina never left it. South Carolina and Georgia at one time were conquered Provinces. North Carolina, although at one time reduced to great extremity, never was conquered, the enemy himself being witness. Jefferson has declared that "no State was more fixed or forward," and the researches that are now making into our history gradually reveal the entire truthfulness of his assertion. To this research we have willingly lent the pages of our Magazine, and every true lover of his State should be gratified at the result. The present season of the

year is full of associations connected with the spring of 1775. Every May comforts us for the chills and pains of the winter now past—it is delightful with its own peculiar treasures, and it exhilarates us with bright promises of the future. But to every North Carolinian it should be peculiarly grateful—it should fill his bosom with thankfulness and pride in the past, and with high and noble resolves for the future.

The soul of man has its seasons as well as his soil. There has been a winter of deadness, whose storms disturbed only a desolation. This was succeeded by the time of sowing the seeds of truth and righteousness. Now seems to be the month of May, wherein what has been sown is promising abundant.

firm correct conclusions respecting an  
of much interest to our country  
especially to our own State.

is now beyond a doubt, that citizens  
North Carolina were the first to de-  
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their brethren of the other colonies  
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But there is a great uncertain-  
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1775. And there are three pa-  
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importance. The truth is always  
ant, according to the importance

the arguments by which their various and somewhat clashing claims are sustained. Of this remarkable declaration of independence—what we call “Davie copy,” and the “Martin copy” are both referred to the 20th of May, while “the Resolves” were undoubtedly issued on the 31st of May. The question is mainly as to the priority of the two former papers. “Davie copy” was first published in the Raleigh Register, in April 1819, and so named, because the last two resolutions were found on a manuscript among the papers of the late Gen. W. R. Davie. The “Martin copy” is from Judge Martin’s History of North Carolina, now a rare work, though inquiry was made of Judge Martin, it is not known whence he obtained this paper. “The Resolves” were first discovered in the files of a contemporaneous newspaper, the “Charleston Gazette,” in 1847. They are preserved in the Charleston, S. C. Library, and this invaluable treasure has been frequently and widely published.

## "THE RESOLVES.

*Charlotte town, Mecklenburg county,*  
*May 31st, 1775.,*

This day the committee of the county met and passed the following resolves :

WHEREAS by an address presented to his majesty by both Houses of Parliament in February last, the American colonies are declared to be in a state of actual rebellion, we conceive that all laws and commissions confirmed by or derived from the authority of the King or parliament, are annulled and vacated, and the former civil constitution of these colonies for the present wholly suspended. To provide in some degree for the exigencies of this county, in the present alarming period, we deem it proper and necessary to pass the following resolves, viz :

1. That all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the crown to be exercised in these colonies, are null and void, and the constitution of each particular colony wholly suspended.

2. That the provincial congress of each province, under the direction of the great continental congress, is invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces ; and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these colonies.

3. That as all former laws are now suspended in this province, and the congress have not yet provided others, we judge it necessary, for the better preservation of good order, to form certain rules and regulations for the internal

government of the county, until laws shall be provided for us by the congress.

4. That the inhabitants of this county do meet on a certain day appointed by this committee, and having formed themselves into nine companies, (to wit :) eight in the county, and one in the town of Charlotte, do choose a Colonel and other military officers, who shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of this choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province.

5. That for the better preservation of the peace, and administration of justice, each of those companies do choose from their own body two discreet freeholders, who shall be empowered each by himself and singly, to decide and determine all matters of controversy arising within said company, under the sum of twenty shillings ; and jointly and together all controversies under the sum of forty shillings ; yet so as that their decisions may admit of appeal to the convention of the select men of the county ; and also, that any one of these men shall have power to examine and commit to confinement persons accused of petit larceny.

6. That those two select men thus chosen, do jointly and together choose from the body of their particular company, two persons properly qualified to act as constables, who may assist them in the execution of their office.

7. That upon the complaint of any persons to either of these select men, he do issue his warrant directed to the constable, commanding him to bring the aggressor before him or them, to answer said complaint.

8. That these eighteen select men thus appointed, do meet every third Thursday in January, April, July and October, at the court house in Charlotte, to hear and determine all matters of controversy for sums exceeding forty shillings, also appeals ; and in case

of felony, to commit the person or persons convicted thereof to close confinement, until the provincial congress shall provide and establish laws and modes of proceeding in all such cases.

9. That these eighteen select men, thus convened, do choose a clerk to record the transactions of said convention; and that said clerk, upon the application of any person or persons aggrieved, do issue his warrant to one of the constables of the company to which the offender belongs, directing said constable to summons and warn said offender to appear before the convention at their next sitting, to answer the aforesaid complaint.

10. That any person making complaint upon oath to the clerk or any member of the convention, that he has reason to suspect that any person or persons indebted to him in a sum above forty shillings, intend clandestinely to withdraw from the county without paying such debt, the clerk or such member shall issue his warrant to the constable commanding him to take said person or persons into safe custody, until the next sitting of the convention.

11. That when a debtor for a sum below forty shillings shall abscond and leave the county, the warrant granted as aforesaid shall extend to any goods or chattels of said debtor as may be found, and such goods or chattels be seized and held in custody by the constable for the space of thirty days; in which time, if the debtor fail to return and discharge the debt, the constable shall return the warrant to one of the select men of the company where the goods are found, who shall issue orders to the constable to sell such part of said goods as shall amount to the sum due; that when the debt exceeds forty shillings, the return shall be made to the convention, who shall issue orders for sale.

12. That all receivers and collectors of quit rents, public and county taxes, do pay the same into the hands of the chairman of this committee to

be to the county for the application of all moneys received from such public officers.

14. That all these officers hold their commissions during the pleasure of their several constituents.

15. That this committee will sustain all damages that hereafter may accrue to all or any of these officers thus appointed and thus acting, on account of their obedience and conformity to these resolves.

16. That whatsoever person shall hereafter receive a commission from the crown, or attempt to exercise any such commission heretofore received, shall be deemed an enemy to his country; and upon information being made to the captain of the company in which he resides, the said company shall cause him to be apprehended, and conveyed before the two select men of the said company, who, upon proof of the fact, shall commit him, the said offender, to safe custody, until the next sitting of the committee, who shall deal with him as prudence may direct.

17. That any person refusing to yield obedience to the above resolves shall be considered equally criminal, and liable to the same punishment as the offender last above mentioned.

18. That these resolves be in full force and virtue until instructions from the provincial congress regulating the jurisprudence of the province shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America.

19. That the eight militia companies in the county, provide themselves with proper arms and accoutrements,

and hold themselves in readiness to execute the commands and directions of the general congress of this province and of this committee.

20. That the committee appoint Colonel Thomas Polk, and Dr. Joseph Kennedy to purchase 300 lbs. of powder, 600 lbs. of lead and 1000 flints for the use of the militia of this county, and deposit the same in such place as the committee may hereafter direct.

Signed by order of the committee,  
EPHRAIM BREVARD,  
*Clerk of Committee.*

The committee that made these resolves was doubtless appointed by the freeholders of the county according to the suggestions of the provincial congress held at New Berne, on the 25th of August 1774. There is no record evidence that the members of the convention ever subscribed either of these papers with the formality used at Philadelphia in July 1776. A list of the delegates present was first published by Dr. Winslow Alexander in an address at Hopewell Church, in Mecklenburg county, 5th July, 1824. Where he got it we do not know. It seems to have been copied by the Rev. H. Hunter into his autobiography, written in 1827, with the addition of the name of Richard Harriss, Sen'r.

From Mr. Hunter's memoir it was transferred to the pamphlet on this subject, published by our legislature in 1830, and there contains twenty-six names. Many years ago—how long is uncertain—a broad sheet was published in Knoxville, Tenn., containing the first three of the resolutions in the "Davie copy." To these are appended the names of thirty-one delegates, being those contained in Mr. Hunter's paper

and five more furnished by the memory of Captain Jack in 1819, but not published that we know of, in this State until 1830. Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, the historian, a grandson of John Mc N. Alexander, and a resident of Tennessee, may have furnished the materials for this broad sheet. Mr. Lossing in his very valuable and entertaining Field Book of the Revolution has presented to us the autographs of twenty-four of these delegates. Although these signatures may not have been appended to a declaration of independence, they were doubtless frequently used in maintaining it. They were made by bold men, and they exhibit no trace of nervousness, although often attached to documents that might have brought the writers to a British gallows.

We have stated that "the Resolves" were discovered in 1847, but their existence had been revealed by the preservation of two or three of the series in some paper at the North and transferred to the American Archives by its indefatigable Editor, Peter Force. Until this time it was usual to assert the genuineness of the Davie or Martin paper as the only paper issued by the patriots of Mecklenburg, and as such it has been fashionable to read it on the 20th of May and 4th of July in all parts of our State. During this time some doubted whether the proofs alledged were sufficient to confer on it this honor. Now, some reject it altogether, while others claim for it a deference equal to that necessarily paid to "the Resolves." Indeed, some say that "the Resolves" were a necessary adjunct to the other paper, and in themselves claim to be supplemental to it. We will now pro-

ceed to set forth the arguments used by the debaters on these sides, beginning with those of the advocates for the paper of the 20th of May.

For the genuineness of the earlier document there is alledged :

1. Its own existence. If it was not issued as is asserted, whence was it derived? Its opponents are bound to answer this question. It is set forth by men of the very highest character for veracity and general morality---men who for years have been honored repeatedly by their fellow citizens both in the State and in the Church. Such men will not condescend to an imposition---it is impossible to believe that they would commit a forgery.

2. It is just such a paper as would have been set forth by the Presbyterians of that county--familiar as they must have been with the various covenants, leagues and bonds set forth by their fathers in similar circumstances on the other side of the Atlantic. Even Mr. Jefferson confesses that he searched the records of the Presbyterian church for models by which he and his associates might mould their own documents.

3. We have the testimony of Gov. Stokes that he saw this paper in the hands of Dr. Williamson in 1793, by whom it had been procured from the original record for his History of North Carolina.

4. We have the solemn testimony of fifteen of the survivors of those memorable scenes : that there was a convention at Charlotte on the 19th and 20th of May 1775, and that then and there they heard this paper read. These witnesses are of unimpeachable veracity.

5. The internal evidence afforded by the document itself is confirmatory of the above overwhelming proof. The allusion to the battle of Lexington, which had just been announced--the necessity of providing for the execution of the laws, and the expectation of merging their county organization into a general one for the province, are just such as we would have expected.

Those who on the contrary deny the genuineness of both the Davie and the Martin copies, do not deny that there was a meeting in Charlotte on the 19th and 20th of May 1775. Indeed, the meetings may have been held every day for a month, and at every meeting a fresh paper may have been adopted. They only deny that the Davie paper, in either form, was then and there read, and that for the following reasons.

1. It is a suspicious paper on its very face. Its guardians do not seem to have regarded it as containing the *ipsissima verba* used by the men of Mecklenburg. Who furnished the "Martin copy"? Who made the diversities between it and the "Davie copy"? Many of these diversities are unimportant, but some are very striking. In the aggregate they are, to say the least, very remarkable, and the last resolution in the Martin copy is rather modern in its tone. Whoever heard of such various readings in the National Declaration of Independence, or in the various copies of the contemporaneous county and State publications?

2. As to the testimony furnished by the survivors of May, 1775, it is doubtless entitled to very great respect. But when carefully examined, it is not so definite and overwhelming as it might

have been. We have not the letters which asked for the recollections of these gentlemen. Perhaps they contained leading questions, and suggested dates, events, names, &c., &c. Some of these witnesses were suddenly called on to testify to what they saw and heard forty-five and fifty-five years before, and when they had become old, and as some of them say, their memories not infallible. Of the fifteen witnesses, six omit to mention the day of the month, contenting themselves with saying that the meetings were held during the month of May. Not one of them mentions having heard two such Declarations read, and not one seems to have been asked which of the two we now have, he heard. There is a variance between the recollections of these gentlemen. Some say that John McNitt Alexander was secretary of the convention; others give this honor to Ephraim Brevard, while others share it between them. Mr. John Simeson asserts that what he heard contained a long string of grievances, a Declaration, and an order that Col. Polk, John Phifer, and Joseph Kennedy should secure all the military stores for the county's use. He seems to have recollected "The Resolves" only.

3. Of the age of the "Martin copy" we have no knowledge. The oldest edition of the "Davie copy" was furnished by John McN. Alexander to Gen. Davie, then a resident of South Carolina. The age and the degree of reverence to be given to its contents are unanswerably fixed by this conclusion to the manuscript: "It may be worthy of notice here to observe that the foregoing statement though fundamentally

correct, yet may not literally correspond with the original record of the transactions of said delegation and court of enquiry, as all those records and papers were burnt, with the house, on April 6th, 1800; but previous to that time of 1800, a full copy of said records, at the request of Doctor Hugh Williamson, then of New York, but formerly a representative in Congress from this State, was forwarded to him by Col. Wm. Polk in order that those early transactions might fill their proper place in a history of this State then writing by said Doctor Williams in New York.

Certified to the best of my recollection and belief this 3d day of September, 1800, by

J. McN. ALEXANDER."

*Mecklenburg County, N. C.*

From this certificate it is clear that Mr. Alexander never intended to set forth the "Davie copy" as containing any more than the substance of what was resolved in Charlotte, in May, 1775. It originated in a patriotic effort to preserve from oblivion the worthy sentiments and actions of himself and his neighbors. He candidly declares that it must be received with due deference to what he furnished to Doctor Williamson; but he makes no mention of having then given a copy to Judge Martin. Judge Martin's History of North Carolina was published in 1829, and his copy is evidently a polished edition of the "Davie copy"—polished, because its guardians knew that this was not an extract from original records, and therefore felt no particular reverence for it.

4. Abundant confirmation of this position may be derived from a compari-

son of these papers with each other and with contemporaneous publications. The "Davie copy" cannot have preceded "the resolves." The reasons assigned for Independence in the two documents are inconsistent with each other. We know that in Mecklenburg county were many men who had taken oaths not to disturb his Majesty's government again after the Regulation troubles. The skill with which this difficulty is avoided by "the resolves," and the shield they throw around tender consciences, are admirable. Who could feel bound not to disturb a government which the King and Parliament themselves had abrogated? The 18th resolve might well come from men obliged to agree to a compromise, or be separated from cherished and respected neighbors. But it never followed the "Davie copy." Again, the "Davie copy" makes the delegates declare themselves Justices of the Peace after the fashion of a French *coup d'etat*. "The resolves" provide for the election of Justices by the people, after the fashion of sober, law-abiding Presbyterians, such as its authors undoubtedly were. The men of Mecklenburg were doubtless very far in advance of their compatriots. By comparing the state of feeling revealed by the resolves of the committee for Rowan, the neighboring county, as given by Wheeler, with that of the Charlotte people, it must be seen that the sentiments expressed in the "Davie copy" were at that time altogether unnatural. The agitation of thirteen months was needed to produce them, and then they found expression on the 4th July, 1776.

5. It should ever be borne in mind that no contemporaneous manuscript or

printed document contains a single allusion to the paper of the 20th May, while to that of the 31st the references are many and pointed. "The resolves" are to be found in the *S. C. Gazette* of the 13th June, 1775, but not the other Declaration, although that file contains an account of the Declaration of Independence made by the young ladies of Mecklenburg in the year 1776. On the 20th June, 1775, Gov. Wright of Ga., wrote as follows to the Earl of Dartmouth then the Secretary of State in London: "By the enclosed paper your lordship will see the extraordinary resolves by the people in Charlottetown, in Mecklenburg County, and I should not be surprised if the same should be done everywhere else." This paper was in all probability the *Gazette* of the 13th June, 1775. On the 30th June, 1775, Gov. Martin of North Carolina wrote to the same Secretary as follows: "The resolves of the committee of Mecklenburg, which your lordship will find in the enclosed newspaper, surpass all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirits of the continent have yet produced; and your lordship may depend, its authors and abettors will not escape when my hands are sufficiently strengthened to attempt the recovery of the lost authority of the government. A copy of these resolves was sent off, I am informed, by express to the Congress at Philadelphia as soon as they were passed in the Committee." The paper here referred to was, perhaps, "The Cape Fear Mercury," and the attempt promised was foiled by the battle of Moore's Creek bridge in Feb., 1776.

On the eighth of August, 1775, Gov. Martin stigmatized "the Resolves," in a

public proclamation, in the following language: "I have also seen a most infamous publication in the Cape Fear Mercury, importing to be resolves of a set of people styling themselves a committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this country, and setting up a system of rule and regulation repugnant to the laws and subversive of his majesty's government." We find these contemporaneous notices of "the Resolves," but where are the allusions to either the Davie or the Martin paper? As to the movements of the express mentioned by Gov. Martin, it is well known that it was Capt. James Jack, and that when he passed through Salisbury the court for Rowan county was in session. Mr. Wheeler has published, in his interesting history, the Journal of the Committee of Safety for Rowan county from 1774 to 1776. In this valuable paper we find under the date of September 23d 1774, "Resolved

that this committee meet at Salisbury on the second day of each County court, or on the second day of the week on which the County court used to be held." A meeting of this committee was held on the 1st of June, 1776, and an address to the committee of Mecklenburg was adopted, desiring a communication to be kept up between the two committees, &c., &c. Was this the week in which Capt. Jack passed through Salisbury on his way to Philadelphia? Other coincidences like this might be mentioned but we forbear for the present.

We have thus endeavored to set before our readers as impartially as we can the arguments on both sides of this *questio valde vexata*. Discoveries to be made hereafter may render those on one or the other side entirely useless. In the discussion of this question there seems to be no place for acrimony. Be the decision what it may, it should be followed by no diminution of family pride, denominational reputation, or State honor.

## THE LATE MRS. NUNN.

THERE are few things, says the moralist, not purely evil, of which we can say without some emotion of uneasiness—*this is the last*. I have often thought of this in my walks through our village the past winter, during the process of pulling down the oldest house in it. "Old Mrs. Nunn's" is no longer a locality with us. The low old brown house on the corner, with no two windows in it corresponding, did not long survive its mistress, and though there was perhaps very little of romance connected with its appearance and history, yet it was at least no *parvenu*, and if walls could speak, might have told many a tale of changes and chances in Chapel Hill, during the 'seventy years of its existence.

Tearing an old house down always seems to me as if it were a rude and unwarrantable inquisition into its secrets. The dust and stains of the old boards and plastering, are always eloquent. I was particularly hurt by the two chimnies left standing. All that is sacred in our associations of home and a dwelling, clusters round the fire-side—rests upon the hearth-stone—and these old fire-places left exposed and cold, cried aloud to me against such a violation of the penetralia. I could not but think of the hearts and hands that had been warmed at them; the family gatherings round; the tales that were told; and secrets whispered, while the children

frolicked, the cricket sang and the cat purred in their friendly warmth.

The late venerable mistress of this house was for many years an interesting feature of Chapel Hill society—a link between the old time and the new. Though quite helpless for some years before her death, with her senses much impaired, she preserved in a remarkable degree her memory of the past, and her interest in the present—enjoying the arrival at college of some stripling whose father and grandfather she had seen come and go, illustrating him as it were by well-remembered anecdotes of them; and still in the last days of her life lamenting the high price of provisions, and expressing her admiration of Miss Nancy's indefatigable care for her "boys." Mrs. Nunn possessed some uncommon and valuable traits. The troubled times of her childhood and youth, developed an energy and strength of character which now-a-days would run some risk of being called coarse and unfeminine. The mistress of a family in these backwoods sixty years ago, had however, some need to be "stirring," and if to this, as with Mrs. Nunn, was added an unflinching charity and kindness of heart, she had every right to be stamped a valuable member of society. Mrs. Nunn's maiden name was Copeley. She was born in Maryland, and moved with her family to the neighborhood of the Hawfields in this

State, in her childhood. She married Captain Nunn during the days of the Revolution, at what precise age could never be ascertained. He was, however many years her senior, and when asked some time before her death how it happened that she married a man so much older than herself. "Ah," she said, "he was such a perfect gentleman. I loved him the first time I set eyes upon him, and I'd have died then before I would have told it, for he was a married man. He was a *perfect* gentleman; the other thing sir, to any son he ever had," and as she spoke of a man who had been dead nearly fifty years, tears trickled down her aged cheeks. For his services in the Revolution, she received late in life a pension and arrears due. It is matter of regret now that during her lifetime some attempt was not made to collect and preserve the many reminiscences she could have furnished of Revolutionary times and the early settlement of Chapel Hill. From her known activity and energy of mind and body, she must have been no unintelligent or uninterested spectator of those busy scenes. On one occasion she was asked to which of the two great parties that then divided the country she belonged: "Why to the Regulators to be sure," she said, "and as good a whig as ever hopped."

Fifty years is not a very long time if we take it in connection with great events. As a nation we are yet in our infancy, but the thought of Chapel Hill in 1800, hath in it "some smack of age, some relish of the saltness of time." I confess I like to set some old inhabitants talking of the days when President Caldwell danced with pretty girls in "the old Chapel" at the commence-

ments, and how when the South Building was completed, Chapel Hill fired its first and last cannon, in celebration of the event, thereby totally shattering the prospects of divers peaceably disposed window panes. In those times Mrs. Nunn must have been a person of much consideration and importance. Hers was always the principal boarding house for the college, the only stopping place for strangers. She was widely known and respected and the evidence of all her surviving contemporaries is that she was always good to the poor, a good wife, and friend, and mistress.

What a volume of history is lost in the ninety years that sunk into her grave unrecorded! How many glorious springs, and fervid summers, and fruit-laden autumns! How many nations were revolutionized, how many changing empires flourished and were swept away, while she was rearing her children, and providing for her boarding table, only concerned that calico should be a dollar a yard, and coffee fifty cents a pound. Looking over some old newspapers not long since, dating in the early part of the century, I was interested in finding among the advertisements one to the effect that Elizabeth Nunn was fully prepared to entertain visitors at the approaching commencement, with ample accommodations for man and beast. Those were brave times for the old house when its low-ceiled "big-room" served for the ball-room, and fair girls in brocades and short waists made as many conquests among susceptible Seniors and Sophs, as, *Jove probante*, their grand-daughters in white tarelton will in 1853, under the chandeliers and corn-crested columns of the "New Library."

WINDS AND RAINS. *J. Black*

WE had the pleasure not long since, through the kindness of Professor P—, of the perusal of a "paper" written by Lieut. Maury of the U. S. N., in which he presents an ingenious theory of the circulation of the atmosphere and the distribution of moisture over the earth's surface. This theory treats these subjects differently from any theory we ever saw before; and whether we admit it to be entirely sound or not, it is truly beautiful, and opens to the reason and imagination a new and highly interesting field for discovery and speculation. And should we not suffer the powers of the mind to enter this field? to pry if possible into the secret chambers of the winds, and discover their most hidden laws? We know of no reason why we should not: and whilst we cultivate Saturn and Jupiter and Mars and Venus and the other bodies belonging to our system, measure their distances and magnitude, follow them in their orbits round the sun, and tell the lengths of their years, days and nights, may we not as well pay some attention to these household duties, these *lares* that preside over our hearth-stones, the winds, the ministering angels that bring us our rains and do us a thousand times more service than the bodies we have just mentioned. But thus it is; distance seems to lend enchantment, and men are even found speculating about the atmosphere of these bodies,

who neglect their own. We owe our thanks to Lieut. Maury for his researches in this department.

Lieut. Maury bases his conclusions principally on facts elicited from the "Wind and Current Charts;" and in addition to heat and the rotation of the earth on its axis, the agents heretofore supposed to be concerned in the phenomena of winds and rains, he suspects the existence of another, viz: Magnetism; and that its lurking place is in the oxygen of the atmosphere. Oxygen is magnetic and composes about one-fifth part of that body. Faraday's discoveries in *diamagnetism* suggested to him this latter agent. His "paper" is entitled, "On the probable relation between magnetism and the circulation of the atmosphere."

We will first endeavor to explain to our readers the manner in which the atmosphere circulates according to the theory, and the consequent distribution of moisture over the surface of the earth; and then with due deference to Lieut. Maury's superior knowledge of the facts in the case, we will state what we consider some objections to his conclusions. In conclusion we may add some views suggested by the facts which his "paper has placed in our possession.

The first thing that particularly attracts our attention in the theory or rather as a consequent to it is, that

there are "belts of calms" lying in certain latitudes and reaching "entirely across the seas." These calms are great girdles of atmosphere, revolving with the earth on its axis, and, as we would infer from the *diagram*, 10 or 12 degrees wide. They are situated at the Equator, tropics and poles. The belt of calms lying on the Equator and spreading out on both sides is called the "*Equatorial calms*;" that at the tropic of Cancer, "*the calms of Cancer*," and those lying about the poles are called the "*North polar*" and "*South polar calms*." The Cancer zone of calms in the Atlantic ocean is known to American seamen as the horse latitudes, from the circumstance that the vessels formerly engaged in carrying horses from New England to the West Indies, found it so difficult to cross this zone; they would often be detained in the calms for many days, during which time the large cargo of horses would exhaust the stock of water, become frantic with thirst, and to save a part, the rest would have to be thrown overboard; hence the name of Horse Latitude to the calms near the tropic of cancer. We shall commence our illustration with these calms.

Lieut. Maury finds that there is "an efflux of air both to the north and to the south" from this belt of calms; "from the south side" "the air flows in a never-ceasing breeze, called the N. E. trade winds, towards the equator." On the north side of it, the prevailing winds come from it also, but they go towards the N. E. "They are the well known south-westerly winds which prevail along the route from this country to England in the ratio of two to one." These are the winds which convey to

us most of our rains. Immediately on their exodus they commence precipitating, and going from warmer to colder latitudes; they continue to precipitate more than they evaporate.

But an important question arises here: where does the vapor that these winds carry along with them come from? Lieut. Maury thinks that it is taken up by the S. E. trade winds in the Pacific ocean, westward of Peru. That the S. E. trades after having traversed in an oblique direction for more than 3000 miles that belt of ocean lying between the tropic of Capricorn and the equator, and having been employed all the way in evaporating, at length arrive at the equator highly charged with vapor. Here they meet the N. E. trade winds, and the momenta of these nearly opposite winds being equal, a calm is produced. They both rise cross each other and flow on as upper currents, the S. E. trade winds now taking a direction towards the N. E., in consequence of having the same eastward motion as the parts about the equator, and constantly passing over parallels whose points have less. When these winds rise their volume is expanded—there is a demand for latent heat, which is taken from the heat of elasticity of the vapors; the consequence is a precipitation of a portion of the vapors; therefore, the equatorial calms should be a rainy region, and such they are found to be. The S. E. trades as we have said are now flowing towards the N. E., forming a counter and upper current to the N. E. trade winds, and they carry along with them the residuum of vapor not precipitated at the equatorial calms. When they arrive at the trop-

ic of Cancer they meet with the N. E. trade-winds coming to this place as an upper current; their momenta being equal a calm is again produced; here they both descend, cross and appear as surface winds, and what were once S. E. trades are now the south-westerly or rainy winds of the North temperate zone. Immediately on leaving the calms of Cancer they commence precipitating and continue to do so as they pass on towards the pole. Thus according to Lieut. Maury, "the extratropical regions of the northern hemisphere" stand "in the relation of a condenser to a grand steam machine, the boiler of which" is "in the regions of the S. E. trade-winds." It will likewise be seen hereafter that the N. E. trade-winds perform a like office for the regions beyond Capricorn.

In order to strengthen if possible the indications of the "charts," Lieutenant Maury addressed a circular letter during the summer of 1850 to the planters and farmers of the Mississippi Valley, to ascertain the direction of the rain winds of each locality, and found that the S. W. winds, the winds suggested by the chart, except in western Missouri, are the rain winds. "Continuing on towards the north pole from the S. W. they enter the Arctic regions on a spiral curve, continually lessening the gyrations, until whirling about in a *direction contrary to the hands of a watch*; this air ascends and commences its return as an upper current towards the calms of Cancer." Arrived here, as we have already seen, it meets the current counter to the N. E. trades, descends, crosses it, and passes on the surface as the N. E. trade-winds to the equatorial calms.

It is found that the N. E. trade-winds precipitate very little on their route from the calms of cancer to those of the equator, as might be expected if we suppose that they had first traversed the surface to the North pole and then returned as an upper current before entering this zone. They are supposed to be occupied in evaporating as they perform this part of their journey. It will be observed that whilst in the calms of cancer they partake of the same eastward velocity as all points on the parallels over which they are situated; and when they leave these calms and commence going South, they will be constantly passing over parallels of latitude whose corresponding points have a greater eastward velocity: hence they will, as it were, be left behind and have an apparent motion from the N. E. The N. E. trade-winds arrived at the equator meet the S. E. trades, both rise, cross and go on as upper currents, the N. E. trades taking a direction to the S. E. When they come to the tropic of Capricorn, they there meet the S. E. trades coming from the South pole as an upper current; momenta being equal, a calm is produced, both descend, cross and become surface winds. Here, also, on leaving this belt of calms, *our winds* begin to precipitate; this precipitation is the residuum of vapor not precipitated by them in the calms of the equator, and which was taken up in the region of the N. E. trades, and it goes on till they reach the Ant-arctic calms, where gyrating in a spiral with the *hands of a watch*, they continue to contract their contortions as they draw nearer and nearer the pole, where they ascend with a low barometer and commence their return in the upper regions

of the atmosphere towards the calms of Capricorn. Thus we have passed through the labyrinth of the winds in all its windings ; but whether or not it can be understood how we got through the reader will have to decide. If instead of the S. E. trades, we commence with the N. E., and follow them in their course southward, their movements would seem to correspond almost entirely with what is said of the winds in Eccl. I and 6 : "The wind goeth toward the South, and turneth about unto the North ; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits."

This theory, from what we can gather from the "paper" before us, was adopted : 1st, because it seems to furnish an explanation to the manner in which the rains are distributed over many portions of the earth ; as for instance the Mississippi valley is a well-watered region, as that mighty river abundantly proves, and most of it's rains fall during those months when the sun is south of the equator. Now such should be the case according to the theory ; for it may be observed that the S. E. trades, which come over to bring rains to that valley, have no land in their whole extent of evaporating surface to prevent their being fully charged with vapors, and therefore should bring much rain. Again, more rain should fall in the winter than summer, because the sun being south of the equator, evaporation goes on faster in the S. E. trade region, in the former than in the latter.

Let us take as another example the Sahara or great desert of Africa. The winds that come to it should be dry

winds, because when they were in the S. E. trade region, instead of having traversed a surface of ocean, as the winds of the Mississippi valley, they were on the land throughout nearly their whole course, having entered South America about the parallels of Rio, and passed up through Brazil to the equatorial calms.

And Lieut. Maury supposes that it will generally happen, when large bodies of land are found lying in either trade region, that the countries to which the winds pass from them, may be expected to be afflicted with drought.

2. It was adopted as an explanation to the belts of calms already described, and to which so frequent reference is made in the theory. How they are produced has already been shown.

3d. It is supposed to be greatly strengthened by Ehrenberg's microscopic discoveries of South America infusoria in the blood rains and Sea dust of the Cape Verde Islands, Lyons, Genoa and other places. The transportation of these infusoria and sea-dust are attributed to the S. E. trades.

4th. Dr. Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity" has brought, as Lieut. Maury thinks, magnetism to its relief, the great "*sine qua non*" which "guides the air from the south through the calms of Capricorn, of the equator, and of Cancer, and conducts it into the North ; that agent which causes the atmosphere with its vapors and infusoria to flow above the clouds from one hemisphere into another, and whose footprints had become so palpable." It is proper to observe that the theory is given as the general rule of atmospheric circulation, to which there are "infinite

exceptions," but they are supposed to be caused for the most part by the land.

We have been more tedious in trying to make ourselves understood by our readers than we would have been could we have presented them with a *diagram of the Winds*.

Notwithstanding the many beauties of Lieut Maury's theory, and the satisfactory manner in which it seems to account for many of the phenomena of meteorology; yet we have some objections to it.

In the first place, we can hardly conceive of two volumes of air, as the N. E. and S. E. trade-winds, pervading and at the same time flowing across and through each other without mingling. The particles of each volume, according to the theory, form separate *caravans*, making pilgrimages to the north and south poles, and laden with bounties to distribute on their way; they meet and *elbow* by each other in three of the calms and then pursue their journey turning "neither to the right hand nor to the left." Such we know would not take place under ordinary circumstances, which may be shown by simply blowing through a puff of tobacco smoke with the mouth. In order therefore to produce such a result, the air must be placed under the influence of some agent different from the mere principle of motion; and *magnetism* is thought to be competent. But suppose *magnetism* is competent to produce the required result on the atmosphere: it does not follow that it would have the same influence over the vapors and infusoria which it holds suspended in it; for we must not forget that these bodies and the atmosphere are not held to-

gether by any *chemical* affinity. Now we object, that it has not been shown that water vapor, microscopic infusoria, &c., are also magnetic as well as atmospheric air. If they are not, then a general mingling of these bodies might take place in the calms, notwithstanding the atmospheric air moved on. But in this event one of the foundation stones and a main prop of the theory would be gone: for the theory proceeds strictly on the supposition that these bodies follow the atmosphere without mingling in the calms.

But in the second place; we have what we consider a still weightier objection to urge. Now it will be readily perceived that the grand result of the theory is to envelop the earth in two concentric hollow spheres of atmosphere, made up of a series of belts or girdles, the belts of the interior sphere always moving counter to those of the exterior, and interchanging with them at the calms. Now if we take one of the succession of belts that always blow in the S. E. trade regions, and bring it over into the temperate zone on this side of the tropic of Cancer, its circumference will be shortened and one of two things must take place in order to make room for those following it. 1st, its density must be increased if its velocity remains the same; or 2d, its velocity must be increased if its density remains the same. Now its density does remain the same, and if the theory is sound its velocity must be increased. But what are the facts? So far as we have been able to find out from the limited sources of information at hand, its velocity instead of being increased is decreased; therefore we infer that our south-westerly

winds are not a continuation of the S. E. trades. If we are not rightly informed, this is a point for the friends of the theory to fortify. If our information is correct the theory falls by it. But let us pursue our investigation a step further. When *our belt* would have moved up to 60 deg. north latitude, its circumference would only be about half what it was at the equator; and it would have to move twice as fast as the S. E. trades or moving with their velocity it would have twice their density, neither one of which results take place. Again as this *belt* would draw near the pole, in consequence of its length growing shorter and shorter, its density would be constantly multiplying or else its velocity would become so rapid that instead of forming a *calm* as the theory supposes, it would form a perfect *vortex* about the pole, more terrible than the maelstrom off the coast of Norway.

But it may be urged that only a part of the atmosphere goes to the poles, and that the balance is swept back by the upper and returning current. In doing this we forget the agency of magnetism. It is a condition of the theory that all of it must go to the poles.

We submit these objections to the consideration of those better able to judge of their weight than ourselves, and do so with high regard for the author of the theory.

Now perhaps modesty should prevent our offering any views of our own on these subjects; and it may be asked, what can we expect to see in them, that has escaped the scrutinizing glances of the most scientific men of the age? We reply nothing; nor do we expect to make a revelation.

We lay it down, 1st, that in trying to explain phenomena, we should never admit an agency whose nature and effects are not well understood, if we can get along without it; and 2d, that magnetism is such an agent; and therefore we should try to get along with our old agents and let it alone. We propose to take a view of some of the probable movements of the atmosphere without this agency. We will take up first the *trade-winds*. The reader is already aware that they blow in never-ceasing breezes from the N. E. and S. E. in towards the equator. This movement is caused by the diurnal motion of the earth, and the high temperature of the equatorial regions compared with those to the North and South; the air over the former constantly ascending and having its place supplied by horizontal currents from the latter. It is probable that the trade-winds do not change their directions suddenly from horizontal to vertical currents; but that the change is made in curves, and that just below the points in their respective curves perpendicular to the horizon, they impinge on each other, and mingling to some extent, are reflected back as upper currents. Now it will be perceived that if these conditions are true, there will be left a kind of cuniform belt of atmosphere, having its upper edge at the point of contact of the N. E. and S. E. trades, and its back lying on the surface below. This belt would probably be calm, and may not the equatorial calms be formed in this way?

The N. E. trades after rising, being partially mingled with the S. E. trades and reflected back, flow towards the N. E. as an upper current until they come to the limit of the N. E. trade region,

where they fall to the ground and commence again their course on the surface; and thus a rotary motion is established in the double belt of atmosphere lying between the *tropic* and the *equator*. That this movement should be confined to the regions between the tropics and the equator, more than to any other, is probably owing to their being heated most; the sun passing over them twice a year.

Now let us go to the northern edge of this revolving belt and notice what will be apt to take place. We will find that the tendency of the motion already described, will be to establish a contrary motion in the body of atmosphere lying north of the tropic of cancer. Such results are seen in the motions of wheels where one is made to revolve against another, and when to make the motion more certain coggs are sometimes used. We also sometimes see it established in the course of rivers where the stream flows rapidly by a cove of still water, giving rise to the apparently paradoxical result of pieces of timber floating up stream. May not our south-westerly winds be set in motion in this way? If they are these two revolving bodies would be apt to leave another *cuniform* belt under their line of contact, which in all probability would be calm; and thus, may we not have the calms of Cancer?

Now on this hypothesis it is an easy

matter to account for the transportation of South American infusoria and sea dust, and, in some degree, for vapors, into the North temperate zone; for it may be observed that the entire surface of the belt of N. E. trades mingles to some extent with that of the S. E. trades at their line of contact over the equatorial calms, and again with the atmosphere north of the tropic of Cancer at the time of contact over the Cancer calms. In this way, may not South American infusoria and sea dust be brought over to Lyons, Genoa, the Cape Verde Islands and other places in the temperate zone?

We intended to make some remarks on evaporating surfaces, and try to show from what is supposed to be known of the amount of evaporation that takes place in the Meditteranean and some other inland seas, what we might expect from the Gulf of Mexico; also, to bring in light derived from Dr. Mitchell's theory of our *North east gales* to show with the above that it is not necessary to go to the South Pacific for our rains. We also intended saying something about Atlantic hurricanes; but the limits of the present article will not admit of our entering on these subjects. We may, however, make them the subject of some future article, and in the mean time try to become better acquainted with them.

Ed'r.

## WILLIAM HILL, OF CAPE FEAR, N. C.

It is certainly desirable that the name of every man, remarkable for virtue and talents, and whose political course has been mis-understood by some, and misrepresented by others, should be rescued from oblivion and his character exhibited in its true colors; and such is the object of the present sketch. In regard to Mr. Hill, I say emphatically, his *political course*, for his moral character has been admitted by all parties to be above reproach and above suspicion.

William Hill, the ancestor of the present distinguished family of that name, on Cape Fear, was a native of Boston. He was graduated at the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1756. His forefathers, according to local tradition, were wealthy; but in consequence of the failure of a mercantile house, for which the head of the Hill family had become an endorser, they were reduced in their circumstances.

The subject of this notice removed to North Carolina before 1760—the exact date is not known—and settled in Brunswick, then a flourishing town. The ruins may still be seen on the Cape Fear River, a few miles below Wilmington.

His education I have reason to believe was thorough, and he continued to improve and enlarge his mind after he left college. An intellect so acute and

inquisitive as his, could not remain stationary. With a mind so prepared, it naturally excites surprise, that he did not devote himself to one of the liberal professions. He preferred, however, to engage in mercantile pursuits.

Mr. Hill came to the south principally on account of his health, which was delicate. A few years after he settled on Cape Fear, he married Miss Margaret Moore, daughter of Nathaniel Moore, Esq., and grand daughter of James Moore, Governor of the two Carolinas, by the daughter of Sir John Yeaman.

Mrs. Hill was a woman of superior mind and great energy of character. It is said of this lady, that she professed to have been attracted towards the interesting invalid, by his refinement, piety and attainments, rather than by his uncommonly prepossessing exterior.

In Jones' Defence of North Carolina, I find the following extract from the journal of Josiah Quincy, who appears to have been on a *political* tour through North Carolina in March 1773.

“Lodged last night in Brunswick N. C., at the house of William Hill, Esq., a most sensible, polite gentleman, and though a crown officer, a man replete with sentiments of general liberty, and warmly attached to the cause of American freedom.”

This extract shows how early and how independently Mr. Hill declared the

principles which he adhered to, undeviatingly, to the end of his life.

I have it in my power to give additional and even more convincing proofs of Mr. Hill's patriotism. The extracts I am about to quote, were taken, at my request, from his letter book, where they have reposed for more than 70 years.

The writer, we may be very confident, never anticipated that his *business* letters, would at a future period, come before the public eye.

EXTRACT 1ST.

"TO MESSRS. KELL & Co., LONDON.

*Brunswick, July 26, 1774.*

The tea, though repeatedly written for, is not come at all, but I need not find fault or make any objections now, for the flame into which this whole continent is thrown, by the operation of the Boston Port Bill, will presently show itself, in an universal stop to all intercourse between Great Britain and the colonies. My little connection in trade, must cease with the rest.

Though it is probable, from the present appearance of things, that exportation, as well as importation, will cease, yet you may rest assured of your full payment from me.

Though the want of the tea has for some time past, been a serious hurt to me; yet 'tis now a lucky omission; as I am very doubtful our committee would have ordered it back. But I hate politics and your papers are by this time, filled with the Resolutions of the different provinces, counties, towns, &c., in America. It may not be amiss to say, that they are sending large contributions from every port, on the continent, to Boston for the relief of the suffering poor, &c.

EXTRACT 2RD.

TO MESSRS. KELLY & Co., LONDON.

*Brunswick, Aug. 17th, 1774.*

I am much obliged to you, gentlemen, for your very polite tender of the agency

for supplying his Majesty's ships, but I beg leave to decline it. I would not be subject to the humors of those gentlemen for 10 per cent. commission. The tea I am as much surprised to see now, as I have been disappointed in the want of it, these eleven months past. Had it come agreeably to my request, in July, 1773, it would have afforded a profitable sale, but it is now too late to be received in America. If I were ever so willing to take it, the people would not suffer it to be landed. Poison would be as acceptable. I hope you will not be surprised, therefore, to receive it again, by the same ship. By this you will easily perceive how vastly mistaken your correspondents have been, in their opinion of disunion among the American provinces, and I can venture to assure you that North Carolina will not be behind any of her sister colonies, in virtue, and a steady adherence to such resolves, as the continental Congress now sitting at Philadelphia (shall) adopt. American colonies will in future be treated with more justice, than they have lately met with from an ——\* But I quit the subject, which some wiseacres on your side the Atlantic, have declared to be unfit for mercantile discussion. They will allow us, at least, I hope, to judge of the expediency, or in expediency, of further intercourse, which among others, I shall decline, until the present difficulties are happily over, which as a warm friend to Great Britain and her colonies, I sincerely wish may be happily accomplished.

EXTRACT 3D.

TO MR. SAMUEL SHOENAKER PHILADELPHIA.

We are waiting with impatience, the result of the deliberations of Congress, which if I am not deceived, the province of North Carolina will religiously adhere to.

\* The reader may easily fill the blank, with the words "unprincipled and corrupt ministry."

## EXTRACT 4TH.

MESSRS. WOODBRIDGE & KELLY LONDON.  
Brunswick, Dec. 1, 1774.

Gentlemen:—The Mary Inckily arrived two days before the importation limit expired; for, from and after this day, all goods, imported from Great Britain are to be vendued—the first cost and charges to be paid to the importer; the profit, if any, to go to the relief of the sufferers by the Boston Port Bill. The tea of Ancrum & Co., and Hewes & Smith, was inadvertently landed, but they delivered it to the collector for the duties, and it is now lodged in the Custom House. Alas, this ill-timed pepper corn duty, has done more mischief than ages will repair.

I hope the repeal of the duty may yet make tea a valuable article, though some are of the opinion that long disuse of it, will make many forget it forever.

## EXTRACT 5TH.

MESSRS. WOODBRIDGE AND KELLY:

BRUNSWICK, JUNE 3d, 1775.

I shall do my utmost to remit to you by every opportunity; but from present appearances, I much fear it will be very little more, until Great Britain and America are reconciled; for the whole continent seems determined, to a man, to die rather than give up taxation to those over whom they can have no constitutional check. I can but, therefore, for your sakes, as well as mine, regret that property here is every day more and more precarious.

May God avert the impending calamity, and give us peace and tranquility!

## EXTRACT 6th.

MESSRS. WOODBRIDGE AND KELLY:

May 24th, 1775.

I cannot but take notice of Mr. Woodbridge's spirited reply to the committee of the house and the favorable opinion he expressed, of the honor of the merchants on this side of the Atlantic. I have great pleasure in assuring him, that it has placed him high in the esteem of Americans,

in general, and particularly in the affectionate regard which I entertain for him, &c.

## EXTRACT 7TH.

MESSRS. WOODBRIDGE AND KELLY:

In a few days, I hope to remit you £300, which I am sorry to say, is all you must expect, until this horrid civil war is over, a war, by which matters are become so uncertain, that it is but a turn of a die, whether we have any property or not. This is the reason that I have sent no conditional orders for goods (as most of the trading folks have done) for if the act *should* be repealed, and the troops recalled, it is impossible for you to know, in England, what American has, either life or property left, at the time such news might reach this country. To me it appears unreasonable, to expect the merchants in Great Britain, should risk their property, until all difficulties are accommodated, and people on both sides the Atlantic are acquainted with any change that has happened; and many and great changes will be."

These extracts exhibit, in my opinion, the patriotism, the independence, the disinterestedness, the candor and the elevated probity of Mr. Hills' character. Do not they also manifest his political wisdom and foresight? notwithstanding his evident repugnance to discussions regarding the relative situation of the mother country, and the united colonies. This repugnance did not arise from indifference to the cause of liberty, for in that cause, no man was more firm, nor more willing to sacrifice his personal interest.

I have long wished to attempt a biography of Mr. Hill; but have been prevented by the scarcity of materials within my reach. I had hoped to obtain the letters, which it is known, this gentleman wrote, to leading members

of the Convention of North Carolina, but failing in this, I had almost despaired of giving his true character to the public. I have however, come to the conclusion to give such a sketch as is in my power, and leave to one of his gifted descendants the task of finishing the picture.

The desiderated letters will enable him to do so. I would draw the attention of such a biographer to a letter written by Mr. Hill to the committee of Safety of Wilmington district, of which I should be glad to have possession at this moment.

I will here take the liberty to observe, that letters on public subjects, and particularly those connected with the revolution, ought to be considered as public property, and placed in the custody of the Historical Society of North Carolina.

I would also express the hope that the enlightened Legislature of my native State, will take measures to collect the letters of Caswell, Ashe, Johnston, Iredell, Maclaine and others, and dispose of them as above suggested.

It is a rather extraordinary fact, that a man of so retiring a disposition and of so much delicacy of character, as Mr. Hill, should possess an almost unbounded influence in the popular bodies of the province and afterwards of the State. Of this influence I will give an instance.

When the Convention, (Jones sometimes calls it a Congress) met in August, 1775, at Hillsborough, the contest came on for the highest military officer. James Moore and John Ashe were nominated by their respective parties. Moore was elected. This result was effected by the

influence of Mr. Hill. I came to the knowledge of this fact by a conversation with a gentleman who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. I introduced the discussion by remarking that the enemies of Mr. Hill had alleged against him, that Gov. Ashe disapproved of Mr. H.'s political course, and that a coolness had taken place between them in consequence. The gentleman addressed, replied emphatically, that the allegation was false—that he was intimate with both parties, and that he knew the cause of the coolness; which was, that Mr. Hill had exerted his influence against the Governor's brother, during the canvass, and that in consequence of this influence, Col. Moore had been elected. I enquired, how it happened that one who was not a member could exercise such an influence? He replied, that Mr. Hill effected his purpose, by means of correspondence with the leading members, whom I may add, by his clearness of perception, coolness of judgment, and persuasive eloquence; above all, by his freedom from every selfish and factious purpose; and in fine, by his impartiality and moderation, he could move to feel and think as he did.

In the present case, both candidates were connected with Mr Hill, and he was on friendly terms with them, and no one, I am persuaded, admired more than he did, the brilliant talents and the ardent patriotism of Colonel Ashe; but that gentleman was advanced in life, when he made the transition from the council to the camp, and was supposed to be unacquainted with military science; whereas, Colonel Moore had, from his youth, been bred a soldier. Mr. Hill

too, probably advocated the complete separation of the civil and military professions.

This separation, however, the exigencies of the times, rendered impracticable and in some cases, as in that of Governor Caswell, the combination was productive of the happiest effects. That gentleman enjoyed a high reputation as a jurist, a statesman, and a soldier.

Of Ashe, I can truly say, that misfortune, not want either of ability, or vigilance, decided his fate.

I have mentioned many virtues as belonging to the character of Mr. Hill; and I will now advert to another, more rare than any of them, and certainly not either so well understood, or so highly appreciated by the public. Jaosiah Quincy's Journal, before referred to, says: "March 28th, 1773—I go to church this day, at Brunswick—hear William Hill read prayers."

These words convey a striking trait of Mr. Hill's mind; a moral courage which enabled him to make a public profession of his faith, by performing the services of the Episcopal church, at Brunswick, and afterwards at Wilmington, whenever circumstances permitted him to do so. For many years, a visit of a clergyman, was an uncommon occurrence, and there was no settled minister at either place, during the continuance of the war.

Mr. Hill commenced this practice, soon after he came to the country, and continued it, though too many of his hearers belonged to the class of infidels and skeptics, to the close of his life; and such was the respect for his character, that his sincerity was never doubted, while the irreverent and indecorous be-

haviour which might be expected from such an audience, never occurred when he read the service.

Prudence was a virtue which Mr. Hill possessed in an uncommon degree; and he never acted contrary to its dictates, except when higher duties called for the exercise of a higher virtue. One such occasion did occur, during the Revolution, which I have reason to believe is now known only to myself.

It was communicated to me by a friend of Mr. Hill, long since dead—one who fully appreciated his character and talents—the friend already referred to. One day, while the British were in possession of Wilmington, Major Craig, the commander of the garrison, who was slightly acquainted with my informant, rode up to him in the street, and presenting him a letter, requested him to read it. He did so, and found it was written by some person within the town to the commander of the American army. The letter had been intercepted, and Craig no doubt hoped to elicit an opinion, with respect to the author. My informant perused it with fixed attention; indeed felt a deep interest in its contents, and was struck with the ability, and the knowledge of military affairs, which it evinced. The object of the writer was to communicate a plan by which the American commander could surprise and capture the British garrison with little, if any, effusion of blood. It contained a general description of the garrison, and showed the condition of every point which was to be assailed, and the force which would be necessary to ensure success. In short, it furnished complete directions for the conduct of the enterprise, which was to be ef-

fectured by simultaneous action by land and by water.

I requested the narrator to give me a sketch of the plan in writing; but he replied that it was impossible, by any effort of memory, to bring together such a multitude of particulars—besides he could not retain the letter long enough to make himself master of its contents, without exciting suspicion. He saw at a glance, however, that the handwriting, spelling, &c. were disguised, in order to give the impression that the writer was an illiterate man: but he was confident, from the ability it evinced, that there was only one person in the town who could write it. He was particularly struck with the minute precision of the details. Acquainted as he himself was, with the town and its vicinity, the letter opened to him views entirely new, of points at which it was assailable. On the whole, he declared that it appeared to him, impossible that the enterprise could have failed if the letter had reached its destination. He added "I saw that Craig suspected Mr. Hill." I returned the letter with an air of indifference, saying "I know nothing about it, Sir," which was really the case.

After the lapse of nearly forty years the impression on his mind, was strong as ever that this letter was a masterly production.

By this daring act of patriotism Mr. Hill jeopardized his life and his property. Could Craig have detected any agitation or anxiety in the manner of the gentleman to whom he showed the letter, he, no doubt, would have pressed the matter on *him* and in *other directions*, and the result might have been

fatal. Major Craig, however, being unable to make any discoveries that could affect the life of Mr. Hill, it is my belief, that he resorted to the alternative. I heard his son, the Hon. William H. Hill, declare publicly, that the British, before they left Wilmington, carried off thirty negroes from his father's plantation in one night. At the time of this declaration, I had not heard of the intercepted letter, but now, I can have no doubt, that the carrying off the negroes was an act of revenge.

There is one view of this case which excites reflection in my mind more than any other in it. It is the superiority which mind, manners, and elevation of character impart to their possessor, over one armed with despotic military authority, and impelled by a vindictive temper.

Had a man of ordinary manners and character (and such a one might be endowed with extraordinary abilities) written that letter—Craig, with the suspicions which occupied his mind, would not have scrupled to order him instantly under arrest; and one examination succeeding another, would have fixed the charge on him, and sealed his fate. But we see that he does not even apply to Mr. Hill. He is kept at two great a distance by the dignity of his manners, but attempts by feeling the pulse of a third person, who is intimate with him, to ascertain how far he can proceed in the investigation, with safety to himself. The resolute and rugged soldier, with the sword in his hand, is afraid to demand an interview, lest he should involve himself in a mortifying, perhaps a humiliating predicament.

Had this attempt to serve his country demanded the sacrifice of life or liberty, Mr. Hill was, no doubt, prepared to make it. Nothing less can be inferred from his deportment, during the remainder of Major Craig's command in Wilmington. To most men, this period would have been one of excruciating suspense. There would have been a dread of consequences which could be neither controlled nor concealed. With him, it was otherwise. Calm and self-possessed, and conscious of the rectitude of his motives, he neither shunned nor sought scrutiny. Sometimes reserved, and sometimes affable, as circumstances required—but always courteous and always dignified—Mr. Hill kept the "even tenor of his way," and pursued his customary duties and avocations as if no enemy were near.

Immediately after the evacuation of Wilmington by the British troops, a number of respectable citizens, whose business obliged them to remain in town during the time it was occupied by the enemy, were annoyed by a vexatious, though not a dangerous prosecution.

The most distinguished of these were William Hill, Parker Quince, Samuel Swann, and William Moseley—all patriots, and some of them officers in the American army.\*

I will give an extract from the record of Mr. Hill's trial. A court was formed:

"Present, the Hon. Samuel Ashe and Hon. Samuel Spencer. State *versus* William Hill. Evidence sworn—Col. Thomas Brown, Thomas Maclaine, Esq., and several others, (ladies of Wilmington.) William Hill being personally in court. The foregoing witnesses being severally examined, as to the conduct of William Hill while the British troops were in Wilmington, it appeared that he had acted as a friend to the United States, during the stay of Major Craig in Wilmington and its neighborhood. Therefore ordered that he be discharged."

The presiding judges in this court were judges of the Superior court of law and equity. As to the rest, the record is imperfect. There is no prosecuting officer mentioned. No witnesses were produced to testify against the accused: on the contrary, all who were sworn, testified in his favor.

It appears to me evident that this was a mere court of enquiry, and the proceedings analogous to those of a grand jury.

Mr. Hill, notwithstanding his discharge, thought proper to vindicate his character.

Archibald McLain, then a distinguished advocate, jurist and statesman, was present. He pronounced Mr. Hill's address to the court, a most able and eloquent exposition of his political views and conduct, and a complete triumph over the instigators of the prosecution; men who were actuated, more by envy of the position and merits of Mr. Hill than by zeal for the public good.

In closing this brief sketch of Mr. Hill's life and character, I feel no hesitation in averring that he was one of the wisest and best of those citizens who were brought into notice by the events of the revolution. Conservative in his principles, he abhorred tumultuary move-

\* There was an attempt made to get up another prosecution on the same grounds, in which Dr. James Fergus, and other highly respectable and patriotic gentlemen were assailed, and confined for some hours; but by a general movement of the well-disposed citizens of the town, were liberated and the prosecution put down.

ments, and was never impelled by the popular current. He never sought "place or power" for himself, but was a keen observer of public men and public measures, and though retiring and unobtrusive, took a deep interest in the welfare of his country.

At the close of the revolution Mr. Hill's estate, though much shattered, was unincumbered by debt, and worth five thousand pounds sterling.

I cannot give the date of Mr. Hill's death, but my impression is, that this event occurred in the Spring of 1784. His remains were deposited where those of his relict, Mrs. Hill, were afterwards laid, in a vault near the ruins of the church in Brunswick.

One incident relating to Mr. Hill's death which I distinctly remember to have heard immediately afterwards, I will mention. On the morning of his dissolution he had the usual family service in his chamber, which being concluded, he requested a friend to add a prayer which he pointed out in the common prayer book, as suited to his condition. While his family and friends were thus engaged, Mr. Hill expired.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

It is always gratifying to contemplate a family, where the sons are worthy of an eminently respectable father; and such was the case, in a remarkable degree, in Mr. Hill's family. His four sons, all held useful and honorable stations in life.

John, his eldest son, served as a Lieutenant at the battle of Eutaw Spings, and after the close of the war, became a successful planter on Cape Fear. Na-

thaniel was a skillful physician and surgeon, and most benevolent man. Thomas, though a man of talents, was of a retiring disposition, and resided chiefly on his plantation. He was greatly respected for his hospitality and kindness of heart.

William Henry Hill was distinguished in public life. He was appointed by Washington, U. S. Attorney for the District of North Carolina, being at the time a successful advocate at the bar. He had a fine voice, and was a fluent, eloquent, and impressive speaker. He was elected a member of the House of Commons in the Legislature of the State and afterwards a Representative in Congress for the District of Wilmington, and was highly respected in that station.

This gentleman left a son, who for a few years shone a brilliant star in the firmament of North Carolina. Of Joseph Alston Hill—had he lived to attain to the zenith of his intellectual powers—it is no temerity to assert, that his name would have been enrolled among the first in the United States, for legal and political science; for eloquence and literature. But he died early; as much beloved and lamented for the amiability of his disposition, and manners, as admired for his talents.

I have often thought it would be a most pleasing task to delineate a character so lovely in all its aspects, and a mind of such varied excellence; and indeed I seriously meditated the attempt, but delayed it, hoping to obtain materials, which would have enabled me to establish—not his powers as an orator, for these were universally admitted—but his preeminence as a debater in a de-

liberative assembly. Age and infirmity now render it impracticable. It would, however, afford me pleasure to see such a portrait from an abler hand.

I have in my possession a very few of the productions of Joseph A. Hill. One of these is a letter, which was published in the Cape Fea Recorder while I was Editor, under the signature of *Hertensius*, and addressed to the Hon. Louis McLane. I select a passage from this letter, not as containing more beauties than other passages, but as a specimen of condensed reasoning and graphic sketches of character :

“Should a war break out, and be confined to the powers of Europe, or should it extend itself to this continent : in either, or both contingences, our foreign relations would assume an aspect of peculiar interest and immeasurable importance! We should, in such an event, require at the head of our government a politician of the greatest wisdom and experience. We should require, to manage the affairs of this country, a statesman familiar with the intricate diplomacy of European Cabinets ; thoroughly master of the peculiar views, the respective policy, and distinctive interests which govern and influence them. Where shall we find such a man ? Shall we seek him in a brave and successful military commander ? It requires one order of talent to govern an army, and another to guide a State.

It is not here, as in ancient Rome, where the chief magistrate was expected to lead the battles of the Republic, that a candidate can recommend himself by pointing to his scars, and enumerating his triumphs. Is GENERAL JACKSON qualified to discharge the duties of this high office by the peculiar cast of his mind ? by his habits of mental discipline ? by the nature of his previous occupation and pursuits. His history exhibits him with other features of character, and as otherwise engaged.

His genius and his fortunes have displayed themselves in the field. Men, like planets, have a perpetual tendency to shoot from their proper spheres, where alone they can be useful, and where alone they are destined to shine. The star of this brave old warrior, which in its native orbit, has shone so brightly, if transferred to another sphere might lose its lustre. Is an appeal made to the gratitude of the people ? Is the office asked, as a reward for those military exploits, which have added a page of glory to the history of our country ? Decree appropriate rewards ; decree him an ovation, a triumph ; erect statues and triumphal arches to commemorate his great achievements : let a wreath, perpetual, if you please, reward the victor. But we shall neither consult his real glory, nor the true interests of our country, by conferring on him an office, which neither nature nor education have qualified him to fill. It may be urged, however, that he has displayed a vigor of mind which will supply the defects of education, and the want of experience. The utmost then, that is claimed in his favor, is, that he *may* be qualified : but where there is uncertainty, there may be danger. We have not that full and perfect assurance of his adequacy to the duties of the first office in our gift, which would make it prudent in us to bestow it on him. If then we can find in any other citizen, more unequivocal evidence of merit ; if we can find one of whose fitness for office, we can be better assured, we shall act wisely to prefer him. If sir, there be in this country a man, the nature of whose habits, the tenor of whose pursuits, the native endowments, and the acquired accomplishments of whose mind, point him out as eminently fitted for the great office, that man is the illustrious citizen who now fills it.

\* \* \* \* \* The great Washington has recorded his high testimony to his early worth and the high endowments of his mind. He has enjoyed the confidence and contributed

largely to the support of successive administrations. He has been repeatedly entrusted with the management of important negotiations, all of which, he has conducted in a manner to acquire for him the applause of the ablest politicians, both at home and abroad. His state papers, are so many monuments of his genius, distinguished alike by the accomplishments of the scholar, and by the acumen and deep research of the politician. His long experience and his indefatigable industry, have made him, not only thoroughly acquainted with the nature of our own institutions, but have enabled him to master the policy, the views, the character, and the resources of foreign powers. But, sir, Mr. Adams has so long been in the public service, and in the eye of the people his history is

so fully identified with that of our country for the last twenty years, that to enlarge upon his character, or to enumerate his services would be a work of supererogation."

All the sons of William Hill left families. Many gifted and highly respectable descendants of that gentleman are now living, whom delicacy forbids me to particularize.

I have several times mentioned a friend of Mr. Hill, and quoted him as authority, without giving his name. Any intelligent citizen of Cape Fear will identify him in a moment, and will receive his statements without hesitation.

A. McH.

## THE BANKS OF THE EPAC REEF.

### CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90.)

"Thank you, thank you. Where did you see him? Was any body there? Did any one see the ring? Was he wearing it?"

"O, fie! Do you think I can remember all those questions?"

"Did he have it on?"

"Yes."

"Oh! wh——. Miss Susan, don't you think he is mean?"

"Hush child! I suppose he loves you, and of course, everything that is yours."

They were by this time in the sitting room, where were Mary and Martin,

who had come to pay his sister a visit. After speaking to her, he turned toward Mary and said,

"Miss Lizzie seems to be vexed about something. I wonder what it can be."

"Why," replied Lizzie, "that little wretch, Cornelius Osmon, has been wearing my ring all about town."

"And," rejoined Martin, "you don't object to his wearing your ring if you are engaged?"

"Engaged! Fiddlesticks! I hope I've better sense than ever to be engaged to *him*," said Lizzie, with a contemptuous toss of the head.

"I know the reason Lizzie doesn't want him to wear her ring," interrupted Mary, with a cunning look, and putting on one of those supremely wise airs, which she could assume, whenever she wanted to destroy the gravity of every body present. Lizzie laughed, despite her efforts to the contrary, and two voices spoke simultaneously,

"What is it? Let us know."

"O Lizzie wouldn't have it told," Mary replied, her dignity relaxing into an obliging complaisance, which she put on to mimic those who are very knowing, but too kind to communicate secrets.

"If you know any better reason, than I do--because I don't—you are at liberty to tell it," said Lizzie, turning to Mary with a permissive nod.

"She doesn't want Dr. Mahgar to see him with it. That's it." And Mary's dark eyes betrayed a belief of its truth, as she raised them to Lizzie's. For though she had employed a jesting tone and a mimicry of action throughout the conversation, she now suddenly became her intelligent, artless self. A shivering sensation passed through Lizzie's frame, her face changed colors with the rapidity of lightning flashes, and remaining seated a few moments, with her eyes directed through the window, she slowly withdrew. Mary soon followed her to her chamber. Meetings after a moment's absence are sometimes most touching. This beggars description, and I will not attempt it. Suffice it to say that Lizzie cherished no hard thought toward Mary, while she resolved, never again to mention Mahgar's name in company where Lizzie was present.

On the morning of the same day, Mahgar was in his office, reading a medical journal. His eyes, at least, were on the book, and he turned the leaves at proper intervals, but his reason was busied with another subject and his present thoughts would wonder to its cause. The subject was his own unhappiness, and Lizzie was the cause. While thus engaged, Osmon entered.

"Good morning, Mahgar. We had a glorious evening at the Upham House."

"Yes. The party was a very pleasant one."

"You seemed not to enjoy it so well?"

"I was rather quiet; but, as the voice of chiding may proceed from a friendly bosom, so may a cheerful heart dwell beneath a gloomy exterior."

"Have you a copy of Moore's poems you will lend me?"

"Here is one of the Doctor's, you can have." So saying, he reached down the book, and handed it to Osmon. As he extended his hand to receive it, Mahgar saw the ring. He knew whose it was: and as Osmon left the door, he sank into his chair, in a paroxysm of despair. He had often watched the life-tide of his patients, slowly or swiftly ebbing away, and if a teardrop chanced to glisten on his cheek, it was in sympathy for those who survived. He had stood by the death-bed of his dearest friends, and closed their eyes when they were gone. But oh, he could not stand and view his hopes of happiness, so long, so ardently cherished, though sometimes weak and faint, and quietly see them die. "They are engaged," escaped his lips, in a stifled murmur of soul-harrowing disappoint-

ment. "Oh, why was I so long a fool! A thousand times she told me in strongest language, she despised me. But I could not understand. One thing remains to be done. I will ask her pardon for my unpardonable dullness—take, what she meant as an insult—and never speak to her again."

Ah, how deep the pains of disappointed love! Talk of "sickly sentimentality" as much as you will, when you have in view the diluted pages that are written about love; but believe not that it is a plant of sickly growth. It is a strong, permanent passion, and by its presence, the sensibilities are refined and the activity of the mental powers is increased. Hence, by those who love, are joys and sorrows most keenly felt.

"True be it said, whatever man it said,  
That love with gall and honey doth abound."

And Mahgar would have continued the quotation—

"But if the one be with the other weighed,  
For every drachm of honey therein found,  
A pound of gall doth over it redound."

But had he known what Lizzie knew, he would soon have been willing to change the version. Alas, that the doubt—no, the absence of doubt—should drive him to his last determination. Had he persevered in his first resolve, two noble hearts would have been spared the pangs of a final adieu. He cannot be blamed, for his conclusions were fully warranted. In his case is furnished the strongest proof of the skill of the great anatomist of the human heart:

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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### THE INTERVIEW AND PARTING.

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"Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget."

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THE morning was fair and chill; and the north-wind moaned a melancholy dirge to the falling foliage of the forest.

Mahgar was standing in the door of his office, prepared to start on his unpleasant errand. A whole day had been spent in fruitless endeavors to determine how he should appear, and what he should say—whether he should write to Lizzie or visit her in person—whether he should meet her at home, or wait till he saw her by chance. At one time he resolved to write; then his note might need explanation. Again he thought it best to wait till accident should bring them together; and again almost determined neither to see her nor to write. As an honorable man, he felt that he ought not; that he had not the right to trouble her again with his attention. As a candid man, he thought he ought to tell her so.

Not to observe the former consideration, would be insulting; to avoid the

latter would be cowardly. He, at last, resolved to see her immediately, and at home—where a lady should be visited for all purposes. But his actions for the last hour had made him say,

“I am a heavy stone,  
Rolled up a hill by a weak child;  
I move a little up and tumble back  
again.”

At length he started, and was soon at the mansion of Mr. M——. He entered the parlor and asked for Lizzie. While alone, he endeavored to obtain a complete mastery over his feeling, so as not to betray what he would now gladly call a weakness.

Lizzie entered and received him formally. Her pale cheek betokened a mind ill at ease. Mahgar, with as much composure as he could command, told the object of his visit.

“Miss Eliza, it grieves me to believe that I have unwittingly offended you. Your society has ever been a source of pleasure to me; perhaps, that was the reason I did not sooner discover your wish, that I should cease my attentions to you. I ask pardon for whatever I have said or done amiss, and promise never to transgress again, by speaking to you, or obtruding myself into your presence.”

Lizzie could not reply. Her bosom heaved and a choking sensation stopped her utterance. Her heart seemed swollen, almost to bursting. Many times a cry of agony almost escaped her lips, and an array of tears were on the point of bidding defiance to her control. She could not so much as lift her eyes to his. Mahgar rose to depart, and continued:

“I shall not cherish any unkind thought of you: and since you cannot think well of me, I only ask that you forget my name, and think not of me at all: Farewell.”

Lizzie's cheek now told the secrets of her heart; her eye bespoke her hidden thoughts. But Mahgar could not, now, read them. Without indulging a thought, that she might not be engaged to Osmon, he turned his footsteps to depart. Oh! how sad, to think that two such hearts, loving so purely, so deeply, and beating ever in unison, should be separated forever! Forever! Dreadful thought!

Mahgar slowly returned to his office. Cheerless and solitary, he felt the world to be. The time for storms and convulsions in his soul had passed. His passion had become and continued to be a principle of his nature—a part of his character. Days and months passed on, and he found no respite from his settled misery. Earth offered no solace; yet he became resigned to his fate.

“Like a mountain lone and bleak,  
With its sky-encompassed peak,  
Thunder-riven,  
Lifting its forehead bare,  
Through the cold and blighting air,  
Up to heaven,  
Is the soul that feels its woe,  
And is nerved to bear the blow.”

He sought consolation, where many seek it last—in the comforts of religion. His Bible became his constant companion; and while those, who charged him with incipient insanity, were locked in the embrace of sleep, he, in the stillness of midnight, drew a solace from its soothing pages.

“Aunt Prue, wat's de matter wid Masser Doctor?”, said Sambo, as he en-

tered the kitchen from the office one morning. "I go in de office jis now to kerry him a note, an he setten down dare wid his head on de table like he's sleep. He allers hab sumpkin funny to say to me fore now; but he quit it. He! he! he!"

"Go, boy!" returned aunt Prue, "nothin ail him. He only studyin out some 'scription 'n other to kill folks: dat all."

"No, no, aunt Prue, you 'staken. His Bible dar open; an he's readin it mose all de time. He git no 'scription from dare. Yahw! yahw!"

Well, Lor! I specs he's under conviction. Dat I do. Kie! de spirit will fine um out sumtimes; like he did Solomon when he was gwine down to put de Philistines in jail. Bockera mus die too, well as nigger. I hopes he'll git ligion, dat I do."

"Hear aunt Prue courten scriptur, gis by heart!" said Sambo, as if amazed at aunt Prue's learning; then scampered away, to attend again at the office.

Lizzie retired to her room after Mahgar's departure, and sought to throw open the flood-gates of sorrow; but tears would not now flow at her bidding. The fountains were dried up; and their beds became as the arid sands of the desert. The fever of grief had absorbed the streams of her overcharged feelings, and seemed ready to sap the foundations of the vital pedestal.

" Mightier far  
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the  
sway  
Of magic potent over sun and sea,  
Is love, though oft to agony distres't,  
And tho' his favorite seat seat be feeble  
woman's breast."

Time rolled on, but brought no balm to heal the wounds of her lacerated bosom. The umbrage of melancholy shaded her fair face, deepening still with the march of days.

"Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed  
tears."

Mournful are the sighs of a breaking heart. Often when the first beams of day fell in twilight over the fields, or the shades of evening were gathering around, would Lizzie wander alone to the wild-wood, the myrtle groves, or brooklet's side, and there pour out her lamentation to the trees, the winds and the waters. More sad and gloomy was her fate than than that of Mahgar; for she did not, like him, turn from the dull and changeful scenes of earth, and lift her hopes to Heaven. But lest I should be charged with over-drawing, I give you an extract of one of her letters to Leon:

"Oh Leon! when you come home, you will find only a withered, blighted form of your friend Lizzie. You would not know me now. My cheeks are pale and haggard, and the canker is at work at my heart. O, I don't believe I can survive it. If I were prepared to die, I would pray Heaven to take me from this troublesome earth.

Leon, you must write me some verses. I know you can do it, and will take no denial. Bring them home when you come: they will be a comfort to me in my few remaining days. You know the subject.

"I have not seen the Dr. in a long time. O, I was mistaken. I know I did wrong, to treat him as I did, but he can bear it

better than I. He never told me he loved me, nor that he intended to address me; but he led me to believe as much. And I thought if he loved me truly, nothing I could do would keep him from declaring it. But it is all over now, and I am reaping the fruits of my doing. He doesn't speak to me. Oh Leon, write often. Your letters are all the pleasure I have now. Make haste and come home, or you will never see me again.

Ever Your

LIZZIE."

This letter was written soon after the separation. Before Leon returned home she had become more cheerful, and her father, who had been much alarmed for her health, fondly hoped that she was recovering. When Leon saw her, he was startled at her appearance. He had now learned what love was, from experience, and could sympathize truly with her, from an anticipation of what he must suffer, should he be disappointed. His time was devoted to her almost to the exclusion of every thing else. Before his vacation ended, she was so far recovered as to dissuade her father from taking her South, which, upon the advice of his physician, he had resolved to do. In company, she was nearly as lively as ever she was, and her cheeks had regained much of their wonted bloom.

Osmon renewed his attentions, which had been discontinued in consequence of Lizzie's retirement from society. He pressed his suit with all the ardor of a romantic lover; but his proposal was declined. At least he was not accepted; Lizzie's only reply being, that she did not, and never could love him.

Leon thought it not worth while to

enquire of Lizzie what she had done, believing that she never would think of marrying Osmon. The evening before he returned to College, he was left alone with Lizzie in the parlor, and having noticed Osmon's continued visits, the conversation turned upon that subject.

"What can be the object of Cornelius in continuing so devoted in his attentions to you? Surely one such refusal as you gave him, ought to satisfy him."

"I expect a second offer from him."

"And he expects a second *refusal* from you?"

"No. I suppose not."

"But you will give it to him?"

"I told him before I did not love him. If he proposes again, I will tell him the same thing. But if he is willing to take my hand without my heart, he shall have it."

"And will you thus sacrifice yourself?"

"It is the noblest sacrifice I can make. I can make him happy. I will be miserable myself, married or single."

"Don't you think you can love again? You seem to be recovering from your old passion."

"Never. I shall love on till I die."

"Time is the great physician of the mind. You do not think you will die with a broken heart?"

"Not now. I did think so."

"Then your love will cease."

"The volcano may cease to emit lava, but it is a volcano still; so my heart may cease to bleed, but its wounds will never heal."

"But Mahgar?"

"He loathes me, of course. And I don't blame him."

"Don't you think he loved you?"

"Yes, but he does not now?"

"Change your conduct towards him, and perhaps he will."

"Never! Impossible! I can bear to suffer; but I never will compromise my independence."

"But why did you slight him at first?"

"Leon, don't ask me that question. Why did Lucifer rebel against the King of Heaven? Why did Eve eat the forbidden fruit? Never ask a woman's reason for doing any thing. I could not help it."

"Then you expect another offer from Osmon?"

"I am certain of it."

"And you will accept him?"

"With the understanding I mentioned."

"Will he consent to marry you with that understanding?"

"I know he will."

Here the conversation stopped. They separated for the night. On the morrow, Leon returned to his Alma Mater, and Lizzie was left to tutor her mind, as best she could, for the untried, precarious state, on which she expected so soon to enter.

Were hers the only instance of the kind in the annals of human experience, we might collect around it the universal family of man to weep an ocean of tears, from which, beside the stream of time, should flow a river in perpetual memory of it. But, alas! There are thousands of wretched females, who can enter, with intense sympathy, into every shade of feeling that Lizzie ever knew; and who are now wearing out miserable existences in servitude to hearts they never loved.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CHASE.

The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,  
 Summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn,  
 The jocund thunder wakes the enlivened hounds;  
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;  
 Wild through the furzy field their route they take,  
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake;  
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,  
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears.

GAY.

The dawn was welcomed with the shrill notes of the huntsman's horn.—The eager pack whined and frisked about their masters; while saddled steeds pranced and pawed, no less impatient for the coming chase. Quickly each rider was mounted—all dashed away—and the morning breeze parted to the moving train. On they sped to the lone, wild woods, where thicket and brake, pine-barren and swamp, brook and stream, rushing on in ravine-like channels, alternate in the order of careless nature.

Soon the fox was frightened from his lair, and a hundred deep-mouthed hounds yelped in a hundred distinct strains, which, blended with the hunter's shouts, rose in exciting discord, till the burdened vault of heaven rung with the

clamorous vociferation. Now, the pack were "under full cry," and hill and valley fled behind the rapid coursers. Now the yelping and whooping ceased—the echo died away—a death-like silence ensued—and steed and rider stood breathless, listening for the "Leader's" yell. Now, again, "Old General's" voice broke the painful quiet—hearts of huntsman, horse and hound, leaped against their ribbed enclosures, and all rushed on in the wild, merry music of pursuit.

The chase continued many hours.—The hupsters were sometimes miles apart, each eager to secure the honors, to be won at its close. They were, sometimes ahead of the dogs, sometimes in view of them, but seldom far behind.

Mahgar, who frequently joined this and other sports by the way of recreation from his professional duties, which had now become laborious, was not so emulous of the fame of a huntsman. He could turn aside from the chase or the drive, when the beauties of nature invited his attention, to gaze and admire them. On this day, as he was making a circuit to avoid a marshy district through which the chasers generally passed, he unexpectedly came in view of lake Trumba. Here, another thought than of the chase found entrance to his mind; another feeling, than of pleasure awoke within his breast. He reined his horse to the waters edge, and sat looking upon the scene, that spread before him. Memories of the past came crowding on him. Fondly, though sadly, he raised his eyes to the sandy beach, far across the sparkling water, where once he had alighted, with all of earthly happiness his own. Hope flickered in his

soul. Ah! no: It was not hope; not present hope. Imagination bore him back to other days; and it was but the faint reflection, from those bright scenes of a ray that gleamed so brightly on them. The trees, tall and slender, that were reflected from the liquid mirror at his feet, seemed to whisper of joys gone by, and say "they must not return." His heart was steeped in melancholy feeling, and he doubted the truth of the sentiment he had often uttered in his moments of sadness:

"Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

He was about to turn from a view, painful from association, when Martin addressed him:

"Hallo! Mahgar, I thought I was the only one who did not venture through the swamps. How comes it, you are carelessly suffering the chase to advance out of hearing?"

"I only stopped to view the lake. It has quite as much attraction for me, as the music of horn and hound."

"You look fatigued. Are you tired?"

"No. My soul is sick, and my body is now in sympathy with it."

"Why, what is the matter? Surely you are too much of a philosopher, as well as physician, to be afflicted with hypochondria."

"No jesting Martin! I am in a bad case. 'Can't thou minister to a mind diseased?'"

"Not if it is, in truth, diseased. But, if I may be allowed to conjecture, your fancy has misled you."

"You mock me. Think that I am such a slave to imagination?"

"What I have said, was on a suppo-

sition, which may be untrue. As I do not wish to pry into your secrets, pardon me for the insinuation, and let's change the subject."

"No, Martin. Though I would not have the world know my troubles, I believe you are my friend, and can pity, at least my weakness. I want to know your supposition, and will confide my secret to you."

"You are in love?"

"Yes."

"With Eliza M——."

"Yes; and have been since I saw her first."

"Why not address her?"

"Why should I?"

"What has she done?"

"What has she *not* done?"

"Has she discarded you?"

"No."

"You surprise me. In love; not discarded; and miserable?"

"Yes. She's engaged."

"To whom?"

"Osmon, of course."

"How do you know it?"

"Know it? Do you not know it? I saw him wearing her ring. Everybody knows they are engaged."

"I don't know it, nor believe it; and I think I can convince you it is not so."

"The ring?"

"I saw her the day she got it from him: he wore it without her consent; and if there is any candor in woman's language, or if the countenance is ever an index to the feelings of the heart, she doesn't love him, is not engaged to him and never will be."

"Has she gotten herring? Are you in earnest, or do you run me mad for sport?"

"I was never more in earnest. I do not trifle with such serious matters."

"I do not doubt you." Then seizing his friend by the hand and looking him inquiringly in the face, Mahgar continued,

"Are you satisfied you are not mistaken?"

"Most thoroughly convinced I am not."

"Procure me an interview with her, and my gratitude for life shall be yours."

"I will speak to Susan on your behalf, and am confident she will espouse your cause." So saying, they both reined their horses toward the road, as if little conscious whither they were going. Mahgar never dreamed for a moment that he had the right to claim the privilege of speaking to Lizzie; and Martin, overcome with the deep pathos of his friend, never enquired why he required an intercessor.

So intently, and so long, had the friends been engaged with the subject before them, that when they now thought to return to the chase, no sound of hoof or horn or hound, was heard to tell them where to go. While debating whether they should return home, or seek their friends of the "hunt," the others of the party were seen slowly advancing down the road. The chase was ended, and the panting hounds, looking at each other with gratified pride, as if each thought his own efforts had contributed most towards taking the prize, trotted on before the subdued and jaded horses.

Now, again, Lake Trumba farewell! I love sometimes to visit thy "bright sandy shore;" and, at eventide, to bathe my temples in thy cool "clear water."

If the Wocow chief must see thee no more—for he is not—and his bark canoe part thy crystal waves no more; yet thou wilt not be forgotten. Though many years have passed since he knelt beside thee, and vowed eternal hatred to the race of the white man, pouring out from his benighted bosom, a fervent prayer to the "Great Spirit," that he might not be banished from his forest home beside thee; and that prayer has not been answered; yet thou hast not been forgotten. Though *his* vows and prayers are no longer wafted on the breeze that plays upon thy bosom; and *he* no more plans the destruction of the "pale face," in council on thy shore; yet this day were vows and prayers made beside thee, more pure and heaven-born than any that ever proceeded from the heart of the red man. Farewell!

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## CHAPTER X.

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### THE MEETING.

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The morning blush was lighted up by hope—  
The hope of meeting her.

MISS LANDON.

I have said I would not meet him—  
Have I said the words in vain?  
Sunset burns along the hill-tops,  
And I'm waiting here again.

PHEBE CAREY.

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Lizzie retired to rest harrassed with doubt, perplexity and fear. The next day she was to meet Osmon, to give her pight faith, if he should still, after the month given for his serious con-

sideration, be willing to become the possessor of her hand, knowing her heart would not go with it. She thought, for the first time seriously, of the solemn vow she must take to *love*, as well as honor and obey him. Could she take that vow? Had she not deceived him, in simply telling him that her heart was not his, and not that it was another's? Might he not reasonably think that she did not fully understand her own feelings?—that she might love him after all?—and that her consent to marry him at all was sufficient evidence of it? These were questions that tormented her mind; and between waking and sleeping, sighing, "I will not meet him," she resigned herself to unquiet slumber.

That night she had a dream, that waking hours could not teach her to forget. She dreamed that a long and toilsome journey lay before her which she was compelled to travel alone and on foot. A mountain height, steep and rugged, towered before her, over which her path extended. Wearied to exhaustion, her lips parched with thirst, and her feet lacerated by travel, she sought some path around the hideous precipice. No way was found to escape the tedious march over the mountain; and she strove to drag her mangled form up the steep ascent. Alone, in a desert wild—night coming on apace—she felt her strength fast failing, and every step she took only served to increase the terror of the scene and the difficulty of ascending the ragged rocks. Overcome with lassitude and pain, she sank to the earth in an agony of distress.

[To be Continued.]

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

It is known to most of our readers that the authorities of the University have had in contemplation, for some time, the erection of a suitable monument over the remains of the late President Caldwell. As it will doubtless be of interest to them to know something of the plan upon which it is to be erected, we present below an interesting letter upon the subject from a gentleman of New York to Gov. Swain :

NEW YORK, Jan. 31st, 1853.

*My Dear Sir* : I received your valued favor of the 3d instant, at the hand of Dr. Freeman, too long ago not to have been acknowledged ere this, and I most humbly crave your pardon for this late reply. The reference of my friend Mr. Bryan, though very gratifying as an evidence of his kind regard, will I fear, disappoint the confidence you so obligingly express in my ability to aid you. My best services are, however, most cordially at your command, and I shall be much pleased if any suggestions I may make, are fortunate enough to meet your approbation. Since the receipt of your letter, I have referred to several publications on the subject of Sepulchral Architecture to assist my fancy in the invention of a *new* design, but though all the elements, as it regards form, present themselves in infinite variety, in the splendid structures of Westminster Abbey—Pere La Chaise—and the ambitious cemeteries of our own country, I have looked in vain for the suggestive to my own *ideal* for a case like yours. Indeed, my hope of producing any thing *original* has been fain to shrink into the humble aim of making a good *selection* from *existing models*, but as you request the former, I will venture to submit the only symbol that has occurred to me as a novelty, at least in application. There seems to be a beautiful filial piety in the disposition of all *modern* schools of learning, to enshrine themselves beneath the Ægis of some celebrated preceptor of antiquity, and the very names of Greece and Rome have become synonymes to scholars with the arts and sciences. Even the most fa-

miliar objects, stamped with the impress of the classic era of those Empires, possess a distinct association with the genius of their clime and age. The Pharos of Alexandria, may in this sense be regarded as a monument of the intellectual illumination of that celebrated city, where the radiance beaming from its schools of science, poured a brighter light upon the nations than the towering beam shed across the Mediterranean. As this "wonder of the world" was the *primitive* of all such structures throughout the whole extent of that inland sea, and gave to them all its name, its figure may well symbolize the light of science, not only of Egypt, but of Greece and Rome. Is it not your purpose to commemorate a tower of light? Did he not stand as a watch-tower, and a guiding star to protect, enlighten and allure the youthful voyagers on the tide of time, to the haven of wisdom and renown?—Should any one question the identity of the pagan light of early Greece with that which beamed from the christian philosophy of Chapel Hill, let the Greek words Φῶς Του Νου conspicuously expressed in relief upon the tower, assert the purity of science, *independently* of all its accidental associations. One difficulty has, I dare say, occurred to you in the execution of a design apparently so ambitious—the erection of a Pharos would require a sum entirely beyond the amount appropriated to the object. It would, indeed, if it were necessary to rear a structure at all equal to the original, but happily it is quite practicable to embody all the *sentiment* expressed, by a magnificent pile within the compass of a very contracted model. Indeed, happily for our purpose the elements of the Pharos are of the simplest and most manageable form. It was a square tower consisting of several stories, each narrowing towards the top, and the base of each of less diameter than the apex of that on which it stood. The uppermost of the stories was windowed to emit the light. My idea would be to obtain, if possible, an *authentic elevation* of the original Pharos, and construct a model of blocks of marble corresponding in number with the stories of that structure—that forming the summit to be bal-

low, with open work or latticed sides—to receive the upper section of an urn, with a flame issuing high enough to appear quite above the top of the tower; and the words *Phos Tou Nou*, sculptured in bold relief on a shield resting against the facade of the open work. If we cannot find a drawing, we can make one correspondent to the descriptions we find; and it is evident that a monument so constructed would be transported very easily, and at the same time very solid when erected. I have made no inquiries yet as to the probable expense, but I have no doubt at all that such a monument in proportions quite satisfactory as to size, would be easily attainable within your limits. The epigraph might be engraved with perfect plainness on the facade of one of the sections, if high enough, or on a scroll depending from the top of one of them, and dropping across two or three if necessary, or an open volume wrought of marble might be affixed against the facade of the tower, and contain upon its pages the memorial of the dead, with a circle of rays surrounding the lettering and making it an illuminated work. On another sheet I will give you some rude outlines of what I imagine of the Pharos, and also of some pretty models which are more attractive in themselves, but not as expressively appropriate. I may say here, that the only monument I have met with in the idea of a light house is that erected to the memory of Lord Nelson at Calton Hill, Edinburgh. It is an exceedingly beautiful structure, and appears to very great advantage on the summit of a rugged rock, but it seems to me to be too *literal* to be meritorious as a *symbol*.

Will you have the goodness to say in your reply, what proportion of the thousand dollars can be applied to the monument delivered on ship board here. The transportation and the erection of some of the forms of monument are very serious items, especially in these days of rendering them as solid as possible; when they are very massive too, and composed of very large numbers, there is increased danger of injury in moving.

Excuse the desultory manner in which my want of time compels me to write, and believe me, with sentiments of profound respect,

Your friend and ob't serv't,  
S. M. CHESTER.

HAVING a good deal of valuable matter on hand, which we feel under obligations to

publish, we have considerably enlarged the present number of our Magazine. This enlargement of course will be only temporary, as the present number of subscribers would not justify it for any length of time. Our subscription list is amply sufficient to meet all the expenses of the Magazine, if we could only devise some means of inducing subscribers to PAY UP. This is an age of wonders, and communications with the other world—tables walking about and obeying the orders of men, &c., &c., have become matters of such common occurrence that they have ceased to create astonishment. Nothing is attempted now which does not shoot far ahead of anything ever attempted before. Amidst this mighty rush after the wonderful, why does not some genius attempt the most *wonderful of all wonders*—the infusing into the people of our State (we don't know whether it is so elsewhere or not) *some sense of PRINTERS' RIGHTS?* Were he to accomplish this, he would deserve to be placed amongst the foremost of his country's benefactors, and the whole *newspaper tribe*, from the mountains to the seacoast, would unite in one general song of praise. Not the least grateful heart amongst them, would be ours. We can hear of woman's rights and almost every other sort of rights. Have printers none? We have endeavored to give satisfaction to all our subscribers, and we flatter ourselves that in a large majority of cases we have succeeded. At any rate, this has been the only reward for which we have looked or even wished. But as we are soon to resign the conduct of the Magazine into other hands, and would leave it free from debt, we most earnestly insist that *those who are in arrears will at once settle up*.

BORING.—The most boring thing in creation is a fiddling, fifing, fluting, singing room-mate. Did you ever have one? Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear one? May you always escape. Gracious! while

I am trying to write, mine is operating. The cold instrument of a dentist, with one end locked fast around a molar, and 150 pounds of flesh suspended on the other, is a luxury to it. Imagine 500 Lilliputians tapping you with 500 gimlets, or 1000 wood-peckers staving their bills into your flesh and you will have some idea of the misery inflicted by this musical torture. Look at him. He sings. Now he rolls his eyes towards the Heavens as if he were certain the spheres were going to pitch in and accompany him. Now he pricks up his ears and listens intently to the modulations of his voice. Ecstasy! Bliss! He faints! Camphor! Lavender! Kerosene goes the water of the slop bucket upon him—good-bye starched shirt and standing collar! He revives—and goes to the bath. I wonder if the boy thinks music a manly and becoming exercise. Let him hear the words of a sensible contemporary:

“Music runs into effeminacy. In all our experience we never knew a vocalist to get above white kids and affectation. Music is very proper for girls. Boys should be taught to huzza. Music not only softens the male heart, but the male HEAD. It gives an undue importance to quirks and quavers, and makes a man much more capable of discharging the duties of a quilting party, than it does to take part in the rough and tumble affairs of life. Show us a *youth that is a good singer at eighteen, and we will show you a person who will be a foo foo at forty-five.*”

Nobody else need take these remarks to themselves and I hope *my old chum* will not see them.

It is due to the author of the “Banks of the Epac Reef” to state that his non-appearance in the last number is not to be attributed to him, but that he was unintentionally crowded out.

THE following contributions are respectfully declined: “A Revolutionary Tale;” “Chapel Hill;” also a letter from “Syphax’s Little Brother.” Syphax should teach his little brother better than to talk about him as he does. He is too young to write *for publication*.

It has been a great desideratum at every commencement to obtain a band of musicians worthy of the occasion. Our failure to do so has been no small cause of mortification; but it has generally proceeded from the practice of imposition, and from no want of exertion on the part of the proper persons; therefore we attach blame to no one. It is with pleasure however, that we are enabled on this occasion to acquaint the admirers of Appollo and Euterpe, and who is not one, with the success of our present excellent corps of managers, in procuring the services of a band, which from the reputation it enjoys, from newspaper notices, and from persons who know, cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. “Smith’s Band of Richmond,” perhaps known better as the “Virginia State Band,” is said to be unsurpassed in its performance, and even unrivalled, except it may be, by Volandt’s of Maryland.

THE

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

ABRIDGEMENT OF THE MEMOIRS OF MAJ. GEN. ROBERT HOWE,  
OF NORTH CAROLINA, COMPILED BY ARCHIBALD MACLAINE HOOPER.

ROBERT HOWE was born in Brunswick county, North Carolina, about the year 1732. His father's family was a branch of the noble house of Howe, in England.

He was left an orphan at an early age, and the charge of his childhood devolved on his grandmother. He did not receive a regular education; but his mind being active and inquisitive, he rapidly acquired knowledge from the libraries and conversation of his relatives, and other gentlemen of Cape Fear, most of whom were well educated for that day, and possessed ample collections of books.

His guardian, although negligent of his education, was careful of his pecuniary interest; and on taking possession of his estate he found himself the proprietor of an ample fortune.

At the age of eighteen, he married a young and beautiful daughter of the Granger family, without the consent of her parents.

Howe's talents developed themselves early, but his judgment had not kept pace with his other faculties. Of an ar-

dent temperament, his passions plunged him into occasional excesses, to which may be attributed the opposition of the lady's family. This union, as might have been expected, was not a happy one.

A few years after his marriage he visited England, and remained there about two years. He returned greatly improved in manners and in knowledge of the world. While in that country he had mingled in the highest circles of society, and received much kindness and attention from his relations.

These aristocratic associations did not, however, lessen his devotion to his native country; nor diminish his zeal for the rights of his fellow citizens.

Howe early commenced his public career. In the year 1760, before he was thirty years old, although he had never practised law he had gathered up enough of the science from his desultory reading, to fill with credit the station of Associate Judge on the bench with Chief Justice Berry. In 1767 he held the same office with Chief Justice Howard.

During this period he was also discharging the duties of commander of Fort Johnston, at the mouth of the Cape Fear river.

Howe engaged with zeal in the first movements of the Revolution. In the years 1772 and '73 he was elected a delegate to the Assembly for the county of Brunswick, and while there acted on various committees, composed of distinguished men. In 1774 he was elected chairman of the committee to whom was referred Governor Martin's last speech, and wrote the answer to it, which was an eloquent and forcible report, in the form of an address to the Governor. On the 8th of April, the Assembly was dissolved, being the last that met under the royal government.

August 8th, 1775, Gov. Martin, who had taken refuge on board the British ship Cruiser, lying in the Cape Fear, issued a proclamation, in which he denounces Howe for having "taken the style of Colonel, and for summoning and training the militia," &c., &c. Thus it appears that Howe was early in the field actually organizing the militia; the only effectual means of preparing for resistance to British aggression.

In August, 1775, Howe was a member of the Provincial Congress which sat at Hillsborough. In that Congress, he was elected colonel of the second regiment, then about to be raised, on the continental establishment.

On the 8th of September he was on the committee that reported an address to the inhabitants of Great Britain, a paper distinguished for its beauty and power.

This, I believe terminated Howe's legislative career.

In December, 1775, Col. Howe was ordered to take the command of the troops which were to march to the aid of Virginia. Unavoidable circumstances prevented his reaching the "Great Bridge," until two days after the battle, which was fought at that place. Here he met his old friend and fellow soldier, Col. Woodford, with whom he served in the Indian war, on the banks of the Holstein.

Howe was received in Virginia with distinction, and for his services there, during the winter, he was voted the thanks of the Convention. While in that province [March 1776,] he was promoted by the general Congress, sitting at Philadelphia, to the rank of Brigadier-General.

For details there is not space in this sketch.

When Gen. Lee arrived in Virginia March '76, Howe joined him with his regiment, and accompanied him into North Carolina. There, at Halifax, he received the thanks of the convention—and there also, in New Berne he received public honors on the same account—his services in Virginia.

An additional evidence of the importance of Howe's public services, at this time is the fact that *he* is excepted from the offer of pardon, proclaimed by Sir Henry Clinton, in the king's name, to all who should lay down their arms;—and that a party from the British fleet was landed for the especial purpose of ravaging his plantation, on the Cape Fear river.

The reader's attention is invited to these manifestations of approbation:—1st., his promotion by Congress; 2nd., the thanks of the Virginia Convention;

3rd., the address of thanks from the Convention of North Carolina and the honors paid him in the towns through which he passed—and added to these, the vindictive hostility of the British Commander to him personally. I invite attention to these points, *because* Marshall, in his Biography of Washington, is evidently unwilling to admit that he performed any services at all; I thus prove, that the best and wisest men are not beyond the influence of error and prejudice.

In May, 1776, Howe, with his regiment joined the Virginia and North Carolina forces (probably at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville) and marched to the relief of South Carolina. They arrived in Charleston on the 18th June. These troops were encamped at Haddrell's Point, under the immediate command of General Lee.

The attack on Sullivan's Island and the signal victory over the British fleet, by the gallant Moultrie, took place on the 28th of the same month. It is not compatible with the design of this sketch to describe it.

About the latter end of July, Lee undertook an expedition against Florida. He proceeded to Georgia, and ordered Howe to follow him with the Virginia and North Carolina troops.

Howe marched as far as Sunbury, in Georgia. The sickly season had set in, and fourteen or fifteen of the men were buried every day.

In the meantime, an express arrived ordering Lee immediately to the North and the expedition was relinquished.

Upon the departure of General Lee, Gen. James Moore was appointed to succeed him.

This officer, having continued at his post four months, found it necessary to return to North Carolina, intending to remain there a short time. He left to Gen. Howe, the command of the city of Charleston. Soon after this, General Moore was ordered to join the army at the North, and Howe was appointed to succeed him in the command of the Southern Department.

When Howe entered on the duties of his command, it might have been expected that he would be treated with the respect and attention due to his position, character and talents. The very reverse, however, was the case. State pride and State prejudices—wounded by two appointments in succession, of officers from North Carolina, to the command of the southern department—produced feelings which not only rendered social intercourse extremely unpleasant; but what was of incalculably more importance, operated on those, whose duty it was, to furnish the commander in chief, *promptly*, with necessary equipments and munitions of war. From this unhappy commencement probably arose all the disappointments which followed.

General Howe's *spirit of accommodation* and deference to the civil authority, was manifested from the very beginning to the end of his administration.

Two instances will suffice. When the North Carolina troops were ordered to the North, Howe being at that time in Georgia, Gen. Gadsden called a council of officers, to determine whether the South Carolina troops should be recalled from Georgia for the protection of Charleston. Gen. Howe on receiving the application, immediately consented,

although their services were much needed in Georgia.

The second instance I will adduce, was, when President Rutledge applied for a body of men to serve as marines on board a fleet which was being fitted out at Charleston, for the protection of the commerce of South Carolina.

Howe ordered two councils of officers, in succession, to consider the application.

Both councils refused their consent, and Howe, although he concurred with his officers in opinion, yet, rather than oppose the wishes of the civil authority, granted the men required, upon his own responsibility.

On the 2d October, 1777, Howe was appointed by Congress a Major General.

In the spring and summer of 1778, Howe attempted an expedition against Florida; much less was done than he anticipated. Provost and Fuser were compelled to retreat, and Col. Elbert captured several British vessels at the mouth of the Satilla river, &c., &c.—The disadvantages under which Howe labored were great and complicated.

In addition to the tardiness and insufficiency of supplies from South Carolina, he was harrassed by the conduct of Gov. Houston of Georgia, who with the militia of that State positively refused to act under *continental authority*. Gen. Williamson who commanded the South Carolina militia, followed his example, while Commodore Bowlan declared that in the Naval Department he was supreme.

Had these troops been placed under the command of Howe, in addition to his continentals, before sickness had wasted these last, and before his horses

had *perished from want of grain*, he would have pushed on to St Augustine and achieved a victory worthy of the American arms, before the season became too late to continue his operations in that unhealthy climate.

Two extracts from letters of Colonel CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY, to Gen. Moultrie, will convince the reader that I have not exaggerated in my statement, and will also give an idea of the injustice and prejudice with which Howe's conduct was viewed.

EXTRACT 1st,—dated, Fort Howe, }  
May 24, 1778. }

———— “Detained here *still* by the delay of the South Carolina Galley, and the provision Schooner, which are not yet come round to the river.————

“The *reasonable* and *candid* gentry of this State [Georgia] are throwing out reflections on the General [Howe] and the army, for not marching to attack the enemy and storm lines *without provisions* and *without ammunition*.

“I cannot help lamenting to you, that you have been much too parsimonious in your fitting us out for this expedition. What can be more cruel than crowding eight, ten, or twelve men into one tent, or obliging those who cannot get in, to sleep in the heavy dews? What more inconvenient than to have only one camp kettle for ten, twelve, or fifteen men—and in this hot climate *one small canteen* to six men? We think no expense too great to procure men, but after we have got them, we do not think we ought to go to any expense to preserve their health. \* \* \* \* \* The Governor of Georgia has ordered *from us*, to the militia, two hundred barrels of rice, &c. \* \* \*

“We are very badly supplied with medicines. \* \* \* \* \* These articles not being sent will not prevent our going, but will occasion the sickness of many,” &c.,

EXTRACT 2d,—dated at the ruins of }  
Fort Tonym, July 10. }

“After waiting so long for the militia we find that there are to be as many independent *commanders* as there are *corps*. Governor Houston declares that he will not be *commanded*,—Col. Williamson *hints* that his men will not be satisfied to be under Continental command, or, indeed, under any commander than himself, and Commodore Bowlan insists that in the naval department he is supreme!

“With this divided, this heterogenous command what can be done? Even if the season and every military requisite were favorable, the Continental troops have been so violently attacked by sickness—and the desolation made by it, is so rapidly increasing,—that *if we do not retreat soon, we shall not be able to return at all.*”

Under the circumstances described in these letters, there was no alternative, but to return or perish by disease.—Accordingly, Howe called a council of officers, and a retreat was unanimously resolved upon; and was carried into execution as expeditiously as the debilitated condition of the troops would admit. The retreat commenced the 12th July and occupied a considerable time, the troops being much enfeebled by recent sickness.

While Col. Pinckney proceeded with the invalids to Charleston by water, Howe with the Continentals pursued his course to Savannah, and encamped near that city.

Many publications appeared about this time in South Carolina, filled with invectives against the administration of Gen. Howe. Among them was a letter which emanated from the pen of Gen. Gadsden, and which contained

expressions highly offensive to the object of it. Gen. Howe required the author to retract or apologize. He refused to comply with either of these requisitions, and a duel was the consequence. The parties met at Cannonsborough, a suburb of Charleston—Howe being accompanied by Col. C. C. Pinckney and Gadsden by Col. Barnard Elliott. Howe's ball grazed his opponent's right ear—on which Gadsden fired his pistol in the air. This magnanimous conduct brought about an amicable adjustment of the quarrel.

I find it necessary to correct an error of my venerable friend, Dr. Joseph Johnson, in respect to this duel. It took place on the 13th of August, 1778, more than four months *before* the fall of Savannah, and therefore could not have grown out of that affair, as the Dr. supposes was the case, but must have arisen from matters connected with the Florida campaign.\*

Immediately after the return of the main body of the army, the incursions from Florida were renewed and continued, at intervals, to annoy the frontier, during the fall and the early part of the winter.

Howe repelled these incursions and prevented an invasion from Florida; but his name was studiously kept out of sight, by most of those, who gave accounts of these skirmishes. Even at *Howe's trial*, the facts of his having been *present*, and having been *in command* were only *extorted* by cross-examination of a militia officer of high rank, who

\* See Johnson's Traditions and Reminiscences, p. 204.

served under him on some of these occasions.

From the commencement of Howe's administration in the southern department, his attention was directed to the defenceless condition of the sea-coast of Georgia. Looking upon an invasion as inevitable he had for the last two years seized every opportunity to urge upon the executive and legislative departments of that state the absolute necessity of taking immediate and energetic measures to fortify every weak point. The Legislature rejected his advice with contempt. Governor Houston always lavish in promises, was uniformly faithless in the performance of them.

At length Howe's predictions were verified. The enemy landed. The authorities of Georgia now saw—but too late—their error in not fortifying their coast.

Every thing that the shortness of the time and the scantiness of means admitted of was done by Howe and *sanctioned*, though not *aided* by the Governor.

Howe's army consisted of seven hundred and fifty men.

Colonel Bull, with a body of South Carolina militia, had been called into Georgia to assist repelling Prevost and Fuser. Upon their retreat Col. Bull marched to Savannah and encamped with Howe.

Historians differ, as to the number of these militia. Some say they amounted to one thousand, and others to only four hundred men; but be their number what it might, it is certain they left Savannah after the alarm was given, of the approach of the British fleet, and only a few days before the debarkation of the troops. McCall in his annals of Georgia (I think, 2d vol., page 175)

says, that they were dismissed by Governor Houston! I leave my readers to make their own comment.

Howe, notwithstanding every disadvantage and discouragement, was sanguine of repulsing the enemy with his little army. He took a position which he deemed impregnable, about half a mile southeast of the town of Savannah. His only apprehension was, that the enemy might find a pass through the dense swamp on his right, and thus get into his rear.

He made reiterated attempts both by his own personal efforts, and by parties of intelligent officers, sent to explore the swamp, to discover whether it was passable, and he fortified with a Rideau, the only spot that seemed to be an outlet, and posted forty continentals, under Major Keith to defend it.

In the meantime, as Colonel Campbell the British commander, was marching his army towards the position of Howe, a negro whom he accidentally met, offered to conduct him through the swamp, into the rear of the American army. Campbell eagerly accepted the proposal, and took his measures accordingly.

As soon as he arrived within sight of Howe's position, he ordered a halt, in a piece of low ground; and immediately detached Sir James Baird, with seven hundred light infantry, through the passage pointed out by the negro; the situation of the ground favoring the concealment of the manœuvre.

That portion of the British army which landed amounted to twenty-one hundred men, of which number seven hundred were stationed as a rear-guard at the landing place.

About twelve o'clock A. M. (on the 29th Dec.) Gen. Howe called a council of field officers, to consider what should be done in the exigency in which they were placed; and it was *unanimously* determined that the army should continue where it was then posted, until the views of the enemy could be known and their superiority so ascertained as to urge and justify a retreat.

Immediately after the adjournment of the council Col. Walton came to Howe with the astounding intelligence, which he had withheld from him until this late hour—that the swamp *was passable* and that he himself had rode through it more than once before the war!

This extraordinary and unexpected information obliged Howe to adapt his plans to the emergency of the case.—Should the enemy discover this path, and get into the rear, he must retreat at once. If not, he might maintain his position for several days, until the arrival of re-inforcements.

He accordingly ordered Col. Walton to take post instantly, at the outlet he professed to know, and to resist the enemy, on their attempting to emerge from the swamp, telling him that *his firing* would be a signal to him (the Gen.) to commence his retreat.

It might be supposed that these instructions, so plain in themselves, and repeatedly enforced by subsequent orders, could not be understood. However, this may be, Col. Walton did *not* take post at the outlet, but at eighty yards *from*, and *opposite* to it, and did not fire until after Howe had commenced his retreat. About three hundred and fifty British light infantry came out of the swamp unmolested.

Howe made the only effort that was now practicable at the pass. He sent Col. Ternant of the Continental line—an officer on whom he could depend—to take command of the militia, and to skirmish with the enemy, as long as possible, for the purpose of covering the retreat.

While this officer was attempting to carry his orders into effect, and seemed likely to succeed, another body of three hundred and fifty light infantry made their way out of the swamp, and formed on the common.

The imposing spectacle of seven hundred men fully equipped, and drawn up in battle array, struck the militia, less than a hundred in number, with terror. Their gallant commander was no longer able to control them. They broke and fled. Most of them got ahead of the main army, and passed up the Spring Hill defile in safety. A few went into Savannah and were bayoneted.

It was shortly after Howe sent Ternant to take command of the militia, that Major Porter gave him notice that the enemy's infantry had effected a passage through the swamp. He immediately ordered a retreat. Between three and four o'clock the retreat commenced.

The South Carolina troops formed the advance guard. The artillery occupied the centre, and the Georgia brigade were in the rear. One field piece was stationed in the rear of the whole, to cover the Georgia brigade.

Howe ordered the army to retreat in column, as it shortened the line of march and threw the men more under the eye of their officers.

The enemy availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the commencement of the retreat, to attack Howe on his right. They opened a brisk fire from their artillery, and the battalions of the 71st and Wellworth regiment of Hessians immediately advanced and discharged showers of musquetry. The flankers met the assailants and repelled them so effectually that the march was not impeded. Here was seen the advantage of Howe's plan of placing light infantry on the flanks of his columns.

As they crossed the road the enemy's artillery, which were six or seven hundred yards from their rear, struck the centre column of the Georgia brigade, and did some damage; notwithstanding which it preserved perfect order.

Just as the brigade gained the summit of a hill, which is about half a mile from the town, a heavy fire of musquetry was commenced towards their left, and the horse with the field piece, in the rear went off in a gallop. The brigade moved on as quickly as was possible without getting into disorder. Again the flankers repelled their assailants.

About this time Howe received intelligence that a party of British were pushing on, in the direction of the Spring Hill defile. He rode at full speed to his station at the head of the South Carolina brigade, and ordered Gen. Huger on to the defile, to ascertain the condition of the post, and, if necessary, reinforce it and take the command there.

About a hundred yards from the south-eastern extremity of the town, a body of the enemy advanced and again commenced a heavy fire on the left flank of the Georgia brigade. The artillery

and the brigade being in contiguity, the enemy's musquetry swept over a part of the former. The driver of one of the field pieces, and the horse he rode were shot. The artillery nevertheless moved on. The corps although on the ascent of a hill, managed to support the field piece until they reached the summit, when their lieutenant looking back for help from the Georgia brigade, found, to his astonishment, that it was not in sight. He was compelled to abandon the piece, and to proceed with the utmost celerity.

The cause of the disappearance of the Georgia brigade as afterwards ascertained was as follows:

The commander, Col. Elbert, observing what has been already adverted to, that parties of British were directing their course towards Spring Hill defile, through which the American army were aiming to effect their retreat, apprehended that they would be in full possession, before he could reach it. Looking up the Ogeechee road, and observing the enemy to be weakest in that direction, he resolved to fight his way through them. In order to effect this, he rashly undertook to change the formation of the troops, by reducing them from column to file. While endeavoring to effect this change, the enemy attacked them. The brigade which in *column* had continued unshaken—in *file* gave way, and was broken and dispersed. The greater part fell up one of the streets of Savannah, and most of these finally surrendered. The remainder, about ninety-three in number, in attempting to cross the plain, in front of the light infantry, under Sir James Baird, were butchered in their flight—nine excepted,

who were found wounded on the field the next morning.

There is not room in this abridgment for comment on this execrable slaughter of unresisting fugitives, nor for exposure of the official report of the British commander, and of the historical notice of the proceeding by Edmund Burke.

In the meantime Col. Huger made a gallant stand at the Spring Hill defile, and compelled the parties who attacked that post to retreat.

Howe took his station at the head of the retreating army, after having lost some time in fruitless efforts to ascertain the fate of the Georgia brigade. The troops continued in good order, though much annoyed by sallies from the town. These attacks were, however, always repelled by the light infantry on their flanks. These conflicts continued till Howe reached the south-west extremity of the town. From this point to the defile, (nearly three miles,) he retreated between two fires,\* and suffered severely until he came within the range of the protecting posts of Roberts and Huger, who repulsed the attacking parties with great spirit and effect: the former raking them with his artillery, and the latter galling them with his musquetry.

This stage of Howe's retreat approximated more nearly to a general engagement than any skirmishing or slaughter which had occurred before it. Yet *all* this is *entirely* suppressed in the report of Campbell, the British commander, and in the notice of the English annalist of 1779!!

When Howe reached the defile the

troops were in considerable disorder. He took possession of the houses on both sides of it. When all hopes of the Georgia brigade arriving seemed to be extinguished, he thought it best to march on, as the enemy were pressing on him; he however, made a short halt at the upper defile.

The South Carolina brigade and the artillery having passed through and proceeded some distance, Howe continued his march to Cherokee Hill, eight miles from Savannah, which place he reached late at night. From this point, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour he sent expresses to Ogeechee and Sunbury, with orders to the commanding officers to retreat immediately and join him at the Two Sisters' Ferry, directing at the same time, that the stores, if they could not be removed, should be destroyed, and the cannon spiked. From the defile Howe had sent a messenger to Col. White, who had the command of the Gallies lying above Savannah, to move up the river, and when at an advantageous point, to come to, in order to prevent any armed boats of the enemy from running up the river and landing a force to cut off his retreat.

The night of the 30th Dec., Howe halted at a plantation a mile from Treutlan's, forty-five miles from Savannah. The next morning he sent Major Dekeyser to Augusta, with orders to the commander to evacuate that post and join the continental army, wherever it might be.

Howe on his retreat no where destroyed or took up bridges; assigning as a reason, that he would not put it out of the power of the inhabitants to remove. A great deal of property and some lives

\* McCall's annals of Georgia.

were saved by this precaution, as was proved at the court martial.

On the 31st December, Howe arrived at the Two Sisters' Ferry, and commenced sending over the baggage. The army crossed the river the same day. Those he could not get over at that time, he left under the command of Col. Huger, with orders to join him at Purysburgh.

Thus, after two days of fatigue and anxiety Howe accomplished his purpose of placing the remainder of his army beyond the reach of immediate danger.

For passing the river so soon after the retreat, Howe gives reasons that deserve to be recorded.

"He had ordered the galleys and other vessels with public and private stores to Purysburgh. These had arrived there. The river at this place is so narrow that these stores would have been lost had the enemy made the attempt. Advance parties of the British *did* appear on the Georgia side, opposite Purysburgh, who seeing the Americans ready to meet them retired.

"Besides this, all South Carolina, as yet uninjured, was open to the enemy. No point of ingress by land, was more eligible than Purysburgh. The battalions of that State were reduced by the expiration of enlistments to a small number. The bulk of her militia lay remote from the sea-coast, and could not be collected on a sudden emergency so speedily as was to be wished. The whole country between Purysburgh and Charleston lay open to the ravages of the enemy, and lay much nearer to them than Augusta; indeed had they lost no time in Georgia, but by a rapid movement made Charleston their object, Howe's opinion was, that in the existing situation of affairs the prospect of carrying it was very probable.\*"

\* Howe's Defence.

Before Howe crossed the river most of the troops were over. On the 3rd January, 1779, General Lincoln arrived at Purysburgh, where Howe immediately joined him.

The loss of the Americans in the unfortunate affair at Savannah, according to the statement of the British commander is as follows:

Thirty-eight officers of different distinctions.

Four hundred and fifteen non-commissioned officers and privates.

One stand of colors.

Forty eight pieces of cannon (belonging to Savannah.)

Twenty-three mortars (belonging to Savannah.)

Ninety barrels of gunpowder. In short, (Campbell adds) the capital of Georgia, a large quantity of provisions, the fourth of all the stores agreeably to the enclosed return—all fell into our hands before it was dark, without any loss on our side except Captain Peter Cameron, a gallant officer of Skinner's light infantry, and two privates.

Having detected the suppression of so much truth, and the assertion of so many gross falsehoods in Col. Campbell's official despatches, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the above statement.

Having given a very brief sketch of the affair at Savannah—not a *hasty* one as some may suppose, I call the reader's attention to the cause of Howe's failure in his primary object, viz; the maintenance of his position, and the repulse of the enemy. This, it is evident, was the consequence of Campbell's accidentally meeting with a negro, who undertook to conduct him through the swamp into the rear of the American army.

In regard to the failure of his secondary object, viz: a *retreat without loss*, this must be imputed in the first place, to the unaccountable silence of Colonel Walton respecting the situation of a practicable pass through the swamp,—the location of which, he must have known, Gen. Howe was using every means in his power to ascertain, and his knowledge of which, he concealed until within an hour of the attack; and secondly to the disobedience of the same officer in not taking post at the outlet; resisting the enemy, and thereby giving the signal to Howe, as he was ordered to do.

The third cause was the attempted deviation of Col Elbert from Gen. Howe's positive orders; and in connection with it, his rash endeavor to change the formation of his troops during actual combat in violation of a fundamental principle of war. By these two acts of disobedience the Georgia brigade was sacrificed.

It is painful to censure so gallant an officer as Col. Elbert, or one whose memory is so justly honored for public and private virtues; but when historical justice is the object, the compiler has no alternative.

The frank statements of Col. Elbert himself, furnish this item of my summary.

From the commencement of Howe's administration, South Carolina and Georgia had been memorializing Congress, to recall him and appoint "an officer of more experience" to the head of the southern department.

At length, in Sept. 1778, in compliance with these solicitations, Howe was ordered to the head quarters of Gen. Washington, and Gen. Lincoln appoint-

ed to succeed him and desired to proceed immediately to Charleston, S. C. He did not reach that city until December. So soon as it was ascertained that the British fleet had entered the Savannah river, Lincoln proceeded with the utmost expedition towards the scene of action. On his march he received intelligence of the defeat at Savannah.

After an interview with Gen. Lincoln at Purysburgh, Howe on the 4th January 1779, set out for the head quarters of General Washington.

Six months after Howe joined Gen. Washington (July 1779) he was ordered to take command of the troops sent to attack Verplanck's point on the Hudson and thereby supersede Gen. McDougall a distinguished officer. This expedition failed, from accidental causes, which did not affect the military reputation of either Howe or his predecessor. On the 28th of the same month, he was ordered to take his quarters at Ridgefield, which appears from the letters of Washington to have been an extensive and important command, with which he was entrusted.

June 10th 1780, Howe was in command at West Point. How long previously he had been appointed is not known to me. Sparks gives seven or eight letters from Washington to him, while he held it. He was removed from this post by the machinations of the traitor Arnold and his dupes, in August of the same year.

During the month of January, 1781, Howe was called upon to suppress two different mutinies.

The first, that of the Pennsylvania line, was compromised by Congress before the detachment reached the scene of action.

For his judicious, spirited, and humane conduct while quelling the second—that of the New Jersey troops—Howe received the public thanks of General Washington.

When in the summer of 1781, an expedition under Washington marched with the intention of surprising the British posts on York Island, and also of cutting off the retreat of Delaney's refugees, Howe commanded a division of the army.

During this expedition, while the American army was encamped near White Plains, the British attempted to capture some very valuable stores, and were baffled by the energy of Howe, for which service he again received the thanks of Washington.\*

In January, 1780, a committee was appointed by the Legislature of Georgia to take into consideration the situation of that state since the 29th December, 1778. They made a report. That report with instructions from the Assembly to their delegates in Congress, and their motion thereon, relative to General Howe, were not taken into consideration by Congress until September, 1781. At that time, it was ordered that an extract of the minutes of the Assembly of Georgia, respecting the conduct of General Howe, should be transmitted to the Commander-in-chief, and that he be directed to cause enquiry to be made into matters therein alleged, in such manner as he should judge proper.

In pursuance of this order, General Washington summoned a Court Martial of thirteen officers. General Baron de

Steuben was appointed President. This court, after sitting six weeks, acquitted Gen. Howe with the *highest honor*.

The sentence of the Court Martial was approved by Washington, and confirmed by Congress. It was also ordered that one thousand copies of the trial should be printed at the public expense and circulated. From one of these copies, obligingly furnished to me by Governor Swain, President of the University of North Carolina, the account of the affair at Savannah, given in this sketch, is chiefly compiled.

From the termination of the Court Martial, January 24th, 1782, to June, 1783, there is a chasm, which I have no materials to fill. At the latter date, Gen. Howe was ordered to suppress a mutiny; the second that had taken place in the Pennsylvania line, and the third that Howe had been called upon to put down.

General Howe remained at the North two years after the cessation of hostilities;—probably like other revolutionary officers, waiting for the adjustment of his claims;—his estate in North Carolina having been nearly unproductive during the war.

In the Spring of 1785, he returned to North Carolina. He passed through the town of Fayetteville on his way home, and received public honors and very flattering attentions there.

So soon as Howe returned to the circle of his old friends he was induced to allow his name to be brought before the public, as a candidate for a seat in the General Assembly. He carried his election, but the exposure during the summer produced a severe bilious fever, from which, however, he appa-

\* Gordon's History.

rently recovered; and about the latter end of October set out for the seat of Government.

His first day's ride brought him to Point Repose, the residence of his friend, Gen. Clarke, about thirteen miles above Wilmington. Here he relapsed, and after two weeks illness, died, in November, 1785.

His remains were interred in the family burying ground, at Kendal, Brunswick County, N. C.

That Howe was often placed in most difficult and unfortunate circumstances, which frustrated his plans, will be admitted by his most partial friends;—but that he was, nevertheless, a highly meritorious officer, must be conceded by all, who without *prejudice*, peruse even this meagre sketch.

The Memoir, of which it is an abridgment, is in part derived from the scanty and scattered materials afforded by history and tradition;—in collecting which I was essentially aided by the exertions of my esteemed correspondent, Griffith J. McRee, Esq., of Wilmington, North Carolina. I also derived information from the testimony of the brave officers who served under him during the Florida campaign, and afterwards at Savannah—from the defence which Howe himself made, at the close of his trial, and in fine, as has been already noticed, from the solemn adjudication of that tribunal, composed of pure and independent revolutionary worthies, which acquitted him with the HIGHEST HONOR.

## TO M— H—.

All my dreams of bliss had fled,  
Youth's bright hopes of life were dead,  
And chill despair had deep impress'd  
Its damning seal within my breast.  
No voice in loving accents sweet  
Pour'd in my ear its balmy breath;  
No heart to mine responsive beat,  
'Twas gloomy and I wish'd for death!  
But, ah! when my enraptured gaze  
Fell on that tender eye of blue,  
Whose silken lashes but enhance—  
Like morning rays that glitt'ring, dance  
Across the sky's deep violet hue—  
Its lambent, liquid blaze;  
Or followed in its graceful twirl,  
The waving of each golden curl;  
Or wandered o'er that cheek—like snow

Bathed in sunset's ruddy glow;  
Or lingered on that lip so red,  
Or watched thine airy, sportive tread,  
While the rich lyre-like tone,  
Of a voice that Angel's e'en might own  
Swelled its melting cadence round,  
In sweet, harmonious, thrilling sound;  
*Hope* sprang anew into my breast  
With throbs so warm and earnest,  
Like the quivering beams of the first light  
That startled through chaotic Night.  
The sky above—the earth below—  
Seemed brightened with a heavenly glow,  
As, from my eyes, the scales that there  
Had long been gathered by despair,  
Fell—and thy lustrous face  
Beamed on me in witching grace.

## THE BANKS OF THE EPAC REEF.

## CHAPTER X.—(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 205.)

Just then she heard a noise behind her, and turning, she saw Mahgar standing beside her, with a chain of gold in one hand and the other resting on a glittering car. Placing the chain around her neck, he softly whispered, "be comforted dear Lizzie, I have come to relieve you;" then lifting her into the car he drove round the mountain, by a way she knew not of. Presently they came to a silver stream, with a beautiful palace by it, and turning to ask him whither he was going, she awoke and the vision vanished.

The morning came, and with it a return of the anxieties of her mind. Miss Susan, who had been on a visit to her brother, now returned. Meeting Lizzie soon after, she said to her :

"Lizzie, would you be willing to receive a visit from Dr. Mahgar?"

"Why do you ask me such strange questions Miss Susan?" enquired Lizzie, her large eyes flashing with what might have been taken for displeasure.

"Because I want to know," Miss Susan coolly replied.

"Well I should think not," continued Lizzie with evident embarrassment.

"And why, my dear, would you not?"

"Well, simply, for the best reason I know of, I think I would not."

Miss Susan had, however, taken the responsibility of telling her brother that

Lizzie would have no objection to seeing Dr. Mahgar, and she now did not think proper to change her opinion. She said no more to Lizzie about it; for she thought her actions clearly spoke,

"Sir, you are welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words."

The same morning, Lizzie was on a visit to a friend, where Dr. Mahgar had a patient among the servants. She did not know this, or the "power unknown" would certainly have kept her away. He had seen Martin a few hours before, and from his representation, he had resolved to visit her. When he entered the parlor where Lizzie was, little else than surprise was manifested by either; for unexpected meetings, under some circumstances, are far more calm and easy than those that are looked for. But few words passed between them, and those on general topics. They took a walk in the flower garden, where few attractions met their eyes among the decayed stalks of annual plants; for the Spring was not yet come. Perhaps it made no difference to them, their minds being occupied with other thoughts than those of short-lived flowers. Mahgar was guarded in his expressions; though some allusions told plainly of the deep, pure stream of love that welled up from his faithful heart. He begged that she would forget the past, and that they

might be ever friends. Lizzie was self-possessed and free, and much surprised at the control she had gained over her feelings. They parted as they had never before done; as if they were tried friends and never expected to be more.

The day passed away, and toward evening, Lizzie and Mary walked to the "Myrtle Grove," where they had passed many a happy, many a painful hour.

"Lizzie," said Mary, in a serious tone, "dost you think it is cruel, to treat Cornelius as you have?"

"Why, how now, Miss Charity?—What has your benevolence seen amiss in my conduct? I'm sure I have been as loving to him as I could."

"You have been too loving. You certainly encouraged him; and if you don't intend to marry him, *that* is cruel."

"Well, I may, or I may not. It may, or it may not be. But he is coming to see us to-night, so let's return." And they retraced their steps. Lizzie was again doubly tormented with the thoughts that haunted her the preceding evening, and with many more. "I have said," thought she, "I will not meet him." But, then, how could she help it? Alas, how much happiness, or misery, often hangs upon the decision of an hour!

A bright fire was blazing on the hearth, throwing an orange light around the room. Lizzie and Osman were seated on a sofa beside the wall, on which hung a chart of the stream of time. A cloud of pensive inquietude rested on Lizzie's brow, softened by the mellow rays proceeding from the fire. Her eyes were resting on the carpet, their drooping lids half concealing them,

and her fingers were twined among each other in many close embraces. Osmon's full gaze was bent upon her face, and his piercing black eye seemed striving to read her very thoughts. Unclasping her hands, without raising her eyes, Lizzie continued, where it seems a conversation had been checked.

"Cornelius, you have not seriously considered the awful sacredness of the vow?"

"My month of probation has passed Lizzie, and I have viewed the subject in all its lights."

"But could you be happy, if you knew that your wife loved another?" enquired Lizzie, evidently agitated; for she felt that she must soon speak the last word toward settling her doom, if Osmon still persisted.

"The risk is mine Lizzie; and I am willing to take it," said Osmon with a forced composure; for though he still believed Lizzie was trying his love, he now felt some forebodings of a coming hazzard.

"Then you are firm in your resolves?"

"Most unchangeably so. One little word from you and I will be happy."

"My hand I res——."

"Miss Lizzie," said a servant at this juncture, "Doctor Mahgar in de family parlor. He ax fur you."

"Ask him to walk in the drawing-room," said Lizzie rising, and scarcely knowing what she said. She again seated herself, and when Dr. Mahgar entered, she rose and received him with a degree of composure which her present position only could have given her. The greatest firmness is sometimes manifested, when the incidents would warrant the greatest weakness.

Mahgar strove to be easy in conversation. Perhaps he was so; but the scene that met his view when he entered, inflicted a death-blow on his new-born hopes. A feeling of distrust of the whole female sex was active in his mind; and he doubted their power to appreciate true worth. His thoughts would then have spoken—

“They are like the insects, caught  
By the poor glittering of a garish flame!  
But oh, the wings once scorched,—the brightest star  
Lures them no more; and by the fatal light  
They cling ’till death.”

He could not blame Martin for his belief; but to be again duped was intolerable.

Osmon soon retired, and Mahgar spent an hour with Lizzie and retired also.

That night, as Mahgar lay sleepless on his couch, the incidents of his eight months' residence in L——, passed in a changeful panorama before his mind's eye. His labors in the healing art had been crowned with unlooked-for success. *Wealth* was flowing in to enhance his rising reputation; but untold love had embittered every cup of pleasure the past had proffered; and now marred the opening prospects of the future. His heart palpitated more swiftly, once more, as the thought crossed his mind that he might yet be mistaken. He recollected he had once been deceived: might he not be again? “*I will tell all,*” murmured he to himself, and sleep stole over him, with attendant dreams.

The morning was clear and pleasant, and the shade trees spread their naked branches, as if inviting the embrace of coming spring. Mahgar was on the road to the mansion of Mr. M——, as

soon as the village etiquette would allow. Soon after the young ladies were in the parlor, Osmon was also announced; having chosen the morning hour for visiting, for the same reason, no doubt, that Mahgar had: because he thought no one else would be there!

Mahgar proposed a walk to Lizzie, which she acceded to, and Mary, with Osmon, agreed to accompany them.

I will not invite you, my indulgent reader, to go on an episode with me, but let us accompany them, and enjoy the light of this fine day, the first messenger of advancing spring. Osmon and Mary are walking on toward the mill: while Mahgar and Lizzie seem disposed to linger in the myrtle grove. See! they are seated on the stooping trunk where, some months ago, we saw Lizzie and Mary in conversation. Lizzie holds in her hand a sprig of myrtle which Mahgar has just now presented her. His countenance is somewhat sad, and his conversation seems to be serious. Lizzie is evidently interested; her large blue eyes are raised to his; and shadows of pleasing emotions play upon her face. But stop! the exordium so agreeably eloquent, seems followed by a mournful narrative. Lizzie's eyes are filling with tears, and the roseate tinge vanishes from her cheek and returns with strange rapidity. She has not wept for many days; but now new springs seem bursting forth from the dried fountains of her heart. And now as he gently takes her hand in his, and speaks his last word, a flood of tears reply to his inquiring gaze. Those are not tears of grief, but of joy; for now a word escapes her lips; a light of happiness plays upon his face; and her sinking head reclines upon his bosom.

Cease, my friend, to enquire what all this can mean. This is no place for the foot of intrusion to tread. I fear we have already staid too long. Let us separate for the present; and leave our friends at the mill and the myrtle grove to return at their pleasure.

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## CHAPTER XI.

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### THE CONSUMMATION.

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What deemed they of the future or the past?  
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast.

BYRON.

Lizzie flew to her room, when her company were gone, to communicate to Leon how happy she was. She threw herself in a chair at her writing desk, and commenced: "O, Leon, he loves me still. We took a walk to the myrtle grove to-day, and there—" Here, she stopped to think if it was all indeed a reality; and looking to the top of the page, she found that she had commenced her letter on the wrong side of the sheet, and without dating it.—I will not trouble you with all she did, and all she felt; nor will I lay before you, the letter she wrote to Leon, describing her past distresses, her present joys, and her prospects of future bliss. Perhaps you have read such letters;

perhaps, written them. I will only say here, that Leon, though he thought, as all young men think, that it is a great weakness to cry, wept over its eloquent pages. Lizzie's happiness was almost complete. Sweet to her view was the light of that day; and, when it passed, its memory sweet; aye,

"Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave  
To lips just cool'd in time to save."

But another dark day was in store for her; for it still seems true,

"There comes  
For ever something between us and what  
We deem our happiness."

Weeks had passed, and the summer was again hastening on. Mahgar was seized with the fever—that dreadful scourge of Eastern Carolina—against whose ravages he had so successfully battled, the preceding year. He was on a visit to Lizzie when taken, and so sudden and violent was the attack that he could not return home. For many days his life was despaired of. No one can understand the painful anxieties of Lizzie's mind, during those days, but those who have experienced them.—She never asked how he was, and was not permitted to hear the answers to the inquiries of others. Dr. Bond never left him, but for short intervals.—One evening, meeting Lizze at the parlor door he said:

"You may go up and see the doctor, now, Lizzie; I promised him I would let you go."

"How is he Doctor?" asked Lizzie, trembling with fear.

"Well," dryly returned the old man as he passed on.

Lizzie walked up stairs, as quietly and slowly as she could, distracted with uncertainty, not knowing what to think. She gently opened the door, afraid of disturbing him. There he lay—a pale shadow of himself—alone, his eyes closed, and if breathing at all, so softly, she could not hear it. She became motionless where she stood, her head began to swim, and a shriek of horror escaped her lips. Slowly opening his eyes, he whispered.—

“Lizzie, dear Lizzie, is it you?”

Lizzie flew to his bed-side, and imprinted a kiss on his forehead. “She could not help it.”

The crisis had passed several days before, and he was now “well,” but very weak. He had been importunate to see Lizzie. ever since his delirium ceased; and Dr. Bond, believing it would tend to the welfare of both, and knowing that Mahgar was entirely out of danger, was also anxious that he should see her. This particular manner of an interview, however, and at this particular time, when Mahgar was asleep, was planned by him, to indulge a facetiousness, which sometimes extended even to the sick-room; and when Mahgar and Lizzie fancied themselves alone, he was standing at the door, enjoying the scene. At length he spoke.

“Too large doses are not the best always, Lizzie. Perhaps you had better retire now, and let him sleep again.”

“I wonder where you’ve been all this time?” enquired Mahgar with a smile, observing Lizzie’s blush.

“O, I have only been at the door, seeing how very loving you are.” Then turning to Lizzie he continued—

“I will now place my patient in your

charge. He needs *your* treatment now, more than mine. Let us leave him, for the present, to take another nap.”

In a few weeks, Mahgar was well; and for him and Lizzie, the days resumed their happy course. The wedding-day was fixed. Martin was chosen one of the bridemen, who was prevailed upon to serve, only by Lizzie’s strong entreaties.

A year had passed since Mahgar located in L——, and just a year since he first saw Lizzie. The preparations at the mansion of Mr. M——, gave indications of present festivities.

It was evening; the stars began to appear in the eastern sky, and the twilight receded far into the west.

“It was an evening bright and still  
As ever blushed on wave or bower,  
Smiling from heaven, as if naught ill  
Could happen in so sweet an hour.”

Smiling faces and merry voices were now seen and heard throughout the mansion. Many “knew it would be so”—“that Lizzie and Mahgar would be married.” They “had said so when first they saw them together.” But Lizzie did not care now what they said. She was a bride; and all thought she looked so fair that it grew into proverb, when they saw a pretty lady, to say, “she looks as nice as Lizzie, when a bride.”—Mahgar looked better, too, than he ever had. Leon was there, to see the felicity of the companion and friend of his childhood and youth; and he and Mary were waiters. Soon, an opening was made from the parlor door to the centre, where stood the minister, with two little girls on either hand, that would have shamed the snow-drop, holding candles

in their hands. A waving procession passed in, forming on the one hand, an embankment of snow, on the other, a wall of glistening black—Mahgar with his adored, adoring, Lizzie advanced between, and the two were pronounced to be one.

O, tell me not now, there is no happiness on earth! I have seen, if I have not known it.

Three years have passed, and now, as on the day of their marriage, Dr. Mahgar and his lovely, loving wife are happy. Not a cloud, nor an adverse wind, has passed across the heaven of their quiet home. Their halcyon days have known no bitter hour.

Now a babbling boy makes glad his mother's heart with the hope that, in him, his father's virtues will live after him, and makes glad his father's heart, because he bears the image of his mother.

"Oh! married love—each heart shall own,  
Where two congenial souls unite,  
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,  
Thy lamps with heaven's own splendor  
bright."

If you still doubt the truth of my story, kind reader, come with me some pleasant afternoon, where once we saw a stranger passing along the highway and the sunbeams dancing on the sandy lane. A little white house is standing

there now, over which a young mother presides. I will have her to relate the narrative of her sorrows and joys, and convince you that "the half has not been told."

"My task is done, my story ended,  
Which cannot now be marred or mended."

Yet for the benefit, specially, of my friends J... M..... and A..... W...., I give the corrections of such errors (and only such) as have destroyed the sense.

#### ERRATA.

ON page 396 [Vol. 1.] 2nd column, for "bizarre," read bazar.

On page 397, [Vol. 1.] 2nd column, for "love" read lore.

On page 398, [Vol. 1.] the story is related by Martin, in the language of his father. Quotation marks are wrong.

On page 427, 1st column, for "neither," read either.

On page 427, 2nd column, for "ingenious," read ingenuous.

Vol II. page 21, for "effected" read affected.

" 23, insert "the" between "of" and "most" in the first line of poetic quotation.

Page 197, column 2, for "wonder," read wander.

Page 198, column 1, insert "are," between "deep" and "the."

Page 198, column 1, for "be," read he.

Do. do. do. "array," read army.

Do. 203, do. do. "can't," read canst.

"Reef," in the title, should be Reaf. It was so written on the MS. at first, but a mistake was made by the printer, and I suffered it to remain. J. M. and A. W. will now find no difficulty in locating the scene. For them the correction is intended.

## THE LOST LOVE ; OR, THE WITCH'S REVENGE.

1.

The night is dark as night can be,  
And the moaning winds are high,  
O'er rock and plain, o'er land and sea,  
The storm king drives in furious glee.  
And lightnings flash athwart the lee  
Of the black and lurid sky.

2.

But o'er the din the sea bird's scream  
Is heard full high and loud,  
Like the phantoms of some hideous dream,  
The midnight hours with spectres teem—  
On the raven's wing the lightnings gleam,  
As he speeds on through the cloud.

3.

And now unto my sight there came  
A vision strange and wild ;  
At the sight of which my heart grew tame,  
A withered hag, wierd and lame,  
Whose ghastly looks her deeds proclaim,  
By all good men reviled.

4.

And just before her steps I see,  
Two forms that seemed of hell,  
Like shrunken hounds they appeared to me,  
Before whom, 'tis useless all to flee,  
For they take their prey whate'er it be,  
And rend it as they yell.

5.

What seek they in so wild a place,  
When the owls are hooting loud ?  
Like some black imps of the hellish race,  
The witch moves on with stealthy pace :  
There's not in hell so fell a face,  
Or ghost as ugly in its shroud.

6.

From her toothless mouth there comes a sound,  
She is gibbering every night,  
And the ceaseless bay of the shrunken hounds,  
Through dreary hours, 'til night's last bound,  
At things which yet, no man has found,  
But ceases with the light.

7.

Down through the rocks to a darkened cave,  
Where the wild waves ever roll,  
We'll follow the hag, who begins to rave,  
And is chaunting forth some goblin stave,  
For help from hell to its withered slave,  
That its king may take her soul.

8.

" King of the storm, and fire of hell,"  
The witch now screams aloud,  
" Will you answer not my greatest spell,  
Wrought by the streamlet in the dell,  
Where a father by his own son fell,  
Without a grave or shroud ?

9.

What hath availed my sacrifice,  
Of that brute my dearest love,  
That tore the rich man's sheep so nice,  
And held the cow as firm as vice,  
While I despatched her in a trice,  
If thus alway you prove."

10.

The winds seemed like some funeral dirge,  
To sigh at this dread speech ;  
The hounds have rushed to the cavern's verge,  
To get them on, the witch did urge,  
Until they rushed forth in the surge,  
And a corpse dragged on the beach.

11.

What's this that you to-night have sent,  
That's like a dead man's clay,  
My dogs, when out abroad we went,  
With furious barks the night air rent,  
From afar, at last, have by its scent,  
Brought me to this their prey.

12.

What gold has he, within his dress,  
What jewels on his hands,  
Where's the ship in its last distress,  
That by this time in the sea's caress,  
Which to the bottom the waves now press,  
Or casts upon the sands.

13.

" Oh, merry will be, my sisters three,  
 At this good luck of mine,  
 For to kill and steal, and then to see,  
 Men from our tricks in misery,  
 While we from blame are ever free,  
 To work out our design."

14.

" This is our life, and this our joy,  
 In which we do delight,  
 To use proud man as our easy toy,  
 From wealth to ruin, we some decoy,  
 And I wish that we could but destroy,  
 All things that e'er saw light."

15.

With deep mouthed growl, and savage bark,  
 The hounds drag in the dead,  
 Far off is driven the hungry shark,  
 In waters that are deep and dark,  
 Where sunk the poor ill-fated barque,  
 And the sea-bird far o'er head.

16.

The withered Crone bends over her prey,  
 In search of plunder there,  
 But the form which now before her lay,  
 Brings back the thoughts of another day,  
 And the looks of one, long passed away,  
 She'll never find out where.

17.

For years and years have passed and gone,  
 Since he from her had fled,  
 She thought of her bright-eyed happy son,  
 Which now, for years, she had not done,  
 And the wrath from which he fled alone,  
 Came back into her head.

18.

With curses wild, and deafning shout  
 She shook the air around,  
 The affrighted dogs, from the cave rushed out,  
 The night-raven fled from there about,  
 And all things seemed in hideous rout,  
 And trembled at the sound.

19.

" Why think I still, of one so base,  
 He long since met his doom,  
 For I saw him die in that very place,  
 That had been to me my own disgrace,  
 And I see again within this face,  
 His lineaments in gloom."

20.

The witch is gone, and all is hushed  
 Along the silent shore,  
 When first the East, with crimson flushed,  
 Like wild fowl, by the huntsman flushed,  
 Or goblins damned away they rushed,  
 And the dead far off they bore.

21.

Deep in a wood, where the Upas grows,  
 And deadly night shades kiss,  
 With infectious breath, the beauteous rose,  
 Where a poisoned stream forever flows,  
 Where live the worst of all man's foes,  
 The sharp-fanged serpent's hiss.

22.

Here in a wild and lonely dell  
 There burns a bluish light,  
 A corpse that looked fresh brought from hell  
 Four witches working out their spell  
 And forms that make my heart rebel,  
 'Gainst speaking of the sight.

23.

Around a boiling cauldron sat  
 Our witch, and sisters three ;  
 A dog, an owl, a brinded cat,  
 Foul herbs, a snake, and living rat,  
 With serpent's fangs, and wings of bat,  
 Sink in this flaming sea.

24.

" Sisters now, if there is power in hell,  
 I'll make before you stand,  
 This son of mine, whose father fell,  
 In this same dark and lonely dell,  
 Where now I'm working out my spell,  
 By my avenging hand.

25.

And now the witches seize the dead,  
 By its long raven hair,  
 Then in the pot, from high o'er head,  
 It sunk like them, who downward fled,  
 From heaven to hell, like falling lead,  
 That face and form once fair.

26.

A silence as of death reigns now,  
 As the master spells begin,  
 While standing in a broken row,  
 And bending o'er the fire so low,  
 Their hair was seen as white as snow,  
 O'er faces toul with sin.

27.

Then in a strange, fantastic glee,  
 They skip about the scene,  
 Like Elves careering o'er the lee,  
 Or bees within the blooming tree,  
 And never yet did mortal see,  
 Such tripping o'er the green.

28.

Then from the boiling cauldron sprang,  
 The one put in so cold,  
 And fiercer than the battle clang,  
 The witches now a chorus sang,  
 And louder still the shouts now rang,  
 Of Beldams weird and old.

29.

Now, quoth the mother witch, "my friend!  
 Why have you left me so?  
 And now, I will thy spirit rend,  
 For the sturdiest oak at last must bend,  
 So now no mortal time shall end,  
 From out my sight you'll go.

30.

And always when the night comes on,  
 I'll make you here revive,  
 And just so soon as this is done,  
 I'll drown again my only son,  
 Till the sand of time shall cause to run,  
 First dead and then alive."

31.

And then they bore him far away,  
 To the ocean's briny wave,  
 And when he heard the witches say,  
 He should always live, but ne'er see day,  
 His heart was filled with sore dismay,  
 The heart once high and brave.

32.

But all relentless, on they sped,  
 And soon the waves again,  
 Closed on the never-resting dead,  
 Whose blood was by his mother shed,  
 Because the boy from her had fled,  
 For refuge, o'er the main.

33.

High on the beach, again is thrown,  
 The ocean's ceaseless spray,  
 Here now a wasting wreck is shown,  
 And always when the sun goes down,  
 The sea brings in a dying man,  
 And voices far away.

34.

A phantom ship again descends,  
 Upon the breakers wild,  
 When in the sky that o'er us bends,  
 There's not a cloud that ever lends,  
 A mark to which our vision tends,  
 It is so clear and mild.

35.

But the phantom ship again goes by,  
 With spreading sails so wide,  
 Again is heard that mournful cry,  
 Sometimes near, and then to die  
 In the distance, then swelling high,  
 As if the ocean sighed.

36.

And still as wilder blows the blast,  
 And fiercer grows the storm,  
 A ship drives on, without a mast,  
 With lightning speed, it goes so fast,  
 Right on the rocks headlong t'is cast,  
 Steered by a goblin form.

37.

And now the wondering people tell  
 When in the midnight's hush,  
 The witches croak, and spectres yell,  
 And bluish lights, like fires of hell,  
 Gleam round the murderers of the dell,  
 While on the waters rush.

38.

And now whenever night comes on,  
 Upon that lonely shore,  
 When the laborer's daily work is done,  
 And goblin's through the night air run,  
 These witches drown the long lost son,  
 While he screams forever more.

## WHAT IS THE SUPREME STANDARD OF RIGHT AND WRONG ?

ALL who have made ethics a subject of study must know how perilous it is to found virtue on the will of God. An action is holy, not because God wills it, but he wills it because it is holy. The person who reverses this maxim may intend to benefit the cause of religion, but in reality he is doing it serious damage.—McCOSH.

Whatever is connected with the development of the faculties of the human soul is to us of surpassing importance. However various may be the elements that enter into the civilization of our race, those that affect the spiritual portion of our being should ever be regarded with the most intense interest. The welfare of the body can be maintained for a few years only. No one takes his estate through the portals of death. But the riches of the soul perish only with its existence. Our bodies may decay; our wealth may vanish and our name may be cast out as evil. But our knowledge and our virtue are treasures which no thieves can steal—no rust can corrupt. We always earnestly examine whatever pretends to add to our present stores of these inestimable properties. Therefore, we respectfully ask our readers to go with us while we attempt to verify the truthfulness of the assertion at the head of this article. It is made by one of the soundest heads and most acute intellects of the present age. Its author has acquired a wide spread reputation by his anxious and successful investigation of many of the most mysterious and solemn questions connected

with our being here and hereafter. It may savour of presumption to many that we should dare either to endorse or controvert any position so confidently assumed by one as well acquainted with the whole battle ground between truth and error, in questions of morality, as is Dr. McCosh. Nevertheless we would respectfully ask a hearing. Fallible as we all are when guided only by the light of our obscure reason, the maxims of any one on such a subject should be severely scrutinized—especially if his fame be likely to make others unhesitatingly defer to his authority.

In years gone by, moralists were busy discussing the question whether there has ever been a revelation of God's will concerning man's conduct and character. In huge volumes, now lying dusty on our shelves, the arguments for and against its existence are to be found in great abundance. All the resources of the intellect and every help from logic seem to have been exhausted by the eager combatants in a contest where victory was life. The contest may be renewed hereafter; but at the present time, to us, criticizing coolly the various positions assumed during the conflict, it seems strange that so much ado was made about so simple a matter. It seems to be but a dictate of common sense that the feelings and emotions of the soul have an external correlative. If we have the feeling of hardness there is

something outside of us hard. If we have a capacity for admiring beauty in the world around us, there are beautiful things in that world. We can love because their are objects worthy of love. We can distinguish between truth and falsehood, because these are not fictions of the imagination, but real qualities. So there is a God, because all men in all places and through all times have believed there was one. A godless man is as much an exception to the general rule as is an idiot or a mute. What tribe of men has hitherto been found without a God? Without some superior Being whose love they sought—whose wrath they feared? The only question that deserves discussion is, which is the true God—if it be not high-treason to admit that there can be such a question. Has God ever revealed to us his will?

Here we reply unhesitatingly—yes. Because the human race has always believed he has done so. It is not necessary that this belief should be proclaimed with all proper formality. The reality may exist without a prescribed form. The Greek Poets and mythologists have told us of the employments, recreations and homes, of their gods.—How knew they these things without a revelation? The vegetable islanders of the Pacific told Capt. Wilkes how their gods were angered—how they could be appeased and where they lived. What was this but the contents of a revelation. Here again the only question ought to be which among the many pretended revelations is true? Let the effects of each upon its believers answer the question. It is thus that we would avoid the wasting of time in deciding, *a priori*,

whether there is a probability or a necessity of a Divine revelation. Belief in the existence of God and his revelation is natural to man. Unbelief is the result of a corrupt education.

There being then both a God who made us, when, and as he pleased, and a sure word of prophecy to guide us in dark places—it must be that assimilation to God is the perfection of human character. His work is the ultimate judge in whatever it professes to decide. We can but judge according to the faculties and within the limits assigned to us by our Creator. The character of others we may criticise when we have a standard with which we may compare it. God is to us the great standard of what we call excellence, and of necessity is above criticism by any creature. The inspired Apostle holds out to us the hope of being one day like—when we can see him as he is—thus teaching at one breath, that the sight of God makes men good, and none but the good can see God as he is. This superiority of our God to all criticism is asserted in the name which he has revealed to us—I AM WHAT I AM. God is to all his creatures the Supreme standard of what our faculties admire and our language styles life, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth. Let us borrow—if it be not presumptuous—an illustration from the decision of common sense in other matters. We describe a foot as containing twelve inches—an inch as containing three barleycorns—but a barleycorn is indescribable; its length can only be seen and felt. A master workman teaches his apprentice what is a close joint by showing him one which he calls such, and thus de-

velopes his faculty of judging of the character of joints. We defer to acknowledged authorities in matter of taste and learn from them to call certain objects beautiful and others ugly—but the standard they present to us are themselves not to be judged by any thing external to them. So God is to us, holy because he is what he is. He is just, because, to call him unjust is a contradiction in terms. When we call a creature holy, we must mean that to a certain degree he is like God; but when we call God holy we mean that *he is what he is*. When we say that the God of the Scriptures is a personal paternal God, and not the blind, ever-changing, ever developing impersonality of modern philosophy, we but attempt to describe him by traits derived at first from his own glorious self. Hence, Dr. McCosh to the contrary notwithstanding, we must say that that is right which God wills just because he wills it; that is wrong which God denounces because he denounces it. To none but the Supreme Creator does this high prerogative belong, because all others have a standard external to themselves with which their character can be compared which furnishes the terms by which we recognize and describe that character.

Now let us examine the means by which God has furnished us, and by which we can discover what he is. In matters where right and wrong are concerned this instrument is the conscience. To ascertain its proper functions, and to be preserved from error in following its decisions, we must notice an ambiguity which attends the use of these adjectives. In one sense that is right which God decides to be so; in another that is right which our conscience approves. The

conscience ought not to approve anything which God disapproves, and it would not, were human nature uncorrupt and perfect. But as we are, because of the education to which we have been subject, we apply the word right to things oftentimes diametrically opposed. To some infanticide is right; to others it is damnable murder. To some quietism is the right aim of education—to others it is wrong. It is by a perverted conscience that men put evil for good, and good for evil. Hence arises the apparent paradox, that a thing may be right and wrong at the same time; it may be right in the sense of being what the conscience although of a depraved being, decides to be so; but wrong because it is opposed to what God has approved. Now God has revealed himself partly by his word—partly by his works. By the serious contemplation of these objects, accompanied by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, our consciences are properly educated, and their decisions are not only final to us, but with reverence be it said, final to God himself. Our decisions are then right in both senses of the word.

This claim for the supremacy and possible infallibility of the conscience, is not in the least damaged by the notoriously conflicting decisions of the conscience, as to what is right and wrong. Who denies that there is such a thing as beauty, because the refined Greek, the grotesque Chinese and the besotted Islander call the most diverse forms beautiful? Who denies that there is justice because men differ as to what conduct is to be called just? Who uses the existence of counterfeit coins to prove that there are not and never have been legal coins? Why, then deny that there

are really such qualities as right and wrong? Paley's argument against their existence, is plausible, only from a perversion of terms. In all the cases cited, and in a multitude of the same kind, we acknowledge the necessity of a proper education, in order to secure the consent between the subjective decision and the objective reality. Because, as clay we have been moulded by a sovereign Creator, to us the conscience is in one sense the final judge of what is right and wrong; but then it is guiltless before him only when it approves and disapproves according to his decisions. The conscience is an echo whose key note is sounded by the will of God only. It may reply to other sounds, but then its notes will be harsh, diverse, discordant. To secure harmony among the various responses of the same conscience, and among the consciences of different men, they must be tuned by the same standard. Experience shows this standard should be found in the Revelation of God; because therein the soul discovers what God is. To this we should resort, not as to a collection of subjects upon which we may exercise our judgments as to what is right and wrong, but as to a cabinet containing those specimens by which all others are to be judged. By closely inspecting the rule of right and wrong, the conscience learns how and when to apply these terms correctly in all the cases presented to it.

Some may ask, what is the need of insisting on the distinction here asserted? The practical application of either rule will secure the same result. The conscience will not approve an action because it is what God's actions are, and be in doubt if it is only declared by him to be right. Still we think the

distinction to be very important, because able moralists have thought it worthy of discussion, and because of what to us are the inevitable consequences of such a theory as that of Dr McCosh. Infidels do not now-a-days, deny the possibility or the reality of a Revelation. The fashion, especially among the Transcendentalists, is to allow multitudes of Revelations. Paul and Peter were inspired, but in no other sense than were Cromwell and Cæsar. The distinction between him who believes nothing and he who believes all things, is hardly worth noticing. The Atheist and the Pantheist are alike without God in the world. Neither has a living, personal standard outside of themselves, to which all subjects for judgment can be referred, and from whose decision there is no appeal. Coleridge tells the story of a man who never heard his own name mentioned without touching his hat. This ludicrous self-conceit is to us but an inevitable result of the clam to possess a right to criticise all things, made and not made. If we decide that God approves only what is right, there is room for asserting that there is a standard external to himself, whereby he himself decides. That he differs from his creatures, mainly, in the possession of a perfect conscience. This form of blasphemy is, we fear, of far greater universality than many imagine. It is most subtle, and many seem to us, unconsciously to indulge in language which is appropriate to this decidual doctrine. How can a creature know that his God approves only what is right, unless by comparing his decisions with the supreme standard? If this standard be external to God, God is himself dethroned.

ed. If it be to God himself, words are used that only darken counsel, and the truth in its nakedness is as we have stated it. What God wills is right, because he wills it. We confess that we shrink from hearing that God would do this because it is right—that he will not do that because it is wrong. Such expressions may anthropomorphize God to an extent that is unwarrantable. If when used they but mean that God will do as he has always done—that he changes not—they are allowable. God only, is perfectly illimitably holy, because he only is what he is. The judge of all the earth will do right because he only does what he does. He loveth righteousness because he loves the reflection of himself. He hates iniquity because iniquity is opposition to his supreme Majesty.

To our doctrine, Transcendentalists will doubtless earnestly demur. Having closed their eyes to the glorious light from Heaven, they seek for light from within. Ignoring all objective reality, they strive—vainly strive—to develop their “subjectivity” to supply the cravings of the expansive human soul. God—the supreme law of holiness—the standards of beauty and holiness are not external to us; they are within us—needing only development according to their own infallible plan. Neither the supreme law of duty, nor the highest style of man have yet been exhibited.

God—his inevitable good pleasure—and his vicegerent the conscience, have not yet been fully developed. What are these horrors but the fruits of first deciding that God wills only what is right, and then determining for him what is right to will. Hence every man is to himself his only God. The inter-

nal law of his own conscience is to each the supreme judge of his own and other men's conduct. How different are the fruits of this philosophy from those of the truth which teaches that God is what he is; that things that are revealed belong to us and to our children; but secrets still remain with this author of a revelation external to us; that we have but the faculties he chose to give us—faculties which should not in their exercise transgress the limits he has imposed; and that we are most glorious when we are like him.

In conclusion, we must say that we do not apprehend the same dangers from our form of doctrine on this all-important point which seem to terrify the learned Dr. McCosh. The truth is always liable to perversions, and perversions are always dangerous. Which of these two forms of doctrine is the more liable to perversion we leave to the judgment of every candid reader. Mysteries surround us on every side. How much profit there may be in trying to explore what perhaps is not for us at present to understand, we do not pretend to decide. Undoubtedly deep sincere humility is our most appropriate apparel. What is our extent before him who is in all conceivable space and beyond all? What is our duration compared with his who is from everlasting to everlasting; who is without beginning and without ending? What is our glory in the presence of him of whom only it is true that something must be without beginning, else nothing could ever have been? What more desirable means could we have for developing and educating our faculties, than the inscrutable, supreme will of him who only bears the all-comprehensive name—I AM THAT I AM.

## OUGHT THE TRUSTEES TO ESTABLISH A GYMNASIUM?

This is an art  
Which does mend nature—change it rather; but  
The art itself is nature.

WINTER'S TALE.

CHAPEL HILL is a beautiful and classic spot. Its waters are pure, its air salubrious, and its climate healthful. The University, here situated, is munificently endowed; the College and Society Libraries are large and well-assorted and constantly and rapidly increasing. The course of studies here pursued, is sufficiently complete and judiciously set apart; and the members of the Faculty are for the most part men of eminent abilities and high literary attainments. The opportunities here offered for thorough mental training, are perhaps not inferior to those of any similar institution in the union. Nor is there, perhaps, any parent or guardian that does not know that the shield of protection here thrown around the morals of the young men, is as broad and impenetrable as is possible. Of all these no reasonable man can complain. Still there is something wanting—a school of athletic exercises—in a word, a gymnasium.

The intellectual powers ought not to be developed and strengthened to the entire, or even partial, neglect of the physical. A mind well-trained and highly polished, is worth far more than "barbaric pearl and gold;" but it is purchased too dearly at the price of an

enfeebled and ruined constitution. A proper and careful study of the intellectual and physical constitution of man will convince any one who philosophizes in the least, that there is a mutual sympathy between them. If on the one hand, the body is enfeebled and wearied out by intense and unceasing exertion, the mind will be less vigorous, less active, and less prepared for profitable study. If, on the other hand, the mind is harassed and grieved by any severe crosses in life, the body will in turn partake of its pains and regrets. Therefore, due development both of body and mind should ever be aimed at, and man should ever be as careful of his physical as of his mental health. The one is almost useless without the other; nor can man be happy without the healthful enjoyment of each.

'Tis true, the students have quite enough time to exercise themselves and thereby recreate their minds and strengthen their bodies; but the most inattentive observer, who has been at the University less than a fortnight, can see that enough and the right kind of exercise is not taken. There are natural charms here, which may at first induce new comers to stroll; but, like Gyges

when the bezel of his wondrous ring was turned in toward him, these charms, after a few days, become invisible. Consequently, all the morning, until prayers, is spent in deep sleep. Nor is there time enough between morning prayers and morning recitation, to permit the members of the three lower classes to take walks of sufficient length to be profitable to them; and hence, some spend this brief interval in dressing, some in dozing, and others in studying. The Seniors may, if they choose, pass the entire hour in this kind of healthful exercise, as they have no recitation before breakfast; but few, indeed, ever do it. The noons of Spring-time are passed in lazy sunning, and those of sultry summer days in sitting on the shaded-covered steps of the different Buildings. During the winter days the warm glowing fire is so inviting that they flock to their rooms and while away the dull hour in smoking, novel reading, or idle talk and merry laughter, some of which are good enough in their places, though their places ought to be few. Of a Spring, Summer, or Autumn evening, they may chance to walk as far as the village Post Office, and some few even farther; but when the chill blasts of Winter are blowing, they make a bee-line, as it were, to their rooms, and no more is seen of them until the *everlasting bell* calls them to Girard Hall for prayers.

But were they to walk regularly three times a day and to a considerable distance, still they would not receive the right kind of exercise for students. They need *chest exercise*. Nor does walking daily the same dry and uninteresting round sufficiently divert the mind from

the usual mode of thinking and reflecting, to give it healthful recreation. True, they may, as the strollers almost always do, go in pairs and groups and pass the time in conversation, yet it is often about some of their studies, or some of the college occurrences, which steal not the thoughts away from their beaten track, and it does not, therefore, effectually refresh their mind. Too often is it the case, that these moments are spent in loose and sloughish conversation, or in dull and dreamy thoughtfulness, both of which are unprofitable and highly injurious. Going to their rooms unrefreshed and uninvigorated, they drag heavily and stupidly over their lessons, which, if they were rightly and completely rested, they would get in half the time and with twice the ease. Sound intellectual progress," says Dr. Abererombie, 'depends less upon protracted and laborious study than on the habit of close, steady and continued attention.' The present kind and amount of exercise does not prepare them for "close, steady and continued attentions."

What then is best calculated to effect this prime and paramount object? A gymnasium is our answer. And why? Because experience, which is "perfected by the swift course of time," has clearly shown that such a school of active athletic exercise will effect this object more thoroughly and more permanently than any other kind of exercise to which resort has ever been had. Many of the Northern institutions of learning have such a department, and the students are as carefully and as faithfully drilled in manly, healthful exercise as they are in latin, greek and mathematics. An instructor is chosen

to fill this place, and he is as punctual to meet the students *en masse*, as the others are to meet their several classes. They exercise morning, noon and evening. The first exercise, like our first text books, are simple and easy of performance, and as the students gradually become stronger and more expert, their exercises gradually become more and more difficult. By this simple means they may be made physically as well as intellectually useful. My suggestion is as follows: That the trustees of the University have a suitable house built for this purpose, employ an instructor

who is well skilled in all the feats performed in like departments in the institutions of the North, set apart three hours in each day for the duty of exercising, and make its performance as essential and as imperative as any other college duties. Then the young men who are at our University, and who are diligent, might hope to be able with their good educations and good constitutions to become useful members of society and bright ornaments of their country.

AN OBSERVER.

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## AN INDIAN DANCE.

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SOMETHING less than five years since, while travelling through the valley of S—; I learned there was to be a dance that evening, among the Indians of the upper settlement. The day bespoke a favorable night, and I purposed going to it; stopped early in the afternoon, at Mr. W.'s, who lived among them. My host readily consented to accompany me, and we started for the Town-house, the appointed place of holding the dance. It was located as I learned from Mr. W., near the centre of the settlement, and serves to them the purpose of a court-house, or council-house, the latter of which names it frequently bears, where all public business is transacted and games are cele-

brated. There was nothing about it remarkable except its simplicity of structure. It was of circular form, some thirty feet in diameter, built of punch-ions or split wood, to the height of some six or eight feet, upon which was constructed a conical shaped roof, with a small aperture in the top for the escape of the smoke.

The dances are held periodically, and denominated according to the season, green-corn, bean-dance, &c. The particular night on which it shall occur, is designated by the chief who appoints a conductor or ball-manager, styled with them the *driver*, whose duty it is to prepare wood, traverse the settlement and give notice to all within the limits

of that Town-house, of the intended dance, and act in short as superintendent.

As we arrived at the council-house before sunset, I had ample time to look about, and see what I might find curious, before the Indians collected. My search was short; I found but little that attracted my attention, and my curiosity consequently was soon gratified. I was however agreeably entertained by conversation with Mr. W., who told me much of the manners and customs of this remnant tribe, as well also as delighted by the scenery of the surrounding mountains, which were so near that their ridges jutted down almost to us.

Twilight was approaching; the fire was kindled. On every side issuing from the coves of the mountains, might be seen the red man wending his way in the little path which led from his hut to the centre. The Indian in front, dressed in white homespun pants, and a hunting shirt hanging with careless gracefulness about his shoulders, which is none the less admired for being red, with a red handkerchief bound round his temples, over which his long black hair lies, nodding fore and back over his eyes as he walks. The squaw follows close behind him, and is generally plainly clad, yielding to her husband the preference of any article in the way of *fancy dress*, that their means and desire may prompt them to purchase. The children come next; the whole forming the line of Indian or single file.

There was a universal attendance, all seemed to take pride in celebrating this, one of their relic customs, which is handed down in its original purity,

while almost all others are contaminated, or grown into disuse by the influence of civilization.

While I had always contemplated the character of the red man with admiration, I must confess that when they began to gather in, a silent dread crept over me. My apprehension however was but momentary, for while my companion would frequently be saluted by his acquaintances with the accost of *Occu*, and a hearty shaking of the hand, the same courtesy was extended to me, a stranger, as being his *friend*. The hearty laugh went its round in every little group, was easily excited, and enjoyed by all. Their open and manly countenances, too, showed a frankness of heart. In short, I was induced to believe that though they might be implacable enemies, yet to whom they were friends, none truer could be found, and that this was an occasion of joy, they were jolly themselves, and wished to see others the same.

To my surprise on being informed the dance had commenced, which, from there being no bustle of preparation, I would likely have not discovered, the first in the ring were the oldest in the tribe, whose locks were whitened with age, indicating they might once have been familiar with the wiles and cunning of warfare, and the more turbulent war dance. Some six or eight were moving in mute silence around the fire, which was kindled in the centre of the wigwam.

No twanging of the strings, nor drawing of the bow, nor stirring notes of the *Palermo* were requisite. This was the solemn, silent, and all-sufficient indication of what was to follow.

This however, was the mere opening of the ball. Soon upon my ears fell the discordant notes of rattling beans, issuing from a gourd, in the hands of the front one, styled the *leader*. The signal was no sooner given, than the circle began to expand by an accession of all the males. With numbers thus increased they performed but few circuits round the fire, when all in earnest vociferation, began the *song*, a jargon, inimitable in English sounds; whereupon the squaws joined, some six or eight of the older ones in front, blushing with the honor of contributing their quota to the music in the way of jingling beans in terrapin shells around their ankles. Now in the ring were the old and the young, the robust beardless swain, the damsel, whose sparkling eye, sleek raven tresses, and symmetrical figure, would favorably compare with those of our most admired belles.— Around they all moved in excessive glee. The notes of rattling beans, and the song, imparting wild animation, and the simultaneous pitpat of their feet giving cadence. By this time the ring was considerably enlarged; a few however, were yet in their seats, indifferent to the raptures of the merry crowd. In the midst of it, while surveying with silent admiration, the novel scene before me, I was unexpected caught by the arm and pulled to my feet, and in a few seconds more would have been ushered in among them, but for the timely interference of my friend, who excused both himself and me for the night, for it is presumed when any one stays out, that it is owing to his bashfulness or modesty, and the *driver* takes this rude but friendly manner of wel-

coming him to the ring. Such is their free disposition, and total want of pride, that none are exempted from participation, but all are welcomed, without distinction of race or color. For, by the way, I was not a little amused when I caught glimpse of an African gentleman displaying his ivory as he trolled along between two native beauties, “piling on the agony” as he would essay a graceful movement, to which his feet seemed an impediment.

The dance went on, and perhaps like ours, was varied and spiced with different sets—to me however, while unable to comprehend the various manœuvres of one set—they all seemed much the same. Intervals occurred when the wigwam would be almost cleared, the dancers going out to take the cool air and quench their thirst in a “purling brook” which flowed near by.

The intermissions were short. The same prelude commenced each set, much shorter however than the one which began the dance; after which all would engage apparently with increasing earnestness and delight. A different leader headed the band after each succeeding interval, always, however, one who was advanced in years; and while they might have had set figures to go through, it appeared to me that the leader spontaneously performed manœuvres which were instantly imitated by all. Thus continued the dance until dawn, with no flagging of interest. There was very little if any conversation carried on between males and females during the night. Such is their custom that they seemed attentive alone in performing the manœuvres of the dance, while there is no attention paid to social

chit-chat with the fair sex. And at the breaking up, instead of love-sick swains showing their devotion and gallantry by conducting their loves to their houses, each struck a direct course for his own. And we too, while we might have been

induced to stay longer had the dance continued, were hurried off with the expectation of a good breakfast prepared for us on our return, and in conclusion I would say that we were not deceived.

R—.

## WINDS AND STARS.

*Black*

The day is done, and darkness  
Falls from the wings of night;  
As a feather is wafted downward  
By an eagle in its flight.

THE cares of the day have happily vanished with the setting sun, and seated by my little window, I listen to the voice of the wind as it comes in hoarse tones through the leafless branches of the tall old oaks. I look out, but nothing meets my gaze, save the quiet stars, that have, one by one, taken their places in the deep blue vault of Heaven.

I love to listen to the voices of the wind. Even in winter, when its voice is stern, I listen with subdued pleasure. At one moment, it seems to sigh over departed joys; at another, to gather strength to defy all sorrow.

The cold north wind, it comes bearing on its wings the voices of those I love. Not only the voices that may now be heard ringing loud and clear from those familiar walls, but those far distant: and more, the voices that never again shall answer to my call; the voi-

ces that are hushed in that dark and dreamless sleep that knows no awaking. Does it tell of joys departed? No, not departed; for the remembrance of them is with me still; and a sunny spirit, and brave heart, shall find joys strewed everywhere in life's pathway.

The wind of spring, with its low sweet tones, comes like the strains of of far-off music. It invites the song of the birds; it woos the sweet blossoms, and like a fairy's wand, brightens and animates all that seemed dull and lifeless. It brings gladness to the soul of man. It inspires quiet, holy thoughts, and aspirations for something higher and nobler than earth can afford. The mind leaving what is within grasp of its limited faculties, seems borne on its breath far away to that promised land, where all that is bright shall never fade, and all that is beautiful shall never die,

and all that is dear never be taken from us.

The wind of summer—it stirs the leaves of the trees, and they faintly murmur—it comes through the waving grain, and whispers—melody, melody. Each tiny leaf and opening blade takes up the sound, and repeats: melody, melody. It is the sweetest of music—we hear it, yet can never comprehend it, till we know how “the morning stars sang together.”

The wind of autumn—it comes with gentle, soothing tones to revel in the matured beauty of nature. It sports with the thick foliage; it beckons with viewless hand to the deep green leaves, and obediently they leap from the branches and follow its footsteps with circling feet; then it comes in its wrath, tears them from the tall trees, recklessly sends them far and wide, yet, still their cheerful rustle may be heard over the naked harvest fields, and in the eddies of the blast, and is but a part of that perpetual hymn which is constantly ascending from all nature to the throne of the Creator.

And whence dost thou come O wind? And, of what dost thou tell? Thou comest from Eternity—the shrine of the dread Jehovah—Thou tellest of the soul of man, so brief in its stay—alike, its source is known—its course—unknown.

The stars, with their gentle beams,

now look down in silence as on that first great Sabbath of creation, when “the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.” They tell no tales of the wondrous changes they have seen—the generations that have passed away, leaving no relics of their short stay—the rise and fall of empires—of riches and splendor—wars and crimes—goodness and virtue. The north star, with its pale light, guides the benighted traveler or watch-worn mariner, and, though it is sometimes obscured, it ever retains its place, pointing upward. But, there is one star given to guide man upward and onward whose ray is never dimmed, whose light knows no going down; but whose beams grow brighter and brighter the longer they are followed, even—

“The Star of Bethlehem.”

Shine on pale stars in your unapproachable glory—and, though you may have existed for ages, yet, when the elements shall be dissolved with fervent heat—when worlds cease to be, then the soul that has contemplated thee with awe and wonder, shall gaze on glories that are imperishable, far surpassing aught that eye hath seen; ear hath heard; or it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.

MAUD.

## REST—A LEGEND.

BY AN ALUMNUS.

The Feast was o'er,

The tribes had come and gone. Anon were heard

The camel's tender tread, the asses' tramp ;  
And heavily the brazen city gates  
Upon their pivots turned, as loath to pass  
The homeward caravan of Israelites.

The glancing rays of a declining sun  
Stole o'er Jerusalem, and tinged her walls,  
Her palaces and domes with golden light.  
How queenly, fair and beautiful she sat !  
The emblem of the City of the Lord :  
The Salem of Melchisedec of old :

Her nation's idol, glory, joy and hope.  
But faintly does the heart reflect  
The image of a smiling, shining world.

On Israel's brow a boding shadow hung.  
The feast was o'er. Within the temple court  
Sat Rabbi Judah, bent with hoary age  
In reverend, honored state around him stood  
The six great pillars of the Jewish law.  
Each in his turn the learned Fathers spoke  
Of Rest—Rest for the weary soul.

One said abundant wealth  
Was rest: with massive coffers clogged with gold,  
And cattle sporting on a thousand hills:

And then to live and die without a sin.  
Another said  
That sweetest Rest was found in world wide fame.

A third, that Rest was power  
With wise and wholesome laws to rule a State.

Another said that Rest  
Was in a cheerful hearth and happy home.

Another said that rest  
Was in old age of power and wealth and fame,  
Surrounded by one's seed and children's seed.

Another said that all were vain  
Without obedience to the Ritual Law,  
To strictly keep each jot of its commands.

Then Rabbi Judah arose :  
His temple furrowed like an ancient wall :  
With here and there a scanty withered lock :  
His cheek was gant ; his piercing eye was  
sunk ;  
But flashed like eyes of earlier, younger days ;  
The tallest of the seven : his trembling frame

He leaned upon his bending mace. Each ear  
Was now unstopped, and anxiously they leaned,  
To hear the Patriarch speak ; to catch the words  
That from the aged father's lips should fall.  
" Well have we spoken brothers wise. Yet  
still,

That we find rest, another thing is meet,  
He only will secure it who, to all  
Shall add a strict, unswerved obedience  
To the tradition by the elders given."

Within the court,  
Upon its chequered flag-stones, sat a boy  
Of twelve brief years, unknown and unobserved.  
With lilies in his lap he boyish played,  
His round clear eye was calm : his air was  
meek.

His fair and unshorn locks his shoulder hid,  
And on his cheek played smiling innocence.  
As the prolonged debate rose high, amazed,  
He dropped his lilies on his lap, and looked  
Upon the seers, with countenance that beamed  
Intelligence and holiness and truth.  
With voice angelic, words that flowed, he said,  
Nay fathers, he and only he, finds rest  
Who loves his brother as himself—loves God  
With all his heart and mind and strength and  
soul :

Far greater this than fame or power or wealth.  
Happier than a happy home : happy e'en  
Without a home, or where to lay the head.  
Better than honored age, he's to himself  
A law : above tradition of the fathers.  
The Rabbi were amazed. Aghast and wild  
They gazed each in his brother's face.  
With trembling joints and livid lips, they said,  
" When the Messiah comes will he disclose  
A greater truth than this fair boy has taught ?"  
And with one voice and joyful heart, they kneel-  
ed

Like captive prisoners thrust from darkest  
night

Into the glorious mid-day light of truth,  
And thanked their great Jehovah that old men  
Are not always the wise. But glory be  
To God on high, on earth good will and peace  
To men : out of the mouths of suckling babes  
Most marvellously God's praise is perfected.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND BOYS' PRECOCITY.

"THIS is an age of progress" as well in mind as matter. The latter half of the 19th century can claim no more honor from having produced the caloric engine, than for being prolific of strange events among women and boys. Indeed the inventive genius of man may be urged to nobler objects and higher discoveries by the ceaseless prattle and Herculean feats of the other parties. However this may be, it is our design to notice slightly the characteristics pointed to by our caption, and draw a few plain inferences therefrom for our own gratification.

History abounds in evidence of the proposition that woman is socially and physically subordinate to man. Their mental difference has been sufficiently discussed in former numbers of the Magazine and we therefore shall not interrupt them on that score. All ages have hitherto assigned her an inferior position, apparently. If the Indian killed game, the woman must carry it home; if maize and beans were to be produced, the woman must effect it. In nearly all savage countries, she is made to perform all the domestic labor, while man sports or engages in war. Her inferiority has not been made so manifest by the nations which have advanced towards civilization. Honors and distinctions have been made to result from extraordinary merit in the occupations and duties, which custom has given exclusively to

man. The *out-door* avocations of life have been denied the females, though they have been enthroned within-doors. Not to figure in the senate, but the parlor has been assigned them; not in the arduous exposures incident to all the professions, but in the school room of the heart; not in dangers of war, nor in the toils of the Cabinet, but in the circle around the home fireside.

Nevertheless, if in our day we speak or write of the injunction of Holy writ that "woman must be in subjection and learn with all silence," they immediately belabor Paul with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and declare him "only an old granny, any how." They become indignant at the bare suggestion of the idea that they can't command an army, mount a cannon, or write a message with as much skill and ability as "the lords of creation!" With as "capacious a swallow" for power as one of our Senators has for territory, they would equal Britain's queen, and own possessions so vast that the sun ever shines upon them. Not content with being equal with man, Miss Rosina Ginger must needs lecture on "*Woman the superior, man the inferior.*" Miss Ginger is only a specimen; for Miss Highflyer would abrogate the duties of wife and mother, and substitute *steam* therefor. And if perchance some good old Mrs. Homespun should cry aloud for letting things be as they are, the young non-

*sensacalists* only groan and hiss. Or, if a Miss Gentle should declare her willingness to live as wife ought to live with some good clever husband, the others shout, "Oh my! did you ever!" Such we believe to be the condition and aspirations of the Flibustiers of the female sex.

"Watchman, tell us of the boys." There are none. The world must be coming to an end, for there is not a boy to be seen in the vast population of the earth. The Primer and First Book are gone, and diminutive men (for if you call any body boy now-a-days a duel is the penalty) have so crowded upon the deck of life's steamer, that the boys — are hid from view! No, there is not a boy in the world. There are infants and girls, thank Heaven! but by one bold leap the forms of humanity, called boys *originally*, spring from the cradle to the beginning of manhood. In our times, a Plato is about 14 years old; a Solomon is only 9; a Diogenes — you can't find him outside the cradle, for they are all too smart to live in a tub.

Boys assume the air and mien of men as soon as they get a peep at the world. The "apron string" is not cut before a cigar and a glass are the accompaniments to the sounds of their tiny feet adown the track of time, and with a rowdiness not even imagined by good old Lyncurgus, they jostle men from the sidewalk and do the *gallant, a la mode*. They

frown upon all endeavors to "teach the young idea how to shoot." No progress is to be countenanced that does not tend to the metamorphosis of boys into men. All else is humbug. And to such an amazing extent have they carried their refined notions, that the duties which require only a boy's capacity to discharge them, are almost forgotten. The romps and frolics that marked our boyish days are antiquated, and only here and there is their memory kept alive. These young men are too busily engaged in aping grown men to engage in them. Such is life now!

What is to become of the world? Is it to grow gradually less and less in its pursuits and hopes, until, like an avenue described somewhere, the interlocking trees, overspreading vines, and fragrant flowers shall all disappear, and the walk grow so narrow that at last it turns to a squirrel's track and runs up a tree? Or will our men on this small scale strike forth into new fields and cull flowers undreamed of by the brightest geniuses the world ever saw? From the female flibustiers nothing dreadful is to be apprehended. They will not obey the latter part of Paul's command, i. e. *keep silence*. That has been tried for sixty thousand years, and still they are not *altogether* silent. Only let them travel awhile under their new notions; let men quit flattering them and let them fully learn that their weakness constitutes their strength; then, and not till then, will they be resigned to the destiny assigned them.

" — Whose looks unluckily reveal  
The ears portentous that their locks conceal,"

QUI-TAM.

## MOTHER GOOSE.

In thinking of a subject upon which to write, the idea suggests itself, "Turn to thy book-shelves for a text." There is Shakspeare with his fine passages, which so portray the workings of human passion; Milton with his awfully sublime pictures; Byron with his brilliant imaginings; Cowper with his sweet home scenes; Burns with his simple Scottish songs; Tupper, whose pages are a never failing source of delight; and many, many others whom, for want of space, I will not mention; but from all these, from these friends of everybody, I will turn to an early friend—one who was my dearly-loved companion in childhood; even now her soft lullabies are in my ear, and I sink into that half dreaming, half-waking state, which of all others, approaches nearest to perfect earthly happiness; and though you, in your well-filled libraries, may search in vain for Mother Goose's Melodies, and in your *budding manliness* may scorn her simple teachings; yet to me, her words are those of wisdom.

What part shall I select from, is the question that next arises. I wish to give you some idea of its beauties, but I am confused with their abundance, and venture with trembling to select, where all is so excellent. Every line would furnish material for a lengthy article; but as I can decide upon no particular passage, I will attempt to review it; speaking briefly of those pas-

sages which should be particularly noticed by those who are reading it, aiming to be profited thereby. The introduction is one of the most comprehensive I ever remember to have seen; it not only gives one a clear idea of the contents of the work, but shows for whom Mother Goose has devoted so much of her precious time and talent. Listen to it:

"You will find this little book  
Is full of everything,  
From a Malta-cat upon a hook,  
To the dinner of a king.  
Each page has something in it new,  
Composed by Mother Goose for you."

I will now pass to the first poem, which is decidedly of a rural character:

"Cock a doodle doo,  
My dame has lost her shoe,  
My master's lost his fiddlestick,  
And knows not what to do."

Give me an instance, if you can, in a book written in the nineteenth century, where so much is contained in four short lines. That last line—"And knows not what to do!" Who of you, even now, have been so greatly blessed as to have no idea of this unfortunate condition; and when the laurels for which you have so long been striving, shall encircle your brow, and you shall have those classic shades to join in the eager strife for fame or gain, how many of you

will, with anxiety echo, "And knows not what to do."

"There was an old woman,  
Lived under the hill,  
And if she 's not gone  
She lves there still.  
She sold apples and she sold pies."  
And she 's the old woman that never told lies."

These lines I am confident will be justly appreciated by all lovers of truth and simplicity. Observe the correctness of the reasoning, as well as the beauty of the expression—"If she 's not gone, she lives there still." Could anything be clearer? Wisely did she choose her cot beneath the hill, where she could be sheltered from the piercing blasts of the winter's wind, and the scorching rays of the summer's sun. She hoped to gain an honest livelihood by selling apples and pies to the passing traveler; but the most admirable trait in her character is expressed in that last line, "she *never told lies*." Would that she had lived in these degenerate days, when truthfulness is a virtue so rare as hardly to be recognized when found; yet it is the brightest jewel that can deck the brow of youth, or add lustre to the grace and dignity of future life.

I will now give you a specimen of romance:

"Tom, Tom of Islington,  
Married a wife on Sunday,  
Brought her home on Monday,  
Hired a house on Tuesday,  
Fed her well on Thursday,  
Dead was she on Friday,  
Sad was Tom Saturday  
To bury his wife Sunday."

These lines I admire particularly for

the brevity—they contain all the leading facts for a three volume novel.

"There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He jumped into a bramble bush,  
And scratched out both his eyes,  
And when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main  
He jumped into another bush  
And scratched them in again."

I could not forbear quoting this last—for it not only shows how the presence of mind of the wise never forsakes them, but at the same time proves the efficacy of the homeopathic system of medicine. This man having lost his eyes in so sad a manner had the presence of mind to resort to this mode of practice for a cure, and fully realized his expectations in finding it so speedy and efficacious. I would ask those who have ridiculed Homeopathy—and there are many who have done so—to carefully peruse and reflect upon these lines, and I will vouch for it their prejudices will be immediately scattered to the four winds.

"Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sea in a bowl;  
If the bowl had been stronger  
My song had been longer."

This will be interesting to all our readers, for it shows to what an extent the daring and intrepidity of man may be carried, and how, when once determined on accomplishing any particular object, men of strong minds will not allow any obstacle to obstruct their path. These men, for instance, who, designing to go to sea, trusted themselves in so frail a bark rather than fail in their de-

sign. I am especially sorry that bowl was not stronger—for by thus sinking it not only deprived society and the age of the services of these three enterprising and brave men, who, by so sad a catastrophe, met with an untimely end, but posterity, in all ages, of the continued strains which a longer voyage would undoubtedly have drawn forth from so gifted and prolific an author.

“There was a piper had a cow,  
And he had naught to give her:  
He took his pipe and played a tune,  
‘Consider,’ cow, ‘consider.’”

Where will you find sage or philosopher that has given better advice than this the piper gave the cow? How many a dark page in the book of life would have been bright and joyous but for the want of consideration! The piper’s advice should be repeated to all, but especially to the young—to the young lady who has just began life imagining it to be one scene of pleasure and romance, whose only occupations are flirting and novel reading, and whose highest ambition is the receiving

of admiration and flattery; for if she does not pause and consider, she will find, when too late, that she has sown the seeds of misery and failed not to reap an abundant harvest. It should often be repeated to the student, who spends much of his time in adorning his person—cultivating whiskers, moustaches, imperials and goatees—consulting his tailor and mirror—fondly thinking he has succeeded in making himself quite irresistible. *If he has brains sufficient*, it would be well for him to pause and consider what place he will be fitted to fill in the arena of life, where action, both of mind and body, are required to make the man. Consider, then, consider.

I have not space to speak more at length, of the many beauties and important truths which the book contains. I will only add, it is well worthy a careful perusal, and I would advise all to obtain it, and thus avail themselves of this opportunity for gaining useful information, clothed in the delightful garb of genial and elevated song.

MADGE.

## TO THE POETS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

COME rouse you! ye poets of North Carolina,  
My State is my theme and I seek not a finer,  
I sing in its praise, and I bid ye all follow,  
Till ye wake up the echoes of "Old Sleepy  
Hollow."

COME show to his scorners "Old Rip" is awak-  
ing,  
His sleep like the cloud of the morning is break-  
ing;  
That the years of his slumber, at last have gone  
by,  
And the rainbow of promise illumines the sky.

His place in the Union is glorious I ween,  
For he's one of its Father's, the good old thir-  
teen.

Ah, some of his son's take a pride in his glory  
And are telling to others his unwritten story.

Then will ye be silent, nor add to his fame,  
Let others tho' deeds of his greatness proclaim?  
Oh can ye not warble one note in his praise?  
One song in his glory, say, can ye not raise?

COME! rouse ye, and aid them the silence to  
break;  
Come, shew to the world that his muse is  
awake,  
That her vot'ries tho' humbly rich incense can  
fling,  
Pure offerings to lay on her altar can bring.

The spell of the Manitou draws to a close,  
The shriek of the steam-king disturbs his re-  
pose,

As he dashes in pride o'er his iron war path,  
Like an arrow that's sent by a brave, in his  
wrath.

The breath from his nostrils is filling the land,  
And swift is the stroke of his iron-bound hand;  
But let not the echoes of labor, though sweet,  
Be *all* in the Hollow the stranger to greet.

COME, show him that wood-notes are sung in its  
bowers,  
That in its deep shadows there blossom sweet  
flowers,  
That bright gems lie hid in its forest of pines  
As well as rich ore in the depth of its mines.

I would build for its muse who has slumbered so  
long—  
A temple where all may repair with a song,  
Of the gems and the flowers a garland I'd  
twine,  
To lay as an offering on Poesey's throne.

'Tis a labor of love, and I ask for your aid,  
To gather the flowers that bloom in the shade—  
To seek for the jewels that half hidden lie,  
To catch up the wood-notes that unheeded die.

Bring gems of the present, bring gems of the  
past,  
And let their bright rays o'er the future be cast,  
Let a rainbow of Fancy and Poesey gleam,  
Far over the white clouds of labor and steam.

TENELLA.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

## GUESS WORK.

WHEN I see a young man ridiculing Latin and Greek and pronouncing Mathematics boring, I guess by the time he is 45 the world will ridicule him.

When I see a chap with a violin under his chin, I guess he's a fiddling fellow, and has robbed those of a darker hue of their trade. Don't marry a fiddler, girls!

When I see a young man with a pack of cards in his pocket, and won't work for his living, I guess before his game of life is played he will be called a pauper. Look out girls for those who finger the "papes"

When I see a girl standing one-fourth of the time at the glass, twisting her hair into ringlets, which they call "beau-catchers," I guess the beau she catches will be willing to bargain with the Devil to get loose.

When I see a girl often traversing the streets, I guess she doesn't love the word work. I further guess she had better be at home helping her mother or darning the hole in the heel of her stocking.

When I see a young girl trying tricks, I guess she wants to get married, but I guess ten to one, that she never does.

When I see girls telling compliments to each other from other persons, I guess one-half are falsehoods and the other made up.

A word to the wise is enough, says the sage Franklin in his "Way to Wealth."

I am content yet to live an

OLD BACHELOR.

WHO'LL recollect this longer than he is reading it?

A beggar stopped at a rich man's door,  
"I am houseless and friendless and faint and poor"

Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled  
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold,

O! give me a crust from your board to-day,  
To help the beggar boy on his way."  
"Not a crust, not a crumb" the rich man said,  
"Be off and work for your daily bread."  
The rich man went to the parish church,  
And his face grew grave as he trod its porch,  
And the thronging poor, untaught mass  
Drew back to let the rich man pass.  
The service began—a choral hymn  
Arose, and swelled through the long aisle dim,  
Then the rich man knelt and the words he  
said,

Were—"Give us this day our daily bread."  
"PICAYUNE."

"A GENTLEMAN was lately enquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. She is dead very gravely replied the person to whom his enquiries were addressed. Good Heavens! I never heard of it. What was her disease? Vanity returned the other; she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a great fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb!" Many do likewise.

EVERY paper comes to us of late with accounts of "strikes" among the workmen of our cities for higher wages. Masons, Bricklayers, Carpenters, Cab-drivers, Porters, Street-sweeps, all have determined to receive higher wages or work not.

The latest however, is a "strike" among the seamstresses of New York. As it is the newest, so likewise it surpasses in audacity and presumption anything we have heard or read of. At such a time too! When the New York fair ones are just shedding their heavy winter garments for the gossamer webs of summer, in which they are to display themselves at the watering places. And how are they to obtain them if the poor seamstresses refuse to work, without better wages. "Pay them better wages," says one. Indeed,

your thoroughly fashionable lady *never* pays a fair remuneration for *work*. She'll buy a ticket to Sontag's concert or the Opera, but as soon as her dress-maker is to be paid, she is seized with a sudden fit of economy. No, poor things! You have no business with better wages. You can starve! You are used to *that*. But if you must "strike," wait till the "season" is over and you can "strike" without hitting any body.

COMMENCEMENT with all its bustle and excitement will soon be here, and not un- welcome, after the tedious monotony of Senior vacation.

It is the grand gala-day of Chapel Hill, anxiously expected by every *class*, where every body, including niggers and children, will put on their holiday suits and fix for fun.

Even now, vast preparations are being made to do honor to the day; and from the amount of preparation, we *guess* it will be no ordinary time.

The energetic ball-managers have procured the services of an excellent band, and as no disagreement exists between the Students and Faculty, to call forth rebellious obstinacy, on the one hand, and the unnecessary exercise of power, on the other, we may hope that all will pass off well, and that our visitors will be so well pleased with the manner in which their pleasure has been ministered to, that each returning anniversary will be honored with beves of fair women and gallant men.

Intellectually, as well as physically, you will be well feasted, we hope not surfeited.

On Monday night the valedictory sermon will be preached by Rev. Francis Hawks, D. D., of New York.

On Tuesday night the "Fresh competitors" will show off their elocutionary graces and impressive declamation, in repeating the words of others, showing what they will do when they have ideas and words of their own.

On Wednesday forenoon the address to the two societies will be delivered by the Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee, and in the afternoon the address to the Alumni by Dr. Jas. H. Dickson, of Wilmington.

On Wednesday night the "Soph competitors" do ditto with the "Fresh," and on Thursday, the day of days, the Seniors will do their best to —— win applause.

Will not fathers look forward with pride to that day? And mothers' hearts beat high with hope and expectations? Ay! and will not a softer feeling thrill some fair one's heart, as she hears a particular name called out, and the individual to whom it belongs walks out and exhibits himself to the multitude in all the trappings of the ancient orators. Will he be like them in any other respect? We ask for information *only*.

After the Seniors speak, the Governor will read the annual report, when there will be cause for more joy and congratulations, and perhaps for cries and tears, and then—the delivery of diplomas and the pronounciation of the cabalistic words (in latin so as not to be understood) that transforms "*us boys*" into men. (Wonder if we will look any different from usual?)

Each night will be devoted to the lovers of the "dance," and ample opportunity will be given ladies and gentlemen to show all those winning graces and thousand little attractive *nothings*, which ladies and gentlemen go to a ball-room to do.

And then—as over all things—the dim shadows of the past will thickly gather over that joyous scene, and a voice from out the darkness will speak and say—it is gone. Eyes will grow dim with tears, and heart chorus give response to sorrow's touch, and breathe a plaintive song—a requiem for past joys and dead hopes and severed friendships.

ALL our exchanges come regularly, and are gladly received.

Our visitors will be delighted as well as surprised at the vast improvements that have been made in our Campus within the last year; and truly no more beautiful place can be found anywhere.

The lawns covered with short velvety grass, bordered with beds of beautiful flowers, the tasteful arrangement and neatness of the walks, and above all, the intense air of improvement that is common to every part of the Campus, reflect great credit upon our Gardener's industry and skill; and a sight of them, will we are sure, pay the highest compliment to the liberality and kindness of the Faculty and Trustees who have done so much for our delight. Many a fair one will walk through our Campus and feast her eyes upon its beauties until she almost wishes she were a college boy, to lie at luxurious ease and listen to the music that sweeps in rich waves through the venerable oaks, as if telling legends of by-gone years, or pluck its flowers to weave gay wreaths for her brow.

But these things are to be seen, not touched. Everywhere, except the "walks," are prohibited grounds, and though no restrictive laws as to the flowers exist, yet nature has made them as beautiful as they can be; and the gardener has placed them where they *should* be, and reason and *respect* would suggest to our visitors the propriety of not attempting corrections on so short an acquaintance. Moreover, they didn't grow for commencement and nothing else; but to beautify as long as possible.

#### EPITAPH ON A DYER'S WIFE.

My wife has *died* and gone to dust,  
A useful wife to me,  
For not a soul alive I trust,  
Has *dyed* so much as she.

To *dye*, ind ed, was all her pride,  
For three score years and four,  
She *dyed* each day she lived, and *died*  
When she could *dye* no more.

Her name was up for *dying* well,  
And well known was her stall;  
The hose she *dyed* were sure to sell,  
When hose were sold at all.

But she grew old. I know not why,  
Her *dyeing* days were past,  
So e'en for want of hose to *dye*,  
She *died* herself at last.

"OLD PAPER."

Our contributors have received due attention; and their pieces have been accepted, rejected or handed over to our successors; which, they will learn in time.

We clip the following extracts from the "Special Correspondence of the New York Times." The writer appears to be on a southern tour, and to have passed through North-Carolina during the winter:

"The city of Raleigh, (Old Sir Walter,) the capital of North-Carolina, is a beautiful place, having many of the characteristics of the most lovely New England villages; the streets wide, and lined with trees, and many white wooden mansions, all with porches of a similar style, and with little court-yards around them, rather *finically* adorned with flowers and shrubbery. The popular taste, however, seems to be of a quieter and more chaste character, and there is less development of the fantastic in art than at the North. The capital is the finest State-House in the country; every way a noble building, constructed of brownish gray granite, in Greeian style. It stands on an elevated position, near the centre of the city, in a square field that is shaded by some tall old oaks, and could easily be made into an appropriate and beautiful little park; but which, with singular negligence or more singular economy, (while \$500,000 has been spent upon the simple edifice) remains in a rude state of undressed nature, and is used as a hog pasture. A trifle of the expense allowed for giving a smooth exterior face to the blocks of stone, if laid out in grading, smoothing and dressing its ground base, would have added indescribably to the beauty of the edifice. An architect should always begin his work upon the ground."

We will here make one remark, and then leave the observations of the writer, (in which there is too much truth) for the consideration of the good people of Raleigh.

If we remember rightly, the "capital square" is enclosed by a beautiful cast-iron railing, manufactured in the vicinity.

Now *we* do not consider this as any part of the "simple edifice," nor as leaving the field "in a rude state of undressed nature." Is it "*used* as a hog pasture?"—We hope not. We understand the writer, however, to allude to grading and adorning the surface; and there is much good sense in his suggestions.

After a most *pathetic* description of bad roads and coaches, and jaded horses, and of his abandoning the vehicle and proceeding on foot, the writer continues:

"I met the driver returning with two fresh horses, and at length before eight o'clock, reached a long one story house, which I found was Mrs. Barclay's. It was a very dark, damp, chilly night, and you may be sure it was right cheerful and comforting to open the door into a long large room, with a magnificent blaze of turpentine-pine at one end, by the light of which two fine stalwart men were reading newspapers, and with a door open into a back-ground of supper-table and kitchen, with black girls and a nice, stout, kindly-looking, Quaker-like old lady, her face glowing with hospitable thoughts, coming forward to welcome one.

As soon as I had warmed, I was taken out to supper. Seven preparations of swine's flesh, two of *corn*, wheat cakes, cold roast turkey, hot broiled partridges, coffee and tea.

Then I had for my lodging a *whole house*, there being a chimney between it and the next, and the only connection a verandah or long porch between the doors. Here, too, was a great fire; a tub with warm water, without my having asked for it, to bathe my feet; and a great bed in the English style, with canopy and curtains. And this was a pincy-woods' stage-house. I should as soon have expected to find the Garden of Eden in Greenland. But genius will find its development, no matter where its lot is east, and there is as much a genius for hospitality as for poetry. Mrs. Barclay is a Burns in her way, and with even more modesty, for after twenty-four hours of such entertainment, I was only charged one dollar."

For the truth of the above we can safely vouch. We have some remembrances of "dark, damp, chilly nights," miserable roads, execrable stage-coaches and worn out horses; all of which, it has been our lot to meet with between Raleigh and Fayetteville. And we never shall forget

the exalted idea we formed of Mrs. Barclay's "genius for hospitality," when we stopped at her house for the first time. The writer has, however, omitted, in *his* bill of fare, the delicious milk and butter, which we have always had in *ours*, and for which her table is much noted.

By way of contrasting Raleigh with Chapel Hill, and of assuring the friends of the University, that it is in a flourishing condition, and not destitute of those ornamental improvements so much neglected in the case of the capitol, we insert the following letter. We shall make no comments; and if the reader will imagine how much a place *can*, with care and industry, be improved, in the time that has elapsed since the date of the letter, he will have the facts as they now exist.

CHAPEL HILL, April 25th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—Detained for a few days in this place, I have been wandering up and down its broad quiet streets, looking right and left with an infinite deal of satisfaction. I find the Spring is here dressed in her prettiest, curtsy'ng and smiling in April airs and sunshine. The ladies are out every day among their flowers with the rest of the butterflies. The birds sing like mad, o' mornings, and I am enjoying it all as if it were made for my sole and especial benefit.

At the present rate of expansion, Chapel Hill in ten years will be a large and very handsome town. Since 1843 the taxable property has increased in value from \$23,000 to \$90,000. The "improvements" so long "in contemplation" in the College catalogue do really appear now to be in progress. All the new buildings are being built with considerable attention to taste, and I am particularly pleased to see the flowers and shrubbery that adorn the College campus and the door-yards of private dwellings. The grounds belonging to the University are delightful. I have always thought that susceptibility to outward forms of beauty was an important aid to moral cultivation, and the young men who learn here, what indeed their mothers ought to have taught them before—to admire and protect the tea roses and jessamine that border their grand walks—have had a softening and refining element infused into their natures, which will do them good. The new University Library is a credit to the State. Why will any body call it

a "ball-room." In these latter days, I judge it no feather in her cap that North Carolina should be supposed willing to spend 12,000 on a *ball-room*. When that splendid hall is properly tenanted, there will be grave and honorable company frowning from those shelves, and indignant denial of their living in a "ball-room," though I entertain no doubt but that like a good many other indulgent sages, they will allow the young folks a frolic once a year on their premises. I see the boys have begun to issue their cards of invitation—very neat they are, and a decided improvement on previous cards. It is hoped the approaching commencement will also be an improvement on its predecessor at least. I hear of no excitements among the Marshals and Managers elect. They appear to be a well-disposed set of officials so far, and every pretty girl in the State ought to feel it a duty she owes her country, to be in the Chapel the first Thursday in June, listening intelligently to the speeches, and breaking as many hearts between whiles as the band will give her time for. In fact they ought to take a patriotic pride and pleasure in so doing. The Senior class is just now passing through the examination previous to the "Senior speaking" and their final report, and so far with very great credit to themselves and their College. The Faculty put these Seniors on the head very often, and appear to think some rivers will be set on fire soon after their egress from the college walls. What with their wonderful Magazine, and their proficiency in Kent, and the good looks of two or three of them, these sixty young men will be in some danger of being spoilt if the girls who come to commencement believe all they hear when they arrive.

Walking west from the college this morning, I was much struck with the appearance of a new and beautiful exotic tree, now blooming in the grounds of the Rev. Dr. M. On inquiry I found it to be a native of Japan, the *Paulonia Imperialis*, introduced to this State by Dr. M., who has a great love for such "pretties." It is blooming for the first time, as yet destitute of leaves, but the branches at their extremities are hung with long singular looking purple blossoms and buds, filling the air with a delicate fragrance. Thus successfully naturalized, this must prove an elegant addition to our stock of ornamental trees. If possible, I will send you a spray of it.

Mr. Paxton, the College gardener, appears to understand his business; whatever he puts in the ground grows forthwith, and flourishes as if it had a commission to that effect. I see a fashion has made its appearance here, which is open to criticism. Is it good taste in the country or a

village, to paint the houses a dark brown color? What is the idea—that the house is built of stone is it not? That may do for a city, but how about a village? Chapel Hill is certainly a delightful place to live in. I don't know so well about *dying* here. I have just been out to the graveyard. People are buried there—that is all one can say about it. The half-dug graves, abandoned from some impracticability of the soil, left open and half-filled with water; the broken-down gate, and trodden-down mounds are saddening and disheartening beyond the natural effect of a graveyard. God's acre—seed sown for the great harvest. Should there not be some reverence shown for such a soil—some respect for the memory of the dwellers beneath the sod. I should like to call the attention of the town Commissioners to this neglected spot.

The churches in the village are very ornamental as well as useful buildings. I had the pleasure of subscribing—well I believe I won't say how many dollars—to the church about to be erected by the Baptist denomination. When that is completed all four of the principal religious sects will have a home of their own here. The Baptists ought to be represented in the Faculty. They may pet Wake Forest as much as they please, but a State Institution is common property, and all should have an interest in it. By the way, when are the new Professorships to go into operation? The Professor elect of Engineering contemplates a six months sojourn in the land of steady habits by way of preparation, I hear. I think he must be on the eve of departure, since I see his buggy standing by his door continuously. May its shadow be no less.

This town wears the *dolce far niente* air with a better grace than any other place within my memory. The tuneful College bell rings out the hours as they pass, and life glides imperceptibly away under these great oaks and branching woods.

————— Gray twilight poured  
On dewy pastures, dewy trees  
Softer than sleep. All things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient peace.

Let us come to the next commencement and  
renew our youth.

Till then, yours truly, ———.

NOTE.—The population of Chapel Hill, including students, is between ten and eleven hundred.

\* In answer to the author's query, we would state that the new professorships will be filled in January, '54.

It is with no common feelings that we sit down to the composition of this Table, for—it is the last. Reader, if this announcement brings no feeling of sadness to you, it does to us, who have put forth our best efforts to amuse and instruct you; and if no feeling of regret crosses your mind when you know that we shall do so no longer, it shows that we have been unsuccessful, and no man, however earnest his efforts, and free from blame he may consider himself, can bear a failure without some chagrin.

Our connection with the Magazine was under peculiar circumstances, and therefore the more has it endeared itself to us. As the mother is said to love most the most effeminate child, so we, taking this little bantling from its wet-nurses, without a parent that dared claim it, sympathized with it in its destitution, and bestowing all our care upon it, have reared it to what we may call a promising ladhood. We have endeavored to train it up ‘in the way it should go,’ in the hope that when it is old it will not depart from it. We have had a troublesome time of it too, (not unmingled however, with much pleasure.) in restraining the wild freaks and ebullitions of passion incident to youth. We have endeavored to inspire it with a modest confidence, free from vanity or affectation; to instil <sup>was</sup> it a kindly feeling for all, and especial <sup>Corps</sup> <sup>erence</sup> for those of the same family, <sup>icipated at</sup> <sup>s</sup> are thickly covered with the <sup>shy</sup> then here; and not to accuse them of “being in their dotage” because they saw not with its young eyes, and sometimes thought themselves called upon to administer a little wholesome punishment,

For all the kindnesses done, and all the favorable notices bestowed upon it, we are profoundly grateful. As every parent sees something admirable in his child’s character invisible to other eyes, so we may have thought too highly of ours. Doubtless we have; but we have not eter-

nally rung our praises in its ears and so made it vain. We have taught it to think more of deeds than words. We have endeavored, according to its capacity, and that of those who appointed us its guardians, to fill its mind with sound useful reading; not neglecting, however, the lighter graces of literature, which throws so sweet a charm over life. If the parish is not satisfied with the sweet child’s improvement, we cannot help it. We are only parochial officers, and though in many cases allowed to use a “sound discretion,” we have often given way to their known feelings and taste. So it is, a parent will always make suggestions to his child’s tutor about a matter of which he is profoundly ignorant. However, we make no complaints. We have been kindly treated, and if we have not been altogether, we can afford to wait. A word of advice to our successors. The child has talent, but is *not* a “genius,” and disposed to be a little wayward. It will require close watching to prevent his fixing his attention too much on things calculated to “make a show,” but really of no value, and here lately we have noticed a fondness for poetry—not Miltonic and Byronic, but something about “love and dove,” “heart and part,” and such sentimental stuff as that.

If you expect ever to make any thing of the child you must check this. Do it tenderly though, for the poor child may be in love. Who knows? It is a malady incident to youth, like the measles or whooping-cough, usually breaking out in poetry, and the disease is often caught from a single visit. We hope that his lad-ship will give you little trouble though, and be rather a friend and companion than a pupil. And when in after years the down on his cheek shall have ripened into a manly beard, and the child we have known shall have become a man, useful and respected, may he sometimes recollect his old and faithful Guardians. But if it

should please College to remove him ere that time, bury him decently, and be assured that our tears will flow over his grave.

With this, we bid a fond adieu to it and all who are interested in its welfare.

V. A. ALLEN,  
A. R. BLACK,  
J. I. SCALES,  
J. M. SPENCER,  
G. M. WHITE,  
JAMES WOODS.

AND now having vacated our seats, let us introduce to you our successors.—Messrs. A. Engelhard, L. Merrill, J. C. Moore, W. C. Nichols, W. H. Spencer and W. L. Scott, who have been appointed to take care of the Magazine for the ensuing year. We will not praise them, for fear of making them vain, nor *can* we say any thing in dispraise. Their election shows in what esteem they are held by their classmates, and we ask for them, as was given to ourselves, “an open field and a fair fight.” You can then form your own opinions.

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THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1853.

No. 6.

SALUTATORY.

To the public generally—to those who have hitherto manifested, in various forms, an interest in our Magazine, we have some little to say. Eighteen months have now elapsed since the first number of the present periodical was issued; and the public are well aware of the motives which prompted the undertaking; the manner in which its character, as originally proposed in the prospectus, has been maintained; the indulgence, the favor, and liberality with which it has been received. When that first number was given to the public, it was with that anxiety on the part of the Corps Editorial which all must have anticipated at all cognizant of the position they then held. The one which sprung into existence in '44, having, as then declared, for its accomplishment similar objects and ends, struggled through a volume, about, lingered and died, mouldered until '52, was then disinterred, reanimated, and up to the present time continues, we verily believe, healthy and vigorous beyond the expectation of its most sanguine adherents and friends. We are by no means

unaware of the responsibility of a periodical of the character of ours, edited by *young* men, issued from this locality, *compelled*, as the experience of the last eighteen months fully corroborates, to stand the test of the severest, most unsparing criticism. Without waiting here to weigh the justice of such a position on the part of its readers, we fearlessly venture the assertion that it has practiced all that it ever professed—that it *has not* derogated from the North Carolina standard of literature.

We enter upon the duties devolving upon us now for the coming year with diffidence of our competency and strength, and a proper sense of our position. But while we meet with encouragement from those whom we trust are sincere, and feel assured are competent to pillar any of our publications—while we witness the lively interest that seems lately to have been awakened in our State—in our literature—while we see efforts of this character seconded by the purest, the noblest, the ablest—we say that we address ourselves to our labors with little of doubt or apprehension.

It will not be unnatural here to ask— as others not less scrutinizing, but more captious, doubtless will—why it is that our Magazine is the *unfortunate* victim of *inexorable* critics, *brilliant* intellects, *uncompromising* satirists? Indeed, it is a question which has been solved by the mental philosopher long ago; for be it recollected, that it is very intimately connected with the mental constitution, especially with the *defects* thereof. In any case, a “departure from established practice must encounter opposition.” Now, we ween it has been a *long time* since North Carolina supported an established literary periodical.— Hence, in the character of our undertaking there is something novel; and while some few, we regret to say, have been disposed to marshal their forces in the most formidable array possible against it, in fallacious wrangling of its chances of success, even as a periodical professedly designed as a College record, others looked on partially aghast, at least quite apprehensive of a failure in a laudable experiment. Again, its coming from this particular locality is a sure guaranty that there are many that will regard it with any other feeling than that of affection—a poor compliment we are aware to their State pride. Still it is, as said, doubtless the case, with some, and we will grant in all charity that they may be conscientious, a part of them, in their former over-estimate of the publication, or what it would have been. But for this *they* only are to be blamed. Yet there has been a crime by our Magazine committed; that of being a *College periodical*, and by *six students*, young men, edited; of humble pretensions and ambitions. Of

these, *some people* desire, and use their resources, that their laudable pursuits may be crowned with anything but consequences elevating and profitable. Now we can easily arrive at the just conclusion with regard to worth of such in the estimation of other men and themselves; and we are slow to admit the melancholy fact that such, even such, wield *their* poisonous, demoralizing influence. It may appear a *reflection* upon society, but how shall we evade the admission? Tell us, kind reader, and save the tear we would drop over her deplorable condition, with which we would fain hope to wipe away some of her shame and reproach. Whenever and wherever a respectful notice of our Magazine, or any article or articles in it is made, in the editorials of the different sheets with which we have to do, we shall regard every such in its proper, its due light, and treat it with becoming deference.— But we feel sure that we shall not be discouraged or awed into implicit silence by the invidious, slangish *leaders* of every precinct weekly, which acquired sufficient distribution to publish “*pepsin*,” or “Dr. Such An One’s Vegetable,” &c. Not so. We will combat openly, and we hope fairly.

As every such publication does, our Magazine expects the patronage and support of the public. We expect literary contributions *also*, of a character becoming the Magazine. This it has gotten, and we expect it still to get, and shall ever be grateful to such as shall thus interest themselves in us. To several of the State the Magazine is indebted in no small degree. At the same time that this is undeniably true, we shall not be expected to degrade it from

the position it will be naturally supposed to maintain, by converting it into an obsequious supplicant for literary and pecuniary aid. We will never adopt a course so much at variance with the noble, the elevated spirit with which a North Carolina Journal should ever be conducted. It would be inconsistent with the elementary principles of inde-

pendence with which we were cradled. Then, come rouse you,

"Come show to his scorners "Old Rip" is awaking,  
His sleep like the cloud of the morning is breaking;  
That the years of his slumber at last have gone by,  
And the rainbow of promise illumines the sky."

## ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

*Of the University of North Carolina, on the progress and prospects of our country in Literature, Art and Science, by JAMES H. DICKSON, M. D.*

### CORRESPONDENCE.

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., }  
June 3d 1853. }

MY DEAR SIR: The Alumni return to you their sincere thanks for the learned and interesting address with which you favored them. In order that others may share in the gratification of your audience, the Association unanimously solicits a copy for publication.

It affords me no ordinary pleasure thus to prefer this request of the Alumni Association, and I hope that you will increase this pleasure by allowing me to report that you accede to the earnest wishes of your brethren.

Most respectfully,  
CHARLES PHILLIPS,  
*Sec'y Al. As.*

TO JAMES H. DICKSON, M. D.

WILMINGTON, N. C., }  
June 6, 1853. }

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 2d inst., conveying to me the request of the Alumni Association, for a copy of the address delivered by me at their late annual meeting, for publication, has been received.

In complying with the wish of the Association, I do so with some degree of reluctance, arising from an apprehension, that the favourable reception which it appears to have met with on its delivery, may fail to be sustained by a deliberate or critical examination.

Very respectfully,  
JAS. H. DICKSON,  
FOR MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS, *Sec. Al. As.*

## ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY :

In enforcing the obligation of duty on the part of every individual to the generation in which he lives, that earnest writer, profound thinker and eminent critic, Thomas Carlyle, makes the philosophical hero of his *Sartor Resartus*, somewhat testily exclaim "were it the pitifullest infinitesimal faction of a product, produce it."

Sustained by such high authority in the opinion, that the small value of the offering which one may have to make furnishes no valid reason for withholding it, I have consented to appear before you on the present occasion, although I am well aware of my inability to bring with me any rich tribute of literary excellence, or any rare production of able scholarship, such as would befit the occasion ; but solely to attest my sense of obligation to, and the deep interest I feel in, the great cause of human learning.

I greet you, gentlemen, on the return of another of your annual re-unions. Assuredly we must all regard these periodical assemblages as pleasant occasions, which not only afford us an opportunity of signalizing our strong and lasting attachment to our venerated *Alma Mater*, but which enable us to form new associations, and at the same time to cement more strongly and to burnish more brightly the enduring links of earlier friendship.

A cycle of years, equal to what is ordinarily estimated by statistical writers as a generation of men, has elapsed since many of us first trod, with the

elastic step of youth, the pleasant walks and shady groves of this our *Academus*.

The years which have passed since the completion of our scholastic term, have doubtless borne with them, to each of us, their common freightage—the vicissitudes of life ; for it is fair to presume that we have not all been bound to the world by

“ A chain woven of flowers and dipped in sweetness.”

The bright halo which encircled objects when seen in the distant perspective, we have probably found owed much of its beauty to having been viewed through the rosy portals of the dawn, and that as the day advanced, it waned into dimmer lustre, or faded entirely away.

The ever-changing events of life have no doubt placed us all, and perhaps frequently, in positions calculated to make the hardest sensitive, and the boldest cautious ; and the rough contact of the world, the sorrows and disappointments of life, which none escape, must have exercised a more or less potent influence upon the thoughts, feelings and emotions which constitute the inner and real life of man. Without supposing that we have been servilely passive to the influence of surrounding events, it is obvious that we must have undergone many mental metempsychoses ; for the doctrine of the transmigration of opinions may be regarded as orthodox, and founded in correct observation. While individual character may bid defiance to the power of external circumstances entirely to transmute it, a very transient inward glance will enable us to detect the marks and colors—bright hues it may be, or dark stains—

of many things which have touched or influenced us in passing along the road of life. We meet again, some of us, after the lapse of many years, during which we may have undergone a process of mental elevation and enlargement, but we have lived to little purpose if we have not learned

“that he most lives,

Who thinks most ; feels the noblest ; acts the best.”

Amidst the jar and bustle of life, it is to be hoped that we have cast more than an occasional glance upward ; and although the true ideal of humanity, the perfect in intellect and perfect in virtue, be hopelessly beyond our reach in this present sphere of existence, I trust that we have fixed our steadfast gaze on some high point in the standard of attainable excellence and endeavored to make such approximation thereto as it is vouchsafed to mortals to be able to accomplish.

*Hic labor, hoc opus est vite*—to live as denizens not of earth but of the universe. Let us cherish such high aspirations. Let our escutcheons be emblazoned with the motto “*excelsior*”—higher, still higher.

Some of you by the pursuit of “noble ends by noble means” have attained to distinction in the walks of public and professional life, and you will doubtless admit, that the success which has attended your efforts, is attributable in no small measure to the intellectual training and habits of application to study, in part formed, and certainly greatly invigorated by your collegiate course.

And here I will take occasion to tender, a well merited tribute of thankful remembrance to the honored guides and

instructors of our collegiate life, and doubt not, that in doing so, I shall be acting in unison with the feelings of all the members of your association.

Of the professors who occupied chairs in this institution thirty years ago, but one has a place among its present faculty—I allude to the learned and accomplished gentleman who at that time taught us how the infinite was evolved out of unity ; who marshaled us the way, and initiated us into the mysteries and powers of the science of Numbers—a science, which lies at the foundation of all other sciences, and interweaves itself in a most marvellous manner with all the practical pursuits of life—which is comprehensive enough in its grasp to enable us to estimate the weight of an invisible atom with Dalton, and to measure the cycles of the planets and weigh their ponderous masses with Kepler—a science which exhibits its indispensable necessity, as well in the rudest handicraft of the mechanic, as in the loftiest creations of artistic beauty and sublimity—which shows the universality of its power in the poetry of Milton or the music of Mendelshon, as well as in the utilitarian inventions of Fulton or of Arkwright.

To the professor who guided our progress through its algebraic and geometric methods of investigation, let us tender the tribute of our thanks. But let us not forget to hold in grateful remembrance the absent professors of that day—the instructive and attractive lecturer on that department of physical science, which unlocks the arcana of the material world, and reduces by well devised analytical processes, the complex forms which matter presents, to their

simpler elements; and also that polished writer and ripe classical scholar, who aided our efforts to cultivate a taste for the purer models of Greek and Roman literature.

The mutations of life have placed them in other spheres of action, in which they have gained a widely extended reputation, based on the firm foundation of useful activity in the high vocation of instructors. Let us also recall with grateful emotions, the memory of that venerated head of the college, who no longer occupies a place among the living; whose name is indissolubly linked with the history of this University, by the devotion of his entire manhood to its prosperity and advancement; who, finding it in a state of infancy and comparative weakness, watched over it with parental fondness, and nurtured it into robustness and vigor; who, when "his eye rested for the last time" on its noble structures, may well have felt the high satisfaction of contemplating his own monument, and as his mind dwelt upon the great intellectual and moral results associated with the scene, might without arrogance have exclaimed,

*Exegi monumentum cere perennius.*

In glancing back to the time of our entrance upon college life, the mind's eye ranges over a period of stirring interest in the world's history—a period written all over in characters of living light, with the words advancement and progress, physical, moral and intellectual.

Empirical science must always in the nature of things be incomplete and yet always progressive, as the asymptote

progresses on its curve, and no generation of *Savans* will ever have to sigh like Alexander for another world to conquer. This single planet will furnish "ample room and verge enough" for the exercise of all the mental power conferred on the race for all generations. The rate of the progress of science is, however, by no means uniform, and our own era may be regarded as embracing the very flood-tide of advancement. A rapid glance at the general progress of science and of letters during this epoch, will enable us to estimate the share which our own country has taken in the onward movement, and her prospects for the future, and may furnish a not uninteresting subject of contemplation on the present occasion.

The whole domain of nature, from the remotest nebula on the very outskirts of our visible universe—from the region of the double and triple stars, down to the minutest cryptogamic vegetable, or the infusoria animalcule which finds ample room to live and disport in a drop of water, has been surveyed and re-surveyed by the argus-eyes of science; and yet of no age can it be said, that the wonderful progress of physical science, is as characteristic as of our own. Sober history records nothing comparable with it at any previous stage of human progress, and the wildest fable falls short, even in its most extravagant and visionary conjectures, of the reality.

The flight of the arrow, the ancient symbol of velocity, has ceased to be sufficiently expressive of the rapidity of its progress, and we are driven to one of its more recent discoveries for an adequate emblem of its speed, for without

much poetical licence we may designate it by the term telegraphic; indeed it seems to acquire almost hourly accelerated velocity from its own impetus:

“*Vires crescunt eundo.*”

It is not easy to speak on such a topic, without the risk of incurring the charge of enthusiasm.

But he indeed must be a disciple of the *nil admirari* school, who can contemplate the brilliant achievements of science in our day without deep and strong veneration.

Who is not startled by the first announcement of the fact, that the age of the planet on which we dwell, is perhaps incapable of computation by our earthly arithmetic—that for unknown æons the struggling conflict of its chaotic elements was going on, while it was in process of preparation to become the fit dwelling place of man, thus furnishing a luminous commentary on the text which declares, that with the Deity, a thousand years are as one day? or by the disclosure of the fact, that its vast mountain ranges have been upheaved from its molten interior, by expansive forces, which still exhibit their immense but greatly diminished energies in the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions of our era? that many of its solid rocks are but the exuviae of fossil animalculæ once instinct with life?—Who is not astounded by the announcement recently made by Ehrenberg and Cross, of the *apparent* generation of animalcular life by the action of the galvanic current on a solution of silex.

For ourselves we must confess that these things cannot be without our special wonder.

“Our life,” says Macaulay, “is pas-

sed amid things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales, or in the romances, on which the Curate and the Barber in Don Quixote's village performed so cruel an *auto-da-fe*; amidst buildings more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin, fountains more wonderful than the golden waters of Parizade, conveyances more rapid than the hippogryph of Ruggierro, arms more formidable than the lance of Astolfo, remedies more efficacious than the balsam of Fierabras.”

Thus has it come to pass that fact has outstripped fancy, and the scientific wonders of Watt and Arkwright, of Fulton, Morse and Erricson have transcended the boldest imaginings of romance.

At any previous era of the world, such rapid progress in the field of physical science would have been regarded as marvelous.

It is true that at the commencement of this era there were many distinguished names among the cultivators of physical science. Sir Humphrey Davy was then in the zenith of his fame and had established a reputation as brilliant as the combustion of the diamond in his own galvanic battery, while Berzelius, Brewster, Herschell, Olbus, Cuvier, Fourcroy, Silliman and others well sustained the scientific reputation of their respective countries.

Since then, however, the chemist having examined every accessible mineral, earth or salt—having apparently exhausted the world of inorganic matter, has created the departments of vegetable and animal chemistry, and has been astonishing and instructing us by the beauty and utility of his discoveries; while the astronomers of our day have almost ceased to excite our astonish-

ment by the discovery of a new planet or asteroid.

The medicval notion which restricted the number of the metals to seven, has been long since exploded by the former science; the subversion of the same transcendent opinion with regard to the number of the planets is a more recent achievement of the latter.

The corpuscular or Newtonian theory of Light, which we formally thought established on a firm foundation, and which seemed so well adapted to explain in all optical phenomena, has by the progress of scientific investigation, been forced to yield its place to the theory of undulations of a luminiferous æther; and even the great doctrine of gravitation in which we were educated, seems in some danger of modification, at least in name, from the theory just emerging into notice, of the unity and correlation of all the dynamical forces of nature—a theory which supposes that heat, motion, light, electricity, magnetism, attraction, are correlated and mutually convertible forces—or modifications of the same force—that however various and diversified its manifestations under these different designations, it is by one agent in the hands of the Creator, that all the varied phenomena of the universe, from the germination of a seed to the motion of a planet in its orbit, or its rotation on its axis, are produced.

Perhaps in no department of scientific research has there been more rapid progress than in that of Dynamical Electricity and Electro-Magnetism, and we are hourly witnessing its more than magical results, in the rapid transmission of intelligence from one end of the country to the other, and in the more

exact determination of geographical longitudes.

The subject of terrestrial Magnetism, too, has of late commanded much of the attention of the learned, and observatories have been erected over almost the entire globe, from Canada to Van Deiman's Land, and from Paris to Peking, at which observations are simultaneously made and recorded. Among the beautiful results arrived at from these observations, is the determination of the fact that the magnificent Aurora Borealis, which with its flashing and brilliant coruscations so entrances the beholder, is the termination of a magnetic storm, and finds its analogue in the flash of lightning which terminates an electrical storm.

Descriptive Botany and Geognosy have received large accessions from many cultivators, but in an especial manner from the industry and learning of Alexander Von Humboldt, who of all men now living, seems pre-eminently entitled to the appellation of philosopher, and who, in imitation of his Grecian prototypes, has travelled over a large portion of the globe in pursuit of knowledge? scaling at one time, with intrepid step, the loftiest accessible summits of the South American Cordilleras, and at another, traversing with persevering toil, the dreary steeps of Northern Asia. All branche sof science, whether conversant with the celestial spaces, or the surface of earth, or the depths of ocean, or the regions of air, seem equally to have occupied his study, and no department of letters appears to have escaped his profound research. From the rich storehouse of his vast accumulations of knowledge, he has been pouring forth

almost continuously, affluent streams to instruct and delight mankind; and now in the calm eventide of a long, active and laborious life, he is still industriously occupied in his favorite pursuits, still conferring honor on his native country, and enjoying a world-wide reputation, which his friend and sovereign may well regard with envy.

Man seems to be instinctively a star-gazer:  
Nature prompts him,  
*erectos tollere vultus,*  
*Ad sidera;*

and astronomy, the sublimest physical subject of contemplation ever presented to the human mind, and the only adequate standard by which to measure the extent of its marvellous, yet finite capacity, has from the remotest antiquity to the present hour, commanded his admiring attention. Grand beyond conception, in the extent and magnitude of its field, and fascinating in its details, it must always continue to be a favorite subject of scientific enquiry. The proudest intellectual achievements of our race have been accomplished in this department of the field of knowledge, and the discovery and promulgation of the great law of the universe, must be regarded as the crowning intellectual glory of earth. Peradventure, in this particular, we are without a rival among the planetary orbs, with which we are associated and by which we are surrounded.

It would be strange indeed, if in this age of intellectual activity and eager scientific enquiry, no great progress had been made in so inviting a field of research. In addition to the discovery of the numerous small planetary bodies

which revolve between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, our day has been signalized by the solution of a problem, which was never even contemplated as possible, by Newton, Euler or La Place. I allude to the discovery of a planet and the determination of its place and its elements, by the disturbing action which it exercises on another. This triumph of scientific analysis has rendered the name of Leverrier immortal, and crowned with high distinction the astronomical science of the nineteenth century.

In instrumental astronomy the progress of our day has been signally great. Those familiar with such subjects, are aware of the fact, that Sir Isaac Newton, having arrived at the conclusion that the refracting telescope was incapable of much greater improvement, had turned his attention to the improvement of the reflecting instrument, and that following out this idea, Herschell's forty-feet reflector, was finally constructed.

Surely, now, the astronomer had the means of pursuing his investigations in the remotest regions of space. According to Herschell's calculations, he was enabled to penetrate space to a point so remote that the light proceeding from it has occupied nearly two millions of years in reaching our earth, and the light from those distant regions "thus furnishes us," in the words of Humbolt, "with the most ancient perceptible evidence of the existence of matter. It is thus, that the reflective mind of man is led from simple premises to rise to those exalted heights of nature, where, in the light-illuminated realms of space, myriads of worlds are bursting into life like the grass of the night."

But even this enormous instrument was not long destined to maintain its superiority. The still larger instrument of Lord Rosse was erected but a few years ago; and, in the meantime, the industry and skill of the opticians had brought the refracting telescope to an equal degree of power, and it is but a few months since we have received the announcement of the erection of one of the latter description of instruments, by Dr. Craig, in England, which far surpasses in power the enormous reflector of Lord Rosse. As advancement in this department of physical science depends in a great degree on the perfection of the instruments used in its investigations, we may reasonably anticipate still greater discoveries and still more rapid progress. By their aid "the astronomer has already discovered among the stars, double, triple, and multiple systems, in which one or more stars revolve around another—he has been enabled to descry in the remotest nebulae, groups of stars and spiral forms of arrangement, indicating forces of which we know nothing, and on a scale of magnitude which the highest reason will probably never grasp."

By the instruments now in our possession, enough has already been discovered to explode the seemingly beautiful nebular hypothesis of La Place and Herschell, and to scatter to the winds the infidel argument partly founded upon it, by writers of the school of Larmark and O'Kerr, and the author of a recent work styled, "The Vestiges of Creation."

The inferior instruments, failing to resolve many of the nebulous masses, scattered over the immensity of space,

led those able, but in this instance, somewhat speculative astronomers, to suppose that this nebulous matter was the material out of which the starry bodies, by a gradual condensation were finally evolved, and Herschell thought that he had discovered stars, annular and fringed, which were undergoing this process. Infidelity seized upon the idea, as furnishing a strong argument in favor of the theory of development, which makes man to proceed, through a long series of progression, from an infusoria monad, and the universe from self-existent but everchanging matter. Thus does pseudo-philosophy conduct its votary to those dreary, glacial heights, from which she teaches him to look up with complacency to a vacant heaven, and around upon a magnificent cosmical panorama, which stretches on all sides to infinitude, and fails to discover for him any satisfying demonstration of the existence of its omnipotent author and upholder—most lame and impotent conclusion—barren and melancholy result of such pains-taking toil. For, lo! the improved instruments resolve the nebulae into myriads of perfect stars, and disperse the very existence of nebulous matter; and thus baffled, the infidel is driven, discomfited and crest-fallen, from his presumed stronghold in this field of controversy.

This fanciful philosophical hypothesis, thus banished from the celestial regions, lingered a little longer among the dubious fossilized fragments of an antedeluvian era, until driven from this retreat by the rattling artillery of the logic of Hugh Miller, who may be said to have given it the *coup de grace* in his late work on the *Asterolepis* of Strom-

ness. What new discoveries are in store for the world, by means of the great telescope recently erected at Wandsworth, in England, time only can develop. Its space-penetrating power—though greater than that of any instrument heretofore constructed, has a wide field to operate in ;

“ the vast whole

What fancied scene can bound ;  
Immeasured and immeasurably spread,  
From age to age resplendent light may urge  
In vain its flight perpetual ; distant still  
And ever distant from the verge of things ;  
So vast the space on opening space that swells  
Through every part so infinite alike.”

Within the limits of time under review, a comparatively new department of physical science has received a prodigious impulse. I allude to the science of Geology ; for the meagre outlines of the Hultonian and Wernerian theories taught us thirty years ago, hardly furnished the frame-work of its present goodly structure, and the researches of Cuvier and Broquiart had but laid the foundation of its paleontological department. Geology as at present investigated, could not indeed have existed at any former era, for the “growings of science are according to law, and the preliminary sciences were not ready for the success of geological researches until the approach of the current century.”

“Of all the sciences which relate to the material universe,” says Sir David Brewster, in his biography of Hugh Miller, “there is none perhaps which appeals so powerfully to our senses, or which comes into such close and immediate contact with our wants and enjoyments as Geology. In our hourly walks, whether of business or pleasure, we

tread with heedless step upon the apparently uninteresting objects which it embraces, but could we rightly interrogate the rounded pebble at our feet, it would read us an exciting chapter on primeval times, and would tell us of the convulsions by which it was wrenched from its parent rock, and of the floods by which it was abraded and transported to its present humble locality.

“In our visit to the picturesque and sublime in nature, we are brought into closer proximity to the more interesting phenomena of Geology. In the precipices which protect our rock-girt shores, which flank our mountain glens, or which variegate our lowland valleys, and in the shapeless fragments at their base, which the lichen colors and round which the ivy twines, we see the remnants of uplifted and shattered beds, which once reposed in peace at the bottom of the ocean. Nor does the rounded boulder, which would have defied the lapidary’s wheel of the giant age, give forth a less oracular response, from its grave of clay or its lair of sand. Floated by ice, from some Alpine summit, or hurried along in torrents of mud and floods of water, it may have traversed a quarter of the globe, amid the crash of falling forests and the death-shrieks of the noble animals they sheltered. The mountain range, too, with its catacombs below, along which the earthquake transmits its terrific sounds, reminds us of the mighty power by which it was upheaved, while the lofty peak with its cap of ice or its nostrils of fire, places in our view the tremendous agencies which have been at work beneath us. But it is not merely amid the powers of external nature, that the once hidden

things of the earth are presented to our view. Our temples and our palaces are formed from the rocks of a primeval age, bearing the very ripple marks of a pre-Adamite ocean; grooved by the passage of the once moving boulder, and entombing the relics of ancient life and the planets by which it was sustained. Our dwellings, too, are ornamented with the variegated limestones—the indurated tombs of molluscous life—and our apartments heated with the carbon of primeval forests, and lighted with the gaseous element which it confines. The obelisk of granite and the colossal bronze, which transmit to future ages the deeds of the hero and the sage, are equally the production of the earth's prolific womb, and from the green bed of the ocean, has been raised the spotless marble to mould the divine liniments of beauty, and perpetuate the expression of intellectual power. From a remoter age and a still greater depth, the primary rocks have yielded a rich tribute to the chaplet of rank and to the process of art."

Almost the entire globe, from the Arctic to the ant-Arctic pole; from the ocean to the Ural and Himalaya mountains in Europe and Asia, and to the Alleghany and Cordillera ranges in America, has been traversed and explored by the eager searchers after geological knowledge. No mine has been found deep enough, no mountain peak high enough to dampen their ardent yet patient pursuit. From the bowels of the earth, in which they had been entombed for ages, have been brought to light the fossil remains of vegetables and animals of a pre-Adamite age. Its gigantic ferns, club-mosses, calamites and

coniferous plants, enable us to form some faint conception of the pristine vegetation of our planet. Its saurians and Iethyo-Saurians, huge monsters which

"extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood,"

of its aquatic and amphibious tribes; its megatheriums and mastodons, of its land animals and the enormous pterodactyl, of the winged monsters, part bird part reptile, which traversed its dreary, dense and vapoury atmosphere, cause the present denizens of the sea, land and air to shrink into insignificance. The earth is full of the mutilated remains of the strange animals of a former era, once instinct with life. Its fossil flora, too, is rich in the remains of an extinct race of plants. These constitute the pictorial characters by which much of its mysterious, unwritten history may be partially deciphered—the strange chronometry by which the relative ages of some of its sedimentary strata may be determined.

But after all, Geology furnishes us with no clue, by which to unravel the sublime mysteries of creation. It may enable us to explain more satisfactorily, the simple but sublime story of the Genesis, as given to us by Moses. It may convince us by a process of induction from the facts which it has discovered, that "in the beginning the earth was without form and void," that its chaotic elements underwent commotions, compared with which the earthquakes of our day are as the ripple of the summer lake to the surging of a tempestuous ocean; that its dripping slimy surface first gave birth to the humble monocotyledonous plants (the grass and the herb yielding seed

after its kind,) and at a later period to that of the higher order of dichotyledous (the tree yielding fruit whose seed is in itself.) It may show us that throughout the entire geological series, there is a conformity, either symbolical or literal, to the written record—that the lower orders of animals preceded the higher—that the dynasty of the fish preceded that of the reptile as the reptile preceded the mammiferous quadruped, and that man, the noblest work of creative energy, was also its last. It may confirm, it cannot supplant revelation; and to the irreverent sciolist who would attempt to hold up his farthing candle for the lamp of life, to substitute his, perhaps, distorted perception and dubious rendering of the rocky records of the book of nature, often as obscure and enigmatical as the cuniform letters of ancient Assyria, or those mysterious characters graven on the face of the Sinaitic valley, for the venerable magnificence and clear illumination of revelation we may well apply the sharp rebuke of Pope—

“Go wondrous creature, mount where science guides;  
Go measure earth, weigh air and state the tides,  
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,  
Correct old time and regulate the sun;  
Go teach eternal wisdom how to rule,  
Then drop into thyself and be a fool.”

But if science has been progressing with such giant strides, during the period under review, literature has also been advancing if not *pari passu*, certainly with very stately stepplings.

The literature of the present day is not surpassed, if indeed it be equalled by that of any former period in modern history, with the exception of the Eliz-

abethan, sometimes styled the Augustan age of English Literature.

By a sort of poetical license, the Elizabethan age is made to extend over a period of sixty years, from Marlowe to Milton, embracing portions of the reigns of several sovereigns. This was the period immediately succeeding the great Reformation, when the peerless form of the human intellect, having cast off the shackles of a despotism which had long bound it to the earth, arose in its majestic beauty prepared “like a giant to run his race.”

The minds of men at this period were stimulated to unusual activity also, by the bold adventures and great maritime discoveries which were in progress. America had been discovered, the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled, and the adventurous prow of Drake had circumnavigated the globe.

Such were the circumstances in which arose that splendid galaxy of literary greatness, which renders this era unsurpassed, perhaps unsurpassable; for Milton still maintains an unapproached, indeed, an unapproachable elevation, and *Paradise Lost*, must still be regarded as the loftiest achievement of the human intellect—the only work which born of earth, seems adapted to the universe; whilst the reputation of Shakspeare, growing with the centuries, has already become colossal, and is destined to last as long as the

“Great globe and all which it inherits.”

With the exception of this resplendent era of letters, our own age will bear a flattering comparison with any, and seems likely to make a near approach even to that great epoch. In-

deed, the rapid march of science must of itself communicate a corresponding impulse to literature; although, there are not wanting those who fear that so large a proportion of the best intellects of the day are devoted to scientific pursuits—that literature suffers in consequence of it, and who seem willing to adopt the opinion of Edmund Burke, that it is our ignorance of natural things which causes all our admiration, and chiefly excites our passions—that the discoveries of science, by stripping nature of its mysteries, by making fact more strange than fiction, serve to rob imagination of the dim, mysterious twilight region in which she loves to revel and expatiate; and hence, are adverse rather than auxiliary to creative art.

But, happily, imagination is a heaven-winged faculty, and if driven by the sunlight of science, from the shadowy realms, which she has peopled with genii, elves and fairies—"from the thick mists beside the reedy lake"—from the dark Dombdaniel caves of ocean, she can still soar on vigorous wing to the empyrean, and find that the feeling of the sublime has not been contracted by the numerical precision of the astronomer's discoveries; or, if, on lighter pinion, she skims "o'er earth in summer vesture clad," o'er mountain, wood or flowery mead, that her perception of the beautiful has not been dimmed by the researches of the botanist or geologist. No matter how much the field of knowledge is extended there will always be a limit to it which it is her province to overleap and

Body forth the shape of things unknown,  
And give to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name.

Notwithstanding all the light which science has diffused or can diffuse upon mind and matter, man himself and the hoary planet, upon which he has his temporary habitation, must always continue to be, both to the stolid and the speculative—the ignorant and the learned—the wonder of wonders.

We have insight enough, it is true, to discover that they are visible and actual manifestations of Omnipotent power; but in spite of our sciences and encyclopedias—simply miraculous.

In confirmation of the opinion, that the progress of science is auxiliary to that of letters, I adduce, as an offset to that of Burke, the opinion of Schiller, who, speaking of art in general, including the *Art Poetica*, says, as translated by Bulwer:

What in the land of knowledge wide and far,  
Keen science teaches for you discovered are,  
First in your arms, the wise their wisdom learn,  
They dig the mine you teach them to discern:  
And when that wisdom ripens into flower  
And crowning time of beauty—to the power  
From whence it rose new stores it must impart;  
The toils of science swell the wealth of art.

Our era has been characterized by such singular events in the world's history,—events which have revolutionized governments, unsettled old opinions and upheaved society from its foundations, that it would be strange indeed, if its literature, which is the embodiment of the thought and feeling of the age, the mirror which reflects the ever changing phases of society, should not have felt the influence of the stirring events which were passing around us.

The French revolution itself, the result, at least in the horrible atrocities which marked its progress, of the athe-

istic literature which immediately preceded and accompanied it, exercised a manifest and wide spread influence upon the intellect and literature of the age. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, with the world all in commotion around, the great deep of opinions broken up and in conflict, the intellects and passions of men, loosed from all restraint, human and divine, time honored usages and deep seated principles subverted; but that the intellectual conflict, the struggle of mind with mind should partake of the vehemence and energy, which characterized the physical conflicts of the period. The influence of the infidel philosophy and political opinions of France was soon felt, and still manifests itself in the literature of Germany, and to some extent also in that of England.

The sickly sentimentality and impracticable political opinions of Rousseau tainted the lucid intellect of Goethe, if indeed they found not a congenial soil in the mind of the great German, and shook for a time the firm faith and manly heart of Schiller. The influence of the French atheistic school of writers exhibits itself prominently in the works of Weiland, Jean Paul Richter, Hoffman, Tieck and indeed in almost all the German literature of the day.

“The trail of the serpent is over them all,”

and it is even now working out its legitimate results in the wide spread infidelity of Germany and the socialism of France. The sturdy good sense of England, to a great extent, resisted the shock, and yet its unwholesome influence is clearly exhibited in the gilded ribald-

ry of Byron and the metaphysical pantheism of Shelly, and more recently, in that cohort of novel writers, whose works have given rise to a new school of Romance, aptly designated by a judicious American critic, as the Romance of Rascality—much of the subtler essence of these speculative philosophical and political opinions, after passing through the alembic of German poetry and metaphysics, has been gradually infiltrating the higher literature both of England and America.

To the mental activity aroused by the stirring events of the times, and to the reaction against French philosophy and politics, we owe, in a great measure, that brilliant constellation of authors, both in poetry and prose, which sheds so bright a lustre on our era. The clash and conflict of opinion, the good and the evil, the radical and the conservative sentiments of the times, its faith and its skepticism are all reflected in its literature, in poetry and prose, in history and drama, essay and review, in science and theology. Nor has the influence of these potent agencies been restricted to Europe in its effects. Our own country has felt the generous impulse of aroused activity, and has fairly started, we confidently believe, on the path of a high and glorious career. Like the morning star, though yet scarcely risen above the horizon, she is diffusing the mild effulgence of her light among the nations; and we trust we are indulging in no idle vaticination, when we predict the early advent of a period in which her literary, scientific and artistic renown will rival her political greatness.

If the visible and the material fail not

on this continent to exercise their wonted influence on the mental, time must develop a literature commensurate with the physical grandeur and magnificence of our country. Where on the broad earth has the plastic hand of nature been more busily at work in the production of scenes of beauty and sublimity? Have we not river and lake, prairie and forest, gentle brook and foaming cataracts? Have we not mountains of more imposing magnificence than the Alpine Jura or the Thracian Olympus, and valleys as beautiful as the song-renowned Tempe.

Nature has here, as in other lands, an esoteric as well as an exoteric meaning, to the mind capable of making the exegesis. We may still find

Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,  
And good in every thing.

The solemn phases of the starry heavens are above our heads, the flowers of earth are around our path—the earth and the fulness thereof—nature with all her varied scenes and manifestations is before us.

“The sun of Homer smiles upon us still.”

We can look, too, on man, and the changes of his many colored, many sided life, with as keen a perception as has been exercised on such topics in any age or land, and we can discover no evidence of mental decrepitude in our generation.

If we recur to what has been already accomplished by our countrymen, in science, literature and art, we may well indulge a feeling of complacent satisfaction, if not of national pride.

In the walks of science we find at the present time the names of Henry, Maury, Gillis, Walker, Pierce, Bond, Mitchell and others, whose labors have conferred high distinction on our country. They constitute a corps of mathematical and scientific ability well qualified to stand by the side of Airy and Hind, Struve and Gasparis. The application of the electric telegraph to the determination of longitude, is an American invention; so also, is that of the kindred apparatus for recording transit observations of the heavenly bodies.

Astronomical observations are now as regularly made at Washington, Cambridge and Cincinnati, as at Greenwich, Paris or Pulkowa; and we hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing the name of our own capital added to the list.

The Rocky Mountains, we are told, have recently been scaled by\* an adventurous searcher after knowledge, by one of its most difficult passes and in the midst of hostile Indians, and we are informed by Dr. Owen in his report to the Commissioners of the Land Office, that the territory of Nebraska exhibits some of the most remarkable results in Geology yet made known to the scientific world, and that equally strange and wonderful facts have been developed with respect to its Ethnography, shedding light upon the history of the lost races who roamed over its surface at the same period of time, or anterior to the existence of the Mammoth or Mastodon.

A late arrival from the Pacific brings us the intelligence that Lieut. McRae, a native of our own State, who had been detailed on a Magnetic and Geograph-

\* Dr. J. Evans, of Washington City.

ical expedition by Lieut. Gillis, had accomplished the passage of the Andes, undeterred by its storms and its snows, and had succeeded in accomplishing the series of observations necessary to solve the interesting problem he was sent upon; while at this moment the expedition under Lieut. Kane, prompted by science and humanity, is on the eve of again braving the dangers and terrors of the Arctic ocean. With such evidences multiplying around us, of ardor and perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, we may rely with confident pride on the steady progress of American science, and banish all craven fear that our country is destined to lag behind in the Olympic race of honor.

In the higher walks of art—in painting and sculpture—we need not shrink from a comparison with the nations of Europe. But few painters of the present day, in the high requirements of the art, excel our poet-painter, Alston. The studios of American sculptors are at present the most attractive in Florence and Rome. American art is yet destined to adorn our cities and dwellings with its beautiful creations, and to exercise a refining influence on our advancing civilization. Nor is our literature as meagre as transatlantic disdain would endeavor to make it appear. If it be true that we cannot boast of a brilliant galaxy of authors, such as bespan the literary firmament of those nations which have had a thousand years of civilized existence, we have many bright particular stars, many single luminaries, of the very first magnitude and of the most brilliant lustre.

The earlier literature of the country presents the highly respectable names

of Franklin and Edwards. The works of the former have a high literary as well as scientific value, and those of the latter are thought by competent judges to compare well with the writings of Locke, which is surely praise enough "to fill the ambition of a common man,"

The historical works of Irving and Bancroft may well challenge a comparison with those of Allison or Robertson or Thiers; while those of Prescott have much of the combined excellencies of Hallam and Macaulay, and have contributed largely to the elevation of the character of American literature, both at home and abroad. Nor must I omit to mention, in terms of high commendation, the historical productions of a gifted son of our own State, who, though no longer resident with us, has honored us with his presence on this occasion, and who reflects the lustre of his distinguished reputation on the land of his birth. In an especial manner does he deserve the thanks of every conservative member of society, for his admirable historical treatise on Egyptian archæology, in which the infidel arguments of the French and German savans, are quite as effectually exploded, as was that founded by them on their interpretation of the Zodiacs of Dendera and Esneh, by Champollion. We all know how effectually the shout of demoniac triumph which heralded the discovery of those tablets, was stifled in their throats, as soon as the inscriptions were read aright by the great decypherer of the hieroglyphical writings, and how completely they were thus driven from the historical field of argument.

In the *ars poetica*, that divine art, which adds so much to the happiness and dignity of the human species; which has always exercised a comprehensive and genial influence on the civilization of the race, and is never absent from its highest and palmiest state of development, we are not without numerous and bright examples.

Amidst much metrical mediocrity, which, according to the Horatian canon of criticism, is offensive to both heaven and earth, we have much genuine poetry of a high order; and it would be no difficult task to select from among the poets of America many names which the world will not willingly let die—the possessors of which have well earned for themselves

————— “the wreath  
Due to the poets’ temples.”

If we have yet uttered no tuneful \*world-voice; if we have reared no majestic fabric of genius which, as we pause to contemplate it, presents unequivocally the aspect of eternity, we can console ourselves with the reflection, that such structures are but thinly scattered along the centuries, and seem to be the crowning results of a long process of previous preparatory causes.

Leaving out of view entirely, the spoken literature of America; the oratory of her statesmen, jurists and divines (in which she may fairly claim equality with that of any age, ancient or modern) her literary progress has assuredly, thus far been highly respectable.

In comparing the literary and scientific prospects of our country with those

of the nations of Europe, we think we can discover a difference in our favour, arising from the energy of our national character and the nature of our political institutions. The energy of the American character has become proverbial. No physical obstacle, has yet caused it to succumb, hardly to pause. Neither storm-vexed seas, nor snow-topp’d mountains, nor arid deserts arrest our progress. We seem ready to cast ourselves *extra flammantia moenia mundi*.

Now this resistless energy, which for the present exhausts itself in physical effort and adventure, must when wealth shall have accumulated and education shall have become generally diffused, expend a large portion of its force, in intellectual efforts, and the results cannot be regarded as by any means doubtful. That political freedom should be favourable to the growth of letters and the arts, seems not only natural, but is in accordance with the experience of the past.

We recur, in illustration of this position, almost instinctively to that land of renown, which has left the deep imperishable impress of its intellect on all succeeding time, which has anticipated the world in every department of intellectual, and artistic excellence; whose learning borrowed by her conquerors, has interwoven itself with that of all succeeding civilized nations; whose very language, as perfect in the days of Homer and of Hesiod as in those of Pexicles, has been and still is the wonder of scholars, appearing to have had no infancy, to have sprung into existence like Minerva full armed from the brain of Jove; which a learned, but perhaps in this particular, enthusiastic scholar

\* Carlyle.

of our own country, Prof. Taylor Lewis, regards as too perfect to have been the work of man, and hazards the suggestion that it was a direct gift of the deity. Greece, the world's wonder and the world's pride, was a republic.

Learning and the arts flourished under some of the Roman emperors, it is true, as well as during the existence of the republic. But Greece was at that time still "living Greece," though a conquered province. Athens, though plundered of her richest ornaments, could still boast of her schools at which Roman youth were educated. Cicero and Horace were pupils of the Academy or Lyceum at Athens. Cæsar, Sallust, Lucretius the author of the Poem *De Rerum Naturæ*, Titus Pomponius, surnamed Atticus, from his critical knowledge of the Greek language, and indeed almost all of the well educated Roman youth of this era, finished their studies in Greece.

In following down the stream of time we find but little to illustrate our position, until we reach the period of the revival of learning in Europe, which was in reality but a restoration of Grecian literature, which had found a refuge from vandalism in Constantinople and the Caliphats of Bagdad and Cordova. The greatest original production of this period, is doubtless the *Divina Comedia* of Dante, and whatever may have been the state of civil liberty during the feuds of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, this noble work bears evidence of the fact that its author was on all occasions the zealous and fearless advocate of civil and religious freedom.

During the Elizabethan epoch of English literature, the struggle between priv-

ilege and prerogative had commenced, and the era of Milton, Butler and Cowley was republican. Look where we may, liberty and literature exhibit an intimate alliance, and we shall evince but little faith in the lesson taught us by past experience, if we allow ourselves to entertain any but the most cheering anticipations of our own probable future literary eminence. If true to our best interests, a glorious destiny in this respect is assuredly in store for us, and to secure such a result should be among the leading aims of enlightened patriotism. How such a desirable consummation is to be most certainly and speedily attained, is a question well worthy of our most serious consideration.

It would surely, be entirely a work of supererogation, to undertake to prove before such an audience as is here present, that the only rational mode of accomplishing this object is by the promotion and diffusion of knowledge. Indeed the advancement of knowledge, second only to the attainment of that higher wisdom which cometh from above, is the noblest undertaking in which the mind of man can engage. For not until man casts aside the trammels of ignorance—not until his moral and intellectual nature has been improved by culture, does he exhibit the dignity of which humanity is capable. Heap upon him the wealth of "all the Indies," clothe him in purple and f-  
linen, and lodge him in sumptuous moral  
aces, without intellect, the creature of  
culture, he is still, passion, and presents  
blind impulse, the sight of true wisdom  
a spectacle melancholy and more revolting,  
and inharmonious than that afforded

by the rude denizens of our western forests. The true and only certain mode of attaining national renown, and indeed material power and greatness, is by the cultivation and diffusion of knowledge. Not that superficial knowledge with which I fear our utilitarian age is too apt to be satisfied; but knowledge broad, comprehensive and profound, and hence our system of education should embrace the whole ample field of learning. At present we are forced to make the humiliating confession, that education among us is for the most part merely professional, and even in that, the low standard of utility has been erected as the proper measure of its value.

We by no means wish to undervalue professional knowledge. Indeed we are advocates of high professional attainments; but we object to an exclusive devotion to such pursuits, as having a tendency to narrow and contract the mind. Nor does it generally lead to the attainment of the highest professional reputation. Marshall and Story were not mere lawyers, but men of enlarged knowledge and profound scholarship. Mere professional attainments would probably never have elevated Jeffrey or Brougham to the peerage; Armstrong and Darwin are hardly known except as poets, and the literary fame of Burke and Clarendon completely eclipses their professional reputation. A low degree of knowledge, and an unnecessary discipline of the mind, is the present utility, where the standard of its value.

It is indeed an ignoble principle of action—a mode of thinking which

a deadly blight upon morals, literature and art, and extinguishes all high aspirations after the beautiful and ideal, either in life or literature. We are told by the poet, and with truth, that

“Man loves knowledge, and the light of truth  
More welcome strikes his understanding's eye,  
Than all the blandishments of sound, his ear,  
Than all of taste, his tongue.”

But in this age of great physical progress, it is becoming too common to value it only in the ratio of its productiveness. Now, all knowledge is useful, either immediately or remotely; but we degrade it, if we do not love it for its own sake—for its ennobling and expanding influence on the mind.

It is impossible to estimate the full value of any new truth at the time of its discovery. Who could have predicted, when Galvani discovered that form of electricity which is generated by the contact of two dissimilar metals, that it would have led to the brilliant discovery of the metallic bases of the alkalies, by Sir Humphrey Davy, or its application to the telegraph, or to the more exact determination of longitude; or when Huygens discovered the polarization of light, that the distinguished French astronomer, Arago, would have been enabled by means of it, to determine that the entire body of the sun is not a solid incandescent mass; but that its central nucleus is surrounded by a luminous atmosphere.

The necessity of enlarging the basis of education in our country is beginning to force itself on the public attention.—The establishment of a National University is now occupying the minds of the learned and patriotic among us;

and it is gratifying to know, that the governors of this institution, have decided to enlarge the sphere of its usefulness, by establishing professorships for teaching the application of science to agriculture and the arts.

We hope, therefore, that the time is not remote, when we shall no longer be compelled to admit the correctness of the remark made by an able writer of our country, "that there is a strong tendency among us to undervalue the importance of liberal studies, philosophical investigations, profound scholarship and scientific attainments."

The strongest prejudices and the hottest warfare of the Utilitarians, has been directed against metaphysical and philosophical studies. Many do not hesitate to pronounce them positively useless and productive of no benefit. Very different, however, was the estimate placed on their value by such men as Plato, Cicero, Bacon, Leibnetz and Milton. Cicero calls philosophy the guide of life, the protector of virtue and the expeller of vice; Bacon places it only subordinant to religion, as of all things most worthy of human nature, and Milton, in contemplating its grand results and its happy influence on the mind, in the fullness of his admiration, exclaims :

"How charming is divine Philosophy,  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

High authority is not wanting then, in favor of such studies, for these are names which stand prominently forth in the history of our race, as exercising an influence on many generations—an influence which is still felt, and which is

likely to be coeval with the cultivation of letters.

As the intellectual is superior to the physical, as mind exercises the mastery over matter, surely that department of inquiry, which aims at acquiring a knowledge of the laws which regulate the intellectual faculties, must be a high and ennobling pursuit. It brings man to the study of himself, a most important subject of study; for of his intellectual in a more especial manner, than of his physical nature, it may be said, that he is "most fearfully and wonderfully made."

The highest possible subject of study is that sublunary *chef d'œuvre* of its maker, the mind of man; and such study, far from being without practical results, is daily exercising its beneficial effects; even upon those who undervalue its usefulness and ridicule its pursuit, for it constitutes the basis of every well devised system of education. A proper training of the intellectual and moral faculties, pre-supposes a knowledge of those faculties and of the laws which regulate their operations. In the words of a fine writer, "we should not carry our minds as we do our watches, content to be ignorant of the constitution and action within, and only attentive to the external circle of things to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing."

Doubtless much of the prejudice which exists against such studies, has arisen from the wild vagaries and empty speculations of the mediaeval men and the transcendental modern writers on of some of the most especially among the such subject, who, abandoning the track of German, who, abandoning the track of legitimate investigation, and endeavoring

oring to dive into the nature of efficient causes, and the mysterious laws of the universe, have bewildered themselves in the inextricable mazes of conjecture.—But no such objection can stand for a moment against the noble work of Mr. Locke, on the Human Understanding, or those remarkable specimens of crystal logic and condensed rhetoric, which have emanated from the pen of Sir Wm. Hamilton. These and such as these are the minds which, occupying the high mountain ranges of thought, give impulse and direction to the currents of literature which meander in the valleys below. Thus the writings of Coleridge are redolent of the philosophy of Kant and of Schelling, and much of the poetry of Pope is but the exponent of the philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke.

As an important means of elevating the standard of scholarship, as an intellectual gymnasium for the discipline of the mind, such studies surely deserve the encouragement and approbation of those who desire and aim at a high grade of intellectual attainment for our country. Diffuse among our population, a large number of men of exten-

sive attainments and profound learning, and we may look with confidence for the appearance of works, which will, in the course of time, constitute a body of American literature, which will confer honor on our country.

But in striving after the attainment of a high order of scholarship and the acquisition of human learning, let us not forget that man has a moral, as well as an intellectual nature—that human learning, scientific knowledge, as we call it, is but the outward garment, the artificial investiture of truth—that our emotional feelings and affections have a higher dignity, a holier sanctity, than our intellectual powers. Let us not neglect the teaching of that *prima philosophia*, that supreme wisdom, which not only sheds its bright light on the pathway of life, but spans with its iridescent radiance the dark clouds which overhang the tomb—penetrates the otherwise impenetrable obscure, and intermingles its cheering beams with the glorious effulgence of eternal day—that wisdom which

makes us brave,  
In the great faith of life beyond the grave.

## TO A KISS.

Soft child of Love,  
Inform me, oh, delicious balmy bliss  
Why thou so suddenly art gone,  
Lost in the moment thou art won.

Yet go, for wherefore should I sigh?  
Or plead for thee on bended knee?  
On Annie's lip, with raptured eye,  
A thousand full as sweet I see.

## THINGS IN WESTERN CAROLINA.

PICKENS' NOSE, N. C., Feb. 14, '53.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The marvellous is at all times of interest; but truth "stranger than fiction" possesses peculiar charms for the great public. To contribute something to the excellencies of your Magazine and give publicity to occurrences that else might deteriorate into tradition, is the object of my valentine on "Things in Western Carolina."

Our lofty mountains, peering into heaven and standing as the great sentinels of our scattered encampments, have, besides "rich ore in their bosoms," a race of rough, hearty, generous men, whose proper appreciation requires some intimacy of acquaintance. I might tell you inhabitants of that far off country something of our robust, rosy-cheeked, gladsome lasses; but that would look like inviting you to come up and get married. Keep away, if you can do anything in that line down there, for we have many a roving hunter's boy, whose eye grows bright and whose cheek mantles with the flush of admiration, as these bright beings skip and dance over some shady greensward, the personifications of life, happiness and joy.

In the good county of my nativity, there live two brothers, Andrew and Thomas McAfee, whose wild roving, hair-breadth 'scapes and wonderful feats

have long been the wonder of their neighbors. And as they have married at last and settled into something like sober life, they will pardon me, I trust, for committing to your keeping some disjointed sketches of their earlier days.

Their father was a farmer, possessor of a small tract of land, well furnished with horses, cattle, hogs and whatever else renders the farmer happy. Sabbath was a day of rest with the rational part, and of grazing with the irrational part, of this farmer's *stock*. The old man had forbidden "Andy and Tom" to disturb the animals on this day, which was a great drawback to their fun; for breaking young horses and yoking young oxen was their peculiar delight. They bore the restraint, some time, as martyrs. Finally, on a clear, bright Sunday, a well grown three-year-old bull, the property of neighbor W., came strolling past the meadow of Mr. McAfee, making a noise such as these animals can make, and evidently a fine butt for these young fellows' fun. They quietly let him into the meadow and drove him to a ditch out of sight of the farm house.— By arraying themselves on different sides of the ditch, they <sup>aim</sup> ~~for~~ to take down it, when ~~the~~ <sup>both</sup> mounted him. He became <sup>irritated</sup> ~~curious~~, but could only proceed <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ back out. On they went <sup>in</sup> ~~at~~ coming to a low place in the



the trigger, the gun fired, a spring and a yell followed, and a tremendous panther lay dead at his feet.

The aforesaid Andy is great on breaking wild young horses; and as his plan may be of interest to some of your readers, I will give it. After bridling, he places a huge chain round the horse's neck, throws the other end under the door-sill, draws his head close to the ground, jumps on and locks his legs round the flanks, and all creation can't

throw him off. After tiring him out in this way, it is easy to saddle him, and riding follows as a matter of course.

But I have troubled you enough for once. At some other time I may resume these random incidents, and give you sketches of others. In the meantime, my respects to the ladies and all inquirin' friends, while I have the pleasure of being "*yourn till deth.*"

B. Woods.

## THE UNIVERSITY IN VACATION.

THE session has at last passed. Commencement has come and gone with all its beauty and bustle, interest and merriment. The fairy forms of budding girls and lovely women have flitted away like the bright visions of a sweet dream—the proud young men and the graver dignitaries have all gone—and yet a sadder thought. Amid all this going, has gone the *graduating class*, every one of whom is linked to some of those who remain here by a tie of attachment, stronger even than death—yes, the graduating class has gone, many of them never to visit again these sylvan shades and pleasant walks—all of them "to meet the shadowy future." Those of our fellow students, who hurried off to their homes on Friday morning, and who are now in the presence of dear

friends and surrounded by merry home scenes, feel not so sharply the keen pain of such a separation, as those who linger behind to *drag out the dull, dull vacation* at the "school-boy spot."

The thought of spending six lazy, lonesome, idle weeks here, is itself gloomy, *awfully* gloomy; but all which we have before mentioned, but thickens and deepens this gloom. 'Tis quite enough to over-cloud the merriest-hearted lad; for sadness, you know, like the small-pox, is catching, and, if there were any one here, who was naturally predisposed to be gay, funny, frolicsome, only a few days' looking at and sympathizing with the "mute and sad," and his sportively bright face would be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Hope of happiness, cruel,

forlorn thing, bids us a final farewell, and, then, O, what a sad place it must be! Then,

"I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together."

But the fancied interrogatory of the home-departed-student comes back to us with a bold inquiry: "Why? Why should your light young hearts thus become heavy and sad? Why should not the old oaken grove cast as dark and cool a shade now as in happy May-time? Why should not the flowers, that so gorgeously line your walks, bud as richly, bloom as beautifully, and smell as fragrantly now as then? Why should the parting with your classmates and other fellow-students cast a gloom over you who remain? They will return again. And why should the final departure of the Senior Class cause a pain at the heart or start a tear in the eye? The dearest, sweetest, strongest earthly ties have once to be broken, and as the immortal bard of Avon has said:

' Things without remedy,  
Should be without regret.' "

To us, who remain, his reasoning seems plausible and beautiful, simply because it is couched in comely and seductive language; but, without stopping here to point out the ingenious sophistry, which he has advanced, we will merely say, there "is a time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance." Nor can the subtlest reasoning repress the scalding tear of sorrow—nor the severest res-

traint smother the wild laugh of joy. They are too deeply implanted in the very nature of man to be eradicated or suppressed.

True, as Irving has said, "man is the creature of interest and ambition;" but he is not so much "the creature of interest and ambition" as not to be moved, especially in his early life, by the witching charms that cluster around and beautify the endeared home of his young boyhood. No, no; neither the pageantry of wealth, nor the pomp of power, nor all the allurements of high station, can make a sensible man forget his native home and his loved youthful companions. To be deprived of the enjoyment of these by a reluctant tarriance here when all others have gone to revel in and enjoy them, though this classic seat of virtue and science were as beautiful and delightful as the far-famed Thebes of olden times, would color over every thing in nature with a gloom--and--sorrow--engendering hue, would make the most splendid romance as dull and tasteless as the severest and most abstruse mathematics, and would rob poetry of all its sweetest melody, most soothing tenderness, and most stately sublimity. Hence, we must be sad, we must be *blued all over* and *bored to death*, in spite of every contrivance which wit can devise, or genius produce.

Even every one in the village knows that the very stoutest heart cannot stand such excruciating pain and intolerable ennui, and consequently we find the townsmen of every craft, *more cheerful, more talkative, and more truly social*, and the worthy Post Master a *thousand times more accomodating*. And

the most good-natured, joking, and venerated Professor in the University, who frequently passes through the campus during vacation, seeing our desolate and disconsolate condition often good-humoredly asks us '*if we have bought that rope.*' To tell you for what purpose, would be to insult your good understandings. But, blame the luck! Whenever we get our courage screwed up to the sticking point, we find that we are both *out of money* and *out of credit*, and are, therefore, driven to the hard and cruel necessity of going back to our rooms in overwhelming despair, and of attempting to kill old, dull, tardy time by sleeping balmily all night, and if possible, twelve hours in the clear, broad day. And thus every dry, hot, sultry June and July day, after *two and sometimes three short calls* upon Miss Nancy, between the rising of the sun and going down of the same, we retire with a snail-like rapidity to our rooms, warm and fly-inhabited—three or four of us being grouped together to

keep ourselves as much company as possible—and *equipping* and *marshaling ourselves* for the impudent and merciless attacks of the flies, our inveterate enemies, and the gentle wooings of Old Somnus, king of Dream-land, who make our faces their battle fields, we give the loud cry "TO BED, TO BED," and in we all tumble anxiously awaiting the serene victory of

"Innocent sleep:

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Thus we, poor and lonely students, who are left here, while away the cheerless vacation as best we can, continually and earnestly wishing the coming of that glad day, which is to welcome back the rest of the boys into the sweet brotherhood of student life, and to enliven our downcast spirits by their bright, uplooking countenances and the pleasing, thrilling stories of a happy and heartsome vacation.

FRANCISCO.

## RAMBLES OF A STUDENT.

DOUBTLESS, reader, in your strolls upon College you have visted the place known as "O——'s Retreat." 'Tis a pleasant spot, situated upon the precipitate bank of a fine stream, the gurgling waters of which greatly enhance its beauty, while the pine, with its native straight-

ness, the Judas-tree, with its crimson flowers, and the huge gray rocks, enveloped in the clambering jasmin, serve to beautify and enliven the scenery.

In short, it is just such a place as the student, worried and vexed with the musty volumes of classic lore, with hy-

perbola and parabola infinite, feels he would like to visit; a place where he is free from the wholesome restraints of the day, and where, unmolested by the eye of superiors, he can give vent to his curbed feelings, while memory, the talisman of life, affords a thousand different objects for his lucrative imagination to dwell on; bringing in vivid review, home and its delightful associations; pleasant thoughts of by-gone days, bright hopes of future success, thoughts of smiles that have cheered and voices that have encouraged, all, with others innumerable, find a place in the student's busy thoughts; then comes, though not half so welcome, recollections of faults and small failings, of hopes that have been blasted in the bud, of noble resolutions that have perished at their birth, ambitious desires which, like meteors, have risen and shone for a time with dazzling brightness, then sunk, and forever.

But this spot, at which you are so busy musing over the past with its pains and pleasures, the future, with its hopes and prospects, is treasured, yes, indelibly impressed in the memory of many. This scenery, which you behold with comparative indifference, and consider as merely a pleasant variety, is to some a source of melancholy thoughts and blighted hopes; to others it is merely a comely spot where they love to ramble, and cull the modest flowers of the blooming violet and jasmine; and, yet, again, to some it is a "bright spot in memory's waste round which their hearts love to linger."

At one time, the very stone on which you are now sitting and viewing with complacency the rippling stream below,

laving with its gentle waters the verdant bank, upon which the golden sunset casts a mellow tint, and hastening on through a meandering path, on, still on, to the pathless deep; perhaps this very spot was once the resting place of the athletic aboriginee; while yonder spring that bubbles so brightly, served as a bason whose sparkling contents at once quenched his burning thirst and reflected his manly form; while upon yonder shelving bank, under the shade of those graceful pines, who knows but the native chieftain wooed the dusky maid?

But this is mere conjecture, and yet who knows but it may be true? The rocks are here—the pines, the bank, the spring—all but the native—and, he too, once was here. But reflections on his unfortunate race, blend themselves too naturally with the necessities, the privations and sufferings of our primitive fathers, to afford pleasure.

In time the native left the home of his fathers, and others possessed it, and after many years the enterprising patrons of the arts and sciences, selected a spot in the vicinity of place to be called henceforth *par excellence* the "hill of science.

Naturally enough many resorted thither for the acquisition of those attainments by which one is enabled to be a man amongst men; and then as now, amongst the number some were found enamored of nature in her primitive simplicity. And now a student visits the spot to you so familiar—he is one of those who love at times to retire from the busy little world of which he is a member, and amidst the loveliness of some far removed vale, pass the hours

of recreation and pleasure, where the mind endeavors to combine in one scene every beauteous image that memory can supply, or imagination picture.—'Tis then the innocent mind feels the effect of fair and lovely scenery, where nothing prevents its sinking into the very recesses of the heart; and nothing tends more to extirpate malicious propensities than the contemplation of the still majesty of nature.

Rambles in such places, amongst such scenery, create a gentler and kinder feeling towards our fellow creatures, while they form green, sunny resting-places in the toilsome journey of life.

It was with feelings akin to these that the student often resorted to the place now known as his "retreat:" sometimes he would stroll up and down the green bank of the murmuring stream and gaze on its chafing waters as they rushed madly by, and think how like life. Doubtless, at its source, a purling brook sought its tortuous way over the more than "thousand and one" objects that opposed a seemingly impassable barrier, but over them all it had triumphed, and gaining fresh strength at every impulse, it soon forced its way over cascade and waterfall, until it looses itself in the muddy volume speeding its way with increasing velocity to the father of waters. So life: first the youthful mind, weak, lenient, and pliable, subject to every whim, warped by passion and wrenched by vices, until its strength has matured and the vigor of manhood has given stability of character and firmness of will; then his iron resolution and uncompromising energy cause the weak and pusillanimous to look with awe and veneration on the "nobler

man." But the beauty of the place would often interrupt these philosophical reflections. The twining jasmín was perhaps just blooming and then, not as now, (would it were still so) the rocks were literally covered with the yellow buds and fragrant blossoms—emblems of grace and beauty, forming a fine contrast with the solid stone upon which their tendrils were wound. And as he saw the tender vines clinging to the firm rocks for support, yet beautifying and enlivening even their hard favoured faces—he thought how fit an exponent of the sexes. The vine is naturally tender and dependant on the rock for support, yet possesses those indispensable qualities which serve to enliven the beauty of all with which it comes in contact, and without which the sterile rock would be but rude, ungraceful and unpleasant to the eye; so is the female, by nature to a degree dependant on the male, still possessing in an eminent degree those characteristic charms which serve to enliven the social circle, and beautify the fire-side, with endless other offices of kindness and affection, deprived of which man would soon become a *morbid specimen*, wrapped in the meager mantle of his own gloomy thoughts.

But the student, conscious of the pleasures the *retreat* was possessed of, was far too generous to enjoy these pleasures alone—and now one of the fairer sex graces with her presence this solitary spot. Together they admire the sublimities of nature, as "she astonishes man with her magnitude, appals him with her darkness, cheers him with her splendor, soothes him with harmony, captivates with emotion, enchants with fame. She never intended he should

walk amongst her flowers, her fields, her streams, unmoved; nor did she rear the strength of the hills in vain, or mean that he should look with a stupid heart on the wild glory of the foaming torrent, bursting from the darkness of the forest and dashing over the crumbling rock," all blending in one beautiful combination to turn the reflecting mind from "Nature up to Nature's God."

And as these genial spirits together admired the rich donations of the creator's hand, and doubly admired each other, friendship pure and unadulterated ripened into ardent *love*; for if there be a time when woman surpasses herself in loveliness, it is when the rigid formalities of etiquette are flung aside, and cool, common place address is forgotten in the natural gushings of the admiring heart, and when artless simplicity models every action, thought, and word.

This the student felt as he saw his fair companion with grace and agility following the serpentine windings of the shelving bank, now plucking the blushing violet, or fragrant jasmin that decked the undergrowth, or seating herself by the murmuring brook to adjust her waving ringlets, or toss a fragrant bud or pleasant word to her admiring companion. Yes he saw all these charms and felt their power, and he longed ardently for the time he might call their author his own. There, perhaps, on that same stone, while the pale moon was just sinking to her couch in the west, but still casting a mellow garb over the romantic spot, while the fragrance of early flowers was borne on the soft zephyrs of evening; there while their voices were half drowned by the steady

rumbling of the adjacent stream—*there* they plighted to each other their faith, heaven favoring, one day to be —. Heaven did favor. The student went forth into the world, that world of which he had heard so much, of which he knew so little.

Fortune smiled on his honest efforts, and soon his situation was such as to justify his demanding as his own, that *hand*, which upon parting he had pressed with such mingled emotion.

\* \* \* \*

They are now a happy couple, rejoicing in the pleasures of a western home and life; but even to this day they recollect with pleasure the "modest retreat," where their halcyon days so propitiously commenced. \* \* \* \*

Since that time, more than a quarter of a century has been numbered with the "things that were," and in that space how many have visited this place. Some, that have wandered, buoyant with life and spirits, while the beckoning future urged them on to fair prospects and intoxicating distinctions, now lie beneath the green sod. Their melancholy history is soon told. Fluttering with anticipations of the pleasure resulting from the honorable career marked out by the sanguine expectations of devoted friends, alas! in the midst of a joyous youth, death relentless calls them to the *spirit land*, and doating friends learn bitterly, that the grim monster relents not.

To others, it has been a source of mingled pain and pleasure. There they have made and heard the avowal of first, passionate love—that love which should be valued above all other—that which is pure and unalloyed—that

which, when fortune frowns, droops, withers, and is almost destroyed; but when she smiles, buds, blossoms and flourishes with incredible strength.

Others, again, have visited the "retreat" merely to pass the time, and they have looked upon the spot so dear to some, with total indifference—they have seen 'nothing but a steep hill, a common creek, presenting to them merely ordinary scenery—they have seen no cause for the admiration with which some view it, and they never think it pleasant, except when the clambering flowers have produced their finest, their rarest charms.

While to some, its every part is dear, doubly dear, there they have wandered with devoted friends and ——. There they have found it was pleasant to linger, while the fair pale moon rose and traversed her nightly path—now covered with clouds which obscure its fair face—now bursting from its temporary confinement to roll on with greater brilliancy only enhanced by its former obscurity, and beautifully exemplifying life's chequered course; there they have mused on the blissful present, the hopeful future, while now and then the thought of parting comes like a deadly sirocco's blast to all their fair prospects. Yes, that thought of parting,

"The demon thought—the blight of life,"

to minds linked with mind, and hearts encircled in friendship's welcome embrace; where confidence is mingled with esteem, and hopes and desires are blended in harmony.

But the prophetic eye looks down the dim vista of coming events, and in

the mysterious future it seems to behold the student that has so long labored so faithfully, rise, step by step, higher and higher, on the unstable ladder of worldly fame until his head almost grows dizzy with his situation, while he grasps eagerly at fame, and catches madly at the fleeting shadows of transient honors, until worried and vexed with these he longs ardently for the pleasures of mind, the sweet delights of pure friendship which once he enjoyed in his *college days*—pleasures now past, and past forever. Those youthful pleasures that once he enjoyed, those dear friends with whom he spent the hours so pleasantly, even those for whom he had more than feelings of friendship, whose confidence he had won, whose esteem he possessed, all, all, must now lie embodied in his heart, and one by one they come up in view before him—for forget them he never can.

Fond memory lingers round the spots where he has spent so many happy hours, and as he thinks of the sloping bank where he has often wandered, and the gray stone on which he has sat for hours, and the limpid brook, and sparkling spring, a familiar voice seems to say,

"Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,

A rivulet then a river:

No where by thee, my steps shall be,

Forever, and for ever."

Gentle words and kind actions are all treasured, past favors are recorded with minuteness, and it soothes the desponding spirit to muse on the past with its halcyon days, that were almost too pleasant to be perpetual; and

though surrounded with cares, that have perhaps already furrowed his manly brow. Yet he eagerly anticipates a pleasant renewal of those sacred pleasures. But at times a cloud seems to overhang all his prospects; *death*, the foe of happiness, may present himself —, and then his sad thoughts wander around a lone churchyard where

repose the remains of——, whose embalmed name acts like a charm. Still hope deserts him not, but points with confidence to a resting place, “where the weary shall be at rest;” and thus fond anticipation feels a meeting will take place, which time, tide, nor fortune can ever sever.

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## “THE CONNECTION OF MIND WITH MATTER.”

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KNOWLEDGE has ever been the true glory and dignity of man. It has been ever the grand characteristic of the exalted intellect, to pry into the dark and abstruse. Nothing can aid the investigating powers so much, or develop the stronger faculties of the mind, as a devotion to such subjects. Although the mind's eye may wander far away in the misty distance without finding an object; yet, its power is increased, and its range amplified and extended. Although our imagination at first, may only reach the verge of the solar system, yet this prepares it for a more distant flight, among the circling orbs that fill the bright regions of space. Such is the expansive capability of our minds, that the grander the subject—the mightier the theme—the higher we tower in our comprehensive powers. In order, therefore, to enlarge our investigative faculties, and to increase our love for the

grand mysteries that cluster around our being, we propose, kind reader, to make a few desultory remarks upon “the connection of mind with matter,” a theme, at which master minds have recoiled, and the wisdom of ages failed to elucidate. But, understand me not, to undertake to explain the real connection of mind with matter, but simply to make a few suggestions concerning it. That there is such a connection, no one aside from the skeptic, can for a moment doubt. That it has never been satisfactorily explained, every one knows. But that it is incomprehensible—that this wondrous link will forever remain beyond the sweep of human ken, we think is mere assertion without proof. Because the wisdom and penetration of metaphysicians, in all past time, have been foiled, by no means proves that it is undiscoverable, and never to be explained.

The immense importance, that would attend such a discovery, such an explanation, cannot fail to be discernible. Our minds are the “*primam mobile*,” of all the various phases and phenomena of life. We revel in the charms of nature’s vast kingdom; a thousand scents delight the smell, a thousand pleasant sensations, from multifarious sources, strike our senses, and a thousand æolian strains, from air, earth, and heaven, vibrate symphoniously upon the tympanum of our ears. But, amid all these demonstrations of our power and susceptibility, some of the prouder manifestations of our nature are enwrapped in mystic gloom. The lightning character of our thoughts—the stretches of imagination—the expansion of our faculties, and the secret link that binds material with immaterial—these things are all unexplained—shrouded in untrodden darkness. Who can lift the veil from this delicate theme? Who can probe this subtle subject, and bring to light this refined mystery; and who can expose to view, this deep and intimate connection between our material and spiritual bodies? Who can show the heaven-wrought link, that unites the towering, undefined spirit with the motionless clod of clay? “What a mystery to man, is man!”

“How strange a thing is man, a spirit saturating clay!

When doth soul make embryos immortal? how do they rank hereafter?

And will the unconscious idiot be quenched in death as nothing?

Is essence immaterial, are these minds as it were thinking machines?

Who can read the riddle?  
The brain may be clock-work—mind its spring  
—mechanism quickened by a spirit.”

Mental philosophy, in every age, has been cultivated to little advantage. Its boast has been subtle disquisitions—continued jargon and dispute, and flimsy theories.

And even now, it is far behind the other sciences, burdened with unmeaning phrases, nice distinctions, and bad classification of the mental faculties. Before the mind of the anxious student, float in mazy confusion, the terms imagination, conception, perception, abstraction and a hundred others, that darken counsel by their multitude. No wonder, then, that metaphysical science is so perplexing, intangible and abstruse. A worse than cimmerian gloom veils its glorious proportions from our investigations, and hides from the acutest philosopher, the “*modus operandi*” of the grandest exhibitions pertaining to man’s mental nature. But must this humiliating ignorance still prevail? Must the mind revel on forever in boundless expansion and never know itself? Must our minds be to us “a kingdom,” without having power to scrutinize the different provinces and States thereof? Must we return to our inward spirit-homes, without knowing the “land marks” that define its boundaries, connections and dependencies? Strange indeed; if this is to be our contradictory and tantalizing destiny!! And dark the philosophy, that places limits even to human wisdom. Can we descend to the minutest molecules of matter, and explain by the atomic theory the chemical union and connection of these atoms? The chemist answers, we can. Can we upon the principles of true science mount the chariot of thought, and dart away among the twinkling orbs of

night, calculate their motions, estimate their mutual dependence, and analyze their nice connection? The astronomer answers, we can. Then is not the explanation of the connection of mind with matter within the range of human attainment? Will not science's magic wand evoke it from its secret home? Is it always to elude, like Proteus of old, the grasping fingers of intellect? Will mystery's shadow always eclipse this essential point? Will the folds of the Gordian knot never be unravelled, or cut assunder? The dim light of analogy affords us a gleam of hope. There is more dependence to be placed in this method of reasoning than we are generally willing to admit. This arises from the nice adaptation of ourselves to external nature. We were created with special reference to our present mode of existence; hence we reason, sometimes, from the analogous properties that seem to cling to our physical and spiritual natures. From the gross materials of nature's work, we perceive a well defined rising up to the higher and more refined departments. Can we not see this displayed in the rough inorganic rocks, contrasted with the soft and delicate proportions of our bodies? In the tangible properties of water, contrasted with hydrogen gas? In the thousand varieties of visible objects, contrasted with the imponderable agents, caloric, light and electricity? Who then can place limits to material divisibility and refinement? Who knows but that matter rises in tenuity and fineness, until it approaches the essence of spirit? Or at least, that it increases in subtlety and delicacy, until spirit plays upon it, like

electricity upon the extended wire. In addition, how do we come in contact, or perceive these imponderable material substances? We answer, by means of the finest mediums and processes of which we are master. Light is transmitted to us through the transparent medium of air, which is thirteen and a half times lighter than water. Electricity is evolved by the most delicate machines, and attracted by the most pointed and finely wrought rods. Caloric becomes sensible, (it is masterly contended by some) by the incessant and invisible vibration of the million particles in a given quantity of matter. Then if these agents are made apparent, only by means of the most delicately organized "media," are they fit conductors for spirit? If these imponderables are only evolved and conducted by the finer organizations of matter, then is it not reasonable to suppose, that spirit plays in connection with our bodies, upon such or similarly organized poles? Such is the voice of analogy, and if it errs, it is not the fault of the reasoner. If these invisible agents, subtle and towering as they are, are best conducted by poles of the most delicate workmanship, is there not reason to suppose, that there is a connection established between mind and matter, upon these, or by means of their searching and active qualities? As we said before, that there is an intimate connection between our minds and bodies, no person but the materialist, or atheist will deny. That this connection of our minds with our material organization has not been fully recognized and acted upon, can be seen in almost every metaphysical treatise. The mind is frequently spoken of as acting inde-

pendently of the influence or bearing of matter, doing its own thinking, and wandering, regardless of organization. Such is the absurdity, arising from a false idea of the copulatives that bind together the two. Cannot the mind play through air, earth, and heaven, and still be bound to its home by the invisible web of some all-pervading “aura”? Is not electricity a fit conductor for mind, in its grand surveys, and rapid flights through the sun-blazoned fields of creation? The former sports playfully among the clouds of heaven—lies hidden in the deep caves of the earth—floats around us in every passing gale, and pervades every tissue of our bodies. “It dives, it drinks, it flies” forever on to the essential bounds of matter. It may be said, that the nervous system is the means by which our minds communicate with the grosser organs of our bodies; but what brings the nervous apparatus in connection with the thinking and willing spirit? The dim glimmerings of remote analogy respond, what else could serve the purpose better than the electric fluid, that ranges alike through animate and inanimate creation? We submit this probability to the good judgment of the reader, proposing it as a subject for profound thought and discrimination.

We don’t set this forth with a view to satisfy all the conditions of this wondrous problem, but simply as an analogy that seems to run through all grades of created beings. When man was fashioned from the dust of the earth he was a lifeless and inert mass; but the Creator breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. From this act it would

appear that some material fluid, some searching current rushed through every fibre of his clayey tenement; and, as by a convulsive effort, he stood up and became a sentient being. The breath of the Almighty vitalizing a helpless clod of earth, seems to argue that the spirit was linked to the body by some all-prevailing material agent finely attenuated, and represented by the “aura,” or breath. Whether this will be satisfactory to the reader or not, we will not pretend to decide; but there may be other reasons given, drawn from the developments of modern science. Magnetism is by all conceded to be a modification of electricity. And it is known, when we exert our animal magnetism upon another, who is passive to a certain extent, he soon yields to our wishes—obeys our will—and is physically and mentally under our control. This, then, is by far the most conclusive, and noble proof that our spirits play in connection with our bodies upon material cords, or poles, that are as high as heaven, deep as the earth, and co-extensive with the remotest particle “in the flaming bounds of space.” But whatever be the connection of mind with matter, be assured that it is not forced or unnatural; for although at death our bodies will decay, the *two* will be united again—the wondrous link will be again established—immortalized matter will be indissolubly conjoined to the immortal spirit. Then, if our mortal existences have been spent in charity’s endearing ways, we will mount up eternally, toward the great fount of mystery—where the golden gates of Paradise are ever opening—where founts of life eternal are ever laving—where, upon

heaven-strung harps, angels are ever playing—where glorified spirits are ever shining—where glory's bright star is ever beaming—and where the Son of God is forever smiling.

W. W. S.—

## “NO ONE IS TAUGHT WITHOUT BEING SKINNED.”

EXPERIENCE is a strict, yet instructive teacher, and he who would learn of her, need not imagine that she will impart her instruction without remuneration—she doesn't keep a free school. Nor does she tax the whole community as a body, for services individually bestowed; but she compels each individual to pay his own tuition, and often times a dear one. An individual may lock himself up within his closet, and speculate and theorise on the affairs of life, and with his obtruding inquisitiveness attempt to peer into the hidden mysteries of the unexplored eternity beyond the grave, “that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler ere returns”; he may devise by stretches of the imagination, plans by which the disappointments and tribulations attendant on a passage through life may be evaded; but experience, who “lays judgment to the plummet,” soon reduces the fervid speculations of his excited imagination, to the temperature of cold reality; and the many scrubs inflicted on the shoals of time, will soon convince him, that life's pathway is not composed altogether of flowers. In life's boisterous revelry, the sweet nectar and poisonous drug are commingled in the same bowl. The thorn springs up side by side with the rose, and pricks the rash or inexperienced hand that would pluck it. From the same urn, Fate allots both good and evil to man. Peace and plenty, and wretchedness and poverty, flow from the same horn. It is necessary that it should be thus. I say it is necessary, not only because God has so ordained it, and that which He regulates and controls let no man dare to call unnecessary; but because, had we no higher source to look to, observation and experience alone would teach us that this was the law of our nature. Man is an impulsive being, and urged on by passion, the voice of reason and conscience would be overwhelmed and lost in his rapid progress to the ultimate desideratum, pictured by his fervid imagination in such rich and gaudy colors, and he would rush to speedy destruction, did not reverses and punishments call judgment to the helm, and give conscience the command, and warn him from his perilous course; for his ultimate desideratum, seen afar off, is

but the deceptive tints of the rainbow, alluring but to destroy, which rests upon the mist, which arises from the terrible cataract that rushes wildly and awfully into the abyss below. 'Tis tribulation alone, which meets our every step, that takes the scales from our eyes, and shows us the destruction that awaits our headlong career. At first, dame Nature, ever partial to her offspring, touches us but lightly with her afflicting rod; but there are but few who will thus take warning—who will so easily learn. But disregarding these benevolent warnings, man rushes madly on, till nature is compelled to lay heavy hands upon him, and stunned by the blow, for the first time begins to learn, that inclination is not always to be obeyed, does not always lead to renown, happiness and pleasure; but that the beautiful representation, was but a deceptive phantom, alluring to misery and destruction.

These wild delusions and alluring hallucinations are, at some time or other, to be disabused of their charm. But it is no easy task for the aspiring novice to moderate his chimerical dreams, subdue and repress his visionary schemes of future grandeur and elevation, to the low level of insipid and dull reality. Reverses and vicissitudes alone can curtail these ardent and hopeful anticipations of the uninitiated aspirant, and teach him to behold objects in their true light; or to adopt the very common phraseology of our text, "No one is taught without being skinned."

The young man just launching his bark upon the boisterous waves of life's strong sea, with a bosom glowing with an unbounded enthusiasm, fired with all the energy and freshness of youth,

and cheered on by the brights dreams of future wealth, happiness and honor painted in wild and gaudy colors, by an unbridled and soaring imagination, looks down in contempt, and Phæton-like, rides in triumph over the vulgar herd, who trudge along with slow and measured pace towards the distant goal. And even the father who nurtured his youth and tutored his wayward feet, is looked down upon from towering heights above. And to use his own complacent language, he can collect more of the goods and chattels of this world, in six months, than the *Old Man* can in half dozen years. And should young hopeful have the misfortune to be dubbed an A. B., inflated with all the pomposity of College dignity, the germ of intellect so precociously expanded and matured, would enable him to forget more in a minute, than the Old Gentleman would learn in a lifetime. But every dog has his day. And before this "splendid prodigy," with rapid strides, has advanced many paces to the attainment of his grand emoluments and dignities, he finds himself the miserable dupe, perhaps of some horse jockey, whom he in his omniscient wisdom, had supposed, in reason, to have soared but little above the ox that grazed the field. But this removal of the cutaneous membrane is but the signal for others, which fall "thick and fast, as lightning from the mountain cloud"; clash after clash of ill-made bargains, generated in ignorance and conceit, exhibit the fruits of misguided genius and precocious intellect. And as one by one these exemplifications of folly appear, his frail bark is shot the faster around the lessening circles of the vortex of bankruptcy, and

in agony he cries aloud, not to the "Old Man," but, help me *Father* or I sink. And this is but the prototype of the *flaying* principle that he is to receive, ere he will be "taught."

The epicure and inebriate, carried away by the resistless impulse of their insatiate appetites, turn a deaf ear to the kind admonitions of friends, and will not be taught, 'till disease fastens its fangs upon their vitals, or they behold their children in rags and weeping for bread. The hypochondriac awakes not from his blind delusion, 'till the infectious drugs have destroyed his constitution; his last cent extracted by his avaricious physician, who now deserts him, because he can gain no more.

But to none perhaps, is the application of this law more sensitively felt, than by the student. To the ambitious aspirant for College honors, who trusting that he has the quartz, feldspar and mica sufficiently developed to give him a position in the granite formation, is by no means pleased that he has been assigned to the secondary strata. And he who confidently assures himself that he stands upon *good* ground, gazing with wistful eyes at the granite and gneiss above, as much as to say, I would be there, if but I could, after being subjected to the ordeal of chemical analysis, and deposited in *tertiary formation*, hears with deep mortification and anger, the harsh words, "*very respectable*," grating upon his ear, and after divers fancy evolutions of profanity, very sagely concludes that man may learn *something* every day. The candidate for the *tertiary strata*, that play ground where idle genius and persevering dullness meet as equals, when he hears the mourn-

ful summons, that as a "*respectable*" man, he is politely invited to take a stand on *alluvial soil*, obeys in solemn silence, but inwardly his heart groans in agony; for what seems to you, who are unconcerned, to be a mere *pin scratch*, he feels to be a deep *incision*. 'Tis then, the adventurous aspirant for "*tolship*," when the honorable meed of "*bad with a query*" has been awarded him, makes the wonderful discovery, that even the wisest men cannot always judge correctly of another's talents, and that they as well as others are capable of displaying the affection of partiality. The little urchin at the school-house will tell you, that for every first principle of language, he has bartered a portion of his hide. And the enamored swain, who has bowed at beauty's shrine, and there sacrificed his dearest hopes, in mournful strains can asseverate the same doleful tale. And that which you might denominate "*skinning*," the despairing lover swears is *downright butchery*.

Thus life is a skinning process from beginning to end. None escape. It affects every shade, caste, and condition of society; the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free are all alike the subjects of its control. As we enter this world, this stern law receives us in its cold embrace, and loosens not its hold, 'till the grave claims us as its own. And he who would rise to eminence, must at the end of his career be able to point to scars obtained in honorable warfare, for

"No one is taught without being skinned."

TO MISS \* \* \* \* \* , OF C. H.

Think not fair maiden one is slighted  
 By *gentle, courteous* acts like thine;  
 When hope is gone and love is blighted,  
 Then you might crush this heart of mine.  
 Worldly treasures are denied me,  
 And winning grace' seductive charms;  
 But yet there is a star that guides me,  
 And cheers my soul in life's alarms.  
 In fancy oft she is before me,  
 I see her in the lovely spring;  
 In visions oft she hovers o'er me,  
 Softer than *Æolian* harps she sings.  
 Bright to the soul she whispers pleasure,  
 Which none can give nor take away;  
 In short she is a heavenly treasure,  
 Sent down to bless life's transient day.  
 Fain would I linger ever near her,  
 And hear her gentle tones of love;  
 No earthly treasure can be dearer;  
 With her I could be blest above.  
 I saw the nymphs of Shannon's waters,  
 I saw Columbia's beauties rare;  
 But she—loveliest of Eve's daughters,  
 Eclipsed the fairest of the fair.  
 Who could behold so fair a being,

Unconscious of her witching smiles?  
 Who could behold her without feeling  
 The agonies of love's sweet wiles?  
 I never loved but once. No, never;  
 And when a heart like mine is given,  
 It fondly clings and loves forever,  
 Unchanging as the truth of heaven.  
 What is fame? An empty treasure;  
 What is beauty? Fleeting shade;  
 What is friendship? Short lived pleasure.  
 Love alone can ne'er decay.  
 Love is holy—'tis eternal,—  
 Pure as lofty angels' dreams,  
 Essence of the bliss of heaven,  
 Flowing in continuous streams.  
 May love your gentle bosom kindle,  
 And cheer you in this vale of tears;  
 Let Venus' self with rosy fingers,  
 Entwine it round thy heart for years.  
 And when you revel in its pleasures,  
 And all thy hours are bright and gay,  
 Then think of one whose thoughts will bless  
 you,  
 When he must wander far away.

F. L.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come thou blessed sleep, enfold me,  
 Soothe me in thine arms to rest,  
 Hush my spirit's wayward murmurs,  
 Still the tumult in my breast.  
 Lay thy spell upon mine eyelids,  
 They are heavy now with tears,  
 Bid my heart forget its sadness,  
 All its sadness and its fears.

Gently in thy arms, oh! take me,  
 Bear me to my mountain home,  
 Place me there beside the hearth-stone,  
 Let the dear ones 'round me come.  
 Let me hear their words of greeting,  
 Soft as music of the stream,  
 Let me feel on cheek and forehead,  
 Each fond kiss; ah! let me dream.

I would rest my head, all weary,  
 On my fathers knee—once more,  
 While he strokes my hair so gently,  
 Just as he was wont of yore.  
 I would see his dear face lighted,  
 With the smile I love so well;  
 I would hear his fond lips murmur,  
 "Heaven bless thee, darling Nell."

Sleep—kind angel of the weary,  
 Bring me happy dreams, I pray,  
 And my gladdened heart shall bless thee  
 When returns the blush of day.  
 O'er life's hills with pain I clamber;  
 Very toilsome doth it seem;  
 I am weary—let me slumber,  
 I am sad—then let me dream.

ELLEN GREY.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

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VACATION, with its many pleasures and pleasing recollections, is now passed, and college routine has again become the disturber of many a student, who has not yet rid himself of the effects of vacation indulgencies. We feel these effects ourselves, but we are fast resuming our old harness, and will soon move smoothly on, undisturbed even by the sound of the "College tocsin grating with harsh and discordant cacophony against the tympanum of our auricular appendage." We hope that the plans of our fellow-students for enjoyments were all fully realized, and that we all return with renewed hopes and aspirations in the race for intellectual and moral improvement.

Perhaps it is to be regretted that college arrangements are such that there can be no issue of the Magazine for June and July. In that case we would now appear as acquaintances of its readers, and would not be introducing ourselves to their notice. We hope our *bow*, if not the most graceful possible, will at least be found respectful and respectable.

It is well known that the present number is the first issue under the direction of the new corps of editors. It was with trembling solicitude and distrust of our own abilities that we first took upon ourselves the guidance of the Magazine, and consented to watch over its destinies for the ensuing year. But the *false* solicitude which we now and then meet with, even amongst our fellow-students, has, by this time, banished, in a great degree, our first feelings—converting them into one fixed determination to exert our utmost for the Magazine, and leave the result to

all *impartial* readers. We enter, then, upon the duties assigned us by the partiality of our class-mates with a deep sense of the responsibility they carry with them, and with a full determination to use our best endeavors to maintain the present standing of the Magazine, and, if possible, to carry it forward in a steady career of improvement.

By diligence on our part, aided by our generous contributors, we shall soon be able to "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men," who, for motives best known to themselves, but easily guessed by others, have of late been prophesying—amusingly to us—a speedy close to the hitherto onward course of the Magazine. We think there are now as much strength of body and vigor of mind in our new pet as at any former period of its life.—We refer all to this, our first issue, who may be desirous to know whether there be any signs of "approaching dissolution." When it is considered that this number has been prepared and gotten together almost entirely in the vacation, when the editors were scattered abroad through the country in search of vacation pleasures, and their minds mostly occupied with other things—we feel sure no unprejudiced mind will be dissatisfied, after having read its contents.

Any one who may wish to know what more the editors have to say for themselves and the Magazine, on their first appearance, will please turn back and read the Salutatory, and if he be not there satisfied, he must find satisfaction where best he may, for so far as we are concerned, the "jig's up" for the August number.

WE are sure every intellectual reader will be highly pleased with the address of Dr. Dickson, before the Alumni Association. We have been kindly furnished with it for this number of the Magazine. Read it.

Read also the "Connection of mind with Matter," with a view of noticing whether the grounds there taken are true and well sustained. As we are not aware that its author has ever before contributed to the Magazine, we would be glad to recognize him hereafter as a regular contributor.

We leave you to read all the other pieces without further directions from us. *They are all good.*

THE last corps of editors, in speaking of the "child" they had watched over with so much care for a year, and had raised to a healthy "lad-ship"—seem strongly to wish that their ward, in after times, "may sometimes recollect his old and faithful guardians." We wish only to suggest to these "faithful guardians," that there are many little ways of keeping up a constant remembrance. A "child" seldom forgets that one, who, though absent, does not fail to give *visible* tokens of his interest in its welfare.

COMMENCEMENT.—We are well aware that at this late period, a detailed account of commencement is not calculated to be of much interest to our readers. We shall, then, as briefly as may be, furnish a record of its doings. We simply wish to make "a register of college events," which shall hereafter serve as a page of pleasant reference to many, who will doubtless feel an interest in seeing the part *they* acted on an occasion fraught with so much of interest to themselves. We mean the graduating class. There are, perhaps, many others to whom such a page may not be uninteresting.

The first public exercises of commence-

ment were on Monday night—the sermon before the Senior Class, by Dr. Hawks.—It was preached from Romans, xiv, 7:—"For none of us liveth to himself." The sermon was devoted to the inculcation of the principles of charity among men. It was marked by much force and beauty—full of high and virtuous sentiments, it appealed most touchingly and eloquently to the Graduating Class. "It was able, it was eloquent, it was learned."

Shortly after its delivery, it was solicited, by those for whom it had been prepared, for publication; but we were very sorry to learn that its distinguished author saw proper to withhold it. We would like very much to have that sermon as a sort of pocket companion.

"On Tuesday forenoon," says a correspondent of the Register—we quote from him because not being connected with college he cannot be charged with any desire to *puff* commencement exercises—"the echoes around the University were wakened by the reading of the most finished composition, the utterance of which has ever disturbed their repose. 'The vindication of Sir Walter Raleigh' occupied two hours and twenty minutes in its delivery. It was a lecture by Dr. Hawks, before the Historical Society. From its pages no grace of composition was absent. Had the matter been mediocre, the manner in which it was read would have made it a rare treat. As what lawyers understand by a defence, it was without fault. Not even Macaulay—when painting the trial of Hastings, or delineating the characters of the Lords whom the second James alienated from the throne, many months before William sailed from Holland—shows more inspiration than did Dr. Hawks in his sketches of Elizabeth, Burleigh, Robert Cecil, James and others, with whom a connection with the principal figure of his sketch rendered it necessary that his audience should be acquainted. Nor were the felicitous quotations

from Raleigh's writings, any small part of the pleasure given by the lecturer. Nothing could have been more happy. They were apples of gold in pictures of silver. It is cause for regret that Dr. Hawks declines giving it to the public for the present."

Tuesday night the "Fresh competitors" appeared, and showed off their declamatory graces to advantage. They seemed to take great interest in what they had to repeat, and the most of them acquitted themselves quite creditably.

Wednesday was the day for the annual addresses—the one before the two Literary Societies and the other before the Alumni Association. In the forenoon, the former of these two addresses was delivered by the Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee, on "The influence of Lawyers." It was an able and interesting address.—"The style was elegant and easy—the thought very good—the range of discussion wide—the tone of morality lofty—the delivery unaffected and pleasant. Not once in ten years does the orator before our two Societies come up to the standard of this last effort." But it needs no praise. It will soon be published and all can then judge of its merits for themselves. In the afternoon, Dr. J. H. Dickson's came off. It is universally acknowledged to be one of the most learned Alumni Addresses ever pronounced at Chapel Hill. We will not speak of it further, for it will be found in this number of the Magazine.

At night the "Soph compets" entertained us with some good, but too lengthy declamations. The next time they appear it will be upon their own responsibility, and it is likely they will not be so "rich in thoughts of other men."

Commencement day, every thing was favorable for all to enjoy themselves.—The attendance was large and of excellent quality. The day was quite pleasant.—Every thing had been arranged in the

best manner by the marshal and his assistants. Their arrangements, somewhat new, were especially pleasing to our visitors, whilst all students soon saw they were a decided improvement on old customs.

This day is taken up almost entirely by orations of the Graduating Class. It is not our purpose nor our privilege to refer to the different speakers, and say which, in our humble judgments, acquitted themselves with the most credit. It would be said immediately, that we were partial to the editorial part of the class. This imputation, however true it might be thought to be, if we had expressed an opinion, we wish to avoid. We think all performed their tasks well, "while not a few evinced talents of a high order."

They exhibited their speaking powers before a large and highly intelligent audience. Before them were the learned men of the State, and not less than two hundred ladies who had come to cheer the occasion with their intelligence and beauty.

The exercises on the part of the young men, were as follows:—

#### FORENOON.

Oration: Latin Salutatory; GEORGE M. WHITE, Bladen.

Oration: "Pseudo Progress;" VINE ALBERT ALLEN, Newbern.

Oration: "Manual Labor—its Importance and Improvement;" ALFRED G. MERRITT, Tennessee.

Oration: "North Carolina should educate her People;" WILLIAM W. PEEBLES, Northampton.

Oration: "Imagination;" ALEXANDER W. LAWRENCE, Raleigh.

Oration: "Will Liberal Principles Triumph in Europe?" ROBERT A. CHAMBERS, Montgomery.

Oration: "Ars longa, vita brevis;" WILLIAM H. POWELL, Bertie.

Oration: "Mormonism;" THOMAS T. DISMUKES, Tennessee.

Oration: "California;" N. ELDRIDGE SCALES, Rockingham.

Oration: "North Carolina should support a Home Literature;" ARCHIBALD R. BLACK, Moore.

Oration: "The Study of Geology;" ALEXANDER McIVER, Moore.

Oration: "The Sublimity of the Psalms;" SOLOMON POOL, Elizabeth City.

#### AFTERNOON.

Oration: "Humbuggery;" DAVID G. WORTH, Ashborough.

Oration: "Intelligence Essential to Republicanism;" JAMES M. BULLOCK, Alabama.

Oration: "Ireland's Misery: England's Shame;" JUNIUS I. SCALES, Rockingham.

Oration: "Spurious Aristocracies;" JAMES WOODS, Tennessee.

Annual Report: Degrees Conferred: Valedictory, Oration; JOHN LINDSAY MOREHEAD, Greensboro'.

The following are the names of the Graduates who go out from the University for the year, 1853. They are fifty-seven in number, and have a reputation both for good scholarship and good deportment:

Vine A. Allen, of Newbern; Richard T. Arrington, Warrenton; William H. Battle, Jr., Chapel Hill; Archibald R. Black, Moore; James M. Bullock, Alabama; B. A. Capeheart, Murfreesborough; Robert A. Chambers, Montgomery; Frederick H. Cobb, Kinston; Dubrutz Cutlar, Wilmington; Thomas T. Dismukes, Tennessee; Wm B. Dusenbery, Lexington; Thomas C. Ferebee, Camden; Benjamin T. Green, Granville; Plummer W. Green, Warren; David C. Hall, Warrenton; Cyrus Harrington, Moore; John W. Holmes, Wilmington; James B. Huges, Newbern; John W. Johnston, Halifax; Nathaniel C. Jones, Wake; Cornelius G. Lamb, Jr., Camden; Alexander W. Lawrence, Raleigh; Thomas C. Leak, Richmond; Walter J. Leak, Mississippi; Gavin H. Lindsay, Greensborough; Hugh G. Livingston, Robeson; William A. McIntyre, Fayetteville; Alexander McIver, Moore; Daniel McN. McKay, Cumberland; John A. McKay, Cumberland; Walker Mears, Wilmington; Alfred G. Merritt, Tenn.; John S. Moore, Chapel Hill; John W. Moore, Hertford; John L. Morehead, Greensborough; William H. Morrow, Chapel Hill; Kenneth M. Murchison, Manchester; Spencer A. O'Daniel, Chatham; William W. Peebles, Northampton; Solomon

Pool, Elizabeth City; William H. Powell, Bertie; William A. Robinson, Warren; Lemon Ruffin, Franklin; Nathaniel E. Scales, Madison; Junius I. Scales, Rockingham; Henry R. Shorter, Alabama; James M. Spencer, Alabama; John C. Stickney, Alabama; John D. Taylor, Wilmington; John T. Taylor, Oxford; George N. Thompson, Caswell; Henry T. Torrence, Pittsborough; James H. Whitaker, Halifax; George M. White, Bladen; James Woods, Tenn.; David G. Worth, Asheborough; Adam E. Wright, Wilmington.

We hope we shall be excused for giving their names, as we have always known them. We can't, for the life of us, see whence arises that *taste*, which graduates young men under foreign Latinized names. We would be glad to know how many mothers, who gave the fifty-seven last graduates their names, would recognize their sons under the *improved* names which they bore on the 2nd day of June. When it comes our time, we humbly ask the privilege of graduating under our *mother* name. We want no learned Professor to attempt any emendation. Does the custom of Latinizing, sound *learned*—or is it *fashionable*? In either case, why was the ninth name on the "order of exercises," for commencement, left in its primitive beauty? So of about a half dozen others.

At nine o'clock at night, the "Assembly Rooms" began to be crowded by the lovers of the Terpsichorean art, eager "to chase the glowing hours with flying feet," and by ten, the room presented one blaze of beauty. And "when music arose with its voluptuous swell," all joined in the merry dance, and many there were

"E'en the slight hare-bell would raise its head  
Elastic from their airy tread."

It would be a vain task to attempt to say, who was the belle, or to what section we were most indebted on the occasion. When we think of the bright galaxy of ornaments presented by Greensborough,

to our brilliant casket, and are about to award the palm to that place, Wilmington brings into view her rare gems, and confuses our judgment. And then Raleigh, with almost irresistible demands, points to her jewels, claiming the prize. And as Fayetteville, Hillsborough, and other places in succession present their claims, bewildered, we have nothing to say.

At one o'clock the supper room was thrown open, where a sumptuous and varied repast was served; and to say that it was eagerly devoured is praise sufficient.

After supper, the dance was still kept up, until a late hour, when the company gradually dispersed. The very orderly manner in which the ball was conducted, reflects great credit on the Managers, for "all went merry as a marriage bell."

Commencement and the ball have past, but their impress is left on many hearts. Many were the conquests made by Beauty, "under the chandeliers and corn-crested columns of the 'New Library.'" And *we hope*, that in some instances at least, "captivity was led captive."

#### OFFICIAL REPORT OF DEGREES, DISTINCTIONS, &c., CONFERRED.

##### FRESHMAN CLASS.

###### I.—SCHOLARSHIP.

The First Distinction was assigned to Messrs. Bryan, Lawrence, Merritt, Morrow, Sessions and White.

The Second—Messrs. Cowper, Crump, Dowd, Hines, Johnson, Owens, Slade, Springs, Stevenson, Waddell and N. S. Yarborough.

The Third—Messrs. Burney, Doss, Drake, Hilliard and Irwin.

###### II.—DEPARTMENT.

Seven members of this class were absent from no duty during the year, viz: Messrs. Crump, Hilliard, Hines, Merritt, Rudisill, Slade and Waddell.

##### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

###### I.—SCHOLARSHIP.

The First Distinction—Messrs. Colton, E. W. Gilliam and Puttick.

The Second—Messrs. Betts, Davis, Gaines, Gatling, Hall, McDugald, Wharton and Whitaker.

The Third—Messrs. Brearly, Campbell, Graham, Lewis, McIver, McNair, Montgomery and Whitfield.

###### II.—DEPARTMENT.

There are 56 regular members; of these 19, or more than one-third, have been absent from no duty during the year; these are Messrs. Boyden, Colton, Davis, Gatling, J. B. Gilliam, Hadly, Hall, J. R. Hogan, Irion, James, Lewis, McNair, R. McNair, McNeill, Puttick, Slade, Turner, Wharton and Whitfield.

##### JUNIOR CLASS.

###### I.—SCHOLARSHIP.

First Distinction—Messrs. Alexander, Badlam, Battle, Graves, Jackson and Wetmore.

Second—Messrs. Bullock, Galloway, Johnston, Long, Merritt, Rand, Robeson, Ruffin, W. L. Scott, Vann and J. H. Wright.

Third—Messrs. R. Bradford, Morrison, Shaw, and B. Whitfield.

###### II.—DEPARTMENT.

Ten of the 61 regular members of this class have been absent from no duty during the year, viz: Messrs. Andrews, Battle, Bullock, Graves, Nichols, W. L. Scott, Vann, Wetmore, B. Whitfield, and T. Whitfield, and 4 of the ten, viz: Messrs. Andrews, Battle, Bullock and Graves, have never been absent during the three years they have been members of the Institution.

##### SENIOR CLASS.

###### I.—SCHOLARSHIP.

First Distinction—Messrs. Black, Lawrence, McIver, Merritt, Morehead, Spencer and White.

The Second—Messrs. Allen, Chambers, B. F. Green, Harrington, Livingston, Pool, Powell, Woods and Worth.

The Third—Messrs. Battle, Bullock, Dismukes, Ferebee, Peebles, N. E. Scales, J. I. Scales.

The next best scholars were Messrs. Cutlar, Stickney and J. T. Taylor.

###### II.—DEPARTMENT.

The attendances required of each student upon Morning and Evening Prayers, Divine Worship on the Sabbath, and at recitations, are 1200, each year or 4800 during the Collegiate term of four years.

Of the 57 regular members of this class, 4 viz: Messrs. Bullock, Ferebee, D. McN. McKay, and N. E. Scales were absent from no duty during four years. Mr. Spencer was twice absent from Prayers, twice from Recitation and once from Divine Worship during the Sophomore year; Mr. Lamb 12 times from Prayers

and 8 from Recitation during the Freshman year, all on account of sickness, and neither was absent in any other instance during four years. Mr. Pool was not absent during the three first years, and but once during the Senior year.

Messrs. B. T. Green, J. T. Taylor and White, were rarely and never voluntarily absent during four years.

Mr. Livingston entered Freshman half advanced, and was never tardy during three years and a half.

Mr. J. McKay entered Sophomore, and was never absent during three years. Mr. Dismukes entered at the same time, and was never absent when able to attend.

Messrs. Black and Merritt entered Sophomore half advanced and were never absent, and Mr. McIver but once (from Morning Prayers) during two years and a half.

Mr. Stickney entered Junior half advanced and was never absent.

The next most punctual were Messrs. Worth, Battle, J. I. Scales, Peebles, Powell, Chambers, Harrington and Lawrence.

Messrs. Allen and Morehead lost considerable time from severe sickness, but neither was ever voluntarily absent, and the latter never absent from any cause when upon the Hill, during the full collegiate term of four years.

The degree of A. M., in regular course, was conferred upon the following gentlemen:

William A. Diek, M. D., Lumberton; Seaton Gales, Raleigh; Julius Gorrell, Greensborough; William E. Hill, Duplin; Richard Hines, Chapel Hill; William H. Johnston, Tarborough; Maleom McNair, Robeson; John Pool, Elizabeth City; William G. Pool, M. D., Elizabeth City; R. Lawrence Smith, Scotland Neck; Clement G. Wright, Fayetteville.

The Honorary Degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. Joseph Cross, of Charleston, S. C., the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Davis, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of South Carolina, and the Rev. Cyrus Johnson of Charlotte.

The Honorary Degree of LL. D. was conferred upon the Hon. Walker Anderson, Chief Justice of the State of Florida, the Hon. Frederic Nash, Chief Justice, and the Hon. William H. Battle and Richard M. Pearson, Judges of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

At its late commencement, Randolph Macon College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. C. F. Deems, of Greensborough. It gives us pleasure, in this connection, to record so just a compliment to our Adjunct Professor in Rhetoric—for such he was a few years ago.

WE clip the following from the *New York Times*. The writer seems to have been at the late commencement.

“The University of North Carolina is handsomely seated at Chapel Hill, in a rolling country, some thirty miles west of Raleigh. The village contains about one thousand inhabitants and is by nature and improvement one of the prettiest in the Southern country. Especially to be admired is the location of the College buildings, in the midst of a thick grove of noble oaks; the grounds being laid off into broad gravelled walks, whose borders are set with every manner of flower that will bear our Winter air, and a rich sward gently sloping under the old trees from the buildings to the main street of Chapel Hill, distant about four hundred yards.

“The University is one of the most respectable in all the country. It is under no sectarian influence. During the past session it counted 270 students, and its numbers are increasing with every session. Its Faculty consists of a President, eleven Professors, and three Tutors, and is an able and learned one. That the Institution has been racked by none of those great storms which have so frequently visited other Southern Colleges, and thus impaired their influence, may be safely inferred from the fact that one of the Professors has filled his Chair for twenty-seven years; another for thirty-five.

“The present prosperity of Chapel Hill (as they call it here) is in a great measure to be attributed to the wise administration of Hon. David L. Swain, LL. D., who has presided over its fortunes for the last eighteen years. His very extraordinary wisdom in moderating the warm blood of Southern youth is universally admitted; and in his present high station, he possesses the confidence of every seat and section of North Carolina.

“In closing, I may add that the University of North Carolina has, through its alumni, exercised a full share of influence upon America. As proof, I cite the names of Bentou, William R.

King, Secretary Eaton, Hawks, Polk, John Y. Mason, Graham, Mangum, Dobbin, Nicholson, Bishops Otey, Polk, Hawks, Green and Davis, besides many other distinguished names scattered throughout the South and West. As in the New England States, so in North Carolina, one of the chief articles of export is Men. Hence, many of the sons of this University may be found in the more energetic population of the Valley of the Mississippi. Her influence abroad, however, is not altogether due to emigration.—She has always been a favorite throughout the South—never so much perhaps as now—especially in Alabama. May the light which she diffuses never be less!"

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 WE are glad to receive all our exchanges. They all come regularly.

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 THE Alumni of the Institution have been over and again appealed to for a liberal patronage of the Magazine. We give the two following notes, as in the latter, will be found an expression of the feelings of the Association, in reference to the Magazine :

*University of North Carolina.*  
 June 1st., 1853.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION :—In February, '52, the students of the University anxious to open a way for their own improvement as writers, and to increase the libraries of the two Literary Societies, began the publication of a monthly periodical. Though, since that time, the list of subscribers as well as the character of the Magazine, has been gradually increasing and improving, yet to make it what it ought to be, what it can be—one of the best periodicals in the country—we need more contributions from older and wiser heads, and more "material aid" from every quarter.

Every one, who has, or expects to have, a son at the University ; every one who wishes to see this venerable and time-honored Institution advance still more in usefulness, and rise still higher in reputation, has a deep, a permanent interest in the success of this *only* Magazine in the State—this pet of his sons.

Franklin began as an humble contributor of a small paper, in the office of which he was a printer, but died one of the best writers of his age—one of the first philosophers of the world.

Would you have your sons be Franklins? If so, smile on, encourage their humble youthful efforts. We hope not to be compelled to incur the shame of a failure, and would be exceedingly rejoiced if our appeal may meet your individual approbation, and our Magazine your hearty co-operation and liberal support.

With the highest regard,

Yours, &c.,

THE EDITORIAL CORPS.

*University of North Carolina,*  
 June 7th, 1853.

GENTLEMEN :—The Alumni Association have directed me to acknowledge the receipt of your polite and interesting communication. It was read at the private meeting of the Association, and after some discussion it was resolved, on motion, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, that the Association will maintain a lively interest in the important enterprise under your care, inasmuch as they regard it as likely to arouse a spirit for research and self-improvement in all literary and scientific matters. The Association would encourage you to active and persevering efforts to maintain a lofty standard for the essays which you may publish, and hope that measures which have just been instituted, may be of some, even if of indirect, benefit to the University Magazine.

My own individual interest in your charge has been too often manifested, to require that I should add to the reply of the Association, assurance of my own hearty concurrence therein.

I am, most respectfully,

CHARLES PHILLIPS,  
 Sect. Al. Assoc.

—  
 WE give the following interesting little correspondence without comment. It speaks very beautifully for itself. The first note is from a committee of the last Junior class, on parting with their Mathematical Professor, as such :

*Chapel Hill, May 22, 1853.*

DR. PHILLIPS :—Permit us, in behalf of our class-mates, to present to you this cane, a slight token of our esteem.

During the past two years, whilst placed under your immediate instruction, we have found in you all the characteristics of a worthy gentleman and wise Professor, zealously laboring to perform well the task allotted to you.

Being on the eve of bidding you farewell, as an instructor, we beg to present to you this memorial of our unabated regard.

Wishing you continued health and happiness,

We remain ever grateful,

Yours.

ED. L. FAISON,  
D. J. BROOKS,  
JAS. A. ENGLEHARD, } Com.

Chapel Hill, 24th May, 1853.

GENTLEMEN:---I was too busily engaged in Astronomical \*Recreations last evening, when I received your polite note, accompanied by the present of a gold-headed cane, to make an immediate reply.

Next to a consciousness of having, to the utmost of my abilities, endeavored to promote the best interest of my classes, I value their esteem, because it is an evidence, that though we may not always have been on the same side of a question, yet our differences have produced no permanent alienation. I am fully aware that the path up the hill of science is but sparsely strewed with flowers, and that there is but little room for the dreams of fancy to beguile the tediousness of the way; and I am, therefore, prepared to see a few give up the struggle for eminence in mathematics. Still I cannot help thinking that the language in which Newton thought and wrote, and by which he so satisfactorily interpreted the "enigma of the skies," is worthy, not merely of the notice, but of the study of those who receive a liberal education.

Accept for yourselves, gentlemen, and present to your class, my thanks for their valued present, and be assured I shall not cease to hope and pray, that their lives may be useful, their characters honorable, their deaths peaceful, and their immortality glorious.

I am,

Gentlemen,

Yours,

Very truly,

JAMES PHILLIPS.

MESSRS. ED. L. FAISON,  
D. J. BROOKS,  
JAS. A. ENGLEHARD, } Com.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—It was on this day that the citizens of our commonwealth were seen flocking together to do reverence to the shades of their ancestors, and to offer up anthems of praise to the Author of the blessings they enjoyed, with devout petitions for their continuance.

And amidst this general renewal of patriotism, the citizens of Chapel Hill and its vicinity were not idle. They, with the students of the University, remaining on the Hill in the vacation, celebrated this day with a spirit of enthusiasm that would have done credit to a much more populous place.

About noon, Girard Hall was filled with a large crowd of people. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. F. M. Hubbard. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of May, 1775, was then read by Mr. Andrew Mickle, followed by the reading of the National Declaration of 4th July, 1766, by Mr. A. B. Vaughan.—Mr. Wm. H. Spencer, *one of us*, then delivered a chaste and appropriate oration.—Mr. J. B. Lucas followed with an address on Odd Fellowship. It was well conceived and well written.

A procession was formed which marched from the Chapel to a rich and bountiful repast, prepared under the supervision of Mr. W. A. Thompson.

Some capital toasts were offered, succeeded by short and spicy speeches from several gentlemen. The celebration closed by a display of fire-works, *at night*.

We feel sure that no place in the State, of equal size, celebrated the Fourth with a more becoming spirit than did Chapel Hill.

Gov. SWAIN is at this time in the western part of the State, where he has been spending his time since shortly after the close of last session. The precise time at which he will return to the Institution is not now known. The Seniors, we are confident, would be glad to see the Gov-

\*The Dr. was "engaged" in the last "recreations" which that class will ever afford him, by furnishing him, in the way of examination, "papers," with "Astronomical" curiosities.

ernor, not from any feelings of dissatisfaction, however.

At the time we *pen* this Dr. Mitchell is here, but at the time you *read* it, he expects not to be here. He leaves in a few days to make a short visit to New Haven, for the purpose of meeting the class with which he graduated forty years ago. Out of seventy members which the class contained at the time of its graduation, Dr. Mitchell is one of forty-two still living.

THE prospects of the University were never brighter than at present. Our session opens with more new students than ever entered the Institution at one time. Fifty-seven left us as graduates, and about ninety have come at the beginning of this session to supply their places. The Freshman Class numbers over seventy.

We sometimes wonder if the Trustees never intend accommodating us better in the way of rooms! College buildings crowded, will not hold over half the students here, whilst the other half are compelled to pay high room rent in the village. This constitutes an item of expense, which *some* at least, would like to avoid, but cannot, without the aid of those whose duty it would seem to be to supply them with rooms as cheaply as they do those of their fellow-students in the college buildings. "Is there no balm in Gilead?"—The college is increasing, and ought not accommodations to increase in the same proportion?

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We are ever grateful to all who take an interest in our suc-

cess, and more especially are we to those who manifest that interest by the aid they afford us by their pens.

All are assured that unless their pieces are found amongst rejected articles, they will appear as soon as we can reach them. We say this because we think some that have been passed upon favorably, will unavoidably be crowded out of this number. We wish to please all and treat all alike.

"A Lady," we are compelled to let fall under our table. We regret it very much, but we must be just to the Magazine before we are polite to the ladies, at least, if politeness consists in not rejecting a piece mainly because it came from "A Lady."

"Philo" needs to have some thoughts before he attempts to write for the Magazine. He is young yet, however.

"Delta's" piece is a good one, but we have good reason to know that it has seen the light before. Try again "Delta," and be more honest next time.

We would simply suggest to "Hillfield" that in his next attempt it would be well for him to "*Divide and Conquer*."—Don't be so general in what you say.

"Amor" gives us a few of his "verses." We select the best one for our readers.—*It is not so bad. Hear it. It is "To"*  
— "of" —.

"I saw you when a shadowy light,  
The risen moon distilled;  
I saw you when the shades of night,  
With crystal dews were filled;  
I saw you when with nimble step,  
In sprightly grace you moved;  
Brighter than Cynthia's beam your smile,  
*I saw you and I loved.*"

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 7.

BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE,

FROM

MEMOIRS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

BY A. M. HOOPER.

GOVERNOR MARTIN, in order to prepare for co-operation with the forces which he expected from the North, or in any event, to give ascendancy to the royal cause, in North Carolina, sent several commissions to the leaders of the Highlanders, for raising and commanding regiments; and granted one to a Mr. McDonald their chief, to act as their general. He also sent them a Proclamation, to be distributed—commanding all persons on their allegiance to repair to the royal standard, which was erected at Cross Creek, (now Fayetteville,) about the beginning of February, 1776.

Upon the first intelligence that the loyalists were assembling, Brigadier-General Moore marched at the head of a Provincial regiment and such militia as he could suddenly collect, with some pieces of cannon, and took a strong position within a few miles of them, on Rockfish Creek.

McDonald soon approached, and sent

a letter to Moore, enclosing the Governor's proclamation, and recommending to him and his followers to join the King's standard immediately; "otherwise he should consider them traitors to the constitution and take the necessary steps to conquer and subdue them."

Moore protracted the negotiation in the hope that the numerous bodies of militia which were advancing to join him would soon enable him to surround and overpower his adversary.

McDonald at length perceived his danger, and suddenly decamping at midnight, endeavored, by forced marches, to extricate himself from it, and join Governor Martin and Lord William Campbell, who were encouraged to commence hostilities by the arrival of General Clinton in the province.

The plan of the Scotch General was to pass between Wilmington and the sea shore, to proceed south, and join the British fleet which lay below Brunswick, in the Cape Fear River. On the

night of the second day's march he pitched his camp on the banks of South River, about twenty miles above Wilmington, and crossing from Bladen into New Hanover county, the following morning, he suddenly came upon the encampments of Colonels Caswell and Lillington on the east side of Moore's Creek, a small stream that empties into South River.

The situation of the loyalists, with the army of General Moore in rapid pursuit, and the Whig forces in front, was too critical for delay, and an engagement was determined on under the immediate command of Col. McLeod, who was the real and efficient leader, although McDonald was the ostensible commander.

The camps of the belligerents were only divided by the narrow, though deep stream, already mentioned.

On the night of the 26th of February, intelligence was received in the Whig camp, that the Tories had determined to make an attack early the next morning—arrangements were accordingly made to meet the approaching crisis.

Early in the night the planks were partially removed from the bridge, and those left, distributed in such a manner, as to increase the perils of the passage. The sleepers were also *greased* for the same purpose.

The Whig army were kept under arms the whole night. Caswell's forces, consisting of the Newbern battalion of minute-men, and the militia from Craven, Johnston, Dobbs and Wake counties, and amounting to seven hundred men, constituted the main body of the army.

Lillington, with his minute-men, and volunteers—three hundred in all—formed what may be styled the *advance guard*, and took his station in front.

At break of day the forces of the Scotch General were in motion, and with a steady march approached the verge of the stream. The fire on both sides commenced.

Colonel McLeod, charging furiously on the bridge, fell in the very beginning of the engagement. His officers following on, the bridge again became a fatal spot. Their ranks were thrown into disorder, not only by the death of their officers, but by the condition of the bridge. They broke and fled. The Whigs, availing themselves of the carnage and confusion, replaced the planks, crossed the bridge, and charged the enemy with great impetuosity.\*

The Highlanders were routed and finally General McDonald and many other officers were taken prisoners.

Colonel, afterwards General Moore, gives an account somewhat different, but not irreconcilable from the above. He says, in a letter to President Harnett, as follows: "The next morning (the

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\* Among the followers of Lillington, was a youth of nineteen years of age, second son of Archibald MacLaine, of Wilmington. He belonged to one of the volunteer corps, and fought in the engagement, but was not wounded. He returned home in high spirits, and apparent health. He spoke of the battle as being obstinately contested, but I do not remember hearing that he gave any details. Indeed, there was but little time for conversation, as he was suddenly seized with a fever, the consequence of fatigue and exposure, and although the best medical aid was promptly obtained, expired on the third day after the action.

27th) at break of day, an alarm gun was fired; immediately after which, scarcely allowing our people time to prepare, the tory army, with Captain McLeod at their head, made their attack on Colonels Caswell and Lillington; and finding a small entrenchment next the bridge, on our side, empty, concluded that our people had abandoned their post, and in the most furious manner advanced within thirty paces of our breastwork and artillery."

To these statements may be added, an item derived from an article which appeared in a Newbern paper about twenty-five years ago.

I never saw the paper, but frequently heard the subject discussed. In this article it is stated substantially that the charge of Colonel Caswell at the head of five hundred cavalry decided the fortune of the day. The troops here called *cavalry*, I presume, were *mounted infantry*.

It is to be regretted that the official letter of Colonel Caswell, contains so few particulars of the battle. That portion of it appended to Mr. Jones' Defence of North Carolina, contains little more than the fact that the victory was gained, and the names of the principal prisoners.

Mr. Jones in his work, ascribes to Col. Lillington "the honors of the day." I will observe, however, what probably no one will deny, that had not Caswell arrived with the main body of the army, in time to make a stand against at least fifteen hundred Highlanders, the fate of the gallant Lillington and his brave followers would have been very similar to that of Leonidas and his heroic band at the pass of Thermopylæ.

But speculation must yield to fact. The convention which met at Halifax, in April 1776, voted a resolution of thanks to Colonel Caswell for his services on this occasion of this victory,\* and there can be no better authority than an act of a Provincial Convention during the revolution, and especially when no protest against that act, by any dissentient members is on record.

My account differs in several respects from Mr. Jones'. That gentleman represents the two commanders as acting independently of each other. I consider them as acting in concert under the arrangements of the preceding evening.

Mr. Jones says, in substance, the battle was fought, the enemy's General taken, and the victory gained by a body of three hundred men, over an army of more than fifteen hundred Highlanders, who are represented by Mr. J. himself as displaying all the characteristic bravery of their nation, and this in broad day light, and in regular warfare.

I say that the victory was gained by the valor of the *combined army*; that every division participated in the toils and dangers of the day.

Mr. Jones says that Caswell was, from want of room, compelled to form in the rear; that he followed Lillington after

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\*The fact of this resolution of thanks, I obtain from Governor Swain's lecture before the Historical Society, published in the May number of the University Magazine.

I had delayed sending this article, expecting to procure the date of Colonel Caswell's promotion to the Brigadier Generalship; but the resolution of thanks is conclusive on the point, and renders the date of the promotion unnecessary for my purpose.

Governor Swain derives it from the American Archives.

that officer "had engaged the very heart of the enemy"; and that he, (Caswell,) by "charging heavily, aided" in routing the royal army.

I ask was Caswell, from being "compelled" to form in the rear, compelled also to *remain* there until the victory was gained by the three hundred men in advance? Is it not reasonable to believe that his movements *must* have been simultaneous with those of Lillington, and if so, why the necessity of an apology, which the expression "*for want of room*" implies, unless it is for a surmised tardiness on the part of Caswell? I do not, therefore, agree with Mr. Jones, that it was "impossible for Col. Caswell to share in the earlier labors of the day." I see no impediment, whatever, to his crossing the bridge the moment Lillington's troops had passed it; and that he did so, and fought as gallantly as Lillington, or any other officer—and that in his capacity of *Commander-in-Chief*, he directed the movements of the army—I have not a doubt. If otherwise, the Convention which passed a resolution of thanks to Caswell for his services on that occasion, was guilty of the grossest injustice in overlooking Lillington, who, however, be it noted, never complained of such injustice; and was too honorable and upright a gentleman, to arrogate to himself exclusive distinction, where another was entitled to at least an equal share of renown.

Mr. Jones does not give his authority for his account, except that he refers to the "few living patriarchs of Cape Fear." He mentions the late Col. Samuel Ashe, of New Hanover, as a gentleman to whom he is much indebted, but does

not give him as author of a single specified fact.

For myself, I shall not allow this opportunity to pass, without expressing my respect—my veneration for Colonel Ashe.

When I last saw him, he was stricken in years; but age had made no inroads on his intellectual powers, nor had its infirmities impaired the moral strength and beauty of his fine character.

Among the many virtues of my venerable friend, were an independence and impartiality, which could never be swayed, even by friendship or consanguinity. These virtues always excited my admiration, in a greater degree, as existing in one of so ardent a temperament and such warm affections.

For any fact which Col. Ashe would affirm, as coming within the range of his personal observation, I would be as well satisfied with his simple declaration, as with the oath of an ordinary man. But Col. Ashe was not in the battle of Moore's Creek bridge—he was not in North Carolina at the time. He was a young lieutenant in the Continental service, and stationed in one of the Northern Provinces. If, therefore, he furnished Mr. Jones with any part of his account, he must have given it as hearsay—and *hearsay* must not be confounded with tradition.

Historical accuracy is my sole object in the Memoirs; and I spare no pains in investigating every difficulty which meets me on my course; I trust, therefore, that any remarks, which the subject imperatively demands may not be deemed invidious; and especially I disclaim any feeling unfriendly to Mr. Jones, who notwithstanding some mis-

takes has in my opinion, done more for the *defence* of North Carolina than any other writer ; and who, for his services, is entitled to the warmest gratitude of those of her citizens who take an interest in her history. His readers can only regret that he has not written more on his favorite theme. His book, and that of Col. Wheeler, since compiled, will form a valuable fund of information for the future historian.

It will be perceived that the above brief notice of the movements of Moore and McDonald, as well as part of the description of the battle at Moore's Creek Bridge, are taken from Marshall and Jones, indiscriminately, as they respectively appeared to me to be correct. I have filled them out from other sources, where they seemed deficient, and left out some passages which were unnecessary to my sketch.

A tradition which has descended through several very respectable Scotch families, throws some additional light on the characters of the loyalist commanders. I will give it in as few words and as accurately as I can, from memory.

The tradition tells us that the sickness of McDonald was feigned, and expresses more than a suspicion that he was as deficient in *nerve*, as he was in capacity.\*

It differs from history as to the supposed *necessity* of the loyalists engaging

the Whig troops at Moore's Creek. McLeod, who was the actual and responsible leader, saw at a glance, that an attempt to attack the enemy across the bridge, would be to invite discomfiture, and destruction. On the evening before the battle, he called a council of officers. What his plans were, the tradition does not say ; possibly he proposed a *feigned retreat*, in order to draw the Americans into a more exposed position : at any rate, he strenuously objected to the rash project of attempting to force a passage over the bridge.

At the conclusion of McLeod's address to the council, Captain McLean, a young officer, generally known by the *sobriquet* of "Spitfire," a shoot from the venerable stock of Castle Douart, rose, and in a strain of superficial declamation insinuated that McLeod's dissuasives from the plan of forcing the bridge arose from apprehensions of the slaughter which might ensue.

McLeod had the reputation of great self command, but it is probable he had experienced other provocations from the same quarter, which might excuse his losing temper on this occasion. Fired at this insinuation, he exclaimed, "well if there must be division and distraction among you, take your own way," and turning his eye upon McLean, he sternly emphasised these words ; "we shall

\*President Swain in his lecture delivered before the Historical Society, April 1, 1853, says, that McDonald and McLeod were veterans of Culloden. This is certainly a mistake, as to McLeod at least. That officer was not thirty years of age at the time of his death in 1776, and therefore was not born in 1746 when the battle of Culloden was fought. He was proba-

bly the son or nephew of the officer of that name, who fought at Culloden.

This lecture, as well as that by Ex-Governor Graham, I read with great avidity, and consider them as highly interesting and valuable accessions to the historical literature of North Carolina.

see to-morrow who is the coward!"\* History tells the rest. McLeod fell and my tradition says sixteen bullets pierced his body. Thus perished a young soldier of the highest promise. Liberally educated and afterwards trained to the profession of arms, his fine qualities and various accomplishments, had led his friends to predict for him a brilliant career, in his native country.

An attachment to a young lady, the daughter of a respectable family, which migrated to North Carolina, brought him to that Province.

His value as an officer, and his importance in the eyes of his countrymen, were too well known to escape the notice of Governor Martin. With better prospects at home, as the cadet of an honorable family, he was no doubt drawn into the views of Martin by flattery and importunity. He accepted of

Colonel's commission to serve *with* rather than *under* McDonald. A few weeks before the affair at Moore's Creek,

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\* "Spitfire" escaped the perils of the battle. I saw him, ten or twelve years afterwards, when he was on a visit to his connections, the Dubois family, of Wilmington—the grave, dignified, and polished Major McLean of the British army. Such are the changes which a few years sometimes make in character. It is to be regretted they are not always as much for the better as in the present instance.

he had sealed his attachment to the object of his affections, by a union which promised unalloyed happiness. He remained with his bride, only a few days, when he was compelled to join the army. He visited her again, a week before the catastrophe, which terminated his life. Those few fleeting hours of rapture convinced him that he had exchanged a pure felicity for the unsatisfying dreams of ambition. Full of gloomy presentiments that they should never meet again, he left her for a camp, where there were, for him, no congenial spirits. Intellectual cultivation and refinement were strangers there. He was always treated with distinction, yet, that the ligament which bound his countrymen to him, partook more of national pride than admiration of his talents and virtues, cannot be doubted. McLeod, of St. Kilda, the descendant of a line of princes that once swayed the sceptre of a foreign kingdom\* was to them a subject of proud exultation.

I received the above account from an old and valued friend, Mr. Neill McLaurin, of Wilmington, who is well versed in the traditional history of his countrymen in North Carolina.

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\*Norway. For this fact, see Buchan's Genealogy of Scotland.

## DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH AT SULLIVAN'S ISLAND,

FROM

MEMOIRS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

BY A. M. HOOPER.

On the 31st of May, 1776, an express arrived from Christ-church parish, informing Mr. Rutledge, President of South Carolina, that a large fleet of British vessels were seen off Dewees' Island about twenty miles to the northward of Charleston. This was confirmed by a messenger from General Lee, who informed him that the British fleet had left the Cape Fear.

On the 1st of June, this formidable armament came to anchor, off the harbor of Charleston, on this outside of the bar.

To the inhabitants of Charleston, this was an appalling spectacle. Consternation seized every mind. Dismay was visible in the paleness of every cheek; while every eye was lighted up with heroic desperation.

The President and his council were incessantly engaged. Alarm guns were fired, and couriers despatched in every direction, to order in, and hasten the militia to the defence of the Capitol. Many individuals were seen hurrying to and fro, endeavoring to procure land or water conveyances, to remove their families to places of safety. The approaches to the city were thronged with trains of carriages moving out, and military corps marching in.

Every preparation which the time would admit of, was made to repel an attack which was seen to be inevitable, and close at hand. The principal streets were barricaded in many places. The stores on the wharves, although of great value, were levelled to the ground. Lines of defence were constructed along the water's edge, and *fleeches* were thrown up at every point where the enemy might be expected to land. The lead was taken from the windows of dwellings and from the roofs of the churches and run into bullets. In short, every expedient which the emergency demanded was resorted to, with all the ingenuity which danger and necessity inspire.

On the 4th of June, General Lee arrived. This event produced an extraordinary stimulus. His celebrity as a soldier, infused spirit into every class of citizens.

After waiting on the President, and conferring with him, he hastened to inspect the different works. He was every day and every hour on horseback, or in boats viewing the city and its environs, and directing works to be thrown up at different points.

When he came to Sullivan's Island, he inspected the fort, but did not approve of it as a post. He alleged that

there was no way to retreat—that the garrison would be sacrificed. “Viewing the situation of the post, with a military eye, says Marshall, he was *disinclined to hazard* “his army by *engaging it deeply in the defence of either the fort or the city.*” The works on Sullivan’s Island he remarked, “although strong towards the water” were almost open in the rear. They were consequently incapable of being defended against an attack by land; and to this they were exposed from the troops already landed on Long Island, who might cross the creek or breach between them, or from others who might be landed on Sullivan’s Island. They also admitted of being raked by the guns of any vessel which might gain their western flank. He apprehended too, that the ships would pass the fort and station themselves out of the reach of the guns between Sullivan’s Island and Charleston; and that the land forces from Long Island would place the garrison in a situation of extreme danger.

“*He wished to withdraw the troops.*” As Moultrie informs us, President Rutledge took a position diametrically opposed to Gen. Lee. He insisted that the post should not be given up. With what arguments, or what eloquence he maintained his position, I have it not in my power to show. Suffice it to say, his counsels prevailed. Lee gave way. Thus was this impetuous, arrogant soldier, although strongly entrenched in the science of his profession, in this solitary instance overruled by the superior intellect of the statesman and the orator. It is not too much to affirm that the counsels of Rutledge saved the fort, the metropolis, and the whole province.

Lee considered it absolutely necessary to connect Sullivan’s Island with Had-drill’s point, and to construct a bridge of boats, as a means of retreat. The distance is at least a mile; nevertheless he urged the completion of the bridge, and even engaged an engineer to devise means of establishing a second communication with the main land, that he might be certain of being able to send reinforcements during the action, as well as securing the means of retreat, should either become indispensable.

About the 10th of June, the fleet crossed the bar, in effecting which, the British Admiral experienced some difficulty. Although the guns were taken out, and the vessels lightened as much as possible, the two large fifty gun ships touched the ground and struck several times. This object being at length accomplished, the land forces commanded by General Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, and General Vaughan, were disembarked and encamped on Long Island, which lies to the northeast of Sullivan’s Island, being separated by some shoals, and a creek called the Breach, which was supposed to be passable at low water; the ford being represented as only eighteen inches deep.

During the interval between the fleet passing the bar, and the attack on the fort, the Continental troops of Virginia and North Carolina, who had been ordered to the assistance of the sister Colony, arrived in Charleston. The division from Virginia was commanded by Generals Bullett and Jenefer, and that of North Carolina by Generals Moore, Howe, and Nash. This force amounted to between five and six thousand men, of whom two thousand five

hundred were regulars. General Lee now took the command, and stationed them at Hadrill's point.

On the north eastern extremity of Sullivan's Island, near the place called the Breach, the Americans threw up works to prevent the passage of the royal forces from Long Island. Here were stationed three hundred riflemen and five hundred regulars under Colonel Thompson. Colonel Thomas Clarke of North Carolina, with two hundred North Carolina regulars, and Colonel Horry, with two hundred South Carolinians, a company of riflemen and fifty militia, were posted behind the sand hills and myrtle bushes. There was also at the same place a small battery with one eighteen pounder, one brass field piece and a six pounder, which entirely commanded the landing, and which could annoy the enemy at seven or eight hundred yards distance, before they could attempt to pass from Long Island.

At the south west of Sullivan's Island a new fort had been erected, then called Fort Sullivan, which was considered the key of the port. It was constructed of palmetto logs. The *meslons* which were very low, were filled with earth. So soft and spongy is the palmetto wood, that a cannon ball sinks into, without splintering it. Thirty pieces of heavy artillery were mounted on this Fort. To reduce it was the first object of the British Commanders.

Charleston is situated on a peninsula, between Ashly and Cooper Rivers, which unite below the city and form a capacious haven. Bull's, Dewees', and Sullivan's Islands, form the north boundary of the harbor. James Island is the southern limit, and is three miles from

Charleston. Fort Johnston on its northern extremity, is within point blank shot of the channel. Colonel Gadsden with the first South Carolina regiment was stationed at this fort.

Sullivan's Island is about seven miles from the city.

General Lee continued with the troops encamped at Hadrill's point.

A bridge of boats had been commenced in order to keep open the communication between Fort Sullivan and the main land, but had not been completed. This position was chosen with a view to enable him to observe and support the operations in every quarter, and particularly to watch and oppose any attempt of the enemy to pass from Long Island to the main land—a movement which he seems to have dreaded more than any other.

Clinton had fixed upon the 23d of June for the attack by the fleet and army, but owing to a succession of providential circumstances it had been deferred.

On the 28th of June, the sun rose in unclouded brightness on the formidable armament over which waved the royal standard. It rose on the squadrons both of land and sea, who delight in martial pomp and splendor, and who revel in anticipation of "fair promotion and glittering honors." It rose too, on that host who were assembled to "defend all that renders existence desirable and life dear—home—the domestic group—and liberty. It rose on those who indulged no dreams of ambition, but who looked forward with aching hearts to the probability of defeat; and to the awful sequel of defeat, murder, outrage and conflagration, which too

often follow on the heels of carousing victory. It rose truly, "on the just and on the unjust."

Yet he is worse than blind, who does not behold in the events of this memorable day, the hand of an All-powerful Being, humbling the might and majesty of a great empire, by the vacillating counsels, the inconsistencies and errors of her military and naval chieftains.

About eight o'clock, a. m., Colonel Moultrie made a visit on horseback to the advance guard near the Breach, which is about three miles from the fort. While there, he saw a number of the enemy's boats in motion, at the back of Long Island, as if they were meditating a descent on that part of the Island, where the advance guard was posted. He also saw the men-of-war unreef their topsails. There was no time to be lost. He returned to the fort, with all possible despatch. When he reached it, the ships were under sail. He immediately ordered the officers and men to their posts, and the long roll to beat.

At this annunciation of the approach of the enemy, the male inhabitants of Charleston flew, with arms in their hands, to the posts assigned them at the several landing places, in and near the city. Their resolution was fixed to encounter the enemy at the water's edge; to dispute every inch of ground; to repel them, or to die. In this situation they were apprehensive that the fort would be either silenced or passed. It was a pause of agonizing suspense.

The windows and balconies in front of the harbor, were quickly thronged by such of the female part of the community as had been unable to leave the city. Many of these were mothers, surrounded by trembling and weeping

children. We may conceive their fears wrought up to the highest pitch. They shuddered at the thought of the fort being passed, and saw, as an inevitable consequence, that the city would be taken, perhaps razed to the ground, or else burned in retaliation for the recent destruction of Norfolk, the stronghold of Lord Dunmore.

The garrison of the fort had scarcely manned their guns, when the ships came proudly up, as if in full confidence of victory. The Thunderer, bomb ketch, covered by the armed ship the Friendship, took her station and commenced the attack at ten o'clock. Her shower of shells was without effect, owing it is said, to their falling into a morass, which lay within the limits of the fort, where they were immediately swallowed up, or into the sand where they were covered over before they could explode. This must have happened in consequence of the mortars being overcharged; for it was asserted by the commander of the garrison, that the shells were thrown in the right direction.

The garrison fired four or five shot at the Acteon while under sail. These she did not seem to regard, but coming within three hundred and fifty yards of the fort, dropped anchor and poured in a broadside. Her example was followed by the Bristol, the Experiment and the Solebay. These all brought up directly against the fort, and a terrible cannonade ensued.

About this time the Acteon, the Sphynx and the Syren, were seen coming up. They had been ordered to station themselves between the western end of the Island and Charleston to intercept succors, to prevent any attempt

which might be made by fire-ship or otherwise, to intercept the grand attack, and finally to prevent the retreat of the garrison.

These vessels were by the unskillfulness of the pilots entangled in the shoals, called the "middle grounds," where they stuck fast, until it was too late to execute the intended service. The *Sphinx* lost her bowsprit. The *Acteon* being unable to get off was scuttled and burned, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Americans.

Had these vessels effected their purpose, they would have *enfiladed* the fort, so as to have driven the men from their guns, and in all probability have reduced the post.

The roar of the artillery continued without intermission. The fire of the ships was brisk, that of the garrison slow and exact. The fire of the ships was squandered in consequence of the construction of the fort, which being low, the balls passed harmless over it. It was also too rapid for aim, while that of the garrison was deliberate and well directed. The results corresponded: the ships were torn to pieces; the fort and garrison were little injured; the carnage in the ships was extensive, in the fort it was for the most part, confined to the embrasures.

In the midst of this terrible conflict, the flag was shot away. Supposing that it had been struck by the garrison, the hearts of the spectators in the city sunk under the belief that the fort had capitulated, and that all was lost. On this occasion, Sergeant Jasper observing that the flag had fallen outside the fort, sprung from the embrasure, and bringing it up through a heavy fire, fixed it

on a spongestaff, and planted it again on the ramparts. The flag once more waving in the wind revived the drooping hearts of the distant beholders. So the scene varied in its phases from one extreme to another—the agitated groups now calm—now frantic—now weeping, now rejoicing. Even the plain and business narrative of the commander, in touching upon these particulars, overflows with emotion. Afar from the privilege of soothing and encouraging and animating those who were pouring out their best blood in their defence, their hearts, says Moultrie, were pierced at every broadside.

A movement of the royal forces attracted the attention of the commander-in-Chief at Haddrill's point. The fifteenth regiment, the light Infantry and Grenadiers embarked in boats, the floating batteries and armed craft, getting under weigh at the same time. Lee not having any clue to guide him, as to the destination of the detachment, yet confident that it was a real demonstration and not a feint, beheld it with great anxiety.

Always apprehensive of a descent on the main land, his eye was busy in tracing the probable object of the expedition. The sudden stop in the progress of the detachment and its retrograde movement soon relieved his anxiety. The design of the expedition was to effect a landing on Sullivan's Island, and to attack the rear of the fort. On receiving the report of the reconnoitering however, that the fort was insulated by an arm of the sea, and that this channel was commanded by the guns of the fort—the officer who conducted the enterprise immediately abandoned the attempt.

General Lee, anxious to ascertain the condition of the fort, crossed over through a shower of balls. Expecting to find the garrison in a state of exhaustion, his intention was to withdraw them should he find it necessary. On his approach, Lieutenant Marion and eight or ten men were sent to unbar the gateway. When he entered he found Moultrie and several other officers calmly smoking, and giving orders.

They laid aside their pipes when Lee appeared. When he proposed to withdraw the garrison, the officers, one and all, protested against it; the men warmly concurring, and all declaring that they were "resolved to lose the fort only with their lives." Even the mortally wounded breathed their last exhorting their fellow soldiers to die in defence of the post. Lee was animated by their heroic conduct into transports of admiration. After pointing himself two or three guns, which were fired, he said to Moultrie: "Colonel, I see you are doing very well here, you do not want me. I will go up to town again."

The guns of the garrison soon after slackened their fire, and it was supposed that the fort was abandoned. But it was never abandoned for a moment. "It seems very extraordinary," says the British annalist, "that a detachment of land forces were not in readiness, on board of transports, or in boats, to profit by such an occasion, and who, I may add, can feel otherwise than astonished, at the *infatuation* of the British commanders, during the whole course of the attack.

A supply of powder soon enabled the garrison to recommence the terrible fire, under which the British ships had already so greatly suffered.

In the afternoon the Syren, in company with the Friendship, came within five hundred yards of the fort, and brought a considerable augmentation to the fire of the enemy. Twelve of the garrison were killed, and twenty-four wounded. Of those who fell, some gave affecting evidences of their patriotism. When sergeant McDonald, in the midst of his exertions, was shattered by a cannon ball, he exhorted his fellow soldiers, who were carrying him to the surgeon, with his last breath, to persevere in the conflict, and to show themselves worthy of the noble cause for which he bled. Sergeant Jasper, after removing the lifeless body out of sight, fought with increased ardor, exclaiming from time to time, "take good aim comrades, let us avenge the death of the brave McDonald!" "At one time," says Moultrie, "three or four broadsides from the men of war struck the fort at the same instant, and gave the *meslons* such a tremor, that I became apprehensive that a few more such would tumble them down." The contest was obstinately maintained. "Never," says Edmund Burke, "did British valor shine more conspicuously, and never did our marine, in an engagement of the same nature, *even* with a foreign enemy, experience so *rude an encounter*. The springs of the Bristol's cable being cut off by a shot, she became unmanageable, for some time, and lay exposed in such a manner to the guns of the fort as to be most dreadfully raked, so that the Commodore remained alone on the deck—a spectacle of intrepidity and firmness seldom equalled, never exceeded.

The engagement continued until night, when it was forawhile suspended.

The garrison not only fired slowly and with great precision, but they were also judicious in reserving their fire for the moment when it could produce the most destruction; accordingly, the ships were not only shattered, but their loss was considerable. The Bristol lost one hundred and eleven men, and the Experiment seventy-nine. Captain Scott of the one lost his arm, and Captain Morris of the other was mortally wounded. Lord William Campbell, late Governor of the Province, who served as a volunteer on board of one of them was mortally wounded; and Sir Peter Parker himself, was wounded, but not desperately.

Both vessels were so much injured as to inspire the hope in the Americans, that they would be unable to re-pass the bar. The Acteon had a lieutenant killed and eight men wounded, and on the Solebay eight men were killed. The loss of the patriots in killed and wounded was only thirty five.

The inhabitants of Charleston and the adjacent country continued anxious spectators until darkness closed the scene—all that then remained visible was the appearance of a heavy cloud with flashes of lightning and peals of thunder.

Though the firing was not discontinued, yet it was at longer intervals—the amunition being once more nearly consumed. The shot could be distinctly heard in Charleston as they struck the ships.

About nine o'clock the vessels slipped their cable and moved off.

When the firing ceased, the people of Charleston were again in suspense, not knowing the fate of the fort, until they

received an account by a despatch boat, which Colonel Moultrie sent up, with intelligence that the ships had retired, and that the fort was victorious.

The ships were evidently in such a condition as to be unable to renew the action the next day.

Early on the morning of the 29th, the Acteon frigate was presented to the view of the garrison "hard and fast" aground. They gave her a few shot, which she returned, but her officers and crew soon set her on fire and quitted her. Captain Jacob Milligan and others took some boats and boarded her while burning—pointed two or three guns at the Bristol and fired them. They then brought off the ship's bell and some other articles—and had scarcely left, when she blew up; and from the explosion issued a grand pillar of smoke, which expanded itself at the top and to appearance formed the figure of a *Palmetto tree*. The ship immediately burst into a great blaze that continued till she burned to the water's edge.

On the same morning, early, the fifteenth regiment, the light Infantry and Grenadiers which I have already mentioned as having embarked during the heat of the battle the preceding day, and having in a short time disembarked, were again put on board the boats and again almost immediately re-landed. These movements when taken in connection with the indications noticed by Colonel Moultrie about an hour before the attack, viz: the enemy's boats in motion, at the back of Long Island, as if meditating an attack on the advance post on Sullivan's, together with the circumstance of the ships unreefing their top-sails at the same time, betray a vac-

illation in the proceedings of the commanders of the British armament, that is surprising, and inexplicable, considering the time (nineteen days) which they had to settle and devise their plans. As an additional instance of their misconception, I may add, that Sir Henry Clinton was greatly deceived in his information respecting the passage at the Breach. It was not fordable as he had been informed. Several of his officers waded up to their shoulders, attempting to ford it, and finding the depth increasing, were obliged to return. The party was nearly lost.\*

Without making farther remark on the failure of the British in this enterprise, I will give an extract from a letter from Howe to his friend Col. Woodford, which is quoted by Gerardin, and which, brief as it is, gives in my opinion, a more sound and comprehensive view of the extraordinary conduct and the unaccountable errors of the British commanders, than any writer I have met with. He evidently writes in great haste, which may account for his *seeming* to overlook the services of Moultrie, whom I have reason to believe he esteemed highly.

*Extract of a letter from General Howe to Colonel Woodford.*

“The enemy have made a fine hand of it. Everything was in their power, had they not trifled away their time and given us an opportunity of coming up with troops, and the militia of the country to collect themselves. It would be impossible within the verge of a letter to give you a detail of their blunders. I must reserve it for our meeting which I hope draws

near. The attempt on Sullivan's Island was a wretched piece of policy; but this was exceeded by the manner of making it. They had no business to attack it at all, because by running by it with a fair wind and strong tide, which could have been effected with very little loss, they might have *probably* taken Charleston, (he should have said *certainly*) and the Island would have followed of course. But if they were determined to attack it, they ought to have stationed their ships otherwise, and to have assailed it in reverse (in the rear) while they were battering it in front. The city when we arrived had (only) nine hundred men in it—these were all militia, most of them indifferently armed. The landing places numerous, and many of them not within reach of a single battery. The city is very extensive, and is open on every side, so that I do not exaggerate when I say that eight hundred men assisted by the ships might have taken possession of it, &c., &c.”

On the 29th, President Rutledge visited the fort and presented Sergeant Jasper with a sword for his gallant behaviour.

Great and well merited praise, say the historians, was bestowed by his country, on Colonel Moultrie, who commanded the fort—and on the garrison for the resolution displayed in defending it.

Nor was the glory acquired on this occasion confined to them. All the troops that had been stationed on the Island partook of it. The Mulhenburgh Virginians and the North Carolina troops, were complimented by General Lee as “equally zealous and spirited.”

The thanks of Congress were voted to General Lee, Colonel Moultrie, Colonel Thompson, and the officers and men under their command, who were engaged in repulsing the British on the 28th of June.

\* See Stedman for particulars.

## CHILDOCRACY.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere.—*Twelfth Night*.

Even every little beer-barrel orator, who has been sufficiently puffed to enable him to collect a mere handful of hearers under the shade of some tall house or branching oak, has manfully exerted all his intellectual and physical strength in trying to convince and persuade his benighted fellow citizens that *this is an age of progress*. And by this time, doubtless, the good people begin to see and believe that in politics and the sciences, internal improvements and polite literature, this is emphatically an age of progress. But there has been a most *gigantic stride* made in the way of progress in the social and fashionable world—a truth more strange even than fiction, which, not being *exactly* in the line of the people-loving politician's business, has been too long and too shamefully neglected. To the task of explaining this new progress, however unpleasant to ourselves, or unacceptable to those whom it may concern; humanity impels us.

The passing strange progress, to which we allude, is child—child—childocracy. A new-coined word as you see. Well, we could do no better. Necessity, which is the mother of invention, is our only apology. Why, so *entirely new* and so *purely original* is this progress, that, after a long and labored ransacking of Webster and Worcester, we could find

no word to express this *fresh* idea: hence, childocracy.

Not longer ago than when the writer was a youngster of some sixteen years—and he has not now many gray hairs on his pate—at nearly all the fashionable parties in the *beau-monde*, the boys and girls, so to speak, were almost always invited to the partial, nay, almost entire exclusion of the older and wiser—the fathers and mothers. Certainly this custom was allowable—could be tolerated. Though we think that fathers and mothers give to a brilliant circle nearly all its true value, yet sprightly boys and buxom girls of blooming sixteen and even upwards, can make an exceedingly pleasant and profitable party, if the mother has previously done her duty and the father omitted not his; for every boy and girl in such an enlightened and highly favored land as this, must, if rightly instructed, be well enough polished in manners and morals, and well enough informed in books and the topics of every-day life to give to such a circle not manly sprightliness and brilliancy, but also value and dignity. We reluctantly admit the fact, that too often, yes, far too often, parents make their children *fashionable idlers*—the boys puffed coxcombs, who are half whiskers and half wine, and the girls exquisite coquettes, who are half powder and half lace. Make them these and you make them not what God intended they

should be—make them these and you make them incapable of becoming great or good, incapable of deserving praise, or imitation—make them these and you make them unfit for intelligent, refined, moral, christian society. The entire removal of this blemish on the beauty and excellency of social and refined society is unquestionably impossible, for the world from time immemorial has ever had its fools. Nor can any inference be more rational than that this course will abide on earth till the last knell of time shall be sounded, unless, peradventure, some more splendid genius than Watt or Morse, rise up and invent a *brain-making machine*. But when, forsooth, it comes to tearing children away from their hobby-horses and doll-babies, to spending weeks in shopping and dollars in buying jewelry for them, to wasting pounds of sugar in getting them to wear this or that dress or coat, because the other, though newer and more beautiful, does not suit the occasion, or season, to sending servants along with them to parties, to keep them when eating from dirtying their *little hands* and *faces*, to robbing them of the sweet hours and bright days of sunny childhood, by trying to make *boys* and *girls*, *ay, men* and *women* of *them*, against all these insufferable and inexcusable follies we do most heartily protest. Let us see what *benefit* either parents or children derive from this new fashionable society.

'Tis a cool, damp, drizzly evening at the breaking up of winter. The narrow streets of Craneville are already half-leg deep in water and mud, and the dark, clouds, which hang loweringly around and above, foretold one of those long

rainy, black-brow'd nights which we so much dread in mid-winter. Still there is a bustle and a moving to and fro in this little village. Brand-new coaches are rallied out; high-mettled horses are being caparisoned; servants are flying here and there through the streets to get gloves, over-shoes, umbrellas, and other *little notions*—nay, in some streets little children of six and eight, and even ten years are bellowing aloud to the ugly tune: "Mam don't want me to go, but I don't care—I will go, so I will," and, of course, not a few mothers are vexed, cross and even mad, and all the wailing boys and maids are *with one consent* cursing the very day on which they were born. And why all this stir—this excitement—this rage? Because Mr. and Mrs. Crackbrain have given out invitations to all the *dear children*—of course by *all* we mean *only* the *rich* and *fashionable* children—to come on this evening to a large and splendid party at their residence.

Anon, the long and anxious hours of the afternoon have sped and the party-going-time. Sad, yet joyful hour. Joyful would every thing be, but the rain is falling from the clouds in torrents, and the streets are vocal with the roll of waters, and the splashing of mud as the carriages whirl rapidly through them. While here and there on the unpaved walks and sometimes crossing the streets may be seen a group of little children clad in *beautiful white* making their way as best they can to this *interesting gathering of young folks* under no covering but a newly purchased umbrella—purchased for this particular occasion. Beautiful spectacle this! Had there been a school to have gents early

that morning when it was merely cloudy, or church at 11 o'clock, when it was not even drizzly, O, it would have been entirely too unfavorable to turn out, and even if they had thought of going in the coach-and-two, it would have been too bad, entirely too bad for the *poor servants*; but now, when there is nothing to be learned that is good and useful, and souls to be forever blighted, no dark, angry, frowning elements, or pitiless, pelting storms of heaven can stop them.

At last the clock has struck eight, and all are assembled, and ready to go into Mr. Crackbrain's spacious hall, which is gorgeously furnished and brilliantly illuminated. The *female children* have entered, and what a lively and busy chattering! "O, dear me, Sookie," says Jinnie Butterfly, "where is your new rich gauze dress you told me about last Sunday, at meeting? Why didn't you wear it? See how pretty mine looks. O, don't you think it lovely?" And, with this exclamation, she gave herself a most exquisitely agonizing flirt, and turned proudly away to speak to Miss Peggie Diggs, who was just crossing the floor with such a *womunly mien*. In another part of the room, Marie Sinclair breaks out with a "la Kittie where is your sweet doll—that new, lovely, French doll your pa bought at New York the other day? O, you told me you were going to bring it here this evening. Oh! me, me, me! how sorry I am." "Why me, Marie," says Kittie, "it would never have done, never in the world. Bobbie Snipes would have fallen in love with the little, lifeless *duck*, just because it looks so much like his sweet-heart Sallie Stokes." "Why you little goose, Kittie," says

Nannie Forester, stepping up to the piano, which was close by, and taking a seat, as if she were going to play and sing some felicitous song of love, or rather some particular *doloroso* Italian song, such as seldom fails to captivate the heart or catch applause, especially when accompanied by a sweet, deep, and melodious voice. Just at this moment the chattering got so very loud and so confusedly indistinct that we could not hear understandingly a single sentence. Of course they were talking all sorts of childish nonsense—baby stuff. But listen! Here comes rumbling along the passage leading from another room to the Hall, where the *female children* are, a loud, boisterous, "ha, ha, ha, Tommie, you look as sour as vinegar and as hot as pepper. Guess your mam wouldn't let you wear those very fine white trowsers you were bragging about fitting so tightly—so fashionably. The latest *agony* I reckon." And stretching himself up to Junior Tommie Thumb's shoulders, he said with judicial or senatorial dignity, "I reckon as how I wear-ed mine. You heard me!" and off he goes to *crow over* another in like manner. Just then, Mr. Crackbrain, passing by, remaked, with a significant shake of his head, and a knowing smile, to some of the lookers-on: "That's a smart boy, I tell you." Up comes Josie Diggs, brother of Peggie, whom we have just mentioned, bowing and scraping with a "good evening Mr. Broadcoat, I hope I see you. How did you leave your *posterity*?" "Pretty well, I thank you," said Mr. B. of seven years and no beard. "How did you leave yours Mr. Tonguetied, if I may be so inquisitive." O miserable little fool!

"He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it Cry,—*No recovery.*"

Now, while these *fashionable* and *felicitous* salutations were passing, the *gentlemen* were pressing eagerly toward the door, which opened into the hall, in which we have said the *ladies* already were collected. They enter, and such *strutting, bowing, scraping, roaching of the hair* and *lawyer-like gestures* you never have seen, unless you have been so unfortunate as to be present at one of these *modern fashionables*. In a trice, every one of these *gentlemen*—except a few very modest ones who have taken a stand for the night in *bashful-corner*, where there no ladies—have taken a partner, and now, what a dangling of *dandies' watch-chains*, and what geese-like jabbering! Thus they spend a few hours—only till midnight—*aping men and women*, for it can be nothing else; a few hours eating and drinking, for of course the *kind-hearted* fathers will lay out several dollars in sweetmeats, wines, and syllabubs, to spoil their *dear* children, soul and body; a few hours unhappy standing and silly gazing to some *undaring* spirits—such standing and such gazing as would almost make the very walls cry out: "Why all this waste of time, money, breath and health?" At length, the the hour for going home having come, all were off, save such as had fallen asleep, or such as, from eating, drinking, and dissipation, had, as Fanny Fern has delicately said, taken "a pain under the apron," and, which latter confirms the truth of Ik. Marvel's expression, that: "Misery treads on the heels of joy; anguish rides swift after pleasure."

The next day, though there is not a cloud in the sky, none of these dear children can be seen tripping lightly to school, the very place to which they should go; but the village physicians may be seen running through every street of Craneville, with their saddlebags hanging on their arms, being hastily called to see Mr. and Mrs. "What do you-call-them's child, which was so *well* and so *merry last night*, that its *sickness* is *matter of great astonishment*. Thus their children's lives are shortened—thus their own purses are lighted—thus their fondest hopes are early blasted.

Can the characters of such young children be so early formed? No; for the most of them have not reached the age of reason and accountability, at least the age of reason, and *some* of them, it is to be apprehended, if they go on this way, will never reach that AGE—THE AGE OF REASON. Do they know—do they even have the faintest conception of what character is? No, not the faintest, unless they are more *precious* youths than our country, or even the world has yet produced. Every child's mind is "clear blank paper," on which "fair virtue can put a seal, or vice a blot." At such places, which is a child's mind most likely to receive a seal of virtue, or a blot of vice? Your own judgment, your own good sense, your knowledge of yourselves—if you have any—parents, must tell you the **BLOT OF VICE**. Are not their minds, at such an age, as impressible as the softest wax? Are not early impressions, too, deepest—most lasting? Certainly this is all so—indisputably true. Ought they not, then, by all means to be *good*

impressions, *sensible* impressions, *virtuous* impressions? Ought not the most unsparing care, then, to be taken that no other kind of impressions be made? Have not your children in their young bosoms a germ—a bud, to bloom and to ripen either for Heaven, or for Hell? If so, ought they not to be kept away from these modern, fashionable, character-staining, vice-engendered, and soul-destroying places—parties—until their tender and naturally wayward hearts have been affectionately tutored by a mother's devout prayers and pious lessons, until they have, at least, received their academic education, until they have learned *at home* the first and simplest rules of common politeness, decency, and etiquette; in short, until their characters are undoubtedly—completely moulded?

Fathers and mothers, what think you of this new, strange, unparalleled progress—this miserable, infatuated childocracy? Did you ever think of it seriously, soberly, parentally? Did you ever exercise that noble faculty—the understanding—with which your divine creator has endowed you, when your children—the idols of your hearts—have come to you to know whether they can waste a night at such and such a child's party? If your children have gone to such places, did you ever ask yourselves the question, why they went? Or if you spent a thought about it and your good sense condemned it, did you *merely* censure such parties, and, in vexation, let your children go *because* custom made it seem right that they should go? To such we would say, remember the plain declaration of the preacher, “the son of David, King in

Jerusalem:” “To every thing there is a reason, and a time to every purpose under the Heaven.” There is a time for your children to be at home under the rod of the father and the eye of the mother—there is a time for them to be at school disciplining their minds and improving their understandings—there is a purpose in life higher and better than mere earthly attainments and accomplishments, in which it is the parent's duty to instruct the child in that particular season of existence, and after these have been severally performed—after their habits have been formed and their characters moulded, then, and not till then, will they be ready—prepared—to enter society as intelligent and exemplary boys and girls—men and women.

O, but some *considerate* fathers, or *tender hearted* mothers may very knowingly say: “Going to such fashionable places—such well selected parties, is a part, and very important one too, of our children's education. Besides there will be some *large, grown* persons there, who can and will see that nothing but what is proper and right be carried on, who will take a pleasure in imparting useful information to our children as regards their behavior, and such like.” What sage thoughts! What parental affection! What consummate wisdom!—What do they mean by well-selected parties? Of course, such as are made up of rich men's children—such children as, though exceedingly young and of dwarfish stature, have waded through the health-destroying morasses of luxury up to the small eminences of vanity, pride, folly, wickedness, ill-manners, and the grossest discourtesy. What

do they mean by a part, an important part, of their children's education? We know not, unless that their sons cannot be good and distinguished men, nor their daughters amiable and accomplished women, without having in childhood, become well skilled in the most disgusting airs and the most unintelligible jargon. But what am I talking about—they have *teachers* and *guides there*; yes, teachers and guides—faithfully and indefatigable teachers, and Argus-eyed, never-sleeping guides. Why *they* have decidedly the advantage of our common schools; for, there is for the most part, but one teacher at the Free-school-house, while at these gay, lordly school-houses there are not unfrequently even half a dozen, or more *laborious teachers*, so continually stooping about to get in hearing distance of these *small ones*, and so diligently instructing these *untutored* intellects that we have heard of them being unable to straighten their backs and walks, erect for more than a fortnight; yet, after all—what do they talk to your children about—what do they teach them? Of course, something very interesting—something about a beautiful little book which the children have taken out of the Sunday School Library—something about their studies—O, yes, child's botany, pursued at the village school or academy—something about a very useful child's paper, which they are taking, and love so much to read, or, perhaps, something about poetry, music, or the witching stories prepared for children by Miss Maria Edgeworth. No, no; nothing like these.—Now were the consequences not so ruinous, so dreadful even to think, it would be amusing to see how many *affected*

and *unnatural* airs a *hare-brained* young man can assume in talking to a mere child. And his conversation, how empty, how senseless, how absurd! He makes the *little child* vainer even than the ugly, heartless, and spoiled Queen of England, who through pure and cruel jealousy had her amiable and beautiful cousin of Scotland, beheaded lest she might be admired more than herself; yes he makes the child vainer than she by talking to it about its snowy forehead, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, panting lips, and queenly arched neck. Insuperable fool! "He is now valiant as Hercules, that only *tells a lie*, and *swears to it*." But is this all?—No. He not only tells her that she is as pure as unsmoked snow and as beautiful as the brightest angel; but also, flatters her *good taste* by telling her how good-looking, graceful, and smart as her sweetheart is. And, perhaps, he may speak to some of the children, in the course of the night, of the last novel, which he has read. Now, were he to speak to them of the chaste, instructive, and surpassingly beautiful romances of Sir Walter Scott, and dissuade them from reading trashy productions, there would not be so much reason to complain of this subject of conversation; but lamentable as the fact may be, such characters generally read the most sickly, senseless, and unsubstantial novels that are imposed upon the *polite* and *fashionable* world by miserable, half-starved, catch-penny, don't care scribblers. O, what compassion, deep, inexhaustible compassion there must be in the *fool-killer's breast*, or he would long ago have killed "heaps upon heaps" of these ornaments of folly and beacon-lights of destruction!

But this is not half. They have *female* teachers and guides. And if you should want to become designated, merely out of curiosity to see how it feels, just go to one of these school-houses, and take a sly look at *one of these amiables*. Behold her rearing back on her dignity, as *one of these young ones* with high-heeled boots, white kids, and up-standing and ear-sawing collar, approaches her! How majestically, how queenly beautiful she strives to look! How amazingly important and how imposingly dignified! And it would not require an opera-glass to discover that at one time she is so interested—so pleasingly interested that she almost goes into *paroxysms of joy*, that another, she is so surprized—so astonishingly surprized that she almost goes into "*hystericks*," as Major Jones has it, and that at another still, she is so flattered—so happily flattered that she appears to have into a *delicious swoon*.—O, bewitching, fascinating, unearthly creature! Now, *dear little children*, what ungrateful creatures you must be and what severe scoldings, your *affectionate* mothers ought to give you, if you suffer so interesting a school mistress to give you such enchanting lessons of paroxysms, hystericks, and swoons, and you profit not by her delectable teachings! Could you be so neglectful, so inconsiderate? Dear children could you?

Such scenes as the foregoing may be witnessed more or less frequently in every *village* in our land, from Maine to California. Seldom, however, can such be seen in the *country*. *There goug men* and *young women* go to parties—*there*, it is true, there is not so

much *extreme politeness* and *refined learning*, but *there* may be seen easy and simple manners, and *there* may be heard good and sensible conversations. If any one is disposed to be incredulous as to the refined and elevated pitch to which nonsense has attained at these fashionables, let him go and see, and then, like the Queen of Sheba in regard to the wisdom, wealth, and splendor of King Solomon, he will say that *the half has not been told*. Why, on such occasions, the aforesaid *male* and *female teachers* have rendered themselves so completely nonsensical that—

"Not Hercules

Could have knock'd out their brains, for they had none,"

And it is highly probable that on similar occasions, in the future, they will conduct themselves in a similar manner.

Sober-minded fathers and christian mothers, would you have your children taught by such reasonless, tasteless, soulless, thoughtless apologies of men and women. At such places there may be, and doubtless there are, some prudent, strong-minded, well-bred, considerate young persons; but "like angels' visits they are few and far between." Hence the former class outnumbers them by far, and when they go to such brilliant selects, they are most admired by all the children, who will flock around them, listening to their nonsense with wide-gaping mouths and looking at their silly actions with fixed, gazing eyes. Fathers and mothers, if you would not have your children's young, tender and impressible minds nipt, poisoned, and put out of all shape by such miserable persons, we would beg you keep them

away from such places; we would beg you break up such miserable, miserable childocracy. To break it up, you have but to stop your children from going to them—to keep them from loosing the most charming link in being's chain—the beautiful interval between childhood and manhood—you have but to stop them from going to them.

Trace the history of all our greatest and best men and women of the present and the past, to their earliest days, and you will find that they have had no such false and ruinous teaching and training. Washington, Hancock, Franklin, Hamilton, Dr. David Caldwell, Gen. Jackson, Dr. Alexander, Calhoun, Clay, Webster and Gaston, saw no such silly gatherings in their early childhood and boyhood, if ever in their lives; and could their departed shades come back on such occasions, they would denounce all such with a withering scorn and burning indignation that would make these *aping young ones* run home to their mamas faster than ghost ever tripped home to grave-yard when the rich purple of morning began to line the eastern sky. Study the history of all the eminent young men of our country and of the world at this very time, and you will find that a large majority of them have been in their studies, or mother's sitting and working room, pouring over their books and treating such places and such parties with as much contempt as they themselves were when the *tickets* were sent out. Heaven favors all such children as are *slighted* by no invitations to these brilliant selects.

Far better would it be for all classes of society, if this foolish ocracy were

up rooted and destroyed, and the fathers and mothers were invited to these parties, where their sons and daughters, who have reached years of discretion, go to improve themselves, and enjoy the golden prime of manhood and womanhood. This new suggestion, doubtless, will not meet the approbation of the gay, giddy, and thoughtless, who love such occasions more, because they can then and there get away from, and out of sight of, papa and mama, and as they would say, *do as they please*, than because they can have an opportunity to please and benefit, and, in turn, be pleased and benefited. 'Tis certain as two and two make four that the most interesting, most inviting period of man's life is after he has become a father—when he is between thirty and the grave;—but this is lost, for the most part, to our fashionable parties. His good sense, sage experience, lively wit, sober gravity, commanding dignity, and pure wisdom, all, all are lost to the society of the young as now conducted. And as Willis has well said: "The most delightful age of woman in cultivated society, is between the noon and the evening of her life; when her attentiveness of mind is calm; when her discriminations are rational; when her self-approbation knows what it receives, and her preference knows what it bestows; when she is wise enough to be an adviser and counsellor to a male friend, and yet attractive enough to awaken no less respect than admiration. It is this most charming and most partakeable period of a woman's life that is lost to American society."

HAWK-EYE.

## WORTHIES OF DEMOCRACY.

## [INTRODUCTION.]

If it be true that every man has an inviolable right to make words stand for what ideas he pleases,<sup>1</sup> we beg leave to affix one more meaning to the word DEMOCRACY. Let not the reader, then, understand by Democracy a system; not even that "under which the people trained to the ancient manners of the country, pay due worship to the Gods," &c., &c.<sup>2</sup> Let him rather suppose it to be a commonwealth like the imaginary *Politeia*, of which, according to ARISTOTLE,<sup>3</sup> the common Democracy is but a perversion; except that in ours, the government is exclusively moral and occult. We will thus eschew the bitter censures which, from the Stagyrite down to Mr. GUIZOT, have been so profusely lavished on the most legitimate form of government; and, in disclaiming all analogy with that dear object of the people's aspirations, we shall be at liberty to soar in the regions of dream, speculation and fancy.

The coining of new words is a privilege granted only to a few;—else we would at once endeavor to invent some harmonious term to convey our fanciful idea of a Democracy. Moreover, we confess that the very word sounds well to our ears. It is associated with noble efforts and lofty deeds; it recalls to mind

the immortal names of patriots, sages, and heroes; it strengthens our confidence in the almighty justice of Providence.

There are in this world, many men, who, like CATO, do not think themselves born for themselves only, but for all mankind. These are the citizens of our Democracy. They must, however, previous to their becoming vested in the rights and honors of the citizenship, have striven and must still strive, by continual exertions, to promote the welfare of mankind, and "so keep in view the advantage of their fellow citizens, as to have reference to it in whatever they do, regardless of their individual interest."<sup>4</sup>

SOLON, SOCRATES, ARCHIMEDES and DEMOSTHENES, the lawgiver, the moralist, the man of science, and the patriotic orator, have equal claims to the applause of posterity; they are consequently members of the same commonwealth. Prompted by innate and divine motives, they devote their talents, their welfare, their lives, to the advancement of humanity; they often sacrifice all earthly passions to the cause of progress; and at Salamis, at Syracuse, at Athens, we see them, warriors, patriots, and savants, sincere philanthropists, and true pioneers of civilization, patiently clearing the path we are now treading.

<sup>1</sup>Locke, Essay, B. 3, ch. 11. sec. 8.

<sup>2</sup>Hampton's Polybius, vol. ii, ch. 1.

<sup>3</sup>View of Governments.

<sup>4</sup>Plato, Cic. de Offic. lib. i. cap. xxv.

The principles they elucidate, the truths they reveal, and the sacred fire they at times infuse into the hearts of their followers, frequently incite whole nations to shake off the yoke of tyranny, and by sublime exploits, to gather the palm of immortality. Look around you, reader, and behold the lasting monuments of fame, which will tell future generations, the patriotic deeds due to their valor and eloquence. Sublime laws, divine maxims and religious convictions, still point out to your admiration a spirit of benevolence which shall outlive even the gratitude of man.

But why should we dwell upon the panegyric of Democracy? It is the subject of all public orations; the exordium of all scientific reports; the preface of all didactic treatises; the matter of all commencement speeches.

All your worthies are men, and nothing but men, say you. They all exult in our freedom and endure the same tyranny—they are subject to our decrees, to our caprices, to our envy—they live amongst us, breathe the same air, obey the laws of the land, and worship the same God—how, then can they form a community of their own?

Indeed, they belong to the human race; they participate in its misery, and thence their merit! They are dispersed all over the face of the earth; exist at different epochs, and, perhaps, personally know not one another. Yet, they do form a real brotherhood. Nor must we infer from the dissimilarity of their pursuits or from the various success of their exertions, that no union exists between them. Their lofty aspirations meet in the fame that posterity bestows on them; in the joy they feel af-

ter accomplishing their divine mission; in the veneration with which enlightened mankind, utter and will ever continue to utter, their illustrious names.

A proof of such a fraternity, may be derived from the fact that they all aid one another, and that the worthy who occupies the loftiest station in his particular branch of democratic worthiness, successively mounted the steps gradually superposed by his fellow-helpers.

Thus NEWTON created a new theory of optics, and demonstrated the law of gravitation; but GALILEO gave him the theory of weights; KEPLER the principles which regulate the movements of the planetary bodies, and their ellipticity; HUYGENS the pendulum, and the combinations and relations of the central and centrifugal force; BACON, or rather ARISTOTLE, the laws of the inductive philosophy; DESCARTES, a method for reasoning, and his geometrical analysis. We may therefore, add, with THOMAS,<sup>5</sup> that the glory of NEWTON consists in having profited by all these advantages, collected all these different powers, and joined to them his own, which were immense.

There exists between these men a sympathy, which is scarcely perceptible to the grosser senses of the vulgar. They understand each other better; they appreciate their mutual efforts with more impartiality and readiness; and it requires neither flattery nor bribes, to obtain their approbation. Jealousy is never the cause of their antagonism, and if it sometimes happen that PLATO and ARISTOTLE vie with each other in elucidating metaphysical truths, do not anticipate personal attacks or bitter re-

<sup>5</sup>Eloges. vol. 1.

profs. The Portico, the Academy or the Lyceum, never resounds with their quarrels. The outsiders alone will endeavor to embitter their controversies and change the field of calm discussions into an arena of petty warfare; but they cannot divert our democrats from the road of abnegation and tolerance.

During their lives, all peace, all justice, is often denied them: Here PHOCION drinks the hemlock, there ARISTIDES falls a victim to the "earthenware scourge;" yet it deters not their fellow sufferers from achieving their task. They are above the reach of spite, anger, or discouragement, and, whatever be their hardships, their sufferings, their martyrdom, we always find them calm, upright and confident of an ultimate reward: "For all the advantages that fortune can truly be affirmed to gain in her combats with the good and virtuous is," says PLUTARCH,<sup>6</sup> "the bringing upon them unjust reproach and censure, instead of the honor and esteem which are their due." Yet, sooner or later, the people feel ashamed of so much ingratitude, strive to wipe off this foul stain, and erect statues to their memory. Sometimes, however, the popular favor courts them while they can still enjoy it; but it also subjects them to popular caprice. Not long since, ANAXAGORAS was condemned to die; yesterday they built him an altar. To-day, DEMOSTHENES is to be crowned at the Theatre; to-morrow, he shall fly to the Temple of Neptune. A true democrat is, therefore, right to remain indifferent to the censures and persecutions of the masses. He is well aware that it is human nature, and in the satisfaction of having

done his duty; in the approbation of his conscience, he finds a shield against whatever blows are aimed at him by the crowd.

At times, whole nations are pervaded with their spirit; an unquenchable thirst for freedom; an energy which nothing can subdue; and a valour that overcomes all obstacles, animates the people, guides their efforts; and, altars of idolatry, monuments of servitude and thrones adorned from their degradation, crumble into dust: We cannot live amidst ruins; anarchy reigned at Sparta. Shall we crown the poet THALES, for having advocated the return of LYCURGUS? CRITIAS is killed, THRASYBULUS leads our victorious bands to the Piræus: let us confer the rights of citizenship upon LYSIAS!

There is nothing palpable in the laws and principles of the Politeia—its effects alone can be discerned through the medium of our senses. But, it speaks to the heart, and though none of the rules which we apply to common reasoning can determine the boundaries of our commonwealth, we venture to give it the whole area of the civilized world. Let not the reader smile. Perhaps he is a democrat himself, if not in deed, at least in aspiration; and if he has at all studied, seen, thought and loved, he will acknowledge an union, a coherence, a consistency, an "ensemble" in the regular succession of the progressive events to which he owes his enlightenment and his virtue. They are linked to one another by an invisible hand, which is nevertheless felt—strongly felt. And if the connection escapes the detection of our grosser senses, our hearts do experience the constant effects of that benevolent

<sup>6</sup>In Vit. Phocion.

action, which the impartial philosopher *must* believe to be derived from unity.

After all, doubted\* or undoubted, our Democracy was known from the most remote times; for it is sometimes a religion, which must and does pervade both political and civil institutions.

When the dogma of BRAHMA was realized by the creation of castes in the civil institutions,—it was the Indian Democracy.

When the dogma of JEHOVAH was realized by the abolition of castes in the institutions of MOSES,—it was the Hebrew Democracy.

When the plebeians dared to ask a share in the religion of the nobles, and consequently, have a right to form, like them, marriages and legitimate families,—it was the first step in the Pagan Democracy.

When a sublime voice was heard on earth, proclaiming to mankind that the world would be regenerated by the divine maxim: "Love thy neighbor like thyself,"—it was the dawn of the Christian Democracy.

When the dogma of the Koran was realized by a radical equality into the civil institutions of the Arabians,—it was the Mahometan Democracy.

When the Reformation was realized by a partial return to the laws of pure reason and an utter contempt for the slavish institution of Papacy,—it was the Protestant Democracy.

And now, that the dogma of an universal Christianity, strives to realize itself in our civil institutions, and speak to the mind of man—it is the Democracy of Modern Humanity!

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Most of the patriots, savants and he-

roes to whom we owe all the blessings which liberty, knowledge and civilization confer, are unknown to the masses. The names of those sung by popular poets or celebrated by the eloquence of illustrious historians, alone live in our memory. And such is the perversity of human nature, that an ALEXANDER, a CÆSAR, or a NAPOLEON, is remembered and praised by all, whilst the remembrance of a PHOCION, an EPICURETUS or a FOURRIER, is comparatively sunk in oblivion. We are well aware that bloody battles and triumphal marches across desolated countries, leave a lasting impression upon the minds of the people; that the graphic description of an human slaughter always was a brilliant theme for poems; and that in the pangs of the victims sacrificed to the vile ambition of one man, lies a perpetual subject of popular songs and sublime rhymes. Yet, in the exploits, and in the array of heroes, immortalized by the Iliad or the Pharsalia, there is not a battle of Yorktown, nor of Valmy; not a LEONIDAS, not an ARMINIUS, not a WASHINGTON! It is only when the people shall view warriors with horror, and patriots, historians, jurists, moralists, and men of science, with the loftiest sentiments of gratitude, that they will be worthy to accomplish the noble deeds which Providence has still in store for mankind.

\*

From time to time, we shall endeavor to refresh the memory of our readers with biographical sketches of "slighted" great men. To remain faithful to our definition of Democracy, we will freely gather from the history of all nations, both ancient and modern; from

the records of morals, science, patriotic wars and philosophy. Let not the reader be surprised then, if he sees in our gallery, a lawgiver coupled with a mathematician, a sage with a poet, a brilliant monarch with an austere republican.

We have no claims whatever to the discovery of the facts we shall be pleased to relate; they were known to many, and we only pretend to derive them, in most cases, from original sources. In the following article, however, which is an historical essay on LYCURGUS, the Athenian orator, we have investigated with tolerable diligence DIO. SICULUS and PAUSANIAS; but being unable to gain access to PLUTARCH'S *Vitis Decem Rhetorum*, and to HARPOCRATION'S Lexicon, we thought our-

selves excusable to consult freely the valuable Prolegomena of TAYLOR, the *Fasti Hellenici* of CLINTON, and the second volume of the *Bibliotheca Græca* of FABRICIUS. To BAYLE, WACHSMUTH and BISHOP THIRLWALL, we are indebted for corollary details.

As for the oration against LEOCRATES, we availed ourselves of the excellent French Translation of Mr. THUROT. We do not give these details to make a vain and ridiculous display of obsolete learning, but merely to explain why we cite only the direct quotations from miscellaneous writers. Had it been in our power, we would have been happy to simplify still more an essay, which we fear, "smells of the Lamp" and bears a stamp of unavoidable pedantry. In our next, we will endeavor to do better.

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[No. I.]

## LYCURGUS, THE ATHENIAN PATRIOT.

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"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
Mente quatit solida."

Hor.

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It is a great hinderance to everlasting fame, to bear a name already celebrated by the exploits, or virtues of another. The present instance is striking. Here stands a man who rendered the most eminent services to his country; was accounted the equal of DEMOSTHENES, and the superior of PHOCION, the only true financier antiquity could boast of; a worthy to whom we probably owe the preservation of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and of the *Phœnicæ*; and because another man of the same name, has, five centuries before, gathered a palm of immortality which neither time nor repeated

censures can wither, we must behold his own fame absorbed by his name-sake's!

Nor is it only the vulgar that mistake LYCURGUS, the *Athenian Orator*, for LYCURGUS, the *Spartan Lawgiver*.—Scholars, themselves, have been guilty of the same error. BAYLE reckons two, LINDENBROCH and CORRADUS. But we are willing to excuse the latter—he was addicted to such unpardonable misconceptions.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> He wrongfully understood Asconius, and mistook Plutarch's meaning with respect to Lucullus. (Bayle's Phil. Diet. Art. *Hortensius*.)

When APOLLODORUS points the disciples of PLATO to his pupil ANACHARSIS,<sup>2</sup> he takes pleasure to dwell at some length, upon the defects and merits of the most conspicuous. "That meagre, lank young man," says he, "who lisps, and whose eyes are full of fire, is called ARISTOTLE; that other young man, who now an then shrugs up his shoulders, is named DEMOSTHENES. Near him, looking so florid and healthy is ÆSCHINES; the name of the third is LYCURGUS; he is of one of the most ancient families of the republic." As if a long line of ancestors were his only claim to ANACHARSIS' notice.

Yes, indeed, he could boast of his forefathers. With a little stretch of fancy, and a great deal of obsolete erudition, we could trace the origin of his house, as far back as NEPTUNE.<sup>3</sup>—This, however, was the reigning pride at the time:—MILTIADES and ALCIBIADES derived themselves from AJAX, and ANDOCIDES from HERMES.

That he was grandson or son of LYCOPHRON, and also grandson to another LYCURGUS, whom the thirty tyrants put to death, seems to be generally admitted; as for the exact date of his birth, it is not known. Between TAYLOR and

<sup>2</sup> Barthelemy, *Voy. du Jeune Anach.* vol. ii, ch. viii.

<sup>3</sup> It seems that Plutarch, in *X or. Vit.*, gives the whole pedigree of the *Eteobotads* (Lycurg's ancestors,) spurious *Butads*, genuine *Butads*, or descendants of *Butes*, and consequently of Erechtheus, who was of royal stock. Now, as according to Hesychius, the scholia of Tzetzes to Lycophron, and to a very ingenious writer in the *Philol. Museum*, (No. 5,)—that we are not, however, learned enough to appreciate—*Erechtheus*, in all probability, was only a title of *Nep-tune*—it necessarily follows that, &c., &c., &c. For this time we plead guilty.

CLINTON, we are of course, unable to decide; but we will not fall very short of the truth, in supposing that LYCURGUS was born in the xciii Olympiad, about 408 years B. C.

He first studied Philosophy under PLATO, but afterwards betook himself to oratory under ISOCRATES—that incomparable rhetor, who devoted ten years to the composition of a single discourse.<sup>4</sup> Who could hope in that age to rule the masses, and attain to eminence without cultivating the oratorical art? PISISTRATES, MILTIADES, CIMON, and ARISTIDES governed Athens by the power of their eloquence. "Strike, but listen!" exclaimed THEMISTOCLES.

He soon distinguished himself in the management of public affairs; and on the motion of STRATOCLES, the people chose him chief of the police and manager of the public revenue, (*Tamias*.) He exercised these functions, during twelve or fifteen years, with a skill, prudence and integrity, which gained him the applause of posterity. Such a long continuance in office was a violation of the law, but it turned to the advantage of Athens. Plutarch bears witness<sup>5</sup> that he augmented the imposts of the state, *a sexaginta talentis ad mille ducenta*, (*sic*;) and "in collecting money for the treasury," says Pausanias,<sup>6</sup> "he surpassed PERICLES, the son of XANTHIPPIUS, by six thousand five hundred talents." It strikes us that the concise and learned

<sup>4</sup> *The panegyric of Athens*. Some say, fifteen years. Photius thinks, that even then, it was not ill-spent time. We beg leave to differ from the wicked patriarch.

<sup>5</sup> We leave the responsibility of this enormous amount, to Fabricius. (Vol. i, p. 916.)

<sup>6</sup> B. i, ch. xxix.

Archeologist could have chosen a better comparison. PERICLES, was an honest man, but an inveterate spendthrift.—Our readers recollect, no doubt, the clamor raised against his prodigality by the orators of THUCYDIDES' party, and his proud answer to the people when they asserted that he wasted the public treasure in erecting costly monuments, and brought the revenue to nothing.—“Do ye think I have expended too much? Then be it charged to my account, not yours: only let the new edifices be inscribed with my name, not that of the people of Athens.”

LYCURGUS took a lofty pride in his integrity and financial abilities. He incessantly challenged his adversaries to detect a single error in his accounts, and was so confident that an irreproachable administration of the public monies would ultimately be one of his greatest claims to the gratitude of Athens, that he caused his reckonings to be inscribed on a pillar of marble, which was discovered sometime since by FOURMONT, amidst the ruins of a *Palæstra*,—perhaps his own. The reader who, perchance, might like to learn more about this half-defaced computation of drachmæ, minæ, and talents, will find his curiosity gratified in the learned work of БЭККН “*Die Staatshaushaltung der &c., &c., &c.*”

By his unceasing diligence, he not only completely restored the finances, but found the means to equip troops; and so augmented the fleet, that four hundred three-oared galleys might be led to an engagement. He also laid up a considerable treasure in the citadel, and procured a hundred ornaments “for the virgins.” Now, when we take into con-

sideration that it was common law at Athens that all the surplus should be expended on public entertainments, and distributed among the people in the shape of largesses; that the Athenians were so fond of shows, sacrifices and exhibitions of all sorts, that, according to XENOPHON,<sup>7</sup> there were more festivals at Athens than in all the rest of Greece; and in the opinion of DEMOSTHENES,<sup>8</sup> more money was spent on a single Panathenaic or Dionysiac solemnity than on any military expedition, we must confess that it required no small share of merit and influence to apply the Theoric fund to more useful purposes.

LYCURGUS erected many public monuments, among which, a theatre (Bacchus,) an arsenal, docks for ships in the Piræus, and a gymnasium called the Lyceum. “The works, however, of gold and silver which he dedicated, LACHARES, during his tyranny, plundered; but the edifices remain even at present.” So, we have again the testimony of PAUSANIAS.

Why should we expatiate upon LYCURGUS' skill and economy? These treasures have long been wasted by his successors; the three-oared galleys no more plow the waves, and his renowned stadium lies buried amidst the ruins of the Acropolis. But, his enlightened taste for the sublime literature of his country—retort the thankful literati—the commendable provision to which we owe, perhaps, the valuable remains of the three great tragic poets, loudly claim the gratitude of all.

The descendants of the Athenians,

<sup>7</sup> *De Rep. Ath.* iii. 8.

<sup>8</sup> *Philip.* 1. 50.

who once were transported into a kind of martial phrenzy by the representation of a tragedy of *ÆSCHYLUS*, and marched under this influence, from the theatre to the plains of Marathon, were, alas! unworthy of their ancestors. The "poison which lurked in the Attic honey"<sup>9</sup> had at last corrupted the democracy of Athens, and palled, ever since the archonship of *CALLIAS*, the literary enthusiasm of the people. *LYCURGUS*, urged by a due spirit of his country's greatness, infused a new vigor into the commonwealth; in spite of *PHILINUS'* opposition,<sup>10</sup> enacted honors to the memory of *ÆSCHYLUS*, *SOPHOCLES* and *EURIPIDES*; adorned a certain place of public resort with brazen statues of them, and re-established the custom of reciting at the *lenæan* festivals, the noblest productions of the poets. The dramas of *SOPHOCLES* and *EURIPIDES* bore the marks both of man and time. Here, a whole passage was omitted; there, a chorus had been mutilated by the actors. Our enlightened patriot ordered that a new transcript should be made of all their works,<sup>11</sup> and an authentic edition deposited in the archives of the State. The players were also enjoined to conform in their representations to the restored text. Who can tell wheth-

<sup>9</sup> Plut. Dion, 58.

<sup>10</sup> A grandson of Aristophanes!—for we suppose that this Philinus is the trierarch mentioned by Demosthenes, in his oration against Midias, where he calls him the son of Nicostratus. It could not well be Nicostratus, the Athenian General, since he was slain at Mantinea, in 418, according to Clinton's Chronol.

<sup>11</sup> Gysar, (*De Græc. Trag.*) as quoted by Bishop Thirlwall, would lead us to infer that the corrections were made from the very MSS. of the authors.

er we are not indebted to these wise measures, for the seven plays of the eighty which the "Father of Tragedy" composed, and the eighteen of *EURIPIDES'* hundred and twenty dramas?

We know that the revised edition was borrowed, and kept, by one of the *PTOLEMIES*, to be copied for the Alexandrian library; and it will not be thought extravagant to suppose that the many scholars who lived at the Museum, and the industrious scholiasts, who flocked to Alexandria from all parts of the civilized world, when "the flourishing period of Greek poetry was past," and returned home, as soon as master of some branch of learning or literature, helped to diffuse throughout the East, and even the Southwest of Europe, these sublime tragedies. The reader is well aware that *ÆSCHYLUS*, *SOPHOCLES* and *EURIPIDES*, occupy the first rank among the tragic poets of the famous *Alexandrian Canon*.

In consequence of the wars which desolated Attica during so many years, fierce and numerous bands of outlaws still heightened the misery of the people, by predatory incursions, from the slopes of Laurium to the steepes of Parnes. *LYCURGUS* expelled them all by decrees so severe, that it was said of him, that he dipped his pen in death.

A remark of *CICERO*<sup>12</sup>; and the comparison of *AMMIANUS*,<sup>13</sup> when speaking of the emperor *JULIAN*, are sufficient to make us believe that *LYCURGUS* was an inflexible judge, whose severity has been handed down as a fit subject for proverbial similes. But we are far from blaming him. We have diligently investi-

<sup>12</sup> *Ad Attic*, lib. 1, Ep. xiii.

<sup>13</sup> *Amm. Marcellin. L. xxii. cap. xix.*

gated all that we could gather on the point, and, not a single author, of all those we have consulted, taxes him with injustice. Moreover, his acts were not altogether draconian when he had to deal with Athenian citizens, and he never set himself above the laws of the land. He thought, as we humbly do, that whenever a judicial code is once enacted and sanctioned by the lawful powers in the State, IT OUGHT TO BE ENFORCED. If it be too severe, change it; too mild, change it again; but as long as *it is* the law, adhere closely to it, support it, protect it, obey it, with all your might and inflexibility.

In the case of LYSICLES, however, he is thought by some modern historians to have acted with the utmost rigor. This we grant; but let it not be forgotten that the safety of the commonwealth required a solemn example.

PHILIP, from the time of his unsuccessful attempt to pass the Pylæ, if not before, was bent on the ruin of Athens.

Now, behold his progress both in the country and in the mercenary affection of the Athenians.

He proclaims himself the champion of Apollo; invades Thessaly for the third time; dethrones LYCOPHRON; gives up Olynthus; reduces the inhabitants to slavery, and razes the walls to the ground. What a terrible warning!—When the two parties are exhausted by their long and bloody dissensions, he lends his assistance to Thebes against her rival; enters Locris, and forces PHALÆCUS to retire before his victorious arms.

After a whole year of wily inactivity, PHILIP is again in the field, and by

force or by shift, compels Corinth to ratify the Amphyctionic decree. DEMOSTHENES and our LYCURGUS, however, succeed in counteracting his designs against Ambracia; but he revenges himself in Thracia, overwhelms the *Odryseæ*; interferes in the affairs of Pelopponesus, and thus causes the fall of Megalopolis. He secretly fomented against Athens an insurrection in Eubœa; attacks the Hellespontic cities; beats DIOPHITES at Cardia; seizes Selymbria, and besieges Byzantium. Here the immortal PHOCION again repels PHILIP, son of AMYNTHAS!

Satisfied with the slaughter of twenty thousand Scythians, the “hero,” returns to Greece. ÆSCHINES has prepared for him another Sacred War—the Locrians of Amphissa, it is said, have profaned the Cyrrhean fields. PHILIP is once more intrusted with the vengeance of the insulted God.

Now was the time for energetic measures. The crafty and corrupting policy of PHILIP, had worked its way to the very heart of the Areopagus: “The Ass laden with gold, had ‘mounted the fortress,’”<sup>14</sup> and the few Athenians who were inaccessible to Macedonian bribes, yielded to the pangs of cowardly fears. The sublime eloquence of DEMOSTHENES, at least rekindled the energy of a degenerated people, and neither the brilliant sophistry of DEMADES, nor the unaccountable praises of ISOCRATES, could chill the patriotism which the fall of Elatea, raised in the very soul of all the citizens. They became ashamed of their past indifference, and endeavor-

<sup>14</sup>Saying of Philip, who always preferred the milder way of corruption to that of violence and bloodshed.

ed to palliate, by strenuous efforts, the disgraceful apathy which had brought their country to the verge of ruin.

The trumpeter sounds the alarm, the Five Hundred are assembled, and the people flock to the Pnyx. The eloquent voice of DEMOTHENES is heard: "Do not tremble," says he, "the Thebans are not acting in concert with PHILIP. Let our whole force march out to Eleusis, and Thebes will join Athens in the cause of liberty." These previsions prove true:—but, where will they find a PERICLES or an EPAMINONDAS? They appoint to lead their impatient phalanx to the enemy, CHARES, of whom TIMOTHEUS says, that, instead of being a general, he is fitter to carry the general's baggage; THEOGENES, a traitor; and LYSICLES. Who is LYSICLES? No one can tell; but he is doomed to expiate by the sacrifice of his own life the blood of the warriors who will fall at Cheroneia.

The perfidious orators of Philip, repeat an old and menacing prophecy from the Sybilline books. They invoke the dreadful oracles of Appollo's priestess:

"————— Fell bird of prey,

Wait thou the plenteous harvest which the sword  
Will give thee on Thermodon."<sup>15</sup>

It is in vain. Neither venal entreaties nor bad omens can deter the regenerated Athenians from attacking, with intrepidity, the mercenary phalanx of the Macedonian King. DEMOSTHENES has said that the prophetess *Philippizes*.

For once, she has foretold the truth. The relics of the army are in flight; both Athenians and Thebans lie expiring in bloody heaps; and the banks of

the ill-fated stream resound with the merry jests of the victors. PHILIP and his companions, intoxicated with joy and wine, their heads crowned with flowers, ramble with tottering steps over the battle field, late scene of twice cursed exploits. The awful sight of the Sacred Band, all sacrificed to the fury of the Macedonians, draw forth from their hearts a last exclamation of admiration, and PHILIP, utters a solemn curse against the calumniators who accused the friendship of these youthful heroes, to be tainted with infamous love.<sup>16</sup>

Cheroneia, far from abating the courage of the Athenians, rekindled a patriotic enthusiasm, worthy of a better fate. At the first tidings of the defeat, HYPERIDES mounted the bema, and proposed several energetic measures, which were immediately adopted.—These measures were illegal, but the Republic was ultimately indebted to them for an honorable peace. "Dazzled by the flashes of the Macedonian sword, I was unable to lay my eyes upon the laws." Such was his excuse, and the people disregarded the accusation of ARISTOGITON.

The Athenians justly attributed their defeat to the inability and rashness of their generals. The popular voice loudly called for a solemn punishment.

THEOGENES is a Theban; CHARES did not venture to return; LYSICLES shall die. And to show that they are not actuated by a spirit of blind vengeance, the people chose for accuser, the most virtuous man of the Commonwealth. DIODORUS has preserved<sup>17</sup> a short passage of LYCURGUS' accusation.

<sup>16</sup> Plut. Pelopidas.

<sup>17</sup> Diod. Sic. lib. xvi. cap. 88.

<sup>15</sup> Plut. Vit. Demosth.

"You commanded the army, O **LYSICLES!** and a thousand citizens were slain, two thousand-taken prisoners; a trophy has been erected to the eternal dishonor of the Republic, and all Greece is enslaved! You led our soldiers when all these calamities befell us: and still, you dare to live, and view the light of the sun, and mix with us, you, **LYSICLES!** a living monument of your country's shame!"

The guilty commander was dragged to execution. The indignation of the people was not appeased by the death of **LYSICLES**; and Athens, following the example of some of the cities recently subjugated by **PHILIP**, still resounded, after a lapse of eight years, with clamorous censures and sorrowful accusations. **LEOCRATES**, a traitor to his country; a cowardly Athenian who had deserted Attica in the hour of danger<sup>18</sup> and fled to Rhodes in contempt of his duty and of the laws of the land;<sup>19</sup> an impudent wretch, who after exulting in the grievous news he maliciously spread abroad,<sup>20</sup> did not blush at returning to Athens, and boldly resuming the functions of a citizen, as if he had bravely followed the Five Hundred to the Piræus,—was the criminal that the just appeals of the people designated to the patriotic wrath of **LYCURGUS**.

**LEOCRATES** was impeached, and the oration which probably sent him to the *Orygma*,<sup>21</sup> is the only specimen of our patriot's eloquence, which has come down to us entire. And a noble effort it is! worthy of a pupil of **ISOCRATES**,

a rival of **DEMOSTHENES**, and an antagonist of **DEMADES**.

**LYCURGUS** was wealthy, but his austere and stoical nature, caused him to scorn the refined comforts which riches confers. He always appeared in public, dressed in the plainest garb, and barefooted, except on great occasions. Perhaps he never put on his upper garment, unless it was intolerably cold. "It is a sign of sharp winter," used to say the soldiers of Eretria, "**PHOCION** has got his clothes on."

So as to repress the scandalous display of costly equipages in the Eleusinian festivals, **LYCURGUS** made a law, that any woman using a carriage in the procession from the Ceramicus to Eleusis, should be fined one thousand drachmæ. His own wife was the first to break it; and to avert the scandal of a prosecution, he bribed the delator with five times the amount of the fine. As his enemies were reproaching him for it, he answered: "For this time, here is a State Treasurer accused of giving, not of taking."

The anecdote relating to **XENOCRATES** of *Chalcedon*, has been often quoted. We beg leave to repeat it. **LYCURGUS** seeing that worthy successor of **PLATO**, carried to prison, because he was unable to pay the strangers's tax, (about \$2 a year,) grew indignant, and striking the publican with his staff, committed him to jail, in the place of the virtuous philosopher. This act was arbitrary, though several strangers were exempted from the alien tax, but it elicited general applause, and the people cheered him with enthusiasm.

The Spartan austerity of **LYCURGUS** often overawed the licentious Athenians.

<sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup> Lycurg. con. Leocr.

<sup>21</sup> The pit into which criminals were thrown, (Lycurg. Dinarch.)

They respected him and submitted to his censures, with an humbleness heretofore unknown to these proud Authothons. But, it was not every one who silently yielded to his cutting remarks. We read in Plutarch,<sup>22</sup> that one day he was saying in the public Assembly, many disparaging things of PHOCION, and among the rest, observed that when after the destruction of Thebes, ALEXANDER demanded ten of the Athenian orators, (on which list, according to ARIAN, LYCURGUS himself ranked second,) PHOCION gave it as his opinion, that they should be delivered to him. "It is true," coolly retorted the stern warrior, "I have given the people of Athens much good counsel, but they do not follow it."

His hatred for all the parasites and venomous vagrants who loitered in such numbers in the dark corners of the old city of Cecrops, caused him to be surnamed the IBIS, "because, as the Ibis destroys serpents, so he drove out mischievous citizens and foreigners," remarks HENRIC. VÆLESIUS; but MORERI seems<sup>23</sup> to ascribe the nickname to the fact, that the Athenians, regarding LYCURGUS as a person who had something divine in him, consecrated after his death an Ibis to his memory—as the owl had been consecrated to XENOPHON. We always entertained a very high idea of our worthy, but we would sooner believe, with ARISTOPHANES' scholiast, that they surnamed him after a stork, because "he had long legs!"

LYCURGUS was now upwards of eighty years of age, and apprehensive of ap-

<sup>22</sup> Vit. Phocion.

<sup>23</sup> If we judge from Bayle's remark. We could not get a copy of M's valuable work.

proaching death, caused himself to be carried in a litter to the Senate and the Temple of the God's Mother, to have his accounts once more scrutinized.—Not a single voice was heard to accuse him, except, one MENESÆCHEMUS; and he victoriously refuted his idle charges. Satisfied that he would leave after him a spotless reputation, he directed himself to be carried home; and soon after breathed his last. He had the honor of a public funeral, and was buried near the Academia, on the banks of the Cephissus, in a spot consecrated to the worthies, who, by their services, their exploits and their virtues, had well merited the everlasting gratitude of the country.

By a strange contradiction, they elected, to fill his place of State Treasurer, the very man who had maliciously endeavored to throw suspicion over his well-known integrity. Unable, however, to blacken the fair reputation of a deceased patriot, MENESÆCHEMUS, unjustly prosecuted and imprisoned his sons, as being responsible for pretended State debts, contracted by their father. But, from the land of exile, DEMOSTHENES made an appeal to the justice of the Athenians, and these young men<sup>24</sup> were presently set at liberty.

Fifteen years after his death, when DEMETRIUS POLIOERTES re-established the Democracy of Athens, DINARCHUS was sent into exile, and a brazen statue of LYCURGUS, his antagonist, was erected in the Ceramicus. Under the Archonship of ANAXICRATES, his

<sup>24</sup> As it is usually the case, they were unworthy of their father; though he was so solicitous to improve their minds and morals, that he once offered to pay half his fortune to the man who could make them better citizens.

descendants were honored, by decree, with an hereditary seat at the table of the Prytanés.

This truly great man, who had cultivated the oratorical art, with the same incredible perseverance as DEMOSTHENES; and who was so anxious to attain to eminence in this particular branch of democratic worthiness, that he always kept near his rude couch, implements to write, so as not to forget the thoughts or arguments, which started him in his sleep, rarely spoke extempore. Yet, his sudden burst of eloquence never failed to make a deep impression upon his hearers. PLUTARCH says that he never lost a case.

His style bears the stamp of a rude energy, which the Rhetoric of the Isocratic school, does not fully conceal. After a careful perusal of the only one of his fifteen orations which has survived the attack of time, we must confess that no Attic orator ever personified better the lofty pride of the Athenians. When not extolling "the champions of Marathon," he loves to ascend to the mythical age, and claim the glory of their ancestors to be coeval with the exploits of the gods themselves. He fails not to dwell at length upon the reception of the HERACLIDÆ, the interment of the ARGIVES in THEBES, the battle of the Amazons &c., &c.; as if the valor of his countrymen could be ascribed to a divine spirit. Before him, his master, ISOCRATES, had the same failing. "In my opinion," said that illustrious rhetor, "a god who respected the virtues of the Athenians, brought about that war, (the Persic) in order that they who possessed such distinguished qualities, might not pass their

lives unhonored and unknown, &c."<sup>25</sup> PLATO, himself, considered the civil virtues of the Athenians as a gift of the gods,<sup>26</sup> and THUCYDIDES, in the speech of the Corinthians to Sparta,<sup>27</sup> is far more boastful—for, after all, it is but natural to ascribe our merits to the Divinity. When we see such mighty philosophers and historians, equally as prone to extravagant national pride, we are, therefore, willing to attribute it more to the times, than the vanity of the orators.

One single oration and a few fragments collected by KIESSLING, do not afford much materials to form a perfect opinion of LYCURGUS' oratorical powers; but, from what we know of his character and energy, we may easily infer that he scorned the meretricious artifices of the rhetors; and that after paying by customary praises "a due respect" to the virtues of the fathers of the country, he pursued the exposition of the subject with a lucidity, force and grand simplicity, not often to be found, even among the nine other famous orators of the great Macedonian contest. This, seems to be the opinion of DIODORUS. DIONYSIUS of HALIC., however, accuses LYCURGUS of being deficient in elegance; yet, when we peruse our orator's description of the selfish activity of LEOCRATES, and by contrast, the noble courage of a young Sicilian, who saved his father's life amidst the flames and the waves of burning lava, gushing out from the crater of the Etna; when we read the beautiful fragment of the lost *Erechthea* of EURIPIDES; the well selected;

<sup>25</sup> Panegyrr.

<sup>26</sup> *De Legg.* 1.

<sup>27</sup> *Hist.* i. 70.

passages from the poets, that are so often quoted in the oration ; and, above all, the exalted elegies of TYRTÆUS, which the Lacedemonians always recited after the pæan had been sung in honor of the Gods, to revive their martial enthusiasm by the remembrance of

the Messenians' bloody defeats, we cannot but grant, that LYCURGUS' soul was deeply imbued with a sublime poetry, which must have often smoothed the energetic strains of his patriotic eloquence.

GILBERT.

### A LETTER FROM "COUSIN JOE."

OLD POINT COMFORT, June 26, 1853.

*Messrs. Editors:* Our party left Raleigh on the 18th, not in the best spirits at first, *some* no doubt remembering the "girls we left behind us." But as the distance grew longer, our memory grew shorter, and before we had passed by many mile-posts we were the life of the party, being by this time, *in the best spirits* the various depots could afford.

Before we reached Gaston, a little accident occurred, which may serve to introduce one of our party. It being quite hot and dry, we thought it was more pleasant to "stand on the platform," notwithstanding the flaming signs at each end of the car, warning us of the danger we incurred in so doing. We had not been long there, however, when the Conductor asked us to go within, giving us sage reasons, showing us the necessity of it, interspersed with sundry "horrid accidents" that had

happened by standing on the platform, and giving us advice and information in general, relative to railroads. To all of which, we listened earnestly, and having thanked him, were about to concede to his wishes, when Jim, one of our party, told the conductor, that his reasons were good, t at there was danger in our position he knew, for that had long since found its way into the newspapers, and for his advice and information concerning railroads he was much obliged, but that he had traveled on them before the Conductor was born ; that his ancestors built the first road ; that he himself, constructed the bridge over Tar River, and in fact, he was son of old Mr. and Madame Railroad ; that if there was danger on these platforms, he would buy the road and make some that were not dangerous. The astonished Conductor, considering us Simon Pure Young Americas, left us to our fate.

Thus it was, with friend Jim; not wishing to appear "green," he knew everything, which involved the young man in an ugly situation in Washington, but of that anon.

We made no stop until we reached Richmond, where we remained a day. We found it to be a very pleasant and neat city. Nothing particularly to interest the stranger, but the State House and grounds, the monument now under construction and the beautiful ladies. During the day we visited the State House. I must say that I never saw a more accommodating set of officers, each one taking great pleasure to show us through their respective departments. We found the building very neat, but by no means equal to ours. The statue, which is now far advanced, will be a magnificent one, worthy the man whose name it is intended to commemorate, and the State, which above all others should honor the memory of George Washington. I learned to my astonishment that the corner stone is thirty feet under ground—a strong foundation truly.

During the evening, we walked up in the fashionable part of the city to see the beauties of the place—"F. F. V's" of course, and each I understand *slightly* related to Pocahontas. Among other things, the steeple on St. Paul's struck my fancy as being an accurate definition of a loafer, viz: sustained without any visible means of support.

During the afternoon of the 15th we arrived in Washington, and having prepared a hasty toilette, we took a stroll about the city, with *knowing* Jim as guide. Having satisfied our appetites for the wonderful, we thought best to

visit the different hotels to scan the registers in quest of friends.

The United States, National, Brown's and Willard's were each visited in turn; still on we walked up "the Avenue," assured by Jim that there was another hotel above, pointing to a large white building surrounded by beautiful grounds. We modestly hinted it might be some public building or even the President's House; but Jim had been to Washington before, so we withdrew our observations. By this time we were quite to the *White House* where Jim very unceremoniously marched in and demanded the register. The Irish lackey in attendance, truly astonished at this be-seeming demand, not fully understanding what could be meant, told our friend that if he wanted to see the President, he could not, as he was "officially engaged." By this time Jim knew he was in the wrong pew, and very awkwardly backed out, acknowledging for once, he was mistaken.

Early next morning, we visited Washington's Monument and found the work progressing gradually, having reached the height of an hundred and thirty-two feet, a little more than one-fifth of the intended altitude. We were unable to see the block from North Carolina, as it had already been placed in the Monument. We were much struck with the block from Michigan, being of solid copper. Can't we beat it in North Carolina?

We next visited the Smithsonian Institute, where we found many things that were both interesting and instructive.

In the afternoon we walked down to the Capitol. The additions to the Sen-

ate Chamber and Hall of Representatives are progressing very rapidly. We were struck with the nicety with which they are being erected. Each block of marble is particularly examined, and if the least spot or blemish is found on it, it is condemned. The Halls will be very large, indeed too large for our limited territory, unless Government thinking, "coming events cast their shadows before," is preparing seats for members from Canada, Cuba and *the surrounding countries*. Well, perhaps it is best to be prepared for all emergencies.

Next morning we jumped into a cab and called upon Secretary Dobbin, at his private residence. We found him quite busy, with vast heaps of letters on his desk. We concluded that we would not read those letters, even to be Secretary of the Navy. You have perhaps heard of Jack and his snapper; draw no parallel.

Mr. Dobbin is too well known at home for me to make mention of him here; suffice for me to say, that North Carolina is well represented in the Cabinet; well may she be proud of her son. The Secretary accompanied us to the President's mansion. As we entered I noticed a smile of recognition pass between the porter and Jim.

We found ready access to the President by means of Mr. Dobbin, and by him were introduced. The President is a very plain, unassuming gentleman, in the vigor of life, his hair as yet but lightly tinged with silver. He seemed to bear his "blushing honors" with much grace and dignity, possessing the happy faculty of making each visitor feel easy in his presence.

We next called upon Secretary Da-

vis. He was at first unwilling to receive us, as the hour of reception had past. But sending in our names, *also stating that we did not want an office*, we were readily admitted. We found him much debilitated by the labors of his office and the confinement necessary thereto. He is a man of agreeable manners and excellent conversational powers. Not wishing to encroach upon his time, we made but a short stay.

We next visited Mill's equestrian statue of General Jackson. A more finished piece of work I never saw. I will not do Mr. Mills the injustice to attempt to describe it. I learn that Government has offered him fifty thousand dollars for a similar statue of Washington, and he has also an order from New Orleans for a statue of Jackson.

We next directed our steps to the Patent office, where we saw everything, and a few others beside. We were most struck with the uniform of Gen. Washington and his camp fixtures generally.

Late in the afternoon we walked up to the "grounds" in the rear of the President's mansion, to hear the Marine Band dispense "eloquent music," as well as to see the people. The President, Lady, and most of the Cabinet were present. Foreign ministers and ambassadors with liveried servants were there. Eastern "My Ladies" and American females, high and low, lent their smiles to the occasion. Fat office-holders and lean office-hunters, men robed in the court dresses of the east, officers arrayed in the gaudy uniform of their respective nations, the kidded dandy, the hard-working yeoman, and the beggar's rags were there represented—a mixture not unlike the witch's

broth in Macbeth. I was informed by a resident friend, that but few faces were familiar, as with the incoming of each administration, the population of the city is, to a great extent, changed.

Sunday morning we left for Baltimore at the rate of forty miles an hour, and soon arrived in that city. At the usual hour for church, we went to Grace Church to hear Bishop Atkinson. We were much pleased with him. I hear his congregation are loth to give him up, having just completed one of the finest churches in the country expressly for him.

We spent Monday in "sight seeing," visiting the Monument, Green Mount, the Cathedral and St. Alphonso's German Church. The last is, I understand, the most magnificently decorated church in this country. It is built of brick in the Gothic order.

It being excessively hot in the city, we determined to pay a visit to Old Point. We found the change very great. Instead of brick walls, paved streets and heated atmosphere, we here enjoy an extended beach and delightful breezes. At present there are about an hundred and fifty people here, some twenty of whom are from North Carolina. Bathing, fishing, dancing and promenades seem to be the grand attractions. The daily military parades in the fort are also another source of enjoyment.

The fort at present is under the command of Gen. Bankhead, the oldest officer in the army. The soldiers are well drilled. The officers are entirely too good looking in their gaudy sashes and epaulets for us citizens, and consequently we are "no where" among the fairer sex.

The accommodations are very respectable, the market good. We have fish and oysters in quantities, and styles to suit the most ravenous cormorant or fastidious epicure.

A few evenings since we were visited by a Prussian fleet. The officers came on shore, and spent the evening examining the fort, and dancing with the ladies. That evening *we Americans* were obliged to surrender, for the simple reason that each lady was engaged for the next set to Baron Von Debzei—(to be continued.)

Speaking of these Prussians reminds me of the finale of my matrimonial attempts (I will state for the benefit of my ladyfriends, I mean *only at this place*.) You must know I had been giving a certain little angel, with sparkling black eyes and ringlets that would shame the raven's wing, the whole benefit of my "champagne rhapsodies;" I flattered myself that I had "made an impression" and had serious notions of becoming a Benedict. In walks, rides, fishing and dancing, I had been her constant companion, and had, for a backwoodsman, acquitted myself handsomely (so I thought.)

Now, if there is anything I dislike, it is to see a young lady waltzing with a gentleman swung around her waist. Miss ——— never waltzed in that manner, or at least she had invariably refused all solicitations of the kind.

On the evening the distinguished guests paid us a visit, I attended the ball room rather late. The company were engaged in waltzing. I took my stand to view the couples as they whirled by, when—botheration, there was my enchantress leaning very *ungraceful*—

ly (I thought) on the left arm of Baron Von—Whiskers and Buttons, with his other arm as ungracefully around her waist. I became suddenly very sick, whether from watching the waltzers, or the effects of the last julep, I could not tell, but concluded a *repetition* would be beneficial.

When I returned, somewhat relieved, the gentlemen were getting partners for a dance. I immediately sought my partner, but found she had forgotten me, and was engaged to Baron Von—Epaulets and Moustache. I asked for the next, next and the next, but she was engaged to the *whole Prussian navy*. I left the ball room disgusted with Prussians, and further, matrimonial attempts. I have since found other part-

ners, not quite so agreeable perhaps, but then after my recent *escapade*, I am in no hurry to recommence a matrimonial campaign.

As yet the only *distingue* arrivals of which *modesty* allows me to write, are Madame Bonaparte of Baltimore, Chief Justice Taney and G. P. R. James.

Yesterday I attended church in the fort. To-day I leave, as the females have no farther attractions for me, and as it has been decided rather dangerous to eat fish and oysters, also a *natural* inclination to be nearer the Hippidrome.

For the present *vale*.

Yours with respect,

“COUSIN JOE.”

[SELECTED.]  
T H E P A S S A G E .

BY UHLAND.

MANY a year is in its grave  
Since I crossed this restless wave,  
And the evening, fair as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,  
Sat two comrades, old and tried;  
One with all a father's truth,  
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in science wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought;  
But the youger, brighter form,  
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, where'er I turn my eye  
Back upon the days gone by,  
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,  
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,  
But that soul with soul can blend?  
Soul-like were those hours of yore—  
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, twice thy fee—  
Take,—I give it willingly—  
For, invisibly to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

## LINES

## RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS M. E. M., OF PITTSBORO'.

The graceful and the beautiful,  
 The gentle kind and airy,  
 Together met to mould and form,  
 And gift the mind of Mary.  
 There's nature in each careless curl,  
 In every grace a moral :  
 Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth—sweet girl,  
 And full of pearls and coral.

She's like the key-stone to an arch,  
 That consummates all beauty ;  
 She's like the music to a march,  
 Which sheds a joy on duty !  
 All happy thoughts and feeling rife  
 Seem evermore to guide her ;  
 The very ills and cares of life  
 Forget themselves beside her.

Each sweet expressive glance appears  
 Of Nature's best selection ;  
 It took the world six thousand years  
 To perfect such perfection !  
 All gifts divine could not combine,  
 All charms of nymph or fairy,  
 Agreed to grace one beautiful face,  
 To witch the world with Mary.

She speeds as if with wings so fleet,  
 No bird's could e'er surpass them ;  
 Yet none can ever spy her feet,  
 Though 'tis believed she has them !  
 She lends a spell to every scene,  
 Her step makes winter vernal ;  
 A something half divine, between  
 The earthly and eternal !

MELNOTTE.

[SELECTED.]

## REQUIEM, TO A LADY.

"Gone art thou in youthful sweetness,"  
 Time's short changeful voyage o'er ;  
 Now thy beauty in completeness,  
 Blooms on Heaven's unfading shore.  
 What to us is life behind thee ?  
 Darkness and despair alone !  
 When with sighs we seek to find *thee*,  
 Echo answers moan for moan !

Not in winter's stormy bluster  
 Did'st thou droop in pale decay ;  
 But mid summer's light and lustre,  
 Passed to Paradise away.  
 Yes ! when tuned to rapture only,  
 Sang the birds among the bowers ;  
 Rapt from earth to leave us lonely,  
 Bliss was thine and sorrow ours !

Mourners, solemn vigil keeping,  
 Knelt in silence round thy bed ;  
 Could they deem thee only sleeping,  
 When to Heaven thy spirit fled ?

Yes ! that spirit then was winging  
 Upwards from its shell of clay,  
 Guardian angels round it singing—  
 "Welcome to the realms of day !"

Less when Eve's lone shadows darkling,  
 Shut the wild flowers on the lea,  
 Than when dawn's last star is sparkling,  
 Silence draws our hearts to thee—  
 Thee—who, robed in light excellent,  
 'Stood a seraph from thy birth ;  
 Far too bright for mortal dwelling,  
 Far—by far, too good for earth ?

Fare thee well ! a track of glory  
 Shone where'er thy steps have been,  
 Making life a lovely story,  
 Earth a rich romantic scene ;  
 Done when duty's way before us,  
 As the magnet charts the sea,  
 May thy pure star glowing o'er us,  
 "Point the path to Heaven and Thee."

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

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THE sultry days of summer have passed. July and August with their fruits and melons have just gone. The first appearance of autumn is now before us.—The beams of the midday sun fall less oppressively than formerly; and the first yellow tinge is upon the trees. September comes inviting the farmer to his harvest fields. The flowers begin to drop their leaves, and the birds sing less cheerily. All nature seems to be undergoing a change, and speaking in almost audible accents, tells us that she is in the “sear and yellow leaf.”

The tourist begins now to turn his face once more towards his beloved, yet distant home. The man of business, and the professional man, after passing the solstitial days in the shade of some watering place, return to their desk, and studio in the vigor of health; and with buoyant hearts, await the approach of the bustle and tumults of the business season. The beauty, who boasts herself the captor of a hundred hearts, leaves with both pleasure and regret, the places of fashion and public resort, to re-visit the quietude of the domestic circle: with regret, because she must forsake the scenes that flattered her vanity and elated her pride. She regrets to behold the disconsolate countenances of adoring admirers; and sighs that she can no longer hear the burning words and gentle murmurs of timorous lovers. In the mildness of the dewy atmosphere, she retires to some solitary, yet, favorite bower. In the cerulean vault of heaven, the moonbeams roll in full splendor, and pours a flood of light upon the *parterre*.

The dewdrops sparkle in the moonlight, yet the blush of the rose is no longer visible. Its volatile sweetness and delicate tinge have departed with the last days of summer. Then there is some little pain as she muses on the ever-changing scenes around her; for she thinks of the checkered pathway of life; she fears that time in his hurried march has destroyed her bloom, and she longs to consult her mirror, the counsellor of graces, and gaze on every feature remarkable for its beauty. But her melancholy is momentary. Fancy soon asserts her sway, and our belle, with the expectation of acquiring greater celebrity, like some vain conqueror looks forward with throbbing heart to the returning season of pleasure and dissipation.

And, kind reader, does not the approach of autumn bring upon you, also, many sombre reflections? What an instructive lesson it should teach every observing mind! When one views the surrounding landscapes decaying under his eye, he sympathizes with the prospect around him, and feels that the spring and summer of his own life are passing away; and that, like “the bubble on the fountain,” they must soon vanish forever. Indeed, there seems to be a wonderful similitude between approaching old age and the decaying year. Age tempers all the asperities of man’s nature, dispels the ardor of his passion, checks the extravagancies of his youth, prodigal in everything, and he, no longer chasing the phantasies of his imagination, is satisfied with the past; and, in the enjoyment of comfortable realities, yields himself to the will of the cur-

rent, and glides gently down the stream of life. As he passes from childhood to manhood, the joyous laugh of innocent sportiveness, and the vigorous flow of spirit, cease. The treacherous bloom that mantles the cheek disappears, and life assumes the character of stillness and repose. So it is with autumn. Nature puts on her dusky garb, the forest no longer echoes to the warbling of the feathered tribe, and the solitude is uninterrupted, save by the plaintive sigh of the wind through the naked branches, that seems to mourn the hastening desolation. Then, too, as the fretting steed relaxes his efforts when near the goal, so man, wearied by the toils of life's journey, becomes quiet; and thus, in the decline of life, he finds in nature, something truly congenial to his spirits. Often he wanders to the summit of some favorite hill, and with a mind as calm and serene as the wide expanse of ether above, observes the effects of the departing year. The mildness of the weather speaks to his heart, and he perceives an analogy between the dissolution of the objects around him, and his own life; and as he quietly journeys adown the hill of life into the vale of the shadow of death, he begins to note the extreme brevity of his way, and desires that the remainder of his course may be smooth and uninterrupted; and if he has escaped pure and undefiled from the vanities and follies of an alluring world, he fears not the pangs of death, but resigns himself to the cold and silent tomb,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch,  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

But, dear reader, whilst we are thus making digressions concerning the changes visible in objects around us, we must remind you that our collegiate year is also passing away. One month has already elapsed since our *debut* in the literary world, and grateful for our kind reception, we again thrust our “pet” upon you.—

When we sent forth our first No., there was a lurking suspicion in our breast, that we would not be successful; and we were held in doubt until we heard the decision of our subscribers. From the favorable manner in which we were received by our fellow-students, we felt greatly encouraged; for, in point of fact, we consider their approbation of our work as the highest compliment, since it has ever been our aim to give them entire satisfaction. Also the flattering notices taken of us by the press, gave us confidence, expelled our fears, and made us labor for our present No., with renewed energy.

So the September No. of the Magazine is completed, and we place it before our readers with the hope of gaining their commendation. We feel assured that the articles of the present issue will sustain a favorable comparison with the last.

Certainly all lovers of literature will peruse with delight, the “Worthies of Democracy,” contributions from our friend “Gilbert.” They show much learning and deep research. Read, also, the articles from the pen of Mr. Hooper. They are biographical sketches of hitherto unnoticed great men. All who are imbued with love for the “Old North State,” will learn with pleasure the patriotic deeds of her great men in revolutionary times.

And now, gentle reader, if you are not interested with the present No., we must remind you that there is no remedy; for “the die is cast, the Rubicon is crossed,” and whatever we have sent forth cannot be recalled.

THE UNIVERSITY.—Have all our readers visited this hill of science and literature? How well suited it is to inspire every one with a love for study! Our college, situated on an elevated spot, and surrounded by hills of like eminence, seems almost shut out from the rude world. Such scenery gives an air of romance to the spot, perhaps, unsurpassed

for beauty and loveliness, by any situation in the State. The many ranges of hills rising in the distance, raising their heads above the horizon, and almost mingling their summits with the clouds, seem to be clothed in a transparent mist, forming a remarkable contrast with the green base below. On a bright morning, ere the first blush of the rising sun is seen upon the window panes, the horizon, illumined with golden streaks, throws around this charming spot, a softness indescribably beautiful. True, the scenery is such as nature brings together in her most romantic moods: lofty hills, meandering brooks, and gurgling rivulets, flow along the shadowy vales, and guide at every step to spots of more picturesque beauty. Here the learned professors, after incessant toil in acquiring an enviable fame, impart instruction to those who, though young and weak, may become mighty in intellect, may "listening senates command," and, as statesmen, warriors, divines, may teach the benighted nations of the earth, and raise them from their present degradation to the *acme* of national prosperity, national glory and national happiness. And here, too, where our libraries are continually being fitted up in the nicest taste, and whose shelves are from time to time being enriched with the rarest and most valuable volumes, one can almost live, as it were, in the elegant enjoyment of lettered indolence.

Yet, whilst we speak of the happiness and pleasure at this classic spot, we cannot refrain from speaking of one defect in our college system. It is the want of suitable accommodations for our students.—The rapid increase of the number of students, renders it necessary that we should have some additional buildings. The number of students at the beginning of the present session, is as follows—

Seniors, - - - - -	60
Juniors, - - - - -	55
Sophomore, - - - - -	60
Freshmen, - - - - -	81
Irregulars, - - - - -	4

The buildings are insufficient for the accommodation of all the members of college. Nearly one hundred are compelled to secure rooms in the village at an exorbitant rent. This is making some pay a much greater tax than their more fortunate friends in college. More capacious halls are, also, requisite for the convenience of the two Literary Societies. Why do not the Trustees attend to such matters?—It is certainly their duty.

**FEMALE HEROISM.**—The following incident was related by Dr. Hawks in his lecture delivered before the New York Historical Society. It is given as compiled by W. D. Cooke, Esq., of Raleigh. We think it a beautiful illustration of female heroism; and also aptly shows the attainment of ability when fostered and tested by adversity:

"Among those," he remarks, "who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary struggle was a poor widow, who having buried her husband, was left in poverty, with the task upon her hands of rearing three sons; of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest as best she could. After the fall of Charleston, and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessaries and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners confined on board the prison ship and in the jails of Charleston. This widow was one of the volunteers on this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city, and braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means, in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter before she went; but, notwithstanding, went bravely on. Her message of humanity having been fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return; but alas, her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe, had planted in her system the seeds of fatal disease, and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. That dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son the sole survivor of his family, to the

world's charity; but little did she dream as death closed her eyes, the future of the orphan boy: that son became the President of this free Republic; for that widow was the mother of Andrew Jackson."

Such we are told was the early misfortune of that highly distinguished character. His striving for eminence in his youth is certainly worthy of the notice of every American. In early life, deprived of the solace of kind parents, we behold him thrown upon the bosom, alas! upon the charity of a cold and unfeeling world. No one soothed his aching brow; no one with parental affection guided his erring footsteps. But he was evidently the favorite child of fortune. Most men, when left to the bent of their inclinations, become the creatures of folly rather than those of activity and wisdom; and but for the galling rod of necessity, Andrew Jackson possibly might have been satisfied with a humbler station among his countrymen. However, adversity soon roused his dormant energies and developed his strength. Then it was that his mind, hitherto unconscious of its ability, became powerfully active. The diamond when placed among objects of less brilliancy, shines with increased lustre; even so the mind that has no difficulties to surmount, feels its superiority, and is lulled into security; and when sunk into ease it slumbers in ignorance. But when one is brought to contend against, and to measure his strength with those possessed of equal minds, pride is piqued, and the stern test of adversity urges him to something higher and nobler.

Thus it was with Andrew Jackson. Luxury had not breathed upon him her enervating and dangerous influence; but want stared him in the face, and the severe scourge, necessity, impelled him hurriedly up the rugged steps of renown. He was a down-trodden youth, yet insulted at his ill-merited treatment, he put forth his own resources, and by the strength of

that undaunted will, and surpassing talents, he raised himself to an enviable position above his oppressors. True, few men have ever attained more brilliant military reputation. His courage and conduct, in several emergencies, endeared him to his countrymen. Nor were his military achievements, dazzling as they were, the only claims to their confidence. He possessed mental ability of which few can boast. His determined honesty of purpose and sagacious judgment gained him the good will of all classes. His will awed into silence all minds around him. Indeed, there is an indescribable *something* in an inflexible will that few have the moral strength to resist.

He stood by and upheld the constitution when the political firmament was darkened. Andrew Jackson was certainly *the man* to go triumphantly through those perilous times; for his life was passed amid the most trying scenes. Often had clouds of gloom shadowed his pathway, like those that then lowered in our political horizon. He saw with distinctness, that sectional prejudices, and the covetousness and extravagances of politicians, would soon bring disgrace upon our country. But soon all the bickerings of the factions were checked, and all parts of this proud republic were bound together by the silken cords of friendship into one brotherhood. Twice honored with the Chief Magistracy, he proved himself adequate to his arduous duties. By penetration and eagle-eyed foresight, he perceived that in this wide expanse of country, by rolling along the tide of civilization, and by causing each hill and dale to catch the echoes of freedom, a mighty nation could be reared that would last for all coming ages. But his sun has long since sunk beneath the horizon. It departed, however, in all the brilliancy of noon-day, and though the bronze statue may moulder and crumble into dust, and the marble fail to bear the impress of his name, yet

his fame must be co-eternal with American Liberty.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The "Announcement" of this Institution has found its way into our sanctum. And as we love and honor the whole female sex, we shall take the liberty of blaming their faults. We are of opinion that the ladies were never designed for the study of either law or medicine. That their bosom may burn for fame, none can gainsay, yet *that eagerness for distinction* should be restrained within certain limits.

It is universally conceded that woman is both mentally and physically inferior to man. Admit her mental superiority and man becomes *rien au monde*. The grace and symmetry of her figure; the regularity and beauty of her features, would certainly place her in a higher scale of being. Man would then feel that he was only capable of contending with her physically. The science of government, the abstruse propositions of mathematics, and all works of art would necessarily be submitted to her charge. But happily she is not superior. Whilst we pay homage to her beauty, we hold her in mental thralldrom.

To man, compelled by his very nature to oppose himself to the storms of life, was given a companion endowed very differently, in order thereby to soothe all griefs and be a ministering angel of comfort. Some may contend that since she, by the mildness of her disposition, is capable of offering the healing balm of consolation, an education should be afforded in order to qualify her for the better performance of this duty. Medical colleges must be attended; the structure and functions of the human frame, and the source whence spring deadly diseases must all be known.

Now, we disapprove of such a course. Not that we wish to play the tyrant with the ladies, and confine them within contracted limits, but because we wish to place them in a situation better suited for the

exercise of their abilities. In truth, when we first heard of female medical colleges, we were amazed. Why, dear reader, just picture to yourself a female physician aroused from her sweet slumbers at the dead of some wintry night, when the bleak winds howl, the storms rage, and the rain beats against the windows; picture, we say, the delicate form of this female *Esculapius*, seeking through the dreary darkness the lonely hut, where disease and want hold sway, and it will suffice to show you that, in such a position, a lady is far removed from her peculiar province!

Now, we think that woman was chiefly designed as a comforter and supporter of man under misfortune. As a proof of this assertion, she is observed in times of prosperity to be all softness and tenderness; but when the blasts of adversity threaten, she puts forth all the latent energies of her nature, and sustains the most overwhelming reverses. Though thickcoming misfortunes may drive the arrow of disappointment deeper into man's heart; though the smile may vanish from his cheek, and the brightness of his eye be staid by sorrow; though his heart may be weighed down by the cares and miseries of life; yet in such hours, woman becomes all kindness and encouragement, and by domestic endearments relieves man of his burden.

The vine that, sustained by the oak, raises itself into sunshine, will, when the storms and winds have broken and mangled the strong branches, still cling around it; so woman, dependent on man in prosperity, will, when calamity befalls, sympathize and soothe him with gentleness and heal his broken heart.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.—A copy of this work, recently compiled and issued by W. D. Cooke, Esq., is now upon our table. It is handsomely bound, printed in beautiful type and with appropriate illustrations. The

work consists of three consecutive lectures on the history of the State at different periods, by Hawks, Swain and Graham. Emanating as it does from the pens of three such highly distinguished sons of North Carolina, it will certainly be welcomed, not only in every portion of this State, but throughout the whole country. Ample opportunities were afforded each writer in the selection of his material, and consequently the work cannot fail to command the attention of every lover of historical research. Further comment would be unnecessary; since the names of the authors will suffice to recommend the book.

WE learn with pleasure the appointment of Alexander W. Lawrence, of Raleigh, a recent graduate of this institution, to a place in the National Observatory at Washington. We think him highly capable of reflecting credit on his *Alma Mater*.

In consequence of the increasing necessity in this country for an accurate knowledge of the French language, the Faculty and Trustees of the University have for some time endeavored to secure the services of a native Frenchman. So, a few days since, Monsieur Henri Herisse, a native of Paris, was appointed Instructor in this department. He comes highly recommended, and seems well qualified to comply with the duties of his station.

It is a gratification to notice the improved condition of the "Standard." It is in every respect an excellent paper; ably edited, and is truly deserving the patronage of the public.

THE TIMES.—What an age we live in! Our extraordinarily *fast* times are growing *faster*. A revolution is taking place in our midst without the aid of the sword. Woman's rights are gaining foothold and

men are losing ground. Indeed, we can never hear of girls. Scarcely are they turned loose from their mother's apron strings before they are ushered on the *tapis*, and they speak as strongly of beaux and sweethearts as their grandmothers did at twenty. The sun cannot kiss their cheeks without creating indisposition.— They cannot permit one to speak of their charms without blushing and almost fainting for fear of hearing the knell of departed beauty rung in their ears. They stand all day before their mirrors and wander over their face like a traveller over the ruins of some celebrated city, and linger with pleasure on every spot once remarkable for its beauty. Some tell us that the girls use snuff because the men are addicted to tobacco chewing. Now, dear girls, your mouths, all decorated "with pearls and coral," were never intended for snuff-boxes; nor were your nice little *àquiline* noses ever designed for *dust-boxes*; for had they been, the Creator would certainly have turned them *vertically upwards*. It seems, too, that nature cannot do enough for the girls of the present age. They shut themselves within their chambers and try to torture themselves into belles. No matter how ugly, they call to their aid all the emollients of their perfumer, and expect the wrinkles filled and the cheeks plumped up to smoothness. Now, after having exhausted the whole science of cosmetics, they become aware of the lamentable fact that nature cannot be repaired. Neat little capes are no longer worn, but the arms are always uncovered and shoulders bared to the "*lowest edge of decorum*."

On the other hand, boys can no longer be found. They are all converted into men before they leave their nurses. They wear *barber-pole-cashmere* patterns for pants; and their legs remind us of *double-barrel cork-screws*. Standing collars, boots and dress coats are placed upon them, and they present the ridiculous appearance of

pigmies in giants' clothes. They curse, get drunk and attempt to write rhymes. One verse is completed and they are heard exclaiming :

" If with water you fill up your glasses,  
You'll never write anything wise ;  
For wise is the horse of Parnassus,  
Which hurries a bard to the skies."

Not unfrequently one is seen staggering along the streets with his pants in his boot-legs, a segar in one corner of his mouth and his hat stuck on *v'other* corner of his head. Indeed as he proceeds, all enveloped in smoke, we are reminded of an old steamer that goes puffing and blowing along. His *asinine ears* resemble the wheel-houses, and his hat, like the cabin, tottering from side to side, always keeps us in fear for the safety of its *numerous passengers*.

CURIOUS.—The following lines were handed to us by a friend some time ago. It is strange the author does not continue to write. He *might* succeed as a poet. But without further remarks, we insert them for the amusement of our readers :

Strayed or stolen from undersign  
Six shoats low before high behind

Age four months and color red  
They is had a good chance and well fed  
Has they been for *several* months gone  
On pasture slops and plenty corn  
But consarn there hides I can say  
They left My place sometime in May.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Our contributions from the students for the past month have not been so numerous as we would desire. This, no doubt, results in a great measure from the difficulty they find in writing after having spent the vacation in luxuriating in the "soft light" of their lady-loves' eyes. We hope, however, that in future they will show their kind remembrance by giving us a few remittances in the form of literary matter.

The *satire* from "P-v-n-y" we were forced to let drop under our table. He seems to rival "Syphax," the modern Junius, who watched over the proceedings of the last *Corps*. We hope to hear from him again. Select a better topic and don't be *so severe* next time. The beautiful lines from "R" have been received. They will appear in our next number.

And now, wishing success and happiness to all who evince an interest in our welfare, we close the September No.

THE

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No. 8.

## H A P P I N E S S .

The pursuit of happiness is the object which engrosses man's whole attention. Whether he thirst for fame, or knowledge, or power, or wealth, or honor, or heaven—happiness is the goal he toils, and prays, and hopes to reach. Various are the habiliments in which this phantom arrays herself, and in which she is adored and pursued. To some she appears seated on the temple of fame; to some she seems reclining in coffers of hoarded gold, while others imagine that she secretes herself in some ideal casket to which knowledge is the only key, while a few, very few, by the eye of faith, behold her home in heaven. Poor, vain, infatuated man!

Let us imagine him commencing the pursuit of this adored delusion, under the shape of Fame. Ardently and perseveringly he hurries onward, regardless of every obstacle that lies in his way—despising every path, however beautiful and delightful, if it lead not towards the grand object of his journey. After toiling and halting, hoping and well nigh despairing, undergoing sorrows and privations, and sacrificing to his idol much that is indispensable to the

enjoyment of happiness, he reaches the temple. Onward! Upward! He is presently seen ascending the pinnacle, still covered with dust and sweat, from his long, laborious journey. His idol is within his reach! In his attempt to grasp it, he finds himself embracing Grief and Remorse; and happiness has taken her flight forever.

Deluded man!

Why does another wish so ardently and strive so eagerly for power? Because in his judgment Power and Happiness are convertible terms. Wherefore he engages desparately in war, heedless of the voices of widowed mothers and orphaned children, protesting to heaven against that unhallowed frenzy which has robbed them of their support and protection in so cruel a manner.—The groans and sighs of the wounded and expiring, borne on the breeze at nightfall, are notes of sweetest music to his ear; the scene of carnage is beautiful as Eden to his eye, provided that at the expense of so much blood, so many tears, and so much misery, he gains the sceptre of power. Perhaps he has not the boldness, or rather rash-

ness to attempt to reach the throne of power through fields of blood; in that case he probably resorts to low cunning and stratagem. When, at length, at the expense of his honor, his nobler principles, and his peace of mind—the great end of his life is accomplished—he finds that Power and Happiness are total strangers. 'Tis impossible to retrace his steps, or recall the past. He resigns himself to the bitter torments of science, and knows too late that the cries of the victims of his ambition were not unheard at the throne of him 'who sees not as man sees.'

Miserable man!

See with what diligence that man hoards up gold! How he gloats over the sight of his well-filled coffers! Too avaricious to listen to the calls of charity, too miserly to enjoy his wealth, he clings to his sordid dust, ignorant of, or not believing in the fact that gold is useless if it is not expended for the pleasures of the mind and body, for the relief of the poor, and for the support of useful institutions. If there is happiness in adoring thine idol, then worship on, silly men; for be assured 'tis the last thou shalt ever experience!

Here another is gaining the honor and affections of a nation by the exercise of those heavenly principles which survived the first fall of man. Persevering in honorable aspirations, he is at least clothed with honor, and lacks nothing which can make a man happy on earth. For many years he may think that he is safe from every misfortune and fears nothing. But his locks, hoary with the snows of time, begin to warn him that soon he must 'go the way of all flesh;' his honor and his name be forgotten.

Affliction, too, may visit him. The partner of his bosom, a dear child or a beloved friend may be snatched away by the grim monster Death. And though, while the clouds are falling heavily into the resting place of the loved dust, he may say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord,' yet he is forced to acknowledge that 'man was made to mourn.' And when he recalls to memory days long bygone; when he contemplates the fearful ravages of time;

"When he remembers all  
The friends so linked together,  
He's seen around him fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
He feels like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead  
And all but he departed."

All is vanity!

There one out of thousands, believing wisely with Solon, that no one is happy before death; that the brightest joys of earth are at best fleeting and unsatisfactory; that sorrow is man's birth-right, for which earth yields no nepenthe; looks far beyond the glittering, starry skies, and centers his hopes of happiness there. Fortunately he knows that sub-lunary emoluments and grandeur are ephemeral, and unworthy the attention of short-lived man. To him there are no terrors in the roar of adversity's storm; no attractions in earthly splendor; no stings in death.

Happy man!

How then can vain mortals boast of the exalted position they occupy; of the extent of their power; of the splendor of which they are masters; of the pleasures they enjoy, while the burden of all

nature's song is 'passing away?' But soon they must yield with all their magnificence to the hand of decay.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour :  
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Seeing then that life is short, joys are fleeting, health, wealth and friends precarious, if he would travel safely o'er the dead waste of life, let him

"Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,  
*Virtue alone is happiness below.*"

FUERO.

## THE WORTHIES OF DEMOCRACY.

NO 2.

L A M E N N A I S .

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*Dieu et la Liberte.*

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IN 1815, after an age of tyranny, half a century of utter scepticism, and a terrible revolution which swept away all the political and social institutions of the nation, a partial return to religious feelings began to manifest itself in France. Yet, the notions, principles and convictions derived from an entire freedom of thought and action—however transient and abused—had taken too deep a root among all classes, to allow any one to hope that "the sons of Voltaire" would at once be converted into sincere worshippers of papal absolutism. The people, tired, exhausted, by twenty-five years of anarchy and of military despotism, were anxious to re-open the doors of their long forsaken churches; collect, perhaps with a smile, the bones of Romish martyrs scattered abroad upon the face of all the land by the storm, and thus attend with repentance the worship of their forefathers.

They were even enraptured on beholding again the sumptuous, and somewhat paganish ceremonies of the Catholic creed—so much are the recollections of our early days, reflected, prolonged, nay, cherished, even in the most troubled existence—but it was a sad illusion to infer from such a religious renovation, that the French people would ever willingly submit to the clerical tyranny, which in 1789, had prompted them to shake off the yoke both of King and Pope.

Unfortunately, the clergy, still blinded by the remembrance of their former influence, had not the generosity to yield, the tact to second or rather the ability to comprehend the aspirations of renovated France. They consequently commenced the work of reformation with an ardent zeal, urged by laudable motives, no doubt, but which on account of its stubborn intolerance and blind fa-

naticism, led naturally to contrary results.

There were, however, among the propagandists of the faith, some high-minded men far above the generality of the clergy. They earnestly desired a complete return to the divine precepts of Christianity—not the Christianity of the Dark Ages, which, under the most glorious of names, hid an inexhaustible source of iniquities and tyranny, but a religion truly divine, threatening to none, full of hope for all, and strictly conforming to the lofty maxims of CHRIST. Transported with the enthusiasm which emanated from the greatness of their cause, they unconsciously deserted the path marked out to them by the orthodoxy of Catholicism. As fast as they dived into the sublime thoughts of the gospel, they imbued themselves with its real spirit, and, without ever suspecting the results of their philanthropic exertions, established a silent schism which still works its way through the mystery of human sufferings, with a quiet and cheering rapidity. We must say, however, that the French people are very well prepared to embrace with fervor any religious reform, grafted on Democracy. Hence their incontestable inclination to encourage the mystic doctrines of our modern democrats.

The masses, heretofore accustomed to suffer in silence, often without a voice to cheer their destiny or defend their rights before the tribunal of progress and reason, felt grateful, and so well appreciated the courageous sympathy of these beloved dissenters, that they always commanded a respect which outlived the wreck of papal reverence in France and Italy. None of these true

friends of humanity had more claims to popular veneration than the present subject of our sketch, LAMENNAIS, the apostle of religious democracy.

FELICITE ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS was born in 1782, at St. Malo, in Brittany a country always prolific of great men, and which boasts of ABELARD, DU GUESCLIN and CHATEAUBRIANT: a philosopher, a warrior, a poet, who, at different epochs, attempted to change the destinies of their native land.

The family of LAMENNAIS was wealthy and highly respectable. His father, who little indulged in the illusions of the times, and thought commerce the most lucrative and honorable career for a young man, tried to persuade his son to become a merchant. It was in vain. The future theologian was too fond of independence, solitude and meditation, to devote his life to the adventurous pursuit of wealth; he, therefore, refused, left home, and we find him at the age of two and twenty, teaching mathematics in the College of St. Malo. Soon wearied, however, with the monotony and slavish confinement of his new profession, he abandoned it, and, led away by a strong inclination for ascetic studies, devoted himself entirely to the study of divinity. Soon after, he sustained his thesis with distinction, and was ordained a priest of the "Holy Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church."

Animated by the laudable ambition of emerging from obscurity, he published in 1808, a pamphlet entitled, "*Reflexions sur l'etat de l'Eglise en France*," which was seized by the police of NAPOLEON. That modern Charlemagne always felt the greatest antipathy to freedom, under any shape what-

ever, but still more so to the liberty of the Press. Yet, he himself, often yielded to the temptation of criticizing foreign politics and home literature, through the columns of official newspapers; and continually attempted to crush with the energy of his pen, the opposition he could not subdue by the valor of his arms.

LAMENNAIS, being thus condemned to silence, sought in austere investigations into the origin and mission of Christianity, the aliments of his genius. After some years of profound researches, he ventured to publish his "*Institutions des Evêques*" a work of undoubted erudition, which, however, did not meet at the time with the success it deserved. He then plainly saw that the hour had not yet sounded for him, and, despairing of attaining to eminence under a military despotism, he crossed over the channel.

His first attempt in England, was an application to the sister of LORD STRAFORD, MRS. JEMMINGHAM, for the humble situation of tutor to her children. That haughty lady refused him, because he "looked silly!"\* Again deceived in his modest expectations, and unwilling to court the dear favor of the rich, lead the miserable life of the poor, and crouch to a proud and heartless aristocracy, he returned to his native country. During his absence the French Empire had been once more overrun by the Northern Hordes; NAPOLEON had fallen the first victim of the *vœ victis*; and a king, brought from afar in the baggage of foreign ar-

mies, ascended the throne of a dynasty twice cursed, once driven away by the just wrath of an oppressed people.

The restoration of the BOURBONS, altho' tyrannical and cruelly revengeful, may be justly called the dawn of Constitutional Monarchy in France. For the first time since the Revolution of '89, the tribune was free; and if the liberty of the Press existed only in name; if the liberty of speech had been driven out from the forum, it reigned inviolably in the Senate,—at least until the shameful expulsion of MANUNEL. That temporary freedom stimulated the revival of oratory in France, SERRES, FOY, BENJAMIN CONSTANT, ROYER COLLARD, availed themselves of the "King's kind tolerance" to renew the strife of the parliamentary arena. ARAGO, by his lectures on Astronomy; CUVIER, on Geology; VILLEMAMIN, on Literature; GUIZOT, on History; COUSIN, on Philosophy, restored the Sorbonne to its former splendor. The noble independence and burning words of these mighty orators, found an echo in the heart of every Frenchman. Their eloquence tuned the lyre of BERANGER, and dictated the pamphlets of PAUL LOUIS COURRIER; LAMENNAIS himself, drew from the same source his republican aspirations, and from that day, devoted himself to politics.

His first step was the establishment with MESSRS CHATEAUBRIANT, VILLELE and several others, of a paper called "*Le Conservateur*," which immediately commanded an unbounded influence, and may be said to have overthrown the anti-liberal cabinet of Mr. DECAZES. The colleagues of LAMENNAIS soon gathered the spoils; they rose to power, and

\*We beg leave to remark that Mr. De Lamennais, after Mr. Guizot, has the most intelligent head of any man in France.

he might also have obtained his share, had he been a man of intrigue, but he was not, and therefore refused.

Incensed at the perjury of M. De VILLELE—who proved false to his promises and former principles as soon as in the place of the statesmen he had so bitterly attacked—LAMENNAIS, independent above all, pithily opposed him.

The new ministers endeavored to silence a voice which constantly denounced their shameful palinodies, and pursued them with remorse to the most inward recesses of the royal palace. They offered him the greatest ecclesiastical dignities, laid at his feet the cross of St. Louis and the hat of Cardinal, but he scorned their bribes, despised their threats, and proudly protracted his bold censures.

His deeply religious tendency of mind, aggrieved by what he thought a return to the reign of unbelief, urged him to abandon politics for awhile, and devote all his exertions and talents to a crusade in favor of the true faith. The task, still magnified by natural prejudices and a stern conviction due to early impressions, would have, indeed, discouraged a less heroic soul than his own. Where was he to seek for help? Where to find the means of carrying out his great design? Upon what basis was it possible to erect a monument of lasting grandeur? Philosophy was utterly unavailing—its very excesses having just put an end to its prestige. LAMENNAIS, consequently boldly selected his arms in the tenets of the Catholic Church and proposed “to find there the one principle of truth from which all veracious human knowledge really proceeds.” The year following, he gave

to the world, the first volume of his justly celebrated work “*De l'Indifférence en matière de religion.*”

The speculative boldness which characterizes that powerful book, the manifestation of wonderful talent which can be discovered in every page, and the sublimity of its extraordinary style, raised him at once to the first rank among the living writers of France. We cannot undertake in a cursory outline like this to give a complete analysis of that profound and eloquent panegyric of Catholicism; yet, it is so difficult to mention even its title without giving a few ideas of its spirit, that we beg leave to expatiate a little upon the general structure of the work.

As well as we can sum up its analysis by MORELL,\* the first part classifies and exhibits the different systems of religious indifference, and elaborately refutes them. The second part advocates the importance of religion, relatively to the individual, to the State and to God. The third part examines the “method” of discovering the true religion; and the fourth undertakes to prove that the true religion is none other than Christianity. The book ends by treating extensively of the uncertainty of all philosophical researches—this being the principal aim of the argumentation, after having premised that catholicism is the only ground of certitude in the attainment of truth.

We have not the talent, nor wish, to criticize the religious opinions of Mr. DE LAMENNAIS; yet, among so many striking truths and incontestable beauties,

\* Hist. of mod. Philosophy.

there is manifested such a contempt for the sovereignty of human reason, and that contempt is expressed in such eloquent strains, that we cannot avoid remarking that, in our humble opinion, it is a contradiction to compose five volumes of arguments, if it be true that man's understanding cannot be relied upon as a guide. We shall also add, that it is against all the laws to which MR. DE LAMENNAIS constantly appeals, to assert so emphatically that the Pope is *ex officio*, a just and universal judge for all mankind, not only in spiritual but also in social and political matters. The power of spiritual arbiter of the world, if exercised by a pontiff full of warm benevolence, of extraordinary, nay, of unheard-of abilities, tolerance, impartiality and virtue, might prove to be, perhaps a real blessing for humanity, because man, at least as an individual, needs a control, which is thought by many to be more efficacious when derived from unity; but we are none the less convinced that such a superhuman being is not to be found on earth, not even among the descendants of St. Peter.

Moreover, the past history of Papacy does not give us much confidence in their abnegation, still less in their sincere fondness for mankind; and, without referring to any of the numerous facts which would attest in favour of our doubt, or without even discussing the merits and defects of the papal system, we candidly believe it irreconcilable with our understanding, with the sentiments that nature herself has implanted in our hearts; in fine, with that COMMON SENSE, last test and supreme source of all just notions, to take tacitly for granted that there can be no *valid* philosophy of

human nature, which does not build itself upon the authority of the church--of the Church of Rome, at all events.

That remarkable work, so much admired for elevated style, as well as for vehemence of thought, was bitterly attacked by many foreign critics. The fact is that in Protestant communities, the least apology for Romanism often excites a virulent opposition. However prudent that opposition may be, we should always bear in mind that it ought never to go beyond the limits of an enlightened tolerance. But, it seems that in religious controversies the hearts of the best of men cease to palpitate with sentiments of benevolence; in religious wars, they set no bounds to their passions. LUTHER advised that the Anabaptistes in the Peasant war, should be "knocked on the head like mad dogs." MELANTHON counselled their delivery to the executioner if they refused to fly. CALVIN devoted a treatise to prove that "heretics should be repressed by the sword;" and the burning at the stake in Geneva, but two well illustrated his thesis, says a veracious author, whose name we do not at present recollect.

Candor prompts us to add, however, that none of the English Reviewers advocated the burning of LAMENNAIS by slow fire. They heaped gross abuse upon his work; and, though many differed from it, none ever denied its great literary merit. It is generally admitted that it breathes through every page and in every word, a truly christian spirit. The power of refutation which dictates the theological argumentation, excels anything written on the same subject, both by the ancient and modern divines. He cannot be said to surpass PLATO in

reasoning, but, to use the forcible expression of Mr. DE VERICOURT,\* "he derives an indisputable superiority from the streams of christian light which continually pours upon, and animates him."

Whenever LAMENNAIS pleaded in favour of the privileges of his church; strove to increase its power and to render it acceptable to the masses by infusing into its dogmas democratic principles and progressive ideas, he always incurred the disapprobation of the clergy. It seems that they did not dare to draw back or advance one step in the thorny path they trod ever since the middle ages, or claim openly what they wished with the utmost earnestness; and, for fear of committing themselves, they incessantly raised obstacles against the bold and frank exertions of their most zealous defender. The abbé generally disdained the remonstrances of his superiors, and in 1828, we see him advocate a complete liberty as the only support of faith, morality and government. In the meantime, the independence of the clergy was demanded with no less obstinacy. He argued that, as they were in allegiance to another and superior power, they ought to have nothing whatever to do with the temporal government. To his surprise, the Holy See, disapproved of his conduct, and he was, all on a sudden, deprived of all support. Yet, for a while, he remained faithful to his first worship. Catholicism was still the banner around which he hoped to rally his countrymen. That hope, however, was fainting; papal absolutism could not be re-

vived. LAMENNAIS became aware of it, and gave way to the force of the current. For the first time, he spoke of upholding liberty of thought in alliance with religious faith. That modification became entirely palpable in a pamphlet called "*Progres de la Revolution.*" His spiritual liberalism rapidly increased, and he soon found himself on the very verge of revolt. His adversaries, incensed at such a daring opposition, prosecuted him as advocating a republican theocracy. For that alleged crime and his anti-gallican tendencies, he incurred three unjust condemnations. Several years passed in a dungeon became the reward of his noble independence.

The Revolution of 1830, in dissipating for ever his dreams of clerical absolutism, restored to him, at least for some time, the liberty of propagating his doctrines, then expounded in a paper called "*L'Avenir.*" The enmity of the unforgiving votaries of the Catholic creed, outlived the wreck of the monarchy of Divine Right, and they again censured him with the blindest rancor. LAMENNAIS, anxious to put an end to such constant and acrimonious attacks, repaired to Rome, and submitted his opinions to the Pope. He was brutally repulsed. The time was no more when he could refuse the hat of cardinal offered to him by LEO XII., who was wont to style him "The Last of the Fathers"!

The encyclical letter of GREGORY XVI., which aimed at branding with infamy the liberal doctrines of LAMENNAIS, is a monument of blind and dogmatic intolerance, worthy of a successor to HILDEBRANT and BONIFACE VII.

\* Modern French Literature.

Yet, it has the merit of consistency.—How could it be otherwise? There can exist no compromise between Philosophy and the Church of Rome:—the councils and their decrees; the close union which must always reign between absolutism and papacy;—progress, reason, tolerance, justice, all oppose it. The least concession, a single step onward in the path of liberty, would be a tacit acknowledgement of the Pope's fallibility, and a manifest condemnation of the past and present policy of the Vatican. It might also infuse a "human spirit" in Catholicism; and we are well aware that St. CYPRIAN entertains "a great horror" for the infusion of anything "human" in his church.

Moreover, our reformer should have known that the very authorities of his persuasion could and would be turned against him; and when he had the generous humility to submit his new tenets to the prejudged inquiry of the soi-disant Vicar of Christ, he naturally received for a response that his "detestable insolence" could find a parallel only in the damnable heresies of the Vaudois, Wickliffites, Begghards and Lutherans, all children of Belial, who also wanted "to be free." That the Pope, through the infallible decrees of the Councils of Trent and Florence, was the only possible fountain of truth; and according to the testimony of St. LEO, that he alone, worthy successor to St. PETER, and sole faithful expounder of Gospels, had the privilege to discover whether it was time for the Church of Rome to follow the march of progress, humanity and reason, or not.\*

LAMENNAIS returned to France with a broken heart, and apparently submitted to the unjust decree of GREGORY. After a few months of deep meditations, he, however, emerged from his retreat, and, like LUTHER, openly shook off the yoke of papacy.

A short time after that great and laudable apostacy, he published the immortal tract so extensively celebrated under the title of "*Paroles d'un Croyant*." The shock was immense, and in France, in Germany, in Italy; the old rotten society quaked to its very foundations. Another such commotion would have commenced the prologue of the future social renovation. Would it have been an evil? We think not. What convulsion in the political, social or religious world, ought to be a subject of lamentation, if it be necessarily attended with good effect?

That little pamphlet is considered worthy of the first masters of prose composition. No exposition we could give, would convey the least conception of its sublimity. It might be termed the Gospel of the new era, for the very style bears a character of truly biblical grandeur. How powerful it speaks to the heart when extolling a pure democracy on the principles of the New Testament! Its sweet sadness recalls to mind the affecting bewailings of JOB and ISAIAH.

The melancholy charm of its eloquent prose cannot be well transferred in any other language than the French, because it derives its harmony from the genius of that idiom. Still, we beg leave to give our readers a translation of one of its passages, published in England sometime since. It does not convey the forcibleness of the original

\* See the *Lettre encyclique de Gregoire XVI*, in the LVth vol. of *La Revue Encyclopedique*, (College Library.)

strains, but tolerably expresses some of the ideas.

"It was a winter's night. The wind howled dismally and the snow whitened the roofs. Under one of those roofs, in a small room, were seated, laboring with their hands, a grey headed female and a young girl. And from time to time the old woman warmed her pale blue hands at a small grate. An earthen lamp dimly lighted this poor abode, and a ray fell expiringly on a picture of the virgin suspended from the wall. And the young girl, raising her eyes, regarded in silence for some moments her venerable companion; at length she said to her:

"Mother, you have not always been in such destitution?" And there was an inexpressible sweetness and tenderness in her voice. And the woman, whose locks were so grey, replied:

"My daughter, God is the Lord—what he does is well done."

Having uttered these words, she paused for a while; afterwards she resumed:

"When I lost your father, I experienced a grief I believed inconsolable. Still, you remained to me. I have since reflected that if he had lived and if he could see us in this distress, his heart would break, and I have recognized the goodness of God towards him."

The young girl made no answer, but she bent down her head, and the tears she strove to conceal fell on the web she held in her hands. The mother added: "God, who has been good towards him, has been good likewise towards us. What have we wanted, while so many want for all things? It is true, we have been obliged to accustom ourselves to little, and to gain that little by our own

labour, but is not that little sufficient? And have not all, from the beginning, been condemned to live by their toil? God, in his mercy, has given us daily bread, and how many are without it!—a shelter, and how many know not where to lay their heads! You too, my daughter, he has given to me; of what shall I complain?"

At these last words, the young girl, in deep emotion, fell at the knees of her mother, took her hands, kissed them, and leaned weeping on her breast.—And the mother, making an effort to clear her voice, said:—

"My daughter, happiness does not consist in possessing much, but in hoping and loving abundantly. Our hope is not fixed here below, nor is our love; or if it be, it is but transiently. After God, you are all to me in this world; but this world will vanish like a dream, and my love will ascend with you towards another world. When I bore you in my bosom, I one day besought, with unusual fervour, the Virgin Mary, and she appeared to me during my sleep, and it seemed to me that, with a celestial smile, she presented to me a little child. And I took the infant that she presented to me, and as I held it in my arms, the Virgin mother placed on its head a crown of white roses. A few months afterwards you were born, and the sweet vision was always before my eyes."

Thus, saying, the woman of silvery locks trembled and pressed the young girl to her heart. A certain time thereafter, a blessed soul beheld two luminous forms ascend to heaven; and a cluster of angels accompanied them, and the air resounded with their songs of

gladness."—(*Paroles d'un Croyant*. xxv.)

Our readers will, perhaps, prefer this version of

### THE EXILE.

"He departed, a wanderer over the face of the earth.

May God be the poor exile's guide.

"I have travelled among the nations of the world; they have gazed on me, and I have gazed on them, but without recognizing each other.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"When towards the close of a day I have beheld in the depth of some valley, the smoke ascending from a cottage, I have murmured to myself: How happy is he who returns at evening to his domestic hearth, and finds himself surrounded by those who love him!

L' exilé partout est seul!

"Whither go yonder clouds, which the tempest impels before it? It impels me like them, and it tells not whither.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"These trees are majestic, these flowers are beautiful, but they are not the flowers and trees of my native land. They speak not to my heart.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"This brook flows gently through the plains; but its murmur is not that to which my infancy listened; it awakens no remembrance in my soul.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"Those songs are sweet, but the sadness and the joy they awaken are not my joy nor my sadness.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"Strangers have asked me: Why dost

thou weep? And when I have opened my heart to them, they have understood me not.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"I have seen young maidens smile, with a smile as pure as the morning's first breath, on those whom they had chosen to be their husbands, but no one of them smiled on me.

The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have beheld old men encircled by children, as the olive is encircled by its tender shoots, but none of these old men called me son—none of their children called me brother.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"I have beheld young men embrace each other in affection, as if they would have become one, but no one has pressed my hand.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"There is no friend, wife, father or brother anywhere, but in your native land.

L' exilé partout est seul!

"Unhappy exile! cease to afflict thyself, all men are banished like thee, and behold! father, brother, wife, friend, pass away and disappear.

"We have no country here below; in vain does man search for it. What he mistakes for a home, is only a resting place for the night.

He departs, wandering over the earth. May God guide the unhappy exile!"

Whether the prodigious popularity of the "Words of a Believer" was unexpected, or that the effect it produced involved too premature a danger for the social institutions of the country, is a fact which cannot be well ascertained; but LAMENNAIS obviously tempered his

impetuosity of style in a little treatise entitled "*Le Livre du Peuple*," which rejects all political authority whatever, except that which springs from the masses.

The then leading party denounced that doctrine with unfeigned horror. Hence it is that any reminiscence of '93, in the shape of liberal principles, emanating from the theory of the rights of man, was always transformed into a scare-crow by the rulers, so as to subdue the occasional starts of liberalism, which a majority of shop-keepers durst sometimes to advocate. We are at a loss to understand how men of superior abilities and justly acquired popularity, (for there were several among those who sustained the government in its cruzade against liberty) could deny the truth of MR. DE LAMENNAIS' premises.

In matters of government, all rightful authority cannot have any other source than the will of the masses (i. e. the people, which according to CICERO, comprises all the citizens, even the senators and patricians.\*) Indeed, there are many instances of governments established against the popular will, but it does not follow that they are legitimate. Let us take for instance, the worst case possible. GROTIUS contends that a people can give itself away to a king. That very donation is a civil act, which, as ROUSSEAN justly observes,† supposes a public deliberation. If the consequence of such a deliberation be the transmission, either unanimously or by a majority of the power from the

people to an individual, does not the receiver derive his authority from the masses?

The supposed infancy of nations is nothing but a sophism. A nation is composed of individuals who are citizens, and have the rights of citizen and of man. The right of man is to be his own ruler, or to be ruled only by those to whom he delegates that self government. Now, is it, that when such a power is once conferred, it can never be ultimately recovered by an act of their will? How can the people thus alienate their liberty and relinquish all control over faithless representatives? Moreover, in admitting even, for the sake of argument, that a people could barter itself away to a monarch, for the protection of life and property, can such a treaty bind the following generation? Of course not, because the original authority, if it existed at all, died with the slaves who relinquished it. This, however, is the question at issue, and as we well know that our remarks contain equally as many assertions as arguments, we beg leave to add that we are simply making an appeal to the common sense of our readers. It will never do, as REID says, for men in the plenitude of their mental faculties, to be reasoned out of common sense.

The moderation which LAMENNAIS exhibited in that pamphlet did not dictate his following productions. In 1840 he wrote "*Le Poys et le Gouvernement*;" a violent comment upon its vices and palinodies. The veracity of its denunciations has never been doubted, but the violence of the attack, the style, and the unmerciful castigations that spring from every page, caused it to be severely

\* "*Nam appellatione populi, universi cives appelluntur, communentes etiam patriciis et senatoribus.*"

† *Contrat Social* ch. v.

blamed. He was again prosecuted and sentenced to a large fine and several years imprisonment.

Mr. De LAMENNAIS' claims to fame are numerous. As a theologian, a philosopher, a writer and a politician, he occupies in Europe a rank second to none. From the very commencement of his career he deserved the encomiums which have so often been bestowed upon him. However, it is only in his last work: *Esquisse d'une Philosophie*, that we can judge of the immense extent of his genius.

That work which embodies all his doctrines, either religious or metaphysical, purports to consist of no less than six volumes. The first four, which appeared in the years 1840 and 1846, contain already a fair exposition of the system. After a perusal of that masterly composition, we find him very decidedly departing from his original notions. In his earlier writings, Catholic truth is that which comes down to us by human testimony from the primitive revelations of God to mankind; whilst now,—altho' he still thinks the mind incapable of founding a valid philosophy, as it can only expound its own individual views of things,—it is that which rests upon the fundamental belief of our moral and intellectual nature.\*

After the revolution of February, the people, sometimes grateful, elected LAMENNAIS to the Constituent Assembly. He was afterwards one of the committee for drafting that ephemeral constitution, doomed to be violated and dragged in the blood of so many peaceful

citizens, by the contemptible prince who still rules France. His incessant exertions to imbue the fundamental institutions of the country with true democratic spirit, were rewarded by his being re-elected to the National Assembly by the city of Paris, with a majority of 133,000 votes.

Since then we lost sight of him. Let us hope, however, that we have not yet heard the last accents of that powerful voice. An appeal from his lips might perhaps recall the French nation to a due sense of national pride and human dignity. In this age of gloom, when the people are groaning under a bloody tyranny; when from the Vistula to the Tiber, and from the Danube to the Seine, whole nations are the victims of an ungodly despotism; when some people have not the force to shake off the yoke, and others forge their own fetters; when crime and baseness alone reap the favors due to merit, whilst virtue and patriotism are pining away in the bastiles of Austria, and under the deadly clime of Cayenne, our only hope is in the mercy of God and the worthies of Democracy. Let us then not despair; let us have the fortitude to look forward with resignation; and when the reminiscence of a past, full of glory and patriotism, will awaken in our minds the remembrance of our true friends, of those martyrs of liberty who have sacrificed their fortunes, their freedom and their lives, to the realization of mankind's happiness on earth, let us turn towards heaven, and with deep sentiments of gratitude, utter the name of the herald of Religion: Democracy: FELICITE ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS!

## COMPARISON BETWEEN LEE AND HOWE,

FROM

MEMOIRS OF MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

BY A. M. HOOPER.

I WILL take a cursory glance at what his (Howe's) predecessor, General Lee *achieved* during the few months of his command in the Southern Department, which will enable the reader, if he should take sufficient interest in the subject, to make a comparison between the two personages.

It will be remembered under what different auspices, the two Generals commenced their career in Charleston. On the one hand, Lee was received with a welcome, little short of public acclamation! On the other, Howe's appointment was viewed with dissatisfaction, and he was received with a constrained and supercilious air; and with an affected distrust of his capability.

Here, I will give a paragraph from Marshall, which, for convenience, I will divide into two. In the latter paragraph the Historian notices General Lee's progress, from north to south, when he was ordered to take the command of the southern army:

"During the interval between (the British) passing the bar, and attacking the fort, the Continental troops of Virginia and North Carolina arrived in Charleston,

and the American forces (meaning the Virginia and North Carolina levies) amounted to between five and six thousand men, of whom two thousand five hundred were Regulars."

"This army was commanded by General Lee, whose fortune it had been to meet General Clinton, at New York, in Virginia, and in North Carolina."

"Viewing with a military eye the situation of the post entrusted to his care, Lee was disinclined to hazard his army, by engaging it *deeply* in the defence of the town; but the solicitude of the South Carolinians to preserve their capital, aided by his confidence in his own vigilance, prevailed over a *caution* which was thought *extreme*, and determined him to attempt to maintain the place."

I call the reader's attention to the latter of these paragraphs. This army was commanded by General Lee, whose fortune it had been to meet General Clinton, &c., &c. There is, I will remark, in passing, a considerable parade in this statement of the journey of the two commanders from north to south, one by land, the other by water. I ask, in what way was it Lee's *fortune*

to meet Clinton in New York? It is true that those officers arrived in that city about the same time. But Clinton was without troops, and averred that he merely came on a visit to Governor Tryon. I can find no record of any meeting between them, on this occasion, either in amity or in arms. This, then, was a mere coincidence, and of the same nature was their approximation in Virginia and in North Carolina; and the whole matter is too trivial for the notice of history.

I proceed to the next sentence,—“Viewing with a *military eye* the situation of the post,” &c., &c. This expression, “viewing with a *military eye*,” &c., seems to convey the idea, that Lee alone, of all the officers, civil as well as military, assembled in the city of Charleston, at that awful crisis, took a correct view of the situation of that post. But such was very far from being the fact. The situation of the city had been the subject of anxious deliberation and debate, in that council over which John Rutledge presided, and which was in continual session, from the moment of the first alarm, to the day of Lee’s arrival, and afterwards. In this council a *common-sense* view of the subject was taken, which—with the interposition and firmness of Rutledge—saved the city from the proposed measures of Lee—measures which would ultimately have thrown it into the hands of the enemy.

The sentence concludes thus.—“Lee was disinclined to hazard his army by engaging it *deeply*, in the defence of the town.” Can this be read without astonishment? For what purpose was General Lee, and the army he commanded, sent to Charleston? Was it

not to save the city and the province from foreign conquest? Can it be that the peculiar situation and immense importance of the southern colonies were lost sight of amid the tumult of his boisterous, vain-glorious and selfish mind? It is possible, I admit, that in such a mind, the plainest principles, and the most palpable facts, may become dormant, and fall into an obscurity, little removed from actual oblivion.

I will give a brief abstract of the views of the English Government of that day on this subject, and add to it some remarks of a judicious American Biographer.

The British ministry had, heretofore, directed their martial operations against the northern and middle provinces, with a few exceptions, and entertained hopes that this course would conciliate, and perhaps neutralize the inhabitants of the south. But it became evident that nothing could deprive the north of the sympathy of the southern brethren.

Having ascertained this by the test of a severe experience, the ministry took into consideration the advantages that would accrue from the conquest of the south.

Availing themselves of the comparative quiet and safety which had been allowed them, the planters of the south had, ever since the commencement of hostilities, cultivated their lands with as much or nearly as much profit as they ever did. The products of South Carolina and Georgia—especially, their staple commodity, *rice*, were in great demand in France and in other countries of continental Europe. These were essential to the support of fleets and armies and in the present state of things, were

appropriated to the use of the enemies of Great Britain.

British dominion over Georgia once more established, would relieve Florida from perpetual alarms; and that province, with Georgia and South Carolina—three extensive regions combined—would constitute one vast whole, and would establish an everlasting direction in the future progress of military events.

Charleston was a stronghold of privateers and prizes, and it supplied the wants of a great part of the Colonies during the interruption of commerce. As furnishing means of subsistence to an army, no place held out greater temptations than this; and all things considered, it could not be lost sight of in the British Cabinet, that the possession of *Charleston would complete their ascendancy in the south.*

Such were the views which the British ministry entertained of the vast importance of the metropolis of South Carolina, and, apart from patriotism, similar views must have pressed upon the minds of President Rutledge and his council; yet such was the infatuation of Lee, that he considered it a matter left to *his option* whether he should *defend* the city or abandon it to its fate. The authority and eloquence of Rutledge, however, finally succeeded. Lee fell into the views of that statesman, and in the words of Marshall, determined "to attempt to maintain the defence." This decision, however, was not made without a *mental reservation*.

"Lee," says Moultrie, "had made up his mind that the moment the enemy set his foot on the main land, he would retreat; and gave as a reason for this

decision, that should a landing be effected, his army would be surrounded."

I have not a copy of Moultrie in my possession, but I am satisfied that I am substantially correct.

Of Lee it may be further said, that such at times were the instability and impetuosity of his conduct, notwithstanding the caution ascribed to him by Marshall, that there was no reliance to be placed on him. An instance of this occurred on the night before the attack on the Fort—when "he desired Colonel Nash of the North Carolina line to come to him the next morning for written orders to take the command at Fort Sullivan; and Colonel Nash was actually on his way at the time appointed, when the movements of the ships to the attack stopped him; and thus, by an accident, Colonel Moultrie was continued in command, which enabled him to perform an action of greater *eclat*, than any which had been done since the commencement of the war."\*

I mean no objection to the appointment of Col. Nash, who, no doubt, was as well qualified for the service as any other officer who could have been selected, but I speak of the glaring injustice of superseding a meritorious commander who at that very moment was making preparations for an obstinate defence of the post. This was not only injustice, but a gross outrage on the feelings of a large and respectable community.

I cannot find Lee's letter to Congress, giving an account of the affair at Sullivan's Island. But Gen. Washington's

\*See Drayton's Memoirs.

Orderly Book, dated July 21, 1776, has the following passage: "The General has great pleasure in communicating to the officers and soldiers of this army the signal success of the American arms under Gen. Lee in South Carolina.—This glorious example," &c., &c.—[See 4th vol. of Sparks, p. 15, for *success of Lee in South Carolina.*]

It is true as a general principle that the Commander-in-Chief is entitled to the credit of a victory, although he might not have personally participated in the action. He is *presumed* to have planned all the arrangements for the battle, and to be the source from whence all the orders proceed. But in the present case, all the outlines of defence were sketched before Lee arrived, and notwithstanding his apparent activity, he did little, and that little was in expectation of contingencies which never occurred, and was therefore unavailable. He is then actually not entitled to the credit which he must have assumed in his letter to Congress. Yet this praise is awarded to him by all the historical writers with the exception of the Editor of the American Biographical Dictionary (Mr. Lord,) who, however, makes a most unfortunate attempt to eulogise him, "as having rendered most important services" while in command of the southern forces, by *exciting the soldiery to resolution and ardor*. His conduct at Charleston, and at Sullivan's Island, was the very reverse of this, and was calculated to dispirit and intimidate ordinary men; but happily those he attempted to influence, were made of "sterner stuff," and declared, one and all, that they would conquer or die at the post from which he would have withdrawn them.

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In distributing the honors after the victory at Sullivan's Island, Lee was, in one instance, at least, guilty of gross injustice. I will relate it. In the arrangements for the defence of the Island, it was apprehended that a descent would be made from the water, on the rear of the Fort. A body of men, of tried bravery, was required to defend this point. Lee, it would seem, did not apply to the Virginia division, as delicacy might have dictated. It is difficult to follow the capricious and vindictive movements of this individual. He had formed an acquaintance with Howe and had taken a fancy to Nash. This may, perhaps, account for his application to the North Carolina division. A commander and two hundred men, were pointed out to him, and he was, no doubt, assured that the enemy would have to walk over the bodies of those men, before they could gain the rear of the Fort. Colonel Thomas Clarke, and the requisite number of men from Nash's regiment, were accordingly ordered to the post of danger, and continued there during the whole of the action.

When it became Lee's duty, as Commander-in-Chief, to distribute the meed of praise, he omitted entirely any mention of Colonel Clarke, and his band of North Carolinians. Clarke was *not* under the command of Thompson, and therefore, not included among those who were noticed by Congress as belonging to that division.

In equity, the suppression of truth is deemed equivalent to falsehood. May we not with equal propriety engraft the maxim, if it is not already adopted, into the military code of morals? There is not, I am convinced, a gentleman of the

profession of arms, who will not concur with me.

Twenty years, or more, after the battle of Sullivan's Island, Moultrie published his memoirs. He was then, as he always was, strongly prejudiced against North Carolina; but having more of the *esprit du corps* than Lee possessed, or more correct notions of justice, he rose above his prejudices, and in his account placed Clarke and his men at the post which had been assigned them. Botta in his history follows Moultrie in doing justice to this *forlorn hope*, and speaks of Clarke and his brave companions in arms, with the sensibility that characterises his nation. Other historians, less generous, and less just, follow in the wake of Lee.

I may conclude my animadversions on Lee, by remarking, that however unjust to others, he succeeded in *amassing*, from the merits of others, a reputation for himself,—and the *success of Lee at the South* has continued to be the theme of historical panegyric, from that time to this. But, is it so? Is it indeed true, that Charles Lee was the Hercules, who slew the British lion, at Sullivan's Island? Methinks I hear a voice from every State in our widely extended republic exclaiming "no—no"—that grand result was achieved by the counsels of Rutledge, and the sword of Moultrie!

What I have said of Lee, I owe to truth and to Howe, who under every disadvantage and every discouragement rendered all the services which his situation admitted of, and endured hardships and privations to which Lee was a stranger.

The reader will contrast the different treatment received by these two officers,

at the south;—the one honored by his cotemporaries and by posterity; the other calumniated by both.

It will naturally excite surprise to find in these pages, strictures on passages of Marshall's history. I must, therefore, express my regret, for the necessity which compels me to comment on some particular views and some lapses of his pen.

"It is the great prerogative of genius," says an eminent moral writer of the last century,\* "to gild whatever subject it shines on." The principle is however laid down too broadly by this writer. The genius must be suited to the subject, and the subject must possess some intrinsic worth or some noble qualities, to draw forth its inspirations. Every attempt to magnify the merits, of an inferior character, whether by a Burke or a Marshall must result in a failure.

When Marshall had a subject worthy of his talents, he was singularly felicitous in his execution of the portrait. Where can there be found among the finest specimens of oratory, a more beautiful *impromptu*, than his annunciation of the death of Washington to the Congress of the United States? Where, more simple, impassioned and sublime eloquence, than his rapid outline of the public and private character of that illustrious man!

I am sure I shall be excused for introducing it here, although there are but very few to whom it will present the attraction of novelty.

"The melancholy event which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain.

\* Vicessimus Knox.

“Our Washington is no more! the hero, the patriot, the sage of America—the man on whom in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed—lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.

“If, sir, it had not been usual, openly to testify respect for the memory of those whom heaven has selected as its instruments for dispensing good to man, yet such has been the uncommon worth and such the extraordinary incidents, which have marked the life of him, whose loss we all deplore, that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings would call with one voice, for a public manifestation of that sorrow which is so deep and so universal.

“More than any other individual and as much as to one individual was possible, he has contributed to found our wide-spreading empire, and to give to the western world independence and freedom.

“Having effected the great object, for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him convert the sword into the ploughshare, and sink the soldier into the citizen.

“When the debility of our federal system became manifest, and the bonds which connected this vast continent were dissolving, we have seen him, the chief of those patriots who formed for us a constitution, which by preserving the Union, will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate

those blessings which our revolution had promised to bestow.

“In obedience to the general voice of his country calling him to preside over a great people, we have seen him once more quit the retirement he loved, and in a season more stormy and tempestuous than war itself, with calm and wise determination pursue the true interests of the nation, and contribute more than any other could contribute, to the establishment of that system of policy which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honor, and our independence.

“Having been twice unanimously chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we have seen him, at a time when his reelection with universal suffrage could not be doubted, afford to the world a rare instance of moderation, by withdrawing from his high station, to the peaceful walks of private life.

However the public confidence may change, and the public affections fluctuate with respect to others, with respect to him, they have in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend. Let the grand council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels,\* &c., &c.

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\* Marshall's Life of Washington, 2d vol., condensed edition.

## VIEW AND REVIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY CATALOGUE.

THE world is evidently in a literary, scientific hum. The universe, is now, by its giants fairly converted into a busy, brawling, Babel. Long, long ago, and many and many a time has the New Era been announced, and now we have it, as so many times before, and no mistake. Orators, authors, prose and poetic writers, mathematicians, and men of every sex and profession, of every grade and character, essential and inessential, have thus far persisted with invincible resolution, until now, if they have not obtained a hearing whose fault is it? Incalculable volumes with every kind of preface, introduction, and dedication have been published, and *expressed* into every portion of this lettered sphere, and now, every doctrine is propagated, every theory is suggested, every philosophy defended, every enterprise contemplated, and every thing "*keeps moving.*" Certainly he, who would read, would do well to survey the huge piles with care and deliberation, and read with caution whatever he may select. Indeed, reading must be confined almost to profession. But surrounded as we are with books and booksellers, there are some things that are of interest, and not unimportant, which every body has not seen, and comparatively few, the opportunity of seeing.— Indeed, it seems a propensity common to us, whatever be the object of our

journey, to pursue the way with gaze intensely fixed upon the huge mountain before us, careless of the ordinary obstacles generally opposing our progress, and thus rushing onward with furious impetuosity, until some small stone, kindred to a pebble, has no sooner presented itself in the character of an imposing obstruction, than, ere a thought, we are dashed upon the solid ground, inverted and begrimed, with a violence only commensurate with the velocity with which we were so suddenly impelled and so abruptly stopped. Such a reminder is harsh, and we are slow to admit as called for by circumstances; but it was *none of our work*, and one thing is true, that it will call us to reflection and soberness. Then we calmly survey our ground and soon the conviction is forced upon us that we may, ere "having leaped over such mountains, lie down before a mole-hill." So, man is the tool of accident and circumstance; and, if any reader, more fortunate than we, has thus far escaped the unenviable concussion afore-hinted-at, let him be persuaded by the warning our calamity holds out to him, to "mind not *high* things, but condescend to" stones low situate.

When we talk of Reviews, we suggest the idea generally of a publication in the way of something, perhaps, of "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth," or

the "Voluntary Principle;" or may we add, a panegyric upon Alex. Smith or Henry Esmond? Now, we hope that some of our *capacities* will take up our subject and give it that treatment which we aver our inability to do, and which it most richly deserves. It certainly suggests details which the people of our State would like to meet with. The Catalogue before us, 1852-'3, presents matriculates to the number of 270, though the number at present is much larger, at least, by 20. The Freshman Class itself equaling the whole number of students of the University eighteen years ago, and the graduates last commencement, 37 in number, about doubling the same *ten* years ago; in 1831, about 15 were graduated. These statistics will furnish an idea of the ratio in which we increase numerically. For the last eighteen years the University has been under the charge of the present Præses, ex-Gov. Swain, to whom it is in no small degree indebted, as having risen from a condition of simple usefulness and respectability to a rank among the "best of the country."—When we turn to the Catalogue before us and observe the list of the Faculty, it is interesting to remember that at the time of Gov. Swain's election they were about half in number of the present, four professors and two tutors, besides the president; there being at this time seven professors and four tutors. Mons. Herrisse, a native Frenchman, who was very latterly employed in the French department must be regarded as no inconsiderable acquisition to the University. These men have given impress, doubtless, to the institution. The general sentiment at home and abroad tells

in unmistakeable terms upon its station and influence, for this cannot now be confined to the older sisters of our confederacy. Almost every portion, not only of North Carolina, but of the entire South has here its representative, bringing with him the manners and sentiments of his locality; and these have been continually reflected in the improvement which our village has undergone, now progressing in this respect to a degree far greater than any, (one perhaps excepted,) within our borders; admirably adapted to the purpose of its selection, and possessing natural advantages by no means insignificant in the eyes of our Buncombe friends, or visitors from the Hudson, whose romantic minds here luxuriate upon that which the lowlanders deem the favorite of nature. How many, that have gone hence, years ago, and been immersed in the active labors of busy life, while in a moment of retirement and calmness, have recalled the scenes, the toils and pleasures of their youth, and unbosomed them in a letter to an old instructor, full of emotion, depicting vividly the stateliness of some mansion, now a pile—the families, and various incidents therewith connected, known now no more with us, their places being supplied by more modern immigrants.

Notice has been before made of that portion of the Campus immediately surrounding the college buildings which has been latterly cultivated and adorned, such that its beauty and the taste there displayed, is a subject of general remark and admiration. The Assembly Rooms, lately erected, a large and stately fabric, adapted to the college Library, and different apartments to in-

struction, and the *elegant* exercises of commencement, is no mean audition.— Indeed the condition of things, the society, the advantages and the *boys*, are all *good*.

To give a comment upon the various departments of the Course of Instruction, we would refrain from doing:— first, on account of our incapacity, and next, that to those feeling an interest in the studies connected with them, it would work but little benefit. Again, the limits of the article, as we design it, would not warrant the practicability of *prefaring* the various works, of as various character there mentioned, barring the fact that very many of these works, (shall we not say all ?) require the treatment of *minds* and *scholars*, rather than the catalogue before us, we undertake to say, will well compare with any that we have seen of other colleges, or any to be seen. It is the *index* of the college, invariable, and as far as could be, reliable. It shows the method here of *prospering* and *accomplishing*; and whoever reads may learn.

It may not be uninteresting if we should succeed in making a few observations relative to the University, from the time of its infancy on as it struggled in the development of its resources, which for several years betokened an insufficiency for an enterprise of such magnitude, while the energy and efforts of its friends, continued strenuously, exerted to bring it to a consideration of comparative solidity.

The Act of Corporation was passed in 1783; but owing to the inefficiency of Legislative aid, little was effected, 'till by private munificence, the work was permitted to go on, and finally, the

undertaking was so nearly accomplished, that the business of Education in the University began in 1795, under Rev. David Kerr, a graduate of Dublin, as the *first* instructor, assisted in the preparatory department, by Mr. Holmes, and a short while after Mr. Harris, of Iredell, was appointed Professor of Mathematics. Thus began this important work with two instructors, a single building, (then of two stories,) occupied partially by the preparatory department, (but now another story and an addition to the north end has greatly increased its dimensions,) and an exceedingly limited course of studies. What the number of students was at this notable time we are unable with certainty to state. The *first* reached Chapel Hill on the 12th February, '95, from the town of Wilmington, who, was Hinton James, who was graduated together with five others, 1798. In the following year nine were graduated; and in the years of 1800,—'2,—'3,—'5, only *three*; in 1815 eighteen, and in 1831 the *Senior Sophisters* numbered twenty-four, as in Catalogue of that time stated.

During the feeble infancy, rise, progress, and through the several gradations to respectable station, there was one so intimately connected with the University that we should consider that we had only very indifferently performed the small task it was our design to accomplish at our setting out, had we omitted mention of his name, deserving of something more than we are permitted to offer. That distinguished benefactor was Dr. JOSEPH CALDWELL. Mr. Harris, whom we mentioned as one of the *two* instructors, resigned the Professor-

ship of Mathematics, and recommended Dr. Caldwell, to whom the same was offered and by whom it was accepted in 1796. His situation was truly perplexing, but he was not the man to shrink from the difficulties likely to be presented in the path of duty; and by his unwavering decision, and resolution, and the other sterling qualities of his noble character, he effected a vast deal, far beyond the most sanguine expectation of the friends of the University. In the Faculty, he is said ever to have been the master spirit; and in 1804, he was elected to the presidency, where he exerted an influence, never to be estimated, the results of which are palpable in the Catalogue, and wide-spread over the face of the land. In this capacity, and that of Professor of Moral Philosophy, he wisely presided, and arduously labored until 1812, when he insisted upon his resignation, and upon this Dr. Robert Chapman was elected, who, on his part retired in 1817, and Dr. Caldwell was induced to resume his situation, which he held the remainder of his life, (though not without efforts to resign it) with such distinguished success as attracted the gratitude of the friends of the University, and attention from abroad. And when disease, and the bitterest pangs of mortality terminated his existence, without a murmur, without a complaining word, he yielded his spirit to that Redeemer, in whose promises, in all his trying pilgrimage, he found consolation and support. He was succeeded by the present President.

Circumstances of station, repute and patronage, evidence the advantages to be reaped by students of our University.

As the best of man's works are imperfect, disadvantages are necessarily incident to all such institutions—to all. It is certainly in the hands of those to whom these are presented, either to prostitute them to their own final regret, or to use them in the promotion of their best interests. Whatever course they may adopt, they do with the consequences before them, in the examples, at least, of predecessors, easy to their access. But is the decision which every one must make upon his entrance a trivial matter? Is it a trivial matter, when by dint of toil, watchfulness, and often a denial of some of the necessaries of life, the aged and anxious sire, prompted by his natural, heaven-born affection, for his son, that his wanton and ungracious boy should treat with shameful indifference the appropriation so inestimable? Is it a trivial matter, when the doting mother, who had so often in his childhood pressed him to her bosom in parental fondness, while as she looked lovingly upon his boyish face, and anticipated the doubtful future, the tear glistened in the eye, and fell warm upon that face, kneels before her God and asks for him his blessings night and day? Is it of small importance, when the devoted sister bends the knee, by the side of that pious mother, in all her female loveliness and beauty, and prays for his preservation from the snares, the wiles and deceits that hover over his path? How many such petitions rise up to Heaven hourly from the face of the land for those here now; and being heard, tells loudly upon them in after life, when green old age is blessed and comforted in a son who has given name and honor to his escutcheon.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: If at first sight our glorious commonwealth resembles more a colony than an homogeneous body of people, it cannot be doubted that the anglo-American race already bears features of a very peculiar kind, which might be properly termed a national stamp. I shall not enumerate any of these, but merely remark that proportionally as the original genius of the Americans enlarges the sphere of our action, knowledge and importance, it also developes to the extreme, our strange aspirations for the marvellous, and our implicit faith in the veracity, learning and might of the million's pretended organs.

We boast of our keenness, and sneer at other people's credulity. A live Yankee is, in our opinion, the very personification of human shrewdness, and a true Southron the standard of discriminating wit; yet, nowhere else will we find enlightened communities, which, as a mass, can be so easily deluded, depressed or carried away by enthusiasm or dejection, mirth or sadness, at "sixteen lines for one dollar."

An unmerciful scraper, a hoarse songstress or a stuffed mermaid, will attract, in large cities, as well as in villages, crowds of individuals, who often stake their last quarter on the faith of a puff, boldly decorated with the most dazzling array of dashes, commas and exclama-

tion points; and who invariably return home, convinced that they have heard the greatest "fiddler in the world," the sweetest voice "in the world," and seen a genuine wonder "of the world." In the meanwhile, a Vieuxtemps, a Gungle or an Alboni, will have to send forth truly melodious sounds to an empty house, just because these real artists are unwilling to be puffed up in newspapers of all sizes, and handbills of all colors, by the side of the Mustang Liniment or Jew David's Hebrew Plaster.

Nor is it on the stage only that these unaccountable starts of fancy lead astray our good hearted countrymen. We can trace them in the glowing reviews of unread or misunderstood books; in the announcement of wonderful cures accomplished by infallible Bread Pills; in the notice of lectures, said to have been delivered before a fashionable and thronged audience, when there were probably no other hearers in the room, but the eloquent lecturer, a policeman and the sleepy reporter.

These candid remarks are not exaggerated, and, as for one, I confess to have often fallen the victim of my enthusiastic "Weekly." But, pray, Messrs. Editors, how could I possibly resist? Its leaders are so witty, so learned and so modest; its dispatches "in advance" both of the mail and time, so well set off; its reports of the concerts, circus-

ses, shows and menageries, so impartial and so flowery; its reviews of newly issued periodicals and magazines, so erudite, so profound, so original and yet so simple! No, indeed, I could not; neither could you. The most experienced eye can never detect in its unsophisticated columns a single idle assertion, nor the least "reckless statement." You may read it safely, it will not "throw your mind into positions calculated to confound all proper perception of historical truth." I confess that it sometimes employs terms in an "extravagantly fanciful sense," and often "sports with language," but it is always in such ambiguous sentences, flanked with so many antitheses, that you can hardly detect the real hue of its meaning. However, it is only when my impartial "Weekly" thinks it of high import to its reputation for candor and scholarship to revive the palled taste of its readers, by a few well touched off criticisms, that it is truly great. The keen cuts are then irresistible, and after it has once more enlarged upon the scientific assertions which Coffee heard John Smith and Billy Patterson repeat so often, he majestically condescends not to carp at the whole article,--and the reader feels thankful for it. As for its puns and jeux de mots-- why! they are heralded, copied and imitated from one end of the Union to the other, and keep public attention alive all the year round. I tell you, gentlemen, it is a very great "Weekly."

Strange to say, it is not every one who thinks so. It was a matter of great astonishment to me, when I heard a friend of mine finding fault, sometime last week, with that scientific periodical.

It seems that in a moment of hatred for the readers of a certain magazine, he dared to publish a sort of essay on some unknown character of ancient times. Eager to make a show, and still more to avoid all reckless historical statements, he laboriously dived into the archives and dusty folios of our libraries; and when perfectly sure that in point of fact and chronology, his article was unquestionable, he gave it "to the world." Few read it, none liked it, except one, perhaps through kindness for its author, who, after all, is a pretty clever fellow.

My friend was very anxious to have his lucubration criticized. "I write neither for fame nor money," said he, "and I would deem it a great favor if any of my well-wishers would only point out to me the numberless mistakes they cannot but detect." His wishes were at last gratified. A country paper of very great fame and literary influence within the limits of its own penumbra, freely, and for the advancement of human knowledge, undertook the job.

I do not remember having seen an author so completely disappointed. "Could you believe," remarked he to me, with all the signs of an unwholesome astonishment, "that my censor instead of carping at some of the numerous defects of my essay, has just selected the only unquestionable point?—its historical statements; why, sir, it is its only merit! If that great and infallible critic had only condescended to point out the place where I was reckless, brought authorities to prove that my assertions were unfounded, and named the books where the contrary is shown, he might have rendered a great service both to

myself and the classical world—for I gathered all the facts set forth, from authors of heretofore unimpeached veracity.”

Here, however, I was unable to restrain myself, and asked him how in the world he could have the effrontery to pitch his Plutarch, his Dio, his Bayle, against my learned “Weekly.” I immediately saw the effect of my remark; he was unable to answer it, and therefore yielded the point. Yet, there was another censure on the subject of which I found him unmanageable. “I tell you, Philo,” continued my astonished friend, “I tell you that Bacon is not the inventor of the inductive method, and that it is wrong to say that Aristotle taught an arbitrary system of philosophy. No scholar, no man who has read, only read, the works of the Stagyrite, can possibly doubt that the whole of his method rests upon induction. His very syllogism is reared upon induction. “*On the one hand, I verily believe that induction is the foundation; on the other, syllogism springs from induction,*” says the great Peripatetic in the sixth Book of his Morals.”

“But pray, what do you care for bare assertions on my part? A mere statement from any one, on a historical question, even from your very erudite “Weekly,” is of no value whatever. I will then give you facts which must prove and convince.”

I raised my eyes to heaven, and prepared myself for a dry dissertation. I knew that my friend was fond of showing his learning—especially when supported by his worthless classics. But he could not shake my conviction. My “Weekly” is, and always will be, my

authority against the world!

“That we owe to the inductive philosophy all the strides made in the path of progress, is plain enough,” said he, as he came back from the library, carrying the heavy burden of a worm-eaten folio; “but you have no reason whatever to ascribe to Bacon the merit of having invented or substituted the laws of the inductive method. To advance such an extravagant fallacy is a “remarkable disregard of the rival claims of these two celebrities.” Sir, the method of induction has not only always existed, but it always was taught almost in the very words of the *Novum Organum*. Aristotle, in his First Analytics, established his doctrine by trains of reasoning; and as reasoning must proceed from certain first principles, as the Rev. William Whewell justly observes, it remains to know whence are these first principles obtained. Now, Philo, hear the Stagyrite: “*They are the result of experience,* says he, *and are obtained by induction.* \* \* \* \* \* *The way of reasoning is the same in philosophy, and in any art or science: we must collect the facts (Ἰα Ἰνπαρχοντα) and the things to which the facts happen, and must have as large a supply of these as possible, and then we must examine them according to the terms of our syllogisms.*” Aristotle then proceeds to show from his Problems, treatises on “Colors,” on “Sound” and his Natural History, that he has omitted none of the facts and properties which belong to the subject. In the “Later Analytics” he not only says “*that it is impossible to have universal theoretical propositions except by induction,*” but he most emphatically asserts in the “Topica,” that

"the inductive method of reasoning is the clearest, the most convincing, being the most easily apprehended by sense, and therefore in common use."

"You hear me, Philo? First Book, 30th paragraph of Analyt. Prior.—First Book, parag. 18 of Analyt. Post.—Moral. Book, VI, chap. 3.—Topica. Book, 1 ch., X No., my dear friend, the "*via vera sed intenta*" of Bacon, though so often repeated by himself and the partial votaries of his creed, does not entitle him to the extravagantly fanciful praises lavished on him by the vulgar, and your "Weekly." If the great verulam really "substituted the inductive philosophy for that arbitrary system which has descended from the Grecian sage," how is it that we owe the greatest number of modern inventions to Italy, where the Baconian philosophy has not been even yet introduced?

Moreover, long before the publication of the *Novum Organum*, Lionardo declared, almost in the same words, "*that the phenomena of nature ought to be solved by a rigid investigation of facts,*" and as a practical example, he suggested the very theory of Geology so successfully advocated now-a-days. The Copernican system, the Telescope and the discoveries of Galileo, although based upon the inductive method, did not spring out

(f the "*Organum*" or the "*Experimentum Crucis,*" either. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; Paracelsus re-established the principles of the science of Chemistry; Agricola commenced Mineralogy; Guttumberg invented printing; Columbus and Vasco de Gama discovered a new world, before Bacon's works were even known to his contemporaries."

"Now, Philo, allow me to tell you that my object in refuting the "reckless statement" of your learned "Weekly," is not to disparage Bacon, and hold up Aristotle as an infallible philosopher. No, I admire both, but I cannot possibly give to Cæsar what belongs to Brutus."

"Philo, you are young, let me offer you good advice. It will never do to oppose common places, generalities and idle assertions to FACTS; and before boldly taxing any one with "recklessness" and "extravagance," you must always have your mind pretty well stored with logical reasons and conclusive proofs; else, people will say of you what Bishop Berkeley was wont to remark of the "Weeklies" of his time: "*Many an empty head is shaken at Plato and Aristotle, that never comprehended their doctrines.*"

PHILO-GILBERT.

## EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A FATHER TO HIS SON.

MY DEAR SON: Worship Almighty God as the great Creator and Governor of the Universe; do unto all men as you would they should do unto you, and treat the balance of creation with humanity. Be honest and just, and speak the truth on all occasions, and neither drink, gamble, nor practice any sort of dissipation nor intemperance. Think twice before you speak and thrice before you act; for many an old man carries a hell within his own bosom and a ruined constitution besides, on account of some crime or indiscretion committed in the heat of youthful passion. Be industrious, economical, and prudent; keep all you have, get all you can honestly, and keep all you get. Attend to your own business and let other people's alone. Choose that course which, in your judgment, is the most proper, and custom will make it the most agreeable. The most happy folks on earth, are those who are the most industriously engaged in some profitable and honorable employment; for an idle brain is the Devil's workshop, in which all kinds of mischief are wrought. You need not wait for fortune to take you by the hand and lead you up to eminence; you must rise by your own perseverance, energy, and enterprise. David Crocket's motto was not a bad one: "First be sure you are right, then always go-ahead." Merit seldom or never goes un-

rewarded; eloquence, where nature has not been too sparing, is within the reach of perseverance, and power and honor always follow in the train of eloquence, if properly directed. You cannot be too emulous of distinction. Some men cannot get along through the world for the lack of confidence in themselves. What a pity it is to see a man of sense run over and thrust aside by a gabbling fool, because he possesses a little too much false modesty. Consider yourself not inferior, upon the whole to any man, for if he has the advantage of you in some respects, perhaps in others, you may have it of him. Men deserve credit for what they do for themselves, and not for what their parents do for them, nor for what nature has done for them.

Demosthenes was naturally modest, timid and diffident, and to add to his embarrassment, he stammered; but by perseverance he overcame all obstacles, and was one of the greatest orators in the world. See what Millard Fillmore and a thousand of others, without money or influential friends, or even extraordinary talents, have done for themselves by energy, enterprise, and perseverance.

Keep good company or none. It is a losing game to associate with low, ignorant, and mean folks. Keep your own secrets. A man may appear to be, and actually may be, your friend to-day,

and before to-morrow, on some account or other, he may be your enemy. Speak well of those who deserve to be well spoken of, and of those who do not deserve to be well spoken of, say nothing; or by recommending a person who does not deserve it, you may enable him to impose on others; whilst on the other hand, it rather indicates ill-nature to speak ill of a person, although he deserve it. "Save me from my friends" said a wise man. There is more danger of our being injured by our friends, than by our enemies; for our enemies

will not be apt to injure us, unless we injure ourselves. A man without resentment is generally nobody; but the best way to notice an insult is not to notice it all. Lord Chesterfield advised his son to "bow the head and stretch forth the hand to everybody." He said such little civilities took deep root in the hearts of the multitude. It is a very easy matter to treat the poorest and meanest with common politeness, without either associating with or countenancing their vices.

## H O P E ,

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

Foul envy here may hurl his dart,  
 And malice with ten thousand stings  
 May wound and lacerate my heart;  
 Yet hope a balm for all this brings.  
 She mounts triumphant o'er each grief  
 When trouble swells my heaving breast,  
 And promises to bring relief,  
 And give my weary bosom rest.

She comes when darkness shrouds my path,  
 And friends turn from me with disdain,  
 And smiles away all clouds of wrath  
 And bids me rise and on again!  
 E'en when in anguish, to rejoice,  
 Tho' all the future dark may be,  
 By whispering with an angel's voice,  
 There's brighter days in store for thee.

And when my sky is overcast  
 And raging whirlwinds round me sweep  
 She rides upon the fitful blast  
 And from the darkest spot will speak:—  
 Fear not the clouds that rise to view;  
 Tho' they be frightful to thine eye,  
 They'll vanish as the morning dew,  
 Or the faint echo of a sigh.

And when disease invades my frame,  
 And robs my cheeks of all their bloom,  
 She kindles in my breast a flame  
 That throws a light far o'er the tomb;  
 And shows me Heaven, with all its bliss,  
 And makes me anxious there to fly,  
 And leave a wretched world like this,  
 Where pain and sorrow round me lie.

## CHILDOCRACY.

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Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines everywhere.—*Twelfth Night.*

Even every little beer-barrel orator, who has been sufficiently puffed to enable him to collect a mere handful of bearers under the shade of some tall house or branching oak, has manfully exerted all his intellectual and physical strength in trying to convince and persuade his benighted fellow citizens that *this is an age of progress.* And by this time, doubtless, the good people begin to see and believe that in politics and the sciences, internal improvements and polite literature, this is emphatically an age of progress. But there has been a most *gigantic stride* made in the way of progress in the social and fashionable world—a truth more strange even than fiction, which, not being *exactly* in the line of the people-loving politician's business, has been too long and too shamefully neglected. To the task of explaining this new progress, however unpleasant to ourselves, or unacceptable to those whom it may concern ; humanity impels us.

The passing strange progress, to which we allude, is child—child—childocracy. A new-coined word as you see. Well, we could do no better. Necessity, which is the mother of invention, is our only apology. Why, so *entirely new* and so *purely original* is this progress, that, after a long and labored ransacking of Webster and Worcester, we could find

no word to express this *fresh* idea : hence, childocracy.

Not longer ago than when the writer was a youngster of some sixteen years—and he has not now many gray hairs on his pate—at nearly all the fashionable parties in the *beau-monde*, the boys and girls, so to speak, were almost always invited to the partial, nay, almost entire exclusion of the older and wiser—the fathers and mothers. Certainly this custom was allowable—could be tolerated. Though we think that fathers and mothers give to a brilliant circle nearly all its true value, yet sprightly boys and buxom girls of blooming sixteen and even upwards, can make an exceedingly pleasant and profitable party, if the mother has previously done her duty and the father omitted not his ; for every boy and girl in such an enlightened and highly favored land as this, must, if rightly instructed, be well enough polished in manners and morals, and well enough informed in books and the topics of every day life to give to such a circle not only manly sprightliness and brilliancy, but also value and dignity. We reluctantly admit the fact, that too often, yes, far too often, parents make their children *fashionable idlers*—the boys puffed coxcombs, who are half whiskers and half wine, and the girls exquisite coquettes, who are half powder and half lace. Make them these and you make them not what God intended they

should be—make them these and you make them incapable of becoming great or good, incapable of deserving praise, or imitation—make them these and you make them unfit for intelligent, refined, moral, christian society. The entire removal of this blemish on the beauty and excellency of social and refined society is unquestionably impossible, for the world from time immemorial has ever had its fools. Nor can any inference be more rational than that this curse will abide on earth till the last knell of time shall be sounded, unless, peradventure, some more splendid genius than Watt, or Morse, rise up and invent a *brain-making machine*. But when, forsooth, it comes to tearing children away from their hobby-horses and doll-babies, to spending weeks in shopping and dollars in buying jewelry for them, to wasting pounds of sugar in getting them to wear this or that dress or coat, because the other, though newer and more beautiful, does not suit the occasion, or season, to sending servants along with them to parties, to keep them when eating from dirtying their *little hands* and *faces*, to robbing them of the sweet hours and bright days of sunny childhood, by trying to make *boys and girls*, ay, *men and women of them*, against all these insufferable and inexcusable follies we do most heartily protest. Let us see what *benefit* either parents, or children derive from this new fashionable society.

'Tis a cool, damp, drizzly evening at the breaking up of winter, The narrow streets of Craneville are already half leg deep in water and mud, and the dark clouds which hang loweringly around and above, foretold one of those long

rainy, black-brow'd nights which we so much dread in mid-winter. Still there is a bustle and a moving to and fro in this little village. Brand-new coaches are rolled out; high-mettled horses are being caparisoned; servants are flying here and there through the streets to get gloves, over shoes, umbrellas, and other *little notions*—nay, in some streets little children of six and eight, and even ten years are bellowing aloud to the ugly tune: "Mam don't want me to go but I don't care—I will go, so I will," and, of course, not a few mothers are vexed, cross, and even mad, and all the waiting boys and maids are *with one consent* cursing the very day on which they were born. And why all this stir—this excitement—this rage? Because Mr. and Mrs. Crackbrain have given out invitations to all the *dear children*—of course by *all* we mean *only* the *rich* and *fashionable* children—to come on this evening to a large and splendid party at their residence.

Anon, the long and anxious hours of the afternoon have sped, and the party-going-time has come. Sad, yet joyful hour. Joyful would every thing be, but the rain is falling from the clouds in torrents, and the streets are vocal with the roll of waters, and the splashing of mud as the carriages whirl rapidly through them. While here and there on the unpaved walks and sometimes crossing the streets may be seen a group of little children clad in *beautiful white* making their way as best they can to this *interesting gathering of young folks* under no covering but a newly purchased umbrella—purchased for this particular occasion. Beautiful spectacle this! Had there been a school to have gone to early

that morning when it was merely cloudy, or church at 11 o'clock, when it was not even drizzly, O, it would have been entirely too unfavorable to turn out, and even if they had thought of going in the coach-and-two, it would have been too bad, entirely too bad for the *poor servants*; but now, when there is nothing to be learned that is good and useful, and souls to be forever blighted, no dark, angry, frowning elements, or pitiless pelting storms of heaven can stop them.

At last the clock has struck eight, and all are assembled, and ready to go into Mr. Crackbrain's spacious hall, which is gorgeously furnished and brilliantly illuminated. The *female children* have entered, and what a lively and busy chattering! "O, dear me, Sookie," says Jinnie Butterfly, "where is your new rich gauze dress you told me about last *Sunday, at meeting*? Why didn't you wear it? See how pretty mine looks. O, don't you think it lovely?" And, with this exclamation, she gave herself a most exquisitely agonizing flirt, and turned proudly away to speak to Miss Peggie Diggs, who was just crossing the floor with such a *womanly mien*. In another part of the room, Marie Sinclair breaks out with a "la Kittie where is your sweet doll—that new, lovely, French doll your pa bought at New York the other day? O, you told me you were going to bring it here this evening. Oh! me, me, me! how sorry I am." "Why me, Marie," says Kittie, "it would never have done, never in the world. Bobbie Snipes would have fallen in love with the little, lifeless *duck*, just because it looks so much like his sweet-heart Sallie Stokes." "Why you little goose, Kittie;" says

Nannie Forester, stepping up to the piano, which was close by, and taking a seat, as if she were going to play and sing some felicitous song of love, or rather some particular *doloroso* Italian song, such as seldom fails to captivate the heart or catch applause, especially when accompanied by a sweet, deep, and melodious voice. Just at this moment the chattering got so very loud and so confusedly indistinct that we could not hear understandingly a single sentence. Of course they were talking all sorts of childish nonsense—baby stuff. But listen! Here comes rumbling along the passage leading from another room to the Hall, where the *female children* are, a loud, boisterous, "ha, ha, ha, Tommie, you look as sour as vinegar and as hot as pepper, Guess your mam wouldn't let you wear those very fine white trowsers you were bragging about fitting *so tightly—so fashionably*. The latest *agony* I reckon." And stretching himself up to Junior Tommie Thumb's shoulders, he said with judicial or senatorial dignity, "I reckon as how I wear-ed mine. You heard me!" and off he goes to *crow over* another in like manner. Just then, Mr. Crackbrain, passing by, remarked, with a significant shake of his head, and a knowing smile, to some of the lookers-on: "That's a smart boy, I tell you." Up comes Josie Diggs, brother of Peggie, whom we have just mentioned, bowing and scraping with a "good evening *Mr. Broadcoat*, I hope I see you. How did you leave your *posterity*?" "Pretty well, I thank you," said *Mr. B.* of seven years and no beard. "How did you leave yours *Mr. Tonguetied*, if I may be so inquisitive." O miserable little fool!

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it Cry,—*No recovery.*'

Now, while these *fashionable* and *felicitous* salutations were passing, the *gentlemen* were pressing eagerly toward the door, which opened into the hall, in which we have said the *ladies* already were collected. They enter, and such *strutting, bowing, scraping, roaching of the hair* and *lawyer-like gestures* you never have seen, unless you have been so unfortunate as to be present at one of these *modern fashionables*. In a trice, every one of these *gentlemen*—except a few very modest ones who have taken a stand for the night in *bashful-corner*, where there are no ladies—have taken a partner, and now, what a dangling of *daddies' watch-chains*, and what geese-like jabbering! Thus they spend a few hours—only till midnight—*aping men and women*, for it can be nothing else; a few hours eating and drinking, for of course the *kind-hearted fathers* will lay out several dollars in sweet-meats, wines, and syllabubs, to spoil their *dear children*, soul and body; a few hours unhappy standing and silly gazing to some *undaring spirits*—such standing and such gazing as would almost make the very walls cry out. "Why all this waste of time, money, breath and health?" At length, the hour for going home having come, all were off, save such as had fallen asleep, or such as, from eating, drinking, and dissipation, had, as Fanny Fern has delicately said, taken "a pain under the apron," and, which latter confirms the truth of Ik. Marvel's expression, that: "Misery treads on the heels of joy; anguish rides swift after pleasure."

The next day, though there is not a cloud in the sky, none of these dear children can be seen tripping lightly to school, the very place to which they should go; but the village physicians may be seen running through every street of Craneville, with their saddle-bags hanging on their arms, being hastily called to see Mr. and Mrs. What-do-you-call-them's child, which was *so well* and *so merry last night*, that its *sickness is matter of great astonishment*. Thus their children's lives are shortened—thus their own purses are lightened—thus their fondest hopes are early blasted.

Can the characters of such young children be so early formed? No; for the most of them have not reached the age of reason and accountability, at least the age of reason, and *some* of them, it is to be apprehended, if they go on this way, will never reach that AGE—THE AGE OF REASON. Do they know—do they even have the faintest conception of what character is? No, not the faintest, unless they are more *precocious* youths than our country, or even the world has yet produced. Every child's mind is "clear blank paper," on which "fair virtue can put a seal, or vice a blot." At such places, which is a child's mind most likely to receive, a seal of virtue, or a blot of vice? Your own judgment, your own good sense, your knowledge of yourselves—if you have any—parents, must tell you the BLOT OF VICE. Are not their minds, at such an age, as impressible as the softest wax? Are not early impressions, too, deepest—most lasting! Certainly this is all so—indisputably true. Ought they not, then, by all means to be *good*

impressions, *sensible* impressions, *virtuous* impressions? Ought not the most unsparing care, then, to be taken that no other kind of impressions be made? Have not your children in their young bosoms a germ—a bud, to bloom and to ripen either for Heaven, or for Hell? If so, ought they not to be kept away from these modern, fashionable, character-staining, vice-engendered, and soul-destroying places—parties—until their tender and naturally wayward hearts have been affectionately tutored by a mother's devout prayers and pious lessons, until they have, at least, received their academic education, until they have learned *at home* the first and simplest rules of common politeness, decency, and etiquette; in short, until their characters are undoubtedly—completely moulded?

Fathers and mothers, what think you of this new, strange, unparalleled progress—this miserable, infatuated childocracy? Did you ever think of it seriously, soberly, parentally? Did you ever exercise that noble faculty—the understanding—with which your divine creator has endowed you, when your children—the idols of your hearts—have come to you to know whether they can waste a night at such and such a child's party? If your children have gone to such places, did you ever ask yourselves the question, why they went? Or if you spent a thought about it and your good sense condemned it, did you *merely* censure such parties, and, in vexation, let your children go *because* custom made it seem right that they should go? To such we would say, remember the plain declaration of the preacher, “the son of David, King in

Jerusalem:” “To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the Heaven.” There is a time for your children to be at home under the rod of the father and the eye of the mother—there is a time for them to be at school disciplining their minds and improving their understandings—there is a purpose in life higher and better than mere earthly attainments and accomplishments, in which it is the parent's duty to instruct the child in that particular season of existence, and after these have been severally performed—after their habits have been formed and their characters moulded, then, and not till then, will they be ready—prepared—to enter society as intelligent and exemplary boys and girls—men and women.

O, but some *considerate* fathers, or *tender-hearted* mothers may very knowingly say: “Going to such fashionable places—such well selected parties, is a part, and very important one too, of our children's education. Besides there will be some *large, grown* persons there, who can and will see that nothing but what is proper and right be carried on, who will take a pleasure in imparting useful information to our children as regards their behaviour, and such like.” What sage thoughts! What parental affection! What consummate wisdom!—What do they mean by well-selected parties? Of course, such as are made up of rich men's children—such children as, though exceedingly young and of a dwarfish stature, have waded through the health-destroying morasses of luxury up to the small eminences of vanity, pride, folly, wickedness, ill-manners, and the grossest discourtesy. What

do they mean by a part, an important part, of their children's education? We know not, unless that their sons cannot be good and distinguished men, nor their daughters amiable and accomplished women, without having in childhood, become well skilled in the most disgusting airs and the most unintelligible jargon. But what am I talking about—they have *teachers* and *guides* there; yes, teachers and guides—faithful and indefatigable teachers, and Argus-eyed, never-sleeping guides. Why, *they* have decidedly the advantage of our common schools; for there is for the most part, but one teacher at the Free school-house, while at these gay, lordly school-houses there are not unfrequently even half a dozen, or more, *laborious teachers*, so continually stooping about to get in hearing distance of these *small ones*, and so diligently instructing these *untutored* intellects that we have heard of them being unable to straighten their backs and walk erect for more than a fortnight; yet, after all—what do they talk to your children about—what do they teach them? Of course, something very interesting—something about a beautiful little book which the children have taken out of the Sunday School Library—something about their studies—O, yes, child's botany, pursued at the village school or academy—something about a very useful child's paper, which they are taking, and love so much to read, or perhaps, something about poetry, music, or the witching stories prepared for children by Miss Maria Edgeworth. No, no; nothing like these.—Now were the consequences not so ruinous, so dreadful even to think about, it would be amusing to see how many *affected* and *unnatural* airs a *hare-brained*

young man can assume in talking to a mere child. And his conversation, how empty, how senseless, how absurd! He makes the *little child* vainer even than the ugly, heartless, and spoiled Queen of England, who through pure and cruel jealousy had her amiable and beautiful cousin of Scotland beheaded lest she might be admired more than herself; yes, he makes the child vainer than she, by talking to it about its snowy forehead, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, pouting lips, and queenly arched neck. Insipid fool! "He is now valiant as Hercules, that only *tells a lie*, and *swears to it*." But is this all!—No. He not only tells her that she is as pure as unsunned snow and as beautiful as the brightest angel; but also, flatters her *good taste* by telling her how good-looking, graceful, and smart her sweetheart is. And, perhaps, he may speak to some of the children, in the course of the night, of the last novel, which he has read. Now, were he to speak to them of the chaste, instructive, and surpassingly beautiful romances of Sir Walter Scott, and dissuade them from reading trashy productions, there would not be so much reason to complain of this subject of conversation; but lamentable as the fact may be, such characters generally read the most sickly, senseless, and unsubstantial novels that are imposed upon the *polite* and *fashionable* world by miserable, half-starved, catch-penny, don't care scribblers. O, what compassion, deep, inexhaustible compassion there must be in the *fool-killer's breast*, or he would long ago have killed "heaps upon heaps" of these ornaments of *folly* and *beacon-lights of destruction*!

But this is not half. They have *female* teachers and guides. And if you should want to become disgusted merely out of curiosity to see how it feels, just go to one of these school-houses, and take a sly look at *one of these amiables*. Behold her rearing back on her dignity, as *one of these young ones* with high-heeled boots, white kids, and up-standing and ear-sawing collar, approaches her! How majestically, how queenly beautiful she strives to look! How amazingly important and how imposingly dignified! And it would not require an opera-glass to discover that at one time she is so interested—so pleasingly interested that she almost goes into *paroxysms of joy*, that at another, she is so surprised—so astonishingly surprised, that she almost goes into "*highstericks*," as Major Jones has it, and that at another still she is so flattered—so happily flattered, that she appears to have gone into a *delicious swoon*. O, bewitching, fascinating, unearthly creature! Now, *dear little children*, what ungrateful creatures you must be, and what severe scoldings your *affectionate* mothers ought to give you, if you suffer so interesting a school mistress to give you such enchanting lessons of *paroxysms, hystericks, and swoons*, and you profit not by her delectable teachings! Could you be so neglectful, so inconsiderate? Dear children could you?

Such scenes as the foregoing may be witnessed more or less frequently in every *village* in our land, from Maine to California. Seldom, however, can such be seen in the *country*. *There, young men and young women* go to parties—*there*, it is true, there is not so

much *extreme politeness* and *refined learning*, but *there* may be seen easy and simple manners, and *there* may be heard good and sensible conversations. If any one is disposed to be incredulous as to the refined and elevated pitch to which nonsense has attained at these fashionbles, let him go and see, and then, like the Queen of Sheba in regard to the wisdom, wealth, and splendor of King Solomon, he will say that *the half has not been told*. Why, on such occasions, the aforesaid *male* and *female teachers* have rendered themselves so completely nonsensical that—

"Not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out their brains, for they  
had none."

And it is highly probable that on similar occasions, in the future, they will conduct themselves in a similar manner.

Sober-minded fathers and christian mothers, would you have your children taught by such reasonless, tasteless, soulless, thoughtless apologies of men and women? At such places there may be, and doubtless there are, some prudent, strong-minded, well-bred, considerate young persons; but "like angels' visits, they are few and far between." Hence the former class outnumbers them by far, and when they go to such brilliant selects, they are most admired by all the children who will flock around them, listening to their nonsense with wide-gaping mouths and looking at their silly actions with fixed, gazing eyes. Fathers and mothers, if you would not have your children's young, tender and impressible minds nipt, poisoned, and put out of all shape by such miserable persons, we would beg you keep them

away from such places; we would beg you break up such miserable, miserable childocracy. To break it up, you have but to stop your children from going to them—to keep them from loosing the most charming link in being's chain—the beautiful interval between childhood and manhood—you have but to stop them from going to them.

Trace the history of all our greatest and best men and women of the present and the past, to their earliest days, and you will find that they have had no such false and ruinous teaching and training. Washington, Hancock, Franklin, Hamilton, Dr. David Caldwell, Gen. Jackson, Dr. Alexander, Calhoun, Clay, Webster and Gaston, saw no such silly gatherings in their early childhood and boyhood, if ever in their lives; and could their departed shades come back on such occasions, they would denounce all such with a withering scorn and burning indignation, that would make these *aping young ones* run home to their mamas faster than ghost ever tripped home to grave-yard when the rich purple of morning began to line the eastern sky. Study the history of all the eminent young men of our country and of the world at this very time, and you will find that a large majority of them have been in their studies, or mother's sitting and working room, pouring over their books and treating such places and such parties with as much contempt as they themselves were when the *tickets* were sent out. Heaven favors all such children as are *slighted* by receiving no invitations to these brilliant selects.

Far better would it be for all classes of society, if this foolish *ocracy* were

up-rooted and destroyed, and the fathers and mothers were invited to these parties, where their sons and daughters, who have reached years of discretion, go to improve themselves, and enjoy the golden prime of manhood and womanhood. This new suggestion, doubtless, will not meet the approbation of the gay, giddy, and thoughtless, who love such occasions more, because they can then and there get away from, and out of sight of, papa and mama, and as they would say, *do as they please*, than because they can have an opportunity to please and benefit, and, in turn, be pleased and benefitted. 'Tis certain as two and two make four that the most interesting, most inviting period of man's life is after he has become a father—when he is between thirty and the grave;—but this is lost, for the most part, to our fashionable parties. His good sense, sage experience, lively wit, sober gravity, commanding dignity, and pure wisdom, all, all are lost to the society of the young as now conducted. And as Willis has well said: “The most delightful age of woman in cultivated society, is between the noon and the evening of her life; when her attentiveness of mind is calm; when her discriminations are rational; when her self-approbation knows what it receives, and her preference knows what it bestows; when she is wise enough to be an adviser and counsellor to a male friend, and yet attractive enough to awaken no less respect than admiration. It is this most charming and most partakeable period of a woman's life that is lost to American society.”

HAWK-EYE.

## A SONG.

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

Calm as the zephyr's breathing,  
When twilight o'er us bends,  
Or, as the hush of evening—  
When starlight first descends,

Was the appointed hour,  
'The hour, when we met,  
Beneath a rosy bower ;  
I've ne'er forgot it yet !

How hand in hand was resting,  
And heart to heart did beat,  
As *lips* to *lips* were pressing  
In union firm and sweet !

My heart was then her pillow,  
And her flowing curls of jet  
Hung o'er it, like a willow,  
And seem there *hanging yet* !

And though all else may vanish,  
And leave my heart in pain ;  
Yet, mid my deepest anguish,  
This Joy will still remain.

The memory of that hour,  
When we as lovers met,  
Beneath *that* rosy bower,  
I never shall forget !

'Twas calm as zephyr's breathing,  
When twilight o'er us bends,  
Or, as the hush of evening  
When starlight first descends.

But that hour's long departed,  
And Jenette, with it to rest ;  
And left *me broken-hearted*,  
*But her, completely blessed.*

## ROBERT BURNS.

"When storied urn and animated bust,"  
Shall crumble back to earth, and mingle with  
its dust,  
Thy name immortal Burns ! unscathed by time,  
Shall still endure, majestic, grand, sublime !

While Lochness' crag shall rear its awful form,  
To meet the sun, or battle with the storm ;  
Child of its shapeless breach ! thy fame shall  
swell  
High on the viewless echo of its mossy dell.

O could again through Scotia's island bright  
Be stirred the fire of liberty and right !  
The pibroch note would nerve her sons to war,  
And merry bagpipes ring with "Scots' wha hae !"

Up highland youths ! the land is still your own ;  
Unsheathe your swords and claim your country's  
throne !

Let every heart with freedom's impulse glow ;  
Join every hand to *lay the usurper low.*

Elizabethtown, N. C.

R.

## MIND AND MATTER.

I ask the pardon of those aged heads which have explored the region of mind and matter, in searching out the essence, faculties and properties of the intellect, for intruding upon the ground rendered sacred by their fruitless footsteps. We are all inclined to feel metaphysical at times, and I know no reason why any one should be excluded from considering this subject. "Education is the order of the day." Is there anything criminal in prying into the secrets of that faculty, the education of which is so important?

Of course we would not attempt to detect the essence of mind, or the *material* of which it is made—it being quite *immaterial*. We are satisfied with the searches of the ancient philosophers upon those subjects; and surely the crusades are a monument of no greater folly than are the pursuits and wranglings of these sage men. Their aims were, and ever must be, unattainable, because man is so entangled and fettered with the material world, that he cannot finger with the immaterial without clothing its every part with tangibility. Our minds have been dealing so long with matter and matter *only*, that when we attempt to examine mind itself, we look upon it as upon matter; endue its functions with names derived from corporeal actions, and analyze it as we would a material substance. Nor is it a slight task to di-

vest ourselves of this inclination to treat the mind thus. Yet it must be impossible, without setting aside all notions of its materiality, to learn anything about the mind, save those facts with which our senses acquaint us.

The connection of the mind with the body has ever been a subject of interest: and would now arouse an intense anxiety if we could get a key to its mysteries. But experience tells us that this key is in the hand of the great maker of spirits. With the utmost care the philosopher may watch the actions of mind, and may trace it home, but here he must stop. Is there no entrance? Can he not find how spirit acts upon matter, and with this key unlock those hitherto unopened doors? The past answers, No! The mind itself echoes this sap reply.

The speculations of the ancients upon this subject were innumerable. But I shall notice but one here, and that a modern one. I refer to the notion of "W. W. S." in the August number of the "University Magazine." The idea there advanced seems to be, that, mind acts up matter through electricity as a connecting agent. Ye chemists! This mocks your petty discoveries! It may be so; and on the keystone to the temple of immortal mind may be engraved the equally immortal letters "W. W. S." But though this and most other

philosophers in attempting to explain the mysterious connection, employ some such agent, it is certainly not absurd to question the necessity of so doing. Mind can certainly act, if it act at all upon matter, directly. Where then is the use of complicating the system? If electricity is subtle, mind is more so. Could not the latter then act more easily on the nervous system?

Again, believing the simplest theory the best, and knowing to some degree how attenuated may be the form of matter, we must think electricity material. If so, is there any reason why spirit should traverse more readily this material than the nerves? We should like to know what constitutes the former the better path. Surely somebody must have found out the nature of mind. But I cannot conceive how an immaterial is to be obstructed in its path by any material substance; and to assert that it is obstructed more by one substance than by another leads me to materialism.

But if electricity be an immaterial substance, we cannot know how, any more than mind, it can act upon the nerves. Hence we will have to find some other means for connecting electricity and matter. Now this I should say, is carrying the 'connection of mind and matter' to a complexity which is useless and foolish.

If we look at the argument of "W. W. S.," we see that it fails entirely. He institutes an analogy between the actions of the imponderables and of mind. But how can their actions be alike when their constitutions have nothing in common, and the effects produced are no more alike than a process of reasoning

and an electric shock? The analogy there falls to the ground. Indeed there is no sensible object which can be compared successfully to the mind. Matter may "rise in tenuity and fineness" to an inconceivable degree, but no modification of it could possibly become spirit or even act in the same manner as spirit. When then it is asked "what brings the nervous apparatus in connection with the thinking and willing spirit," analogy answers nothing.

If it be asked then what forms the connection, I answer, it is the will of God. If he uses material means in accomplishing it, we know nothing of those means. Another answer has been given, viz.: "That the spirit is linked to the body by some all-pervading material agent, finely attenuated and represented by the "aura" or breath which God breathed into the lifeless clay of Adam. Now beyond a doubt the *breath* of the Eternal, who is life himself, is all that constitutes man a "living soul." Now admitting that God, "who is spirit," instead of "breathing the breath of life" into man, had only infused into his system "a finely attenuated material agent," would the clay have sprung into life? To say that matter in any form could be *life*, mocks all philosophy. The theory does not bear that character of truth which demands belief.

There is another very curious and novel idea advanced by "W. W. S." He says that mind is not confined to the body, but flies along slender electric wires through all the palaces of heaven, "it plays among the clouds" and searches the hiding places of the winds. I should like to know (if it be not im-

pertinent to ask) whether when leaving these "earthly tabernacles" our souls shall rise to the regions of light on electric wires? Must the spirit then follow lines of electricity, and play about the heavens only where it has a good conductor? Queer idea! Surely "W. W. S.'s" mind has been on a tour to the clouds. Quite strange it is that the minds of the great philosophers and astronomers, instead of laboring through years of toilsome study, did never find those electric paths, along which in their search for the hidden truths of nature, they might move with all the speed of thought. However, let us hover a little nearer the subject.

Simplicity is doubtless one of nature's greatest beauties, and whenever we would pry into those of her works to which she has given us a limited entrance, we may be certain they are as simple as possible to accomplish their ends. For this reason it is probable, that the mind does not consist of parts, such as reason, memory, judgment, &c., but is a unit, capable of reasoning, remembering, thinking, &c. This simple immaterial being is seated in and pervades the nervous system, which is also the agent of communication with the external world. How the two are bound together, we cannot know. God has given us no means of looking into the mind. We can watch its actions, but they teach us as little about its structure and mode of action as observing the hands of a watch acquaints us with the workmanship within. If God had given us no eyes, we could never obtain the remotest idea of color. Nor can we get a more perfect idea of mind without some sense which can lay hold

of what is immaterial. Now, who is there that can give us a conception of an immaterial being? What words in human language can express it? The web is too delicate to be gathered in the hands of man. When most certain of having the thread that will conduct him into the sanctum of intellect, he finds himself wandering in a labyrinth of absurdity.

But to return, animal magnetism has excited many conjectures concerning the connection of mind and matter, and perhaps, suggested the idea of an electric medium. Why its phenomena are attributed to magnetism or electricity I confess not to know. For, if I mistake not, it has never been proved that there is sufficient of either in the body to produce the effect. I am not sure that the phenomena may not be accounted for in another way. The mind of the person upon whom they are exhibited is previously stupified by continued contemplation of one object. It is a fact that long continuance in one position, with the attention confined to one thing, will entirely derange the action of the mind. While then the mind of the medium is inactive, is it impossible that the mind of the operator, a connection being made, should act upon the unoccupied system? The nerves are alike in both, and ready to obey the more powerful influence. If the mind of the medium were active, being more closely connected with its own nervous system, it would exclude every other influence. But it being inactive, only a slight connection, for instance, through the hands, is necessary, in order to bring the mind of the operator to act upon the nervous system of the medium.

These remarks I merely suggest as an opinion, having never acquainted myself thoroughly with the science of animal magnetism. This theory seems much the simplest, and accounts quite as well as others for those mysterious and interesting phenomena referred by "W. W. S." to magnetism.

I agree with "W. W. S." that the connection between mind and matter is intimate and not unnatural. God's work could not be unnatural, much less should we expect such a fault in the noblest of his works on earth. He himself made nature, and whatever manner he might have chosen to connect mind

and matter, when chosen, would have been natural. Infinite in wisdom, he made all things for his glory. For that purpose he endowed man with "the breath of life," a spark of that divine, imperishable essence, proceeding directly from the Almighty. Its capabilities we must ever admire, for they are greater than we can ever comprehend. Its movements we may follow into infinity, until we are lost in imagination, but we may not pry into its home. We can see its actions and know that it moves matter, but *how* we may know hereafter, surely not now.

LAMAR.

## THE PROPER AGE FOR THE ADMISSION OF YOUNG MEN INTO THE UNIVERSITY.

THIS is emphatically an age of progress: everything convinces us of the fact. When we look around and behold this beautiful land—"this land of the free and home of the brave," teeming with every convenience necessary for the comfort, happiness and wealth of man, we are confirmed in the opinion that the career of this country is onward and upward. But alas, if there is not a reformation in the training up of the future generations of the sexes, both male and female, in this country, the lustre of the star of this republic is destined to grow dim, and set in darkness.

While we rejoice that so many things abound in this country, redounding to the support and happiness of man, while we behold with pleasure, progress marching onward, with a firm and triumphant step; yet, there is one kind of progress in this country, upon which we look with a fearful and distrustful eye, and that is the progress among young men. We do not mean that they are becoming too numerous, that there is danger of their overflowing and subjecting beneath their sway this country, or of their banding together and setting out to deliver "down-trodden and oppressed humanity," or of some more valiant than

their associates, issuing forth like the knights of old, and traversing this land for the purpose of redressing grievances and repairing wrongs. No. May they multiply and increase, may they be as numerous as the sands of the seashore, for Uncle Sam is continually stretching forth those all-grasping hands of his, and taking some rich and feeble territory beneath the broad wings of his protection. He may have cause for disputing, and perhaps engaging in war with some of his mighty brothers about possessions of vital importance; then where will there be a more pressing need of a good supply of young men? Ah! there is a use for all things.

We do not mean that they are becoming too handsome, robust, and intellectual—that the fairest of the fair must sink into insignificance and yield the palm without a struggle to their superior attractions—that the wisest of the wise must sit in dumb silence, and listen to their deep precepts and abstruse policies—that the world must tremble and cease its rotations when they open their mouths, (for I rather suspect turkeys will tremble and cease to live), and words flow from their tongues sweeter than honey. No. May they be intelligent, muscular, handsome,

“As bold as Daniel in the lion’s den,”

none of your delicate, kid-gloved, curly-haired, empty-pated fellows, whose only thoughts are about self, and whose ends are neither “truth’s, their country’s nor their God’s,” for the present reputation can only be retained, and the present prosperity of this country can only be continued by men of such stamp and mettle.

We do not mean that they are be-

coming too numerous, or that they are too handsome, robust and intellectual, but we do mean that they are growing ‘too big for their breeches,’ that they think themselves men before they arrive at the age of discretion, capable of fulfilling all the duties of citizens whenever their country shall deem it proper to call on them;

“Their tiny beards are the equal graces  
Both of their wisdom and their faces.”

The generation of boys has passed away, and is now numbered among the things that were. No longer do we see a parent exercising over his child the authority of life and death; the control of him until he reaches the age of maturity, until he has acquired sufficient sense to guide and conduct himself with befitting propriety and safety over the boisterous sea of life; until he has infused into his mind enough of moral courage to struggle with and overcome the many evils and enticements that every day beset his path. No. The power of a parent over his child, and the respect and reverence of *some children* for their parents, cease at the present day as soon as the youngster’s “upper lip begins to feather”—signs he thinks of dawning manhood, which he cultivates with more assiduity than the inside of his head, and guards with more vigilance than the serpent guarded the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides. See the young man as soon as he is old enough and large enough to walk without a nurse, strutting down the streets with as self-important an air as if the world rested on his shoulders, smoking a cigar with all the grace and dignity of a lord, and ut-

tering oaths with the same loudness and consequence as if man trembled with awe at his all-fearful nod. See him, scarcely tall enough to reach the top of the bar on his tiptoes, walk into a bar-room and call for "brandy and water," a glass of gin, (very suspicious) or some other liquor, and quaff it off as if he was fond of it. But oh! young man, those watery eyes show conclusively to an experienced hand, that you are young, that the "egg-shell is not beginning to fall off from your nose," that your stomach is rather too weak, and he can judge pretty well what will soon follow. Then see another throw from his mouth a foul, filthy quid with the same loathesomeness that some men do a no longer useful friend, and draw from his pocket a plug of the noisome weed, putting about a third of it in his mouth in order to look, as he thinks, like a man. *O tempora! O mores!*

What will become of the American race we cannot predict. Forebodings of future evils enter our thoughts in dreadful array, and the sad destiny of this glorious republic weighs heavily on our minds. Then to whom is this degeneracy in the present generation due? Is it to the fathers, and mothers, and guardians, or is it to the laws of our country? This we do not consider ourselves at liberty to decide, for the "broomstick" is always in readiness to defend itself.

Colleges and Universities are established in this country for the purpose of fitting the young for the high and responsible duties and trials of manhood. Their moral as well as mental capacities are endeavored to be cultivated, their minds to be stocked with good and use-

ful knowledge, so that each father can behold with joy the blooming manhood and inestimable worth of his sons, and whom the nation can trust as safe and competent helmsmen to steer the "ship of State," over the tempestuous sea of political strife. Then if such are the high and sacred objects of colleges and universities, it must necessarily follow that the course of instruction must be very difficult, that it must require men of cultivated minds to master it, and of iron constitutions to endure the severe study, that is, after graduating to possess sufficient physical strength to enjoy the pleasures of life. Under these few considerations we limit the lowest possible proper age for the admission of young men into the University at *seventeen*, and above that, at whatever may please and circumstances may govern. At that age they have had ample time not only to have undergone a thorough preparation, but to have acquired that health, vigor, and hardness of constitution so essential for a successful prosecution of their studies.

It may be urged in objection to this age, that God has not created all men with the same quantity of sense, that one man's mind matures more rapidly than another's, and, in brief, that some are "smarter" than others. This we do not deny. But can he acquire physical strength sufficient to maintain his health for four years of incessant mental toil, if he is sent to College before that time? Can he gain a hale and hearty constitution by poring over Greek and Latin Lexicons, and solving dry Mathematics at the very age he should be in the field at work? and is not health necessary for a powerful, continuous, and

successful application of the mind? Let him enter at the early age of fourteen, for many do and many more could, he has not those of his own age alone to contend with for the highest honors in his class; he has not, in every case, those of the same maturity of mind and constitution of body to grapple with in the long race for victory; he has not children only, who have come here to play and sleep, from whom he can with ease carry off the prize. No. He has men to contend with, men in age, men in constitutions, and men in minds. Men who are fully conscious of the high and holy duties they owe, their parents, their country, and themselves; who are resolved to act their part cost what it may, to graduate with more sense than they had when they entered, and, in fine, men who know for what object they have come here. If a person come here merely for the purpose of saying that "he has been to College;" of dragging through an indolent and unprofitable four years; if he come here to do nothing, to let slip by unheeded the golden opportunity for improvement; to come here with little sense and go away with less; if a person come here for these, we say let him come at any age, as young as possible, for he can live here as easily as anywhere else, the climate is as salubrious, the accommodations are as good as could be desired. But if he come here to do nothing, and that alone, we rather say, don't let him come at all; keep him at work in the corn-field, or at work at some trade, try and make something out of him. For an idle, indolent man, College is the last and most dangerous place imaginable; for here he contracts habits that will cling

to him his lifetime, that will destroy his health both of body and mind, and bring him to his grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

But let him enter at fourteen with "longings sublime and aspirations high," with a full determination of securing the highest honors in his class. Can he obtain them by idleness, or even by partial application? Will victory crown him without a struggle? If he is a *genius*, we have nothing to say; but if he is not, we say, that he cannot secure his reward without the closest and most diligent study. But what becomes of his constitution, his physical powers? Do they flourish and invigorate as his mental? Do they receive strength from sedentary habits? Can his constitution retain its hardiness? Will his mental faculties exercise themselves with the same vigor when his physical are neglected. No. His constitution is soon undermined by continuous study; the bloom soon leaves his cheek; and let him graduate with first distinction, his health is so impaired that the greater part of his days is consumed in regaining it, and then it is too late to engage in the active duties of life. Thus are his youthful aspirations blasted, the visions of his future greatness fled, the hopes of fond parents destroyed, his country deprived of one who would have perhaps shone brightest in the long catalogue of her eminent men, and from what? From having been sent to College at too early an age. The loss of one so young in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies is thus feelingly described by one of the first of poets:

"Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous  
wing,

The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,  
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.  
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science 'self destroyed her favorite son;  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reaped the  
fruit.

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:  
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;  
While the same plumage that had warmed his  
nest

Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

A word to parents is sufficient. Send not you" sons here at an early age if you would have them be the honor of your country, the pride of your family, and the stay and support of your old age. Do not crush their youthful ambition; do not defeat their sincere expectations of ascending high the ladder

of fame, by depriving them of that necessary means and great blessing, health. If your son is prepared at an early age, let him employ his time until he is seventeen in some manual labor, in learning some trade, or in some work that will afford him a strong constitution. If he come here young and delicate, since he has no *good* way of taking exercise, he consequently leads a very sedentary, but mentally laborious life, and by unintermitted study the body soon withers, the freshness of youth soon dies, the mind soon languishes and sickens, and he returns home a skeleton, broken in mind and body, either to spend an unhappy and effeminate life, or soon to pass to "that undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveller returns." So by sending them here too early, you inflict an irreparable injury not only on them, but upon yourselves, and upon the American people. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

REFORM.

## THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

"The earth is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit." Since time immemorial it has been employed in giving all things form and shape, while itself defies any such limitation. Boundless as thought, there is scarcely any thing unsusceptible of its influence. Truly has it been called the "language of feeling." Its province is to magnify, to beautify. These are truths which no

one can gainsay, and truths which were vividly presented to us by the perusal of the little book which is the subject of our observations. We are rejoiced to find that there are, at least, a few stars in the glorious sky of poetry. We thought the last had set in the person of Alfred Tennyson, and with a sigh of deep regret, we exclaimed,

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the  
*shade*  
Of that which once was great hath passed away."

Be not vexed, gentle Tennyson at our  
shady epithet, it was well meant; but  
should it seem otherwise, say to us in  
thine own pretty way—

"Let them rave, let them rave."

We love thee, Tennyson, as deeply as  
Alexander Smith loves "*poesy*." *Thou*  
art with us "in Memoriam" in close  
observation, in sober contemplation  
sometimes in deep thought. He is in  
our deepest, most passionate feelings,  
melting us at one time into tenderness  
and love, again thundering into our ears  
the shrieks of the lost, the sad notes of  
despair. Tennyson interests us in his  
subject. We read and admire the man;  
would be like him, calm and beautiful.  
Smith carries us away; we forget all in  
the scene before us. We are overpow-  
ered with awe, "cloyed with sweetness,"  
pained with sympathy, we seek common  
place feelings in vain. Tennyson be-  
holds nature with a painter's ken, Smith  
loves her passionately; the former pre-  
sents her to the eye in beautiful colors,  
the latter makes her speak to the heart  
in love's own language. Tennyson is  
continually disclosing new objects to our  
enraptured gaze; Smith presents us with  
few, but these few tell a thousand pas-  
sion tales. What a contrast is present-  
ed in their portraiture of characters.  
Tennyson is true to nature with few ex-  
ceptions, his paintings are general. Smith  
is almost always in the extreme. Hear  
how he derides the happy peasant's low-  
ly aspirations—

Oh, fool! fool! fool!

These hands are brown with toil; that brow is  
seamed,

Still you must sweat and swelter in the sun,  
And trudge, with feet benumbed, the winter's  
snow,

Nor intermission have until the end.

Thou canst not draw down fame upon thy head,  
And yet would cling to life! *I'll not believe it,*  
*The faces of all things belie their hearts,*  
Each man's as weary of his life as I.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet thou canst wear content upon thy face,  
And talk of thankfulness! Oh die, man, die!  
Get underneath the earth for very shame.

73 p., Scene 3.

But to give the reader an idea of Mr.  
Smith's poetical talent we will quote  
such pieces as we think characteristic of  
the whole. But before doing this we  
would just say with the Westminster  
Review, that he has "misnamed his  
book." If he had called it "my life  
drama," or "my life's passion story," it  
would sound better to one who has read  
the book, and to him who has not, any  
title would do well enough. 'Tis a pas-  
sion tale through. Hear his passion for  
Poesy:

As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,  
Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory,  
And wakes to weep, and ever after sighs  
For that bright vision till her hair is hoary;  
Ev'n so, alas! is my life's passion story.

\* \* \* \* \* My soul is follow'd

By strong ambition to outroll a lay,  
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,  
Charming it onward on its golden way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,  
As passionately, my rich laden years,  
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,  
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find  
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.

\* \* \* \* \*

I love thee, poesy! thou art a rock,  
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.

But he "cannot draw regard of her  
great eyes," and thus he deploras it:

There is a deadlier pang than that which beads

With chilly death-drops the o'ertortured brow,  
 When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—  
 A heart to hew his name out upon time  
 As on a rock, then in immortality  
 To stand on time as on a pedestal ;  
 When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are  
 weak,

We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
 The tears of impotence, and self contempt,  
 That loathsome weed upspringing, in the heart,  
 Like night-shade 'mong the ruins of a shrine.

Page 7, sc. 1.

Oh, let me rend this breathing tent of flesh,  
 Uneoop the soul—fool, fool, 'twere still the  
 same,

'Tis the deep soul that's touched, *it* bears the  
 wound ;

And memory doth stiek in't like a knife,  
 Keeping it wide for ever.

Page 8, sc. 1.

There are so many beauties all through  
 this book that we are at a loss which to  
 cull. Indeed this is its chief merit. It  
 pleases, but fails to instruct. It excites,  
 but the subjects are distant. It is for a  
 certain class of readers, and that class is  
 few.

Love is the eternal theme,  
 Love, love ; old song that poet ever chanteth,  
 Of which the listening world is never weary.

And we sometimes find him break  
 out in invectives against everything,---

Weariness feeds on all.  
 That Vampire, Time, shall yet suck dim the  
 sun.

God wearies, and so makes a universe.  
 And gathers angels round Him. He is weak ;  
 I weary, and so wreak myself in verse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, for mad war !  
 I'd give my next twelve years to head but once  
 Ten thousand horse in a victorious charge.  
 Give me some one to hate, and let me chase  
 Him through the zones, and finding him at last,  
 Make his accursed eye leap on his cheeks,  
 And his face blacken with one choking gripe.

Page 146, ec. 12.

We think Mr. Smith's own beautiful  
 lines will apply to him as a poet,

' Poet he was not, in the larger sense ;  
 He could write pearls, but he could never write  
 A poem round and perfect as a star.

The lion must surely be asleep at this  
 time, or his nature has undergone a  
 wonderful change ; but it is for the bet-  
 ter. His roaring was not heard on this  
 occasion. He seemed under the influ-  
 ence of some " power divine," and was  
 altogether a complaisant monarch. Mr.  
 Smith hath surely touched some secret  
 spring, by " youth untouched before,"  
 and his majesty has become quite sen-  
 timental. He compares the youthful  
 poet to Shakspeare ; finds beauties on  
 every page, and Shakespearian felicities  
 of expression ; predicts for him a glo-  
 rious future, gives him some fatherly  
 advice, and bids him go on conquering  
 and to conquer. Happy Smith ! thou  
 wast born under a lucky star ; well  
 might'st thou say,

I heard that maidens have been won by song.  
 Oh, poesy ! fine sprite ! I'd bless thee more  
 If thou would'st bring that lady's love to me,  
 Than immortality in twenty worlds.  
 I'd rather win her than God's youngest star,  
 With singing continents and seas of bliss.  
 Thou day beyond to-morrow haste thee on.

Not only maidens, but *the Lion* is  
 won by your song. " But shall we own  
 such judgment ? No, as soon seek roses  
 in December, ice in June." We must  
 wait patiently to hear from Mr. Smith  
 again ; for we must confess that there  
 is at present a quotation from him on  
 our tongue's end, which keeps us in aw-  
 ful suspense—

\* \* Politic I, faith his most judicious act,

Was dying when he did ; the next five years  
Had fingered all the fine dust from his wings,  
And left him poor as we.

And that is poor enough, heaven  
knows. But one word to Mr. Smith,  
ere we part :

Strive for the poet's crown, but ne'er forget  
How poor are fancy's bloom to thoughtful  
fruits ;

That gold and crimson mornings, though more  
bright

Than soft blue days, are scarcely half their worth.

## NANCY'S VOICE

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

HER voice is the voice of kindness,  
Of charity and love,  
And resembles much in mildness,  
The cooings of a dove.

Like her heart, 'tis full of meekness,  
Of soothing melody—  
And of such exquisite sweetness,  
It draws the honey bee.

Like old Sophocles, when speaking,  
Around her lips from choice,  
They gather from blossoms *weeping*  
*Sweetness, to her voice!*

For in it there flows a *nectar*  
That leavens every tone,  
And is infinitely sweeter  
Than honey in the comb.

Every word she breathes is tenderness,  
And when upon the ear  
They're poured out in songs to greet us,  
The angels stoop to hear !

For there 's not one harp in heaven,  
That hath a sweeter sound  
Vol. II.—25.

Than the voice to Nancy given—  
No, not with seraphs crowned!

It breathes as deep and rich a tone  
As any harp above,  
That can be found around the throne  
In yon bright world above.

And when its moving melody  
Once o'er the heart doth stroll,  
Like the peans sung in glory,  
*It wakes to life the soul!*

It plays upon the heart's fine strings  
Of feelings deep and strong,  
'Till all the bosom echoing, rings  
In answer to her song.

Then, may her voice my spirit cheer,  
While life and being last,  
And its sweet sounds be wings to bear,  
In death, my soul to rest!

I ask this much, for well I know  
If her sweet voice be given  
To me, in death, for wings, I'll go  
Right up from earth to heaven!

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

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KIND READERS:—For the third time, since our *debut* as Editors of the Magazine, we pay you our monthly visit. With feelings known to those only who have experienced them, we witnessed our Magazine go forth for the first time to stand the test of criticism. Our exchanges were eagerly perused, and with hearts swelling with pride, we perceived that every where it was received with open arms. With newborn aspirations we prepared the second number, adopting as our motto "*Nul bien sans peine*," determining to improve, if possible on the first. We saw the September number depart with scarcely a single misgiving as to its success, and the judgment passed has realized our expectations. And now we thrust our third number forward, to be sure having some regard as to what "Mrs. Grundy will say," but with a stouter heart and bolder air, caused, perhaps to some extent, by becoming accustomed to appear before the public, but still *to a greater degree*, by the assurance felt that the present issue will not fall below its predecessors.

It is with feelings of no little pride we peruse letters of our correspondents assuring us that our Magazine is increasing in interest at every issue, and it gives us great satisfaction to *know* that it is *fully* worth the price of subscription. Much, very much valuable information has appeared, and is monthly appearing in our columns—matter which might never otherwise have been published. Is there a single North Carolinian, within the range of our subscription, who does not read with delight the biographical sketches and

revolutionary papers from the pen of our gifted contributor, A. M. Hooper? Is not the lecture of Pres. Swain before the Historical Society of the University, published in the May number of the Magazine worth the price of the whole volume? Will not the "Worthies of Democracy" compare favorably with the articles in older periodicals? And what lover of his State University does not view with pleasure the increased literary tastes and improved quality of the essays of the students engendered by the Magazine?

It is our wish to make the Magazine still more useful and more acceptable to its readers by adding another '*form*' to its size, but our limited subscription list places an unsurmountable barrier in our onward path, a stern "thus far and no farther" to our laudable design. Why, then, is not our Magazine better supported Mr. Alumnus? Why Mr. Trustee? Why Mr. State Pride? And even of our fellow-students we must complain. It is true the Alumni Association, in a letter addressed to the editorial corps, resolved "that they will maintain a lively interest in the important enterprise under our care, inasmuch as they regard it as likely to arouse a spirit of research and self-improvement in all literary and scientific matters." How have they maintained a lively interest in our enterprise? By "indirect measures which have just been instituted," say they. The measures seem to have been *very indirect*, for they are not as yet known.

Thus it is, when we ask for "contributions from older and wiser heads, and more "*material aid*" from all quarters," we get

sympathy and—the assurance that a lively interest will be maintained for our welfare, or at least a resolution to that effect, passed by readers—no, but by an association in which *not one third* of the voters in favor of that resolution are subscribers.

The Trustees have not as yet noticed us, nor are they to any extent subscribers. And you, Mr. State Pride, why do you not stretch out a helping hand? Think you it is encouraging to the young men of your State, to have the first enterprise they engage in but penuriously supported? It is well enough for you in your political campaigns to utter extravagant protestations of State love, and make windy speeches to her young men—

“————— which deafs their ears

With an abundance of superfluous breath,”

advising them to remain in their native State, in order that you may be sent to the legislature, or placed in the Gubernatorial chair. Now, when we ask of you to encourage a periodical published by the members of your University, and under the immediate control of those who will shortly leave their college home, you tell us it is good, you acknowledge it will benefit the youth of North Carolina, yet, like the two thankless daughters of King Lear, having obtained your desires, you view with contempt those you have duped.

It is not our *wish* but *duty* to complain of our fellow-students. We are proud to say that a majority—a *large majority* subscribe to the Magazine, and numbers of them take several copies, but still some names are not on our books. Is it not obligatory on every member of College to take at least one copy? You have instituted a periodical, and for laudable purposes too, yet only a few of you contribute, and *some* do not even subscribe. If not a desire to see the Magazine prosper, *at least* a wish to increase your Society Libraries should *compel* you to aid us. On what plea do you excuse yourselves? Have

you calculated how much you annually spend for bon-bons and other collected trash at the different shops in the village? And, too, we notice articles occasionally from the pen of our students in Northern papers. Would it not be more to your interest to spend at least two dollars of the squandered money with us, and give us the benefit of your articles? In a few more numbers, we commence a new volume the third; let us commence with an increased subscription list, and our drawer full of contributions. Send in your names and contributions.

OUR UNIVERSITY.—Never, since its foundation to the present time, have North Carolinians had more reason to be proud of their State University than at present.—With a Faculty, second to none, and the number of students almost as great as the foremost, our University occupies a commanding position. The influence of her sons has been felt from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and Europe can bear proof of their prowess. One son has occupied the President's chair, and the United States Senate has twice been presided over by her graduates. In several administrations her influence has been felt in the Cabinet. The history of Congress bear witness to the ability of numerous Alumni. Her sons have repeatedly represented their country at foreign courts. The Bishops of five States point with pride to our University as their Alma Mater. Every profession is honored by her graduates, and in every situation they have shown themselves worthy of their diplomas.

The Faculty at present number thirteen. Two new Professorships have been instituted and will go into operation in January next.

Thinking it would be interesting to our readers throughout the State, to know the relative numbers of each county, we have prepared a list of those counties that have

students here with the number attached. The counties not in the table have no representatives. Orange 24, Cumberland 13, Warren 11, Chatham 11, Wake 10, New-Hanover 10, Guilford 9, Robeson 9, Caswell 6, Richmond 6, Halifax 6, Mecklenburg 6, Granville 6, Edgecombe 6, Montgomery 5, Northampton 4, Anson 4, Bertie 4, Franklin 3, Bladen 3, Chowan 3, Person 2, Nash 2, Wayne 2, Iredell 2, Sampson 2, Rockingham 2, Brunswick 2, Pitt 2, Alamance 2, Rowan 2, Gates 2, Moore 2, Martin 2, Gaston 2, Davidson 2, Pasquotank 2, Duplin 2, Beaufort 2, McDowell 1, Forsythe 1, Hyde 1, Stanly 1, Carteret 1, Randolph 1, Burke 1, Johnston 1, Lenoir 1, Greene 1, Craven 1, Haywood 1, Alabama 12, Mississippi 8, South Carolina 6, Tennessee 5, Florida 5, Louisiana 4, Virginia 4, Georgia 2, Arkansas 2, Texas 1.

By this table it is seen that Orange has the greatest number. Several counties have only one, and a great many, none. It seems to us that every county should have at least one representative here. There are young men in each county prepared and able to come to college. We think those counties, unrepresented at the University, should make it a point to send their young men here, thus swell the number as large as any similar institution in the Union. It will, also, be noticed that other States are sending more of their sons than formerly.

The present prosperity of the University is owing to our energetic President and Faculty. Two new branches have just been instituted, and still more are wanted. The Trustees *must act*. Our wants are imperious. Give us larger halls and more buildings. And our Chapel is entirely too small for the increased number of visitors at commencement. Why don't the Trustees look to these things? The reputation of the University as well as the increasing numbers of students *demand* them to act.

OURSELVES.—Do our lady friends know what clever fellows we are, and good look — natured we mean? All of us are not engaged either, and if any young lady wishes to make an impression on us and get — a copy of the Magazine, let her send in her name. How accommodating we are. The last young man that proposed to you, was not as liberal as we; he wished you to take *his* name. You were right in refusing, knowing we would propose on better terms, wanting *only* two dollars, and you knew *he would spend all you have*. Therefore give us your names and *license*, and we will promise to make you — subscribers.

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WE acknowledge the receipt of the "Speech of Hon. A. W. Venable, before the two Societies at Wake Forest College," from the Euzelian Society, for which we return our thanks. It is a masterly effort, worthy the man and the occasion. We would be happy to give it publication did our columns allow. Success attend our sister College. We should be happy at any time to publish the prosperity of Wake Forest. Will not some of the students of that institution favor us with an article?

—

IT gives us pleasure to announce that Aaron V. Brown of Nashville, Ex-Governor of Tennessee, has accepted the appointment of the Philanthropic Society to deliver the annual address at our next commencement, before the literary Societies of the Institution. It is now nearly forty years since Gov. Brown graduated.

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LAST SENIOR CLASS.—Some of you, who are subscribers to the University Magazine, will find that your copies are sent to your present addresses, without your order. If you do not wish them continued, you will do us a favor by ordering their discontinuance.

THE LATE CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D.—The subjoined notice of the late Charles Caldwell, M. D., is copied from the National Magazine for September.

"In July last Professor Charles Caldwell breathed his last, at his residence in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. He was probably the oldest practising physician in the United States, being ninety years of age, and had attained great celebrity both as a writer and teacher. He wrote most valuable papers on Quarantines, Malaria, and Temperaments; also treatises on Physical Education, the Unity of the Human Race, and Phrenology, of the last of which he is considered a champion. His Tribute to Fisher Ames, in Rees' Encyclopædia, (Am. Ed.) is almost unrivaled. Quite recently he published a paper on Liebig's Theory of Animal Heat, that is said to have left neither root nor branch of the German professor's scheme. He occupied, for a long time, a chair in the Transylvania School of Medicine, and afterwards became one of the founders of the school at Louisville. He was a man of great physical proportions, and in the earlier part of his life could readily spend sixteen or eighteen hours per day in intellectual labor. We understand an autobiography of this remarkable man is prepared, and will, no doubt, soon be published with other posthumous papers."

Professor Caldwell was, we are informed, a distant relative of the late Joseph Caldwell, D. D., the first President of this University. He is understood to have been a native of either Iredell or Rowan County in this State, and to have resided for some years, after attaining to manhood, in the neighborhood of Mount Mourn in Iredell.

In 1819, while filling the chair of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania, he published his "Memoirs of the life and campaigns of the Hon. Nathaniel Green, Major General in the army of the

United States, and commander in the Southern department in the war of the Revolution," in an octavo volume of about five hundred pages. This work is, we believe, now out of print. We, at least, have never seen it, and have made some unaffectionate efforts to obtain a copy. All our knowledge of it is derived from a merciless criticism of twenty pages, in the North American Review for January 1825.

The book, if it possesses no other merit, was entitled to the distinction of having been the earliest biography of General Green ever published. The residence of the author at the time, in the immediate track of the invading and retreating armies, must have afforded him opportunities, enjoyed by no subsequent writer, to present an accurate history of the memorable campaigns of Cornwallis and Green in 1780-'81.

We shall await the publication of the proposed autobiography of this remarkable man with deep solicitude.

WE were grieved to receive the last number of the Georgia University Magazine, with its editorial columns in mourning. Death has deprived them of an esteemed associate in the management of the Magazine, W. T. EDWARDS. As brothers in the cause of college literature, we deeply condole with them for the loss of so gifted and beloved an associate.

While we sympathise with our friends of the University of Georgia, we must not forget that the Destroyer has placed his hands upon one of our fellow-students. Yes, THOMAS LITTLE COWPER is no more. He left us at the end of last session, full of promise, full of hope, expecting soon to return to take his regular place in his class, in which, although quite young, he stood very high. In the midst of attending relatives and friends, and all that could tend to make a sick-bed easy, he passed from earth to eternity. To his bereaved re-

latives we tender our heartfelt sympathies, for we his fellow-students, who knew his gentle bearing, amiable disposition and friendly nature can truly mourn at our own loss as well as theirs—

“Friend after friend departs;  
Who has not lost a friend?”

We invite the attention of our readers to the following resolutions passed by the Philanthropic Society, on occasion of his death.—

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, }  
Sept. 3d, 1853. }

WHEREAS, in His wise dispensation, an inscrutable God has seen fit to remove, while in the bloom of youth, our beloved fellow-member, Thomas Little Cowper, from earth to sky, from scenes hallowed by the kind indulgence of a hopeful father, and the fond affection of a lovely sister, to those rendered still dearer, if possible, by the presence of a mother, of whom he was early deprived; and whereas, the melancholy duty is ours, of signifying the loss we have sustained, and of offering some feeble tribute to his memory; therefore, be it unanimously—

*Resolved*—That, as members of a society, to which he evinced the strongest attachment, and as fellow-students, who duly appreciate the graceful features of his character, we do sincerely lament the death of one, who, though exceedingly young, yet gave frequent evidence of uncommon ability, and enkindled in the breasts of all, by his praiseworthy qualities, an ardent affection and generous esteem.

*Resolved*—That we tender our condolence to the afflicted relatives, for their heart-rending bereavement, and unite with them around the altar of love, in offering up the grateful incense of a bleeding heart.

*Resolved*—That, as an expression of our sorrow, and a testimony of the esteem we cherish for his memory, we do wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Raleigh Register, Standard and University Magazine, and publication requested.

WM. BADHAM,  
J. R. GATLING,  
J. W. STEVENSON.  
Committee.

It gives us pleasure to insert the following notice, if we did not get any wedding cake. It looks *encouraging* to us, when we remember that Mr. Leak only

graduated last June. We have heard that several of the members of his class are married, but have not received any notice of it. We should take great pleasure in making such announcement for *all* of that class, provided they did not marry to interfere with *some* they left behind:

“Married in Tippah county, Miss., 10th of August, by the Rev. Mr. English, at the residence of Col. Hamer, Mr. Walter J. Leak to Miss Mary J. Hamer.”

Happiness and prosperity attend the couple. Now send on the confectionaries.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We dislike very much to complain, but of late some of our exchanges have been coming very irregularly, and others we have not seen. The following papers and magazines have not made their appearance in *our sanctum*—Republican Banner, Democratic Free Press, New Era, Columbus Enquirer, University Magazine of Randolph and Macon, Stylus, Yale Literary Magazine, Ladies' Keepsake, Scientific American and National Magazine. The students have made a reading room, placing our exchanges in it. We wish, therefore, all to be regular, and would like to increase our list of exchanges.

We notice with pleasure the improved appearance of some of our exchanges.—Among others the “Spirit of the Age” comes to us for the last two or three issues much improved. It is a neat, well conducted paper. It is doing great good to the Temperance cause in our State, and deserves even better patronage than it receives.

By the way, we are glad to hear the Editor is convalescent, and so far recovered from *that last attack*, that he is able to resume his editorial chair. We are bashful youths, but *must* insert *that notice* of our last number.

“The University Magazine, for September, is quite an interesting number.—‘The Battle of Moore’s Creek Bridge,’ and ‘Defeat of the British at Sullivan’s

Island,' are very readable papers; 'Cousin Joe's Letter' is a humorous, well-written sketch. The 'Editorial Table' is unusually good. Success to Mag. and her woovers. May they *Ingle-hard* by the summit of renown, and *Merit More* good luck than the sainted *Nichol(a)s* ever blessed his votaries with, and go *Scot* free of the pink *Spencers* that glisten around them, or, be caught by them and tamed into handsome *Swains*, as they may prefer. Send for the Doctor, we're considerably worse after that."

Thank you, kind sir, *we owe* you one, but have no notion of paying you just now, unless you send the same physician up here that *cured you*, as we consider him O. K. in such cases.

TABLE TALK WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—All we have to say to our subscribers is to *pay up*, one and all, by remitting the amount to Mr. W. C. Nichols.

The letter of Schnoskweif, has been received and perused very carefully, but we failed to discover wit or any other redeemable quality and let it drop under the table. "Abraham Beeswax, natural neff you to old Mr. Syphax," was also received and passed under the table. Young "Beeswax" has neither the humor, wit, sarcasm or *sense* of his uncle. We are sorry that the family has degenerated so fast. Wit, like water, will seek its level, so we think that the *wit* of the letter will only *amuse* the *author* and *kindred spirits*. "Cousin Joe" and the Salutatory man are grieved that they have fell victims to the sarcasm of "Abraham." We wished to make an extract, but can find none worthy.

Our contributions during the past month have been more numerous than previously, but still we do not receive as many contributions as we had hoped. To the Senior Class particularly are we indebted for the contributions received, and "hope we will merit a continuance of the same." We will state for the benefit of our contributors, that they should only write their

manuscripts on *one side* of a sheet, which will insure a more correct printing of their articles.

"M" is well written, but the subject is rather worn out, and the arguments are entirely too common. We fear should we publish his article that he would never be able to get a wife, besides bringing down upon our Magazine the *tongues* of all woman-kind.

The "Epic" of "Jehosaphat" is rejected. It possesses some merit, and would have been published if it had been—better. We will make a quotation or two, which we think are fair specimens of the "Epic." It appears that four youths of Selma being enraged at the appearance of a stranger in their quiet place, determined to wreak their vengeance on the ruthless adventurer. Each armed with a brush, they creep up to the "hero," while asleep in a fence corner, forced to lodge there on account of the scarcity of his friends. After several attempted assaults, with as many patriotic speeches from their "Generalissimo," they make a successful attack. Hear "Jehosaphat:"

"They seize upon the noble youth,  
And in the scuffle *broke his tooth*,  
They bid him rise and follow them,  
But in answer received, ah hem."

At the coldness of the "hero" they became "hot," and made sundry passes at him with the brushes, which caused the youthful "hero to kick."

"Now by chance the kick was behind,  
Which almost knocked the Captain blind."

But the "hero" outnumbered, surrendered to the valiant assailants, and they carried their point. "Jehosaphat" then wishing either "to point a moral or adorn the tale," ends with the following lines:

"Now I guess it will make you laugh  
To know the hero was a calf."

"Jehosaphat" depicts very well the

changing fortunes of the contending parties :

“So close to each pathetic part he dwells,  
And each adventure so sublimely tells  
That all who view the “*hero*” in his glory,  
Conceive the *Bard* the *hero* of the story.”

The stanzas which appeared in our September number, signed Melnotte, were, we are sorry to say, not composed by the per-

son sending them to us as his own. They appeared in some paper, name unknown, a few years since, but were not discovered until after publication. To allow our readers the opportunity of knowing the individual, who accomplished such a feat, and that he may gain the *reputation* he so much deserved, we give his name—Jno. L. Frensley. Let others be careful how they receive verses from him.

## THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

*A Lecture, delivered before the Historical Society of New York, December 18th, 1852, by Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D.*

He is a bad man who is ashamed of an honest parentage, because it was poor and humble. He is no better who is ashamed of his country, because its history records few or none of the bloody triumphs of ambition, but tells the simple story of a people's unobtrusive progress in civilization and homely comfort. I am sorry for the man, who, if his countrymen be frank and honest, does not love his country. The Historical Society has placed me before you to-night, because it has been disappointed in the attendance of one who, I doubt not, were he present, would entertain you more than I fear I shall. But I am here—and here to speak for a Society whose chosen pursuit is History. It is fit then, methinks, that I should seek for my subject in History. But it is an American Society. This, then, narrows my range of choice to American history; and I should but poorly repay either the partiality or the expectation which may have brought some of you here to-night, if I did not speak of that

part of American history which I have studied most, and know best. That, then, you will say, must probably be the history of that part of the Republic in which you were born and reared. Even so—my theme is North Carolina. All I have to tell, too, is a very simple story, of some of the incidents in her career. I do not think you all know them, for the career of North Carolina has been singularly unobtrusive, modest and quiet, and her true history yet remains to be written; and I may as well candidly confess, that what I am about to tell you, has been collected to that end. I hope that my unpretending effort may serve to interest you.

But another motive has prompted my selection; there is a moral to my story, which will develop itself at the close. I have but selected from certain incidents in Carolina history, and there are three which are memorable: First, It was on the shores of North Carolina that the first English colony was planted in America: Second, The first blood shed in battle

with troops of the English Government, in support of the principles of the American Revolution, was the blood of North Carolinians, and the first battle-field was on the soil of that State: Third, The first Declaration of Independence ever promulgated in any of these Colonies, came from North Carolinians, more than a year before the National Declaration of July 4, 1776.

With the first two particulars I have named, I shall not trouble you, though the story is one full of saddening interest. It will, I fear, consume too much of your time before I can dispose of the last only. And now, without further preface, I begin my story.

But correctly to understand that story, it is necessary you should know something of the country and its hardy inhabitants. The passenger who at this day travels southwardly over the customary routes, sees little of North Carolina, save her hills of sand, and forest of pine. Struck with her seeming poverty, he is glad to cross her boundaries, and is apt, in the retrospect, to cry, "All is barren." For nearly one hundred miles from her present sea-coast, the land has evidently been formed by the retrocession of the ocean from its ancient limits, leaving exposed a sandy surface, which, in the lapse of time, has now and then presented spots of fertility, formed mostly on her water courses, by the alluvial deposits of the rivers. But westward of the ancient boundary of the sea, for an extent of more than three hundred miles, even to the eastern border of Tennessee, there exists a very different region. Commencing with an agreeable diversity of hill and dale, spread out over a fertile

soil, and still, in many portions, covered with magnificent old forest, it stretches away to the west, its hills gradually swelling more and more into mountains, until its remoter portions present, in all directions, scenes of wilder grandeur and sublimity, and you are at last embosomed in a region which has been well termed the Switzerland of North America.

The middle and western parts of North Carolina were settled almost entirely from the north of Ireland. The emigrants were Presbyterians in religion, and belonged to that class usually known as "Scotch Irish." In the reign of James I. of England, the Earls of Tyrone and Tryconnell, in the northern part of Ireland, having conspired against the government were obliged to fly from the kingdom. This led to a forfeiture of their estates, and 500,000 acres were thus escheated to the crown. James filled these escheated lands with new settlers, derived mostly from the Protestants of the west of Scotland. Hence the name of "Scotch Irish." It was from this stock that the Carolina immigrants came. They reached the place of their settlement by two different avenues of approach; the one portion came into America by the Delaware River, landing at Philadelphia; the other first touched our shores at Charleston, in South Carolina. These latter struck at once into the fertile forests of the upper country, and approached their future home from the south; the others occupied first the desirable localities in Pennsylvania, east of the Alleghanies, until finding need of increased room for their numbers, they passed down, first into Virginia and then into

Carolina, and met the wave of immigration from the south. The line of their settlements across the whole State, from North Carolina to Virginia, may readily be traced on the high road leading through the villages of Charlotte, Concord, Salisbury, Lexington, Greensborough and Milton, to the head waters of the Roanoke. It is somewhat difficult to fix the precise date at which they began to come; it was, however, not very far distant from the year 1730, though the ingress did not become rapid before 1750. There is, however, much less of uncertainty in speaking of the features of the country, and the character of the people. As to the first, the features of the country, they are singularly beautiful. At the time of which we speak, its aspect was not precisely what it now is; large prairies, over which waved a luxuriant growth of grass, then occupied ground on which may now be seen thrifty forests. These were between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers, and afforded immense grazing grounds to herds of tame cattle. The streams were often bordered by the canebrake, within which, the game found food and shelter; and by the side of them, or on the edge of the prairie, the smoke went up from the rude chimney of the pioneer's log cabin. Sometimes the hut lifted its humble head from the dale, and, seated on the sunny side of the hill, surrounded with the evidences of culture, it told, in an unpretending way, its little story of homely comfort, and quiet seclusion. The busy wife and rosy-cheeked children were there full of life, while the father was on the streams or over the hills, or perchance, up among the far-

distant mountains, providing by the pleasant toil of the hunter for those whom he loved. At first, the log cabins which betokened civilization, stood often in solitary seclusion. Eight, ten, fifteen miles, were deemed distances that constituted quite a near neighborhood; but scattered as were the people, there was an artificial feature in the landscape which showed itself from the beginning. If you sought it, in some spot most convenient to all, you were sure to find the meeting house for the worship of God. It was, of course, at first, an humble structure of logs, buried in the deep stillness of the forest, where it might be overshadowed by the brave o'd trees; and near it was commonly to be found, in some shaded little dell, or bursting from the hillside near the knarled roots of some king of the forest that canopied it, the full and gushing fountain of water that nature has provided. Even to this day, the mouldering ruins and foundations of some of these rustic temples remain, while near them rise the more imposing and modern edifices of brick to supply their places; and around them, protected commonly by a stone wall, are the green mounds and hillocks of the graveyards, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." They are preserved from desecration with pious care; and wandering over them, the eye falls on some rudely sculptured memorial, which, while it tells the customary tale of sorrow, has doubtless served also, in its time, "to teach the rustic moralist how to die." But I have much before me, in the story I have to tell, and I must now leave the land to speak of the people. The most prominent feature in their

general character was the intensity of their religious feeling. They seem to have united the impulsive ardor of the Irish, with the keen and cool intellectual perception and shrewdness of the Scotch. The one tempered the other; they were eminently zealous, and at the same time eminently practical. They chose to understand a subject first, no matter whether it were religious or civil liberty, and when the mind once apprehended what they thought to be true and right, they threw themselves into the support of it with body and soul. They were as stern enthusiasts as the old Covenanters, but they knew better the grounds of their enthusiasm.

Next, as you might naturally expect from such people, they were daringly *brave*, women as well as men. There is an amusing and authentic anecdote related of the emigration of a conspicuous family from Ireland, which may serve to illustrate this trait. The family alluded to, was that of Alexander. All preparations were made for their embarkation to our shores. They had suffered oppression, and their ministers in Ireland had been imprisoned and interdicted from performing religious ceremonies. On the eve of their departure, before trusting themselves to the perils of the sea, they sent to Scotland for their old minister, under whose teachings they had lived before their removal to Ireland, to come and baptize their children, and give them his parting benediction. The old man came; they and their effects were all on board the vessel, and the day before sailing, a solemn religious service was held in the ship, at which the old minister officiated. At the close, armed men, who had been

on the watch, came on board, seized the minister and lodged him in prison to await further punishment. As night approached, the old matron of the family summoned around her all the men of the Alexander race, old and young who were on board, and thus addressed them: "Men, gang ye awa', tak our minister out o' the jail, and tal: him wi' us, good soule, to Ameriky." It was enough; the men had never disobeyed her in their lives. Before morning, the minister was on board, and the vessel was on the seas. Fortunately for the minister, he was an old bachelor, and very cheerfully acquiesced, probably considering it a leading of Providence; and they all landed here in this our goodly city, and one of the descendants of one of the men who thus landed was William Alexander, Lord Stirling, one of the Generals in the war of the Revolution.

Another incident, though of later date, may also here be mentioned as illustrative of female heroism of the loftiest kind. Among those who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary struggle was a poor widow, who having buried her husband, was left in poverty, with the task upon her hands of rearing three sons; of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest as best she could. After the fall of Charleston, and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessaries and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners confined on board the prisonship and in the jails of Charleston. This widow was one of the volunteers on this errand of

mercy. She was admitted within the city, and braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means, in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter before she went; but, notwithstanding, went bravely on. Her message of humanity having been fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return; but, alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe, had planted in her system the seeds of fatal disease, and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. That dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son, the sole survivor of his family, to the world's charity; but little did she dream as death closed her eyes, the future of the orphan boy: that son became the President of this free Republic; for that widow was the mother of Andrew Jackson. It was among these people that he learned that *love of liberty*, which formed a third conspicuous characteristic of these brave emigrants. Everything in their position conspired to foster this trait of character. They were far removed from the settlements on the Atlantic, and felt but little either of government patronage or power. West of them, and indeed, among them, were the savages, while, in the scattered settlements, north and south of them, they met those who had been trained in the same school as themselves. Their country was beautiful, their climate salubrious, their physical wants well supplied; they roamed at will over the hills and through the valleys, with the never fail-

ing rifle, and the dog for companions; they breathed the fresh air of God, and drank of his living streams of water around them, and walked with elastic and untrammelled step over the turf he had made for them; and born upon the soil, as most of them were at the time of which we are about to speak, they felt that it was their country and home, and that they were free. No newspaper came at that day to tell them what was doing in the busy world without; they, in fact, lived more under the paternal direction of their spiritual instructors, than under the control of the Colonial Government. And these guides were worthy of the place they filled: they were educated men, they established schools for their children, they taught the people faithfully, they were universally venerated, because they were unspotted in character, their opinions settled what was right and wrong, and no men better understood the principles of rational liberty. The people knew but little of any portion of the Colonial Government, save that which was brought to their knowledge by the presence of the tax-gatherer; but they cheerfully paid their taxes, (even long after they became unjust and oppressive) because they had been taught that the support of Government was a *duty*. When the final struggle came, every one of these spiritual guides, to a man, was on the side of an oppressed people; some of them bore arms, and their voices sent out among these hardy mountaineers, with the clear, full swell of a trumpet's tone, the sentiment, that the cause of rational freedom was the cause of God and humanity. These men were not of my faith, but they were my countrymen,

and palsied forever be my tongue when it refuses to yield a just tribute to men like these, who feared God, and loved their country. But I must hasten on to my story, and let that exhibit the characteristic traits of these people.

I must ask you to imagine yourselves up among the hills and valleys of which I have been telling you, and to fancy yourselves, on a pleasant Spring morning of 1775, in the village of Charlotte, in the county of Mecklenburg. It is obvious that from some cause there has been brought together a large assemblage, and that an unusual excitement prevails. You are among the same Scotch-Irish of whom I told you before. It is a busy scene. In yonder group may be observed some of the clergy, with deep earnestness speaking to the gray haired men around them, who drink in with greedy ears all that is uttered; while on the outskirts of the circle, the sober matrons and the young women stand, hearkening with breathless interest to what is passing. Yonder, again is another knot, of those who are in middle age, and as each one leans on his rifle, or poises it on his shoulder, he is taking in what is falling from some influential individual, whose dress betokens a position in the higher class of that secluded community. And yet again another group appears of young and vigorous men, whose violent gesticulations, and earnest tones among themselves, show that the subject which so agitates them is one of no common interest. Presently, at intervals, they pause, and then may be heard human tones as in reading; and then again break forth voices from the circle as of angry men. Hard by may be seen a

man travel-stained, as if from a long journey hastily performed, and at short intervals, one and another run to him from out the group, and holding with him a short and hurried conversation, hasten back again to listen to the reader, who holds, as you may see, a printed hand-bill before him. That travel-stained man has ridden express, and you begin to suspect that the tidings he has brought may have occasioned this unusual commotion; and so they have; for he has brought that hand-bill, which contains the account of the blood of Massachusetts men shed by British soldiers at Concord and Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775. They have just received the tidings on that Thursday morning, May 19, 1775; and what you see is the first outbreak of the varied emotions produced by the startling intelligence. But how came they to be assembled there on that day? To explain that, I must carry you back a little in their history.

After the departure of Tryon, these people were permitted by his successor, Martin, to enjoy comparative quiet. They had, however, learned one lesson on the field of Alamance, and profited accordingly; they were distrustful, not of themselves, but of the Government, and had learned that courage was worth twice as much with discipline as it is without it; and they had therefore sought, by military drill, to be better fitted for a battle field, should they ever be called to enter one. And they were a shrewd people, and some of the better informed among them, who watched passing events, felt sure that the time for battle would come. Upper Carolina had then no printing press; no regular

mail traversed the country then, and newspapers were scarce. Still, the educated men of the region contrived to keep themselves apprised of events without, and when intelligence of interest arrived, it was usually committed to writing, and the people supplied the want of the press among them by assembling at intervals in Charlotte, where these written documents were read to them. Many of these papers were prepared by their clergymen, and when the people met for worship on Sundays, it was easy to disseminate through the county, intelligence that news had arrived, the particulars of which would be read to the people on a certain day. This insured an assemblage. So, also, when there was no special news, they were sometimes convened to hear the public reading of papers, prepared by the influential men among them, in which were set forth the prospects before them, and they were instructed to prepare for the probable future. Very many of these leaders had been educated at Princeton, and belonged to the profession of law, medicine and divinity, while others were influential from their social position. It was not less providential that the masses of the people had been taught from childhood to respect superior intelligence, and the acknowledged and long established characters of the leading men of the country induced the people readily to follow the suggestions of their judgments.

These circumstances had, therefore, led to frequent assemblages in Charlotte, prior to the 19th of May, 1775, to hear the news, and join in the discussions of the period. As matters approached a crisis, it was determined that Col. Thos.

Polk, a man of worth and influence, and extensively known and esteemed through all that country, should be empowered to call a formal Convention whenever it should be advisable. This convention was to be composed of two representatives from each militia company district, chosen by the people themselves. A recent attempt by the Governor to prevent the meeting of the Provincial Congress, and a dissolution by him of the House of Assembly, after a session of four days only, before any important business had been transacted—together with the state of affairs both in England and some of the other Colonies—induced Col. Polk to call the Convention. Such a call was sure to bring together, not merely the selected delegates, but the whole county; and this explains the presence of the excited multitude in Charlotte, on the 19th of May, 1775, of which I have made you imaginary spectators.

The convention proper consisted of between twenty and thirty members, one of whom was a clergyman, many others professional men, and nearly one-half conspicuous for their exemplary and consistent lives as christians. The convention (or to speak more correctly, the whole assemblage, for such was the absorbing interest of the occasion, that the speeches made were delivered at once to both convention and people,) heard addresses from Rev. HEZEKIAH JONES, a highly accomplished scholar, and WM. KENNON, Esq., a lawyer of distinction and deserved influence; so that the three learned professions combined their power to set the revolutionary ball in motion. They did not, according to the testimony of eye wit-

nesses, appeal to the passions or seek to stir up the resentment of the people; they spoke to their reasons; they set before them plainly the causes which were at the foundation of the contest with the mother country, and the consequences to be apprehended, should the people fail to make a firm resistance to the right claimed of taxing the colonies and regulating their internal policy, without allowing them to be heard.— Into the midst of this assemblage came the messenger, breathless with haste, bearing the tidings from Massachusetts. The effect was that of fire thrown into gun-powder. A shout went up from the multitude, “Let us be independent! Let us declare our independence, and defend it with our lives and fortunes.” The convention, I should have mentioned, had duly organized by choosing ABRAHAM ALEXANDER their chairman, and JOHN McKNITT ALEXANDER and Dr. BREVARD their secretaries. This body immediately appointed the three gentlemen who had addressed them, BREVARD, KENNON and BALCH, a committee of their body to prepare suitable resolutions. And here it is to be noted that Dr. BREVARD, whose quick and sagacious mind seems to have anticipated events, had himself prepared some days before, certain resolutions of independence and had read them to his friends; they were now read to the assemblage, and were referred by the assemblage to the committee; and these I apprehended to be the resolutions published by MARTIN in his history of North Carolina, as those which were finally adopted. With the exception of a short clause referring to the battle of Lexington, the news of which had just reached them,

I believe them to be the original resolutions which Dr. BREVARD had privately prepared before the meeting, and which formed the basis of those adopted. It has been said that they differ “materially” from those adopted; a minute comparison of them will show that this is an entire mistake: the differences are little more than verbal and slight, with the occasional introduction merely of a short recital by way of preamble, or of a phrase making the meaning more explicit; but the number of those touching the main subject is the same; the topics treated in each resolution are precisely the same, and they occur in the same order, and in all really important particulars in precisely the same words. The one will, on examination, appear to be a simple emendation and slight enlargement of the other, not in any particular altering the sense and meaning of a single resolution. Judge MARTIN obtained them in manuscript, from the western part of North Carolina, and procured them as he did most of his other materials, before the year 1800. Not long after that period, he removed from the State, first to Mississippi and afterwards to Louisiana. I knew him intimately, and had known him from my childhood. I conversed with him touching this and other events in our history: for, partly at his suggestion, I had undertaken to prepare a history of North Carolina, myself.— Many of his original materials had been lost, for in the latter years of his life he was blind. His book, as he stated, consisted rather of a historical memoranda, chronologically arranged, than of a well digested and continuous narrative; but he said he had inserted, as he believed,

nothing for which he had not collected some authority. The only mistake he made on this subject, was, in supposing his copy of these resolutions to be those which were adopted, when they were, as I believe, Dr. BREVARD'S first private draft of them.

Now, to resume our story : The committee had retired to perform their duty : the convention remaining in session, heard addresses from various individuals. And now—I speak on the testimony of an eye witness—occurred an event illustrative of the scrupulously conscientious character of these people. You must know, that after the battle of Alamance, Tryon exacted of those who had been Regulators, and indeed, of others also, an oath binding them “never to bear arms against the King, but to take up arms for him, if called upon.” In that convention there were men who had taken that oath, and it weighed upon their consciences. One of the committee, a man who deeply sympathized with the general sentiment and who, up to that time, had sat silent in the struggle of his feelings—rose and asked of the chairman this question : “If we resolve on independence, how shall we be absolved from the obligations we took four years ago, not to bear arms against King George III?—How shall we clear our consciences, after taking that oath?” Now, this man was not influenced by fear, or want of patriotism, for he afterwards proved himself to be a true friend to the cause of his country ; but he thought that his Bible had taught him that God's blessing was promised to the man who though “he sweareth to his own hurt, changeth not.” The effect of this ques-

tion was startling ; many, who in their excitement, had forgotten, for the moment, Alamance, Tryon, and their oath, now showed by their manner, that the speaker had touched a chord, the vibrations of which were felt in many a bosom there. It was necessary that an answer should be given, and given at once, or no resolutions of Independence were likely to be adopted—at least, on that occasion. Some cried out that it was “nonsense ;” these were the hot-headed and impetuous. Others, more cool and thoughtful, remarked that allegiance and protection were reciprocal ; that when the King declared a people out of his protection, their allegiance ceased : that their oath was binding only while the King preserved to them the enjoyment of such rights as they possessed when they took the oath ; and as he had formally pronounced them out of his protection, their condition was changed by him, without their consent ; and consequently the oath was not binding. At last one man simplified the whole subject by a familiar illustration. After stating that no such oath was ever absolute, but always conditional, he pointed to one of the trees near, which was just putting forth its leaves, and said : “If I swear to do anything as long as the leaves continue on that tree, I am bound to do it as long as the leaves are there ; but whenever the leaves fall, the oath, of course, is at an end, and I may then do as I please.” The illustration was sufficient, for all the convention agreed that it was exactly applicable ; and so they gladly lifted from their consciences the weight of Tryon's oath.

The convention then proceeded to

enact certain regulations and by-laws, extending their session to midnight or later, sitting in the Court-House, says one of them, "neither sleepy, hungry or fatigued." The committee, with the resolutions on Independence, came in, and these with the by-laws and regulations, were taken up by the convention. One Secretary read the resolutions, the other the by-laws. All was silent as death. The chairman rose. To these are you all agreed? said he, when, from every voice, there went up for a response, *Aye*. It was then determined that the convention should adjourn the next day, and that at noon what they had determined on should be read to the assembled people. The 20th of May dawned on them brightly; the people of Mecklenburg, men, women and children were there. They were told to assemble around the Court House door to hear what their representatives had done. At noon, Col. Thomas Polk stood above them on the steps of the building, and read to them these words, and that you may judge for yourselves how far they varied "materially" from what Martin has published, and what, with the single exception of the reference to the battle of Lexington, I believe to be Dr. Brevard's original draft, I shall read them together.

RESOLUTIONS, READ BY COL. POLK.

*Resolved*, That whoever directly or indirectly, abetted, or in any way, form or manner, countenanced the invasion and danger of our rights, as claimed by

PUBLISHED BY MARTIN.

*Resolved*, That whoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form or manner, countenances the invasion of our rights, as claimed by

Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man.

*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connection, contract, or association, with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

*Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, and of right be, a sovereign governing association, and under the control of no power other than that of our God and the General government of the Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

*Resolved*, That we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt, as a rule of life, as holding any rights, all and every of our former laws--wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never

until the slaughter of our countrymen at Lexington had compelled our fathers to fight, that we began even to have an army; and it was not until they had been in the field for a year, and gained some confidence in their strength and skill, that they dared to declare themselves independent. Even the Provincial Congress of North Carolina, containing some of the very men who signed the Mecklenburg declaration, could not, in 1775, be brought to the point of urging the Continental Congress to declare independence, though all wished it. It would have been, as they supposed, indiscreet and injudicious, they meant surely to pluck the pear at last, but they meant also to wait until it was ripe. And to the eye of the Provincial Congress of North Carolina, perpetually quickened in vision by the aid of their Mecklenburg brethren, the fruit did ripen before its maturity was visible to any one else; for theirs was the first Provincial Congress that dared to recommend to the Continental body to declare the country independent. It was on the 12th of April, 1776, that the true Provincial Congress of North Carolina unanimously adopted a resolution in these words:

“Resolved, That the delegates for this colony, in the Continental Congress, be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies, in *declaring Independence*, and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a Constitution and Laws for this colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general representative thereof,) to meet the delegates of the other colonies.”

This, we repeat, is the first open and public declaration for independence, by

the proper authority of any one of the colonies, that can be found on record. It preceded the National Declaration of Independence nearly three months, and is one month older than the action of the Virginia Provincial Congress, recommending a National Declaration of Independence. And now a few words for the correction of an historical error, in which North Carolina has some little interest. I have already told you that some supposed the document of May 30, 1775, to be the Mecklenburg *Declaration of Independence*, and, indeed, such a statement has been published as history. It is not that declaration; but it is an authentic document, founded on that declaration, and meant to carry out its principles into action. Certain facts connected with this matter are undeniable, because they are sustained by the oaths of most respectable witnesses, taken by order of the State of North Carolina, and deposited in her office of State; and here give me leave to add, that to these oaths I have resorted primarily for testimony.

First, then, no less than seven witnesses of most unexceptionable character swear positively that there was a meeting of the people of Mecklenburg at Charlotte, on the 19th and 20th days of May, 1775, that certain resolutions distinctly declaring the independence of Great Britain were then and there prepared by a committee, read publicly to the people by Col. Thomas Polk, and adopted by acclamation; that they were present and took part in the proceedings themselves, and that John McKnitt Alexander was a Secretary of the meeting. These seven swear positively to the date, the 19th and 20th

days of May, 1775. In addition, seven others, equally above suspicion, swear that they were present at precisely such a meeting as that described above. One of them also swears that he is the last surviving member of the Convention by whose order the resolutions were drawn. His language is, "When the members met, and were perfectly organised for business, a motion was made to declare ourselves independent of the Crown of Great Britain." Mark the language; it was not to frame regulations for the preservation of good order in the county. He then proceeds, "Dr. Ephraim Brevard was then appointed to give us a sketch of the *Declaration of Independence*, which he did." It will be remembered that Brevard was Chairman of the Committee, and according to the statement of all, was understood to have been the writer of the document. The other six witnesses in this group all swear that what they heard was an abjuring of the authority of George III., and all without exception say that the instrument they heard read declared independence of the British crown. All, further agree, that the instrument of which they speak, was read to the people from the steps of the Court House in Charlotte, by Colonel Thomas Polk, and received by the people with loud acclamations of approval. And further, all swear that it was in the month of May, 1775, though they do not name the precise day; for at the time they swore, the day had never been called in question. A distinguished statesman had denied that there had ever been a meeting at Mecklenburg for such a purpose at all; and the chief point in the testimony was simply to

establish the general fact of a meeting and declaration before July 4th, 1776. And further, it is to be remarked that of these seven who thus swear positively to the date of the 19th and 20th of May, time had scattered them, and age frosted their heads: some were in Georgia, some in Tennessee, and some still in Carolina; and yet, separated as they had been for years, without opportunity of consultation with each other, when from various remote points their affidavits are brought in, all who swear to a specific date, with undeviating uniformity fix it on the 19th and 20th days of May, 1775. Why, that date was as indelibly fixed in the memories of that class of men who have a faculty for retaining dates, as the 4th of July is fixed in your memories. You know and cannot forget, that on that day your forefathers in Congress declared the country independent; you remember the day by reason of what your fathers did—these men can no more forget their date than you forget yours; for they remember it by reason of what they did themselves. Well then, here are fourteen unimpeachable witnesses, who, either by positive statement as to time, or by facts proved to have occurred on a particular occasion, which facts do fix the time; here I say are fourteen witnesses, who, if human testimony can prove anything, do show beyond all peradventure, that on the 20th of May, 1775, a certain paper was read and adopted in their hearing, whereby the people of Mecklenburg county did abjure allegiance to the British crown, and did declare themselves independent. Such a paper then was in existence on that day, and was in the possession of the Secre-

tary, John McKnitt Alexander. This is *one* fact, at least, established. Now what became of that paper? I am about to show you by a connected chain of testimony what became of it, and further that it is identical, word for word, and letter for letter, with the document I have read here to-night, as the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. And first, who was John McKnitt Alexander, and what his character? He was a man, who, born in Pennsylvania, came in when young with the tide of Scotch-Irish emigration, which, as I have already told you, peopled that part of the State. Prudent, frugal, industrious, intelligent, methodical, pious, he accumulated a handsome estate, and exhausted at last by the decay of nature, rather than by disease, he descended to the grave at the advanced age of four score and one. Of honesty the most undoubted, and truthfulness that was never questioned, he possessed as he deserved, the respect of the entire community. An elder in the Presbyterian church for a great many years, Treasurer of the Synod of the two Carolinas for a long time, and often entrusted by that body with business the most important; he sustained through life an unblemished character. Well, into the possession of this man went all the records and documents pertaining to the Mecklenburg meetings. Dr. Brevard, his co-Secretary, entered the army as a surgeon, was captured and imprisoned at Charleston, and on his release returning to his native county, sank under the injuries his constitution had sustained in his imprisonment. The documents were then confided to Alexander, the other Secretary. How many copies were

made of the resolutions of independence of the 20th May, we cannot say, though some of the witnesses state that they were so often repeated orally on that day, that many had them fixed in memory. Be this as it may, there were certain copies made by John McKnitt Alexander himself, of which he spoke particularly, and in some instances to witnesses yet living. He distinctly stated that he had furnished a copy from the original document, to Dr. Hugh Williamson, who had undertaken to write a history of North Carolina; and also another copy to General William Richardson Davie, an officer of the revolution a distinguished lawyer, and employed also in the foreign diplomacy of the United States. General Davie had been reared in the settlement, and was the nephew of one of the clergy there. In the year 1800, John McKnitt Alexander's house and papers were consumed by fire. At that time many were living who had been actors at Charlotte, on the 19th and 20th of May, 1775.

They naturally feared that the documents were all irrecoverably lost—and so some of them were, particularly the original book of minutes; but Mr. Alexander soon allayed apprehensions as to the Declaration itself, by stating that there were copies in existence of his own hand-writing which he knew to be correct, and particularly mentioned that he had given one to General Davie. Some time after the fire, Hon. Judge Cameron, (still living,) in the course of his official duty, was in Salisbury, where he met Mr. Alexander. The parties had been acquaintances and friends for years. The conversation turned, as it often did between them, on our revolutionary his-

tory, when Mr. Alexander lamented the loss of the original documents by fire, but consoled himself as to the Declaration by saying, that some time before the calamity, he had given a copy, which he knew to be correct, to Gen. Davie: "therefore," said he, (I use his own words,) "*the document is safe.*" At a subsequent period, and indeed on the last interview he ever had with Judge Cameron, when he was so blind that he could recognize him by his voice only, he then told him that Davie's copy was perfectly correct. Soon after the death of Gen. Davie, on the examination of his papers, (I give you the testimony as sworn to by a credible witness,) a paper was found, known by the witness to be in the hand writing of John McKnitt Alexander, commencing with the following words: "North Carolina, Mecklenburg County, May 20, 1775." Then follows a brief narrative or history of the assembling of the inhabitants of Mecklenburg at Charlotte, on the 20th of May, as I have related it, and the adoption of the resolutions which are given at length in the MS., in John McKnitt Alexander's handwriting, verbatim, as I have read them to you. The residue of the paper states that some by-laws were made, merely to preserve order; that the documents, after approval by the people, on the 20th of May, were sent by a special messenger to the Continental Congress, and gives their answer, as I have already stated it, not from this paper, but from the affidavit of the messenger himself. Among Alexander's papers was also found a written statement, in his own handwriting, filed carefully away, mentioning the destruction by fire of the original

paper in 1800, but adding that he had sent copies to Dr. Williamson and Gen. Davie. The paper that was in Davie's possession is now preserved in the office of State in North Carolina. Now as to the paper sent to Williamson: Hon. Montfort Stokes was Governor of North Carolina in the year 1831; while he occupied that high position, he testified that in the year 1793, (mark the date,) he saw in the possession of Dr. Williamson a copy of the documents of the 20th May, 1775, in the handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, together with a letter to Williamson from Alexander—and that he conversed with Williamson on the subject. I asked you to mark the date, because it has been put down as an historical fact, (on what authority I cannot say,) that the date of the *earliest* copy of the resolutions was in September, 1800—*after* the destruction of the original by fire. Here we have them, as I have presented them to you, in 1793.

But this is not all. Among the young men who were present at Charlotte on that memorable 19th and 20th, was one, who was, as he states, a deeply interested spectator, then twenty years old. This youth joined the army at once as a private, afterward became an officer, and conducted himself during his whole military career with great bravery. When he retired from the service, he resumed his classical studies, and became a clergyman in that region of country, exercising his office for more than thirty years with unblemished character. *He kept a Journal of all that occurred, from the meeting in Mecklenburg on the 20th May, through the whole of his military career, and carefully preserved a copy of the paper*

read by Col. Polk from the Court House steps. He had not obtained it from Alexander afterward, as Williamson and Davie had, but made it at the time. The memoir which he wrote contained that copy; it agrees *verbatim* with what I have read. Nor yet have we done. No one in Western Carolina has aught personally reproachful or disparaging to say of a Graham. The stock is too well known; it has not degenerated in the present generation. Among the young men at that meeting, which he unhesitatingly affirms was held on the 19th and 20th of May, 1775, in Mecklenburg, was Joseph Graham, who afterward freely shed his blood for the principles which he heard Thomas Polk read that day. Hear how the highest officer in the State speaks of him: "The statement of Gen. Joseph Graham, another surviving officer of the Revolution, a citizen and a soldier worthy of the best days of the Republic, will be read with pleasure and perfect confidence throughout the wide range of his acquaintance." He was there. What is his statement? Why, that the Resolutions of Independence prepared by Dr. Brevard, were, as he believes, precisely in the words that appeared afterward in print, and precisely, therefore, as I have read them to you.

I think we know now what Carolinians, at least, mean by the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and I think further, that we have proven its authenticity.

\* If the two facts are established that there was a meeting on the 19th and 20th, and that a paper was read, it puts an end to the claim of the document of the 30th, to be the Declaration

of Independence, for its own date disproves it. The first paper, if any, would be prepared in answer to the cry of the people then made, "let us declare our independence;" it would be made while the people were then and there assembled, and would be read to them, not concocted afterward by the County Committee at one of their meetings, and by then set forth to the people at their homes; it would say something boldly and unequivocally about independence, about refusing further allegiance to the British Crown; it would not set forth a document, in which the word *independence* does not once occur—it would not be content with a delicate insinuation that as protection and allegiance are reciprocal, therefore, the King having put them out of his protection, they would make a few temporary regulations for themselves, till the Provincial Congress should act. That is not the fashion of speech, my countrymen, in that region. They are not afraid to speak out in good, plain, wholesome English, just exactly what they mean; and I am apt to think they know as well what independence means as any set of men on this broad continent. But the instrument of the 30th furnishes other evidence that it was not meant as a Declaration of Independence; for it is avowedly to be of force *but for a time*; until the Provincial Congress should direct otherwise "in regulating the jurisprudence of the province." Thus showing, first, that they must have wished a *temporary* independence, if this be their declaration; and, secondly, that the true intent of the document was to "regulate the jurisprudence of the province" merely.

But there is one fact incidentally mentioned in the story of the 19th and 20th of May, which, with a knowledge of the localities, becomes very strong confirmatory testimony. You remember that on the day of meeting, the express arrived with the news of Lexington and Concord. Now, if any one will take the trouble to turn to the 584th page of the 2nd volume of Mr. Lossing's interesting, useful and patriotic field book of the Revolution, he will find there a letter from Richard Caswell, one of the North Carolina delegates to the Continental Congress, an attentive examination of which will show that Governor Caswell, on Sunday, the 1st of May, 1775, met at Petersburg, in Virginia, the express from Massachusetts, bringing the news of the battle of Lexington. We may well believe that the brave men of New England lost no time in communicating to the sister colonies that war had begun. The battle near Boston occurred on the 19th of April, 1775; we will suppose that they sent off tidings on the 20th of April; you must bear in mind that those were not the days of railroads, steamboats, or public conveyances; so you will not be surprised to find that a horseback traveller, making all the speed he could, had occupied ten or eleven days in reaching Petersburg. His journey southward would next take him to Halifax, in North Carolina, for thither led then the only mail route. This would occupy him, on horseback, probably six days, which would bring him to the 7th of May. He had then to diverge westward from Halifax to Charlotte, a distance of some hundreds of miles, over a country with bad roads and difficult

of travel even now. It would take him in the then state of that country, about twelve days diligent riding to reach Charlotte, and this would bring him to the 19th of May. He could not, at any rate, without criminal loitering—and that, too, when he carried an express—have prolonged his journey from Halifax to Charlotte to twenty-three days, never reaching it until the 30th of May; and yet the testimony shows that he arrived on the day Independence was declared, and that his arrival quickened the declaration. It must then have been made on the 20th; and this is to my mind at least, conclusively proved by the fact that the document of *that* day does distinctly refer in express terms to the slaughter of our northern brethren near Boston, on the 19th of April, [a fact which roused the Carolinians almost to frenzy,] while that of the 30th is *perfectly silent concerning Lexington*—not a syllable in it of this most exciting event.

If the resolves of the 30th were the Mecklenburg Declaration, and if the Carolinians were quickened in making it, by the news of the murder of their brethren at the East, is it not most marvellous that not the slightest allusion should be made to the blood-stirring story? I might go further and show how the mistake arose of confounding the proceedings of the 30th with the true Declaration of the 20th; for I discovered among the Revolutionary papers of an ancestor of my own, the document on which the whole error has been founded. It was the proclamation of the Royal Governor, dated after he fled on board one of the armed vessels of the Crown, setting forth among

other matters that he had seen published in one of the only two papers in the Colony, certain "resolves of a set of people styling themselves a Committee for the County of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of this country, and setting up a system of rule and regulation repugnant to the laws and subversive of His Majesty's Government." This document, from the description of it, applied exactly to the resolves of the 30th ult., (setting up a system, &c.,) which were printed, and again re printed in Massachusetts, New York and South Carolina; but had no reference to the short declaration of the 20th, which set up no rules or regulations whatever, and was not printed. It was not printed, because everywhere out of Mecklenburg—even in North Carolina herself—it was thought to be too strong to permit any hope of reconciliation, and it was therefore deemed injudicious to print it then. The resolves were printed, because their chief object was to establish a *temporary* government, and they were valuable as furnishing a model to other counties in the State, which, in point of fact, those counties very soon followed. After the national declaration the end was gained, and there was no need of printing it; beside which, the men of Mecklenburg were too busy fighting for what had been declared on the 4th of July, to trouble themselves about printing, when they were some three hundred miles from any printing press. It was no time to be discussing the point who first made a declaration of independence; there it was, *made*, and it was their business just to maintain it by hard fighting; but they never forgot in

Mecklenburg what they had done, and the whole story, showing the entire popular belief of the country, is told in the homely but expressive answer of a gray-haired old Scotchman, who was present, a youth, at Charlotte, on the 19th and 20th, when the declaration was made, and fought through the whole war of the Revolution. When asked if he knew anything of the affair, he answered: "*Och, aye; Tam Polk declared independence lang before any body else.*"

I pray you pardon me, for having so long trespassed on your indulgent patience. I am lecturing out of my proper place in the course, and have not had time to make my lecture short; let me hasten to the moral of my story. Ye are my countrymen, gathered from all parts of our broad land. Probably the blood of some brave soldier from each one of the glorious old Thirteen, that with Washington to lead, went through fire to baptize a nation in their blood and to name it FREE, is represented here to-night. There is circling here through our veins the blood of New England and New York, of Jersey and Pennsylvania, brave little Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia; and the blood of men from all these, once made a common pool on more than one hard fought field. No sound was then heard of sectional feeling, saying I fight for Massachusetts, and I for Virginia, I for Connecticut, and I for California, I for Jersey, and I for Georgia. No, the cry was, We fight for the freedom of *all*—we want no freedom which does not cover *all*—we will have no freedom but for *all*—and have it for *all*, with God's good help, we will, or leave

our bones to bleach on the fields of our country. Ah, it is glorious to sit down and turn over the pages of those stirring times, until the heart throbs and the eye waters, and we rise to the full appreciation of the dignity, the sublimity of that purest, most unselfish revolution recorded in the world's history. Ah! that is the process by which to bring out the true feeling—intensely American. Look back, look back, my countrymen! Oh, how our brave old fathers clung together. Boston was in trouble in 1774. North Carolina expressed her sympathy, and at a cost of £800 sterling, sent to her a vessel loaded with provisions. The town from which it went had but six hundred inhabitants, and the whole colony but one hundred and fifty thousand. Again, hear them after the acts of Parliament leveled against Boston. They speak in their Provincial Congress: "Resolved, That the inhabitants of Massachusetts Province have distinguished themselves in a manly support of the rights of America in general, and that the cause in which they now suffer is the cause of every honest American, who deserves the blessings which the constitution holds forth to him. That the grievances under which the town of Boston labors at present are the effect of a resentment leveled at them, for having stood foremost in an opposition to measures which must eventually have involved all British America in a state of abject dependence and servitude." These be noble words. Again, hear these same men of Mecklenburg, (of whom I have said so much,) in one of their meetings of 1775: "The cause of Boston is the cause of all: our destinies are indissolubly con-

nected with those of our Eastern fellow-citizens, and we must either submit to all the impositions which an unprincipled Parliament may impose, or support our brethren who are doomed to sustain the first shock of that power which, if successful there, will ultimately overwhelm all in the common calamity." These are brotherly tones, and think you the Boston men of that day did not appreciate them? Why Massachusetts had her sons down in Carolina, and the men understood and loved each other. Let Josiah Quincy, the young patriot of Boston, tell the story, for he was the man who could tell it. He was at the house of Cornelius Harnett, the man who drew the resolution in the Provincial Congress, calling on the Continental body for a Declaration of Independence; the man whom Quincy described to his countrymen as "the Samuel Adams of North Carolina." He says, "Robt. Howe, Harnett, and I, made the social triumvirate of the evening." They settled then the plan of "continental correspondence," and Quincy went home to tell his countrymen that North Carolina, and indeed all the South, would join Massachusetts in her resistance. The North and the South then felt as brethren; and now, ye sons of the North—ye men with the blood of the dead soldiers and heroes of New England, New York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, coursing through your veins; ye sons of the North, one and all—I stand here with the blood of the Southron in my veins—and I hold out my hand in love to you; our fathers were brethren, and fought side by side, and they comforted each other in death on the battle field, and they loved each other; what should

we do? Will ye refuse my offered hand? Oh, no! it cannot be, ye cry—you are our brethren, for we are all children of one household. Aye, and so we be—and so with God's blessing, would we ever be. And as children of one great household, what should be our conduct? Mutual forbearance and love, and a united resistance to all, come when they may and from where they may, who would sow discord between us. We are a large household; there must be some diversities of opinion; let there, however, be none on this great determination, viz:—that our diversities of opinion shall be so discussed with entire respect for the rights and consciences of each other, and our mutual determination in all honor and honesty to support each other's just rights shall be so fulfilled, that there shall be no discord that can lead to a rupture of family ties.

Paramount to all other matters of interest with us just now, is, I apprehend, the determination to do as our fathers did, stand together through life, and if necessary, in death, on the battle field. How near we may be to the need of all our strength, God only knows, but the day is coming when we shall need it. May it find us, when it comes, neither disunited nor unprepared for its approach. The moral of my story, then, is briefly this: that, sprung from fathers who all did well, and manfully acted their parts together, it becomes not us, their sons, either to forget their sufferings and achievements, or to spurn their example. May I not, with becoming modesty, say, in conclusion, for the good old State that has furnished my theme, that, as one of the children

of the common household, while treated with respect and kindness, she is exceedingly good natured, and not over ready to take offence when no wrong is meant. She can understand, too, a joke among friends. She is willing the other children of the family, especially the little and the young ones, should (if it will afford their childishness any amusement,) call her "sleepy old Rip Van Winkle." Rip Van Winkle be it then: it is a respectable soubriquet, for it is Dutch, and North Carolina has rather a fancy for Dutch blood, inasmuch as it has never proved itself cowardly: but let me tell you, sleepy as you may think Rip to be, he follows the fashion of his country, and generally sleeps, to use the phrase of his people, "with one eye open." Rip thinks he was wide awake on the 20th of May, 1775, in Mecklenburg—wide awake, when, on the morning of the 27th of February, 1776, he fought the loyalists to the number of 1,500, and made a clear field of it, scattering them and crushing their principles throughout Carolina; wide awake on the 12th of April, 1776, when he told the Continental Congress to shout out, without fear, *Independence*; wide awake, when, after the war, almost one of his first acts was to found an University; wide awake when he took the lead and ordered the first geological survey of any State in this Union; and above all, wide awake when he saved the money he earned, and so always paid promptly every dollar he owed, from the time he was a freeman, and never had occasion to give his promissory note, much less deny his signature to it afterward; wide awake when he resolved to use a little of his surplus money

to show his respect and regard for a very worthy gentleman and friend of his, one Mr. George Washington, and so caused the best sculptor in the world to make a marble image of his departed friend, and had it set up that the children might know what was old Rip's idea of a man. Who would have thought, by the way, that the sleepy old fellow was so full of gratitude and good taste! Really, he does not seem to have been such a drowsy character, after all; and now, go where he is, perhaps he will be lying down, and perchance you will think he is again asleep; but let me tell you, he knows very well all that is going on in the great family household, and how each child is getting on in the world; and he knows, too, something about the families that are of no kin to him; and just whisper to him that you think there are thieves and enemies prowling around the old homestead, and he will tell you that he knows it, and you will see him on his feet in an instant; and when he is wanted, there he will be, rifle in hand, with a man's heart and a man's strength, to do all a man's duty; and when he has done it, he will, perhaps, quietly lie down again; and whether he is too sleepy, or whether he is too modest, I cannot say—but so it is, that after he has done all that a man should do, he will be very sure, unless obliged to speak, to say little or nothing about it. Ladies and gentlemen this is Rip Van Winkle. I hope you like him.

## TWO-LIPS.

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

I have heard of tulips often,  
 But I never saw before,  
*Two-lips* that the heart could soften,  
 By their mild expressive glow,  
 Till I beheld the lips of Nancy,  
 Wreathed in beauty all the while,  
 Breathing as my heart did fancy,  
 Kindness to me in each smile!

Then my heart with love o'erflowing,  
 Filled my bosom with delight;  
 When I saw her *two-lips* going--  
 Flush with beauty, love and light;  
 Nothing could be more enchanting,  
 Than to see the nectar flow,  
 From her *two-lips* brightly sparkling  
 O'er a bosom white as snow!

Sweetly beneath her dove-like eyes,  
 All so innocent and blue,  
 That they resemble Heaven's skies,  
 Where her soul was beaming through!  
 In one continued fervent stream,  
 Of pure love, warm from the heart;  
 To cheer and brighten every scene,  
 Where she chanced to throw a dart.

Yes I've heard of tulips often,  
 But I never saw before,  
*Two-lips* that the heart could soften,  
 By their mild expressive glow.  
 Till I beheld the lips of Nancy,  
 Wreathed in beauty all the while,  
 Breathing as my heart did fancy  
 Kindness to me in each smile!

WORTHIES OF DEMOCRACY.

NO III.

RASPAIL.

*Je pr eferere les orages de la liberte a la securite de l'esclavage."*

We read in the Paris correspondence of the *National Intelligencer*, the following paragraph:

"MADAME RASPAIL died a few days since \* \* \* \* \* The funeral was attended by an immense number of democrats, mostly of the laboring class, who desired to express their sympathy for her husband,--one of the apostles of their cause, who, will, in all probability, die one of its martyrs."

Who is that martyr of liberty, whom twenty thousand democrats dare to acknowledge as the apostle of their cause, in the face of an infamous despot, surrounded by the bloody bayonets of half a million of lawless pretorians?

FRANCOIS VINCENT RASPAIL was born at Carpentras, in the year 1794. History has not yet recorded anything worth mentioning, concerning either his family or his childhood. It will be only after he has paid the debt of nature, that diligent biographers will dive into the archives of Vaucluse, and laboriously unfold the recollections of his early friends, so as to bring forth the wonderful precocity and startling anecdotes

which must necessarily adorn the biographies of great men. We know, however, that his first instructor was a venerable clergyman, who spared neither time nor perseverance, to instil into the youthful mind of his beloved pupil, the sound precepts of a truly philosophical education. His name was LYSSERIE.

Gifted with a powerful mind, which stamped his decline with uncommon energy, that worthy priest shunned the contact of the world, lived amidst books, and devoted his meditations to the solution of what is now termed "The Great Social Problem." Far, however, from sharing the illusions of modern reformers, he was deeply imbued with the belief that a social renovation could not possibly be the work of one day, or even generation, but the labor of a whole age, so as to derive from a gradual enlightenment of the masses, that calm appreciation of facts and consequences, without which, nations, as well as men, are doomed either to live in perpetual slavery, or consume in a state of inevitable anarchy, all their strength, all their patriotism.

The sublime precepts of Christianity

were his only guides, and a true interpretation of the *spirit* of the Scriptures was the fundamental basis of his doctrine. Compelled, however, to go beyond a prejudiced meaning of words, and thus happily abandoning an incessant cause of idle contentions for assertions reared on obvious truths, and which, therefore, required no other evidence than the assent of an unsophisticated mind, he established principles which must, sooner or later, dictate man's conduct.

After many years of impartial investigations into the *moral* history of mankind and the mysterious workings of the human heart, rendered still more effective by a rare tolerance in the examination of clashing doctrines, he framed, and gave to the world, a positive, practical and new system of ethics. The good curate, thought, in his artless philanthropy, that it would be greeted with enthusiasm, and immediately become the Constitution and the Gospel of the people: but he was sadly disappointed. They remained indifferent to his appeals, and fell once more the victims of their own ignorance and folly.

Under such a kind and learned preceptor, FRANCOIS VINCENT could not fail soon to become a proficient in reasoning as well as in science,—for his teacher aimed more at an entire control of mind than a mere knowledge of facts. Yet, as an extensive acquaintance with the objects of our thoughts, is, as a matter of course, the first requisite for a "rational" application of the mental powers, he had laboriously trained his memory; made him acquainted through the medium of the senses with many of the phenomena

of outward nature; rendered him familiar with the most important sciences; explained the theory of the celestial bodies, and the nature, affinities, connections and importance of the terrestrial elements, not from books, indeed, but amidst the Alps and on the banks of the Rhone.

After RASPAIL'S mind had been thus fully prepared for the infusion of complex ideas, he was entrusted with books, more as a last resort than as a primary source of information. His own originality gave him the solution of the problems first proposed to him by the impression of the senses; and when the time came to launch into the speculations of other men, store his mind with transmitted facts, and weigh the exactness of metaphysical assertions, he could then, not only give an original analysis of every historical event or philosophical hypothesis, but also collect and classify *all* the leading truths relating to any subject.

At the age of eighteen, RASPAIL was appointed to the Chair of Metaphysics in the College of Montpellier, but having evinced an extraordinary aptitude to scientific investigations, he relinquished it for the professorship of Chemistry.

In 1815, after the defeat at Waterloo, the southern provinces of France loudly condemned the course of the fallen "Tyrant;" claimed to have always felt for NAPOLEON and his "accomplices," a most inveterate and natural hatred; and, so as to gain the favor of the new king, held themselves up as victims of an ungodly despotism. Perhaps they were right after all. Many staunch imperialists became firm royalists as the white flag waved over the ranks of the

victorious bands of BLUCHER; and, to give glaring proofs of their attachment to the Bourbons, they unmercifully denounced, persecuted, and even murdered both the faithful followers of the vanquished Emperor, and the partisans of the Revolution of '93. May the name of LOUIS XVIII ever revive in the memory of the French people the awful remembrance of TRESTAILLONS!

Victim of this unjust proscription, RASPAIL abandoned his home and went to Paris in search of food and shelter. From that day he devoted all his energy and talents to the welfare of mankind and the success of the holy cause of liberty.

Although a leader in all the conspiracies which were planned against the Bourbons, and an indefatigable member of the democratic press, RASPAIL still found time to pursue his scientific investigations. The government, however, urged by a blind rancor, constantly thwarted all his efforts, and often incarcerated him for advocating scientific, as well as political, reforms, with that boldness becoming a philanthropist and patriot. In spite of these obstacles RASPAIL's discoveries were received abroad with a just enthusiasm; and several foreign "Savants" dedicated their works to him as

"THE CREATOR OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY."

The liberals succeeded at last in overthrowing a contemptible king, who, after perjuring himself, violated the liberties of the French people, and strove to plunge them into the religious blindness and slavish stupidity of the middle ages. Such a wanton disregard of all

rights and justice, deserved an exemplary punishment. The Revolution of July 1830, is still present to the mind of every one. May it always be a terrible warning to the unfaithful magistrates who, trampling under foot all the claims of mankind, erect on the ruins of civil liberty, a throne adorned from the degradation of the people, glittering with public misery and shame!

RASPAIL fought like a hero, and stained with his blood the impregnable barricades of Paris. Unfortunately the victory inured to the benefit of a few politicians headed by LAFAYETTE, who without at all consulting the people, bestowed upon LOUIS PHILIPPE the crown so violently snatched from CHARLES X. These blind and unlucky statesmen became the first victims of their arbitrary conduct. PHILIPPE, as soon as seated on the throne of his cousin, assumed the appearance of liberalism, courted the favor of the republican party, and endeavored to increase his popularity by conferring on the victors of July, the cross of a worthless order, created for the occasion.

RASPAIL disdainfully refused the insidious honor; and thinking that the people were ready to seek in a bloody battle their last chance of regaining the republic, so impudently wrested from their hands by a clique of ambitious men, he openly renewed his democratic crusade.

He then organized the famous secret club, known as the "*Societe des Armis du Peuple*;" and had already succeeded in undermining the weak structure of the new government, when the conspiracy was detected and himself brought before the High Court of Justice. His

uncommon eloquence saved him, and he was acquitted.

A short time before the trial, the king, by a stroke of his cunning policy, created RASPAIL Knight of the Legion of Honor. Our worthy immediately protested against such a dangerous favor, which he considered as an insult. "RASPAIL must accept," said CASIMIR PERIER, then Prime Minister, "or he shall end his days in a dungeon." The stern democrat persisted, and by an energetic denial, stigmatized the perfidious monarch who was doomed to be soon precipitated from his ephemeral grandeur by the just vengeance of an incensed people,

From that day RASPAIL may be said to have lived only in a prison; yet, he incessantly raised his powerful voice in behalf of his oppressed countrymen, and from the dark recesses of a dreary dungeon, unmercifully lashed the apostates, who, after serving all causes, betrayed that to which they owed their rise, their power and their fortune.

The time passed in the prisons of *Ste Pelagie* and *Mt. St. Michel*, he still devoted to the cause of mankind; and resuming his scientific researches, he composed the great pathological work which was to seal his fame (*Dictionnaire de la Sante et de la Maladie*.)

After a detention of five years, he was set at liberty, and being anxious to put in practice the theories he always advocated with so much talent, established in his own house, and at the cost of his whole fortune, an hospital for the poor. His first efforts were to eradicate a foul cutaneous disease, the last remnant of the plague of the middle-ages, which, though in a milder form, still raged

among the poorer classes. He was eminently successful, and often the grateful plebeians left RASPAIL repeating as once did the people of Capernaum: "and he put forth his hands and touched him, saying, 'I will, be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed.'"

As he practised medicine gratuitously and without a license, the Faculty of Paris caused him to be indicted and again imprisoned during a long term of years. They were willing to overlook his political doctrines, so as to have the honor of counting the "immortal Raspail" as a member of their justly celebrated body. They urged him to make application for the degree of Doctor, promising to confer on him the greatest dignities in their gift, but he constantly refused. He aimed at establishing a new school, which could not possibly emerge into scientific tenets that never will deviate from HIPPOCRATES or GALLEN.

In 1848, after the fall of his deadly foe, and the establishment of a Republican Government in France, he published at Paris, the "*Reformateur*" and *L'ami du Peuple*, two radical papers which aimed at checking the monarchical tendencies, so threatening at the time. His generous efforts, however, could not resist the sway of prejudice, still sustained by the tame policy of the rulers. The people fearing to become once more the victims of the deceit which in 1830 had stript them of democratic institutions, impatiently watched for a favorable opportunity to regain by force what they had lost by treachery. They at last rose in arms, and without RASPAIL's assent, placed him at the head of the

Provisional Government. This melancholy insurrection was defeated. LOUIS BLANC and LEDRU-ROLLIN fled, but RASPAIL, who was conscious of his innocence, disdained the blind vengeance of his enemies. He was once more arraigned before the High Court of Justice at Bourges, and sentenced to perpetual banishment—the penalty of death for political offences having been, a few months before, abolished by ARAGO, LAMARTINE and their colleagues.

## II.

This fatal insurrection—to which we chiefly ascribe the fall of the Republic—and the unexpected indifference with which France seems to bear the yoke of a contemptible and ridiculous despot, must appear so unintelligible to the majority of our readers, that we beg leave to offer a few remarks on the present state of political knowledge and democratic aspirations in that unhappy country.

The French people will no longer place implicit faith in any form of government whatever. Never prepared for the emergencies which must necessarily arise from political revolutions, and always the victims of treacherous rulers, at the very time when they willingly began making the sacrifices required for a transition from anarchy, to a settled and definite form of government, they never fully enjoyed their civil rights, either under the monarchies inflicted upon them or the republics they had themselves founded.

They once believed in political dogmas, and from the *Champ de Mai* to the *Etats-Generaux*, the historian may find many assertions of political ethics,

not at all unworthy of England or even America. This happy time is however gone, gone forever!—and yet, perhaps as a national consequence, the French people, the true people, *plebs*, are constantly willing to trust any politician without reserve. KOSSUTH once told in a few words the result of such a heedless confidence; “France,” said that great patriot, “has never yet raised a single man to the seat of power, who has not sacrificed his country’s freedom to his personal ambition.”

In fact, it may be truly affirmed that the French people constantly claimed rights which they were unable to exercise without great dangers, both to themselves and the State; principles they had not been taught to understand “practically,” and political liberties beyond their education and experience. What do they know of a free press? It has never existed in France, except during such short periods that they only knew its licentious effects. Where did they ever see in the numerous political machines they endeavored to set up nine times in half a century, that system of checks and balances which in the present state of human progress, is the ONLY condition of lasting existence of a free government? Can they trace in all their constitutional history, previous to the year 1848, a single application of universal suffrage? Was the Judiciary, that last bulwark of public liberties, ever fully independent?

It cannot be doubted, however, that the French are deeply imbued with the true principles of equality, and ardently desire the enjoyment of political freedom—as we sometimes long after unknown felicities, without ever knowing

what they are, even when in the course of time these dear objects of our aspirations are at last granted to us—but their “impulsiveness” is such, that these two essential elements of public welfare cannot fail to escape from their hands as soon as grasped.

After all, if this national defect was the only obstacle to their establishing a lasting democracy, it could be easily overcome, because the laws of experience apply to nations as well as to men; but the people have never thought or acted for themselves, at least in political matters, and have always followed deceitful leaders, who, without having the same faults, had mean passions to satisfy, criminal aims to attain, and an undaunted selfishness to guide their course.

As a matter of course, these despicable politicians instead of promoting the enfranchisement of the masses, hindered it by insuperable obstacles. One of these obstacles may be ascribed to the false doctrine which the people have been taught in the last few years—“a sort of practical and direct policy, tending to divert their minds from higher moral precepts, both in matters of government and social institutions,” viz :

In the vast field of politics, the bottom is everything, the form, nothing. As the votaries of the Utilitarian School of BENTHAM, they value much more a single progress in the science of mechanics than all the improvements which the genius of man can ever introduce into the complex machinery of monarchic or republican form of government. The worthies who first discovered printing, the steam engine and the cotton-gin, are, in the opinion of these great reformers, far superior to those who in-

vented the Republic. Thus, GUTTEMBERG, FULTON and WHITNEY, have more claims to public gratitude than SOLON, ROUSSEAU or WASHINGTON. In fine, they firmly believe and boldly advocate, that without material comfort, neither education nor liberty are possible; therefore, the best means of enabling the people to deserve, obtain and preserve a democratic form of government—if this be at all necessary—is to give them bread or potatoes, which cannot fail ultimately to render any one worthy of freedom and independence.

It is not our province to discuss the merits or defects of this sophistical theory. It certainly contains many obvious truths, but when we consider that it was the principal cause of the French people's submission to an ignominious tyranny, disgraceful to any nation, such as the Turks themselves would blush to endure, we repudiate it with all the energy of an undaunted conviction!

Now, to the *Coups d'Etat*. This unheard of usurpation of public liberties so dearly bought, found the people in an abnormal situation, resulting from the very doctrines we have just summed up. Already led into irretrievable errors, they did not consider the violation of the Constitution as an infamous disregard of their rights, or if they did, very few indeed, were incensed at such a high-handed measure. Still, we must bear in mind that they had already been deprived of every liberty: there was no free press to diffuse truth and knowledge among the masses; no universal suffrage to render the national representation the genuine exponent of the popular will. We may even assert that under the Democracy of February

there was less liberty than under the lunarchy of July. Their very representatives had already spoliated them of freedom; and, urged by a most dispicable ambition, were every day striving to seal their tyranny, in erecting upon the ruins of the crumbling Republic a monarchy for ever odious.

The *Coups d'Etat*, upon the whole avenged the people of their past sufferings; and it was with unfeigned satisfaction they beheld the Legitimists and Orleanists, all royalists of a very elastic conscience, driven away from the Senate by the bayonets of the soldiery. We must not be surprised, then, if the whole nation did not take up arms against an usurper, whose defeat would have promoted the triumph of their worst enemies.

Still, it must be said that the people were astounded by the audacity of Mr. BONAPARTE, and when they thought of shaking off their fetters, it was too late. All they could do was to suffer in silence, and organize secretly, under the veil of a wilful submission to military despotism, a union which would enable them at some further time, to break the yoke of a base and clownish despot.

In the meanwhile, the relaxation which always follows any political revolution, reconciled the people with their voluntary dependence. A sort of mock suffrage, enforced by the irrefutable logic of loaded horwitzers, was generously granted; lying promises were made in profusion; and, strange to tell! these deceitful declarations from a man who always trampled under foot the laws he had solemnly sworn to protect, were eagerly believed by the masses.

In spite of all our efforts, we can find no other reason to explain a voluntary abjection, which, when viewed from afar, reflects the utmost disgrace upon a nation, heretofore the vanguard of civilization in Europe.

Some, perhaps, will ascribe it to fear. The French people afraid? It would be for the first time. "Do you not dread my powers? once asked ALEXANDER to their ancestors. "We?" answered the Gaulish ambassadors to the conqueror of Asia, "We dread only one thing: that the skies should fall upon our heads."

The generality of readers, know of the French only their modern exploits, but they should not forget that from the most remote times they were celebrated for their warlike spirit. Ask HERODOTUS, ask LIVY, ask TACITUS, ask CÆSAR.

In the words of CHATEAUBRIANT, we may confidently assert that all the most celebrated spots in the universe have been subjected to their arms. Not only their ancestors did take Rome, but they laid waste Greece, occupied Byzantium, encamped upon the very ruins of Troy, possessed the kingdom of MITHRIDATES, and conquered beyond the Taurus, those Scythians who had never before been vanquished. Asia paid the Gauls a tribute, and the most renowned princes of that part of the world, courted these redoubtable warriors. They formed the main strength of HANNIBAL's army. Ten thousand of them defended alone, against PAULUS ÆMILIUS, the crown of Alexander in the battle where PERSEUS saw the Grecian Empire pass under the yoke of the Latins. And, we may even assert,

with the author of *Atala*, that at the battle of Actium the Gauls disposed of the sceptre of the world, since they decided the victory in ranging themselves under the standard of AUGUSTUS.

May we ever hear again that mysterious voice, which announced the arrival of BRENNUS at Rome, and said to CÆDITIUS in the stillness of the night:

"CÆDITIUS, go, and tell the tribunes that the Gauls will be here to-morrow!"

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Whilst RASPAIL was in prison, the inhabitants of Paris re-elected him twice to the National Assembly; although they were well aware that, being a prisoner at the time, he could not take his seat; but they wanted to give to this justly called "martyr of liberty," a glow, in that mark of sympathy.

The man who sacrificed all his fortune, and devoted his talents, his health, his liberty, his life, to the welfare of his country, is now leading the life of a wandering exile; without, perhaps, a

morsel of bread to satisfy his hunger, without a resting place for the night. The hirelings of Mr. BONAPARTE pursue him, even into foreign countries; and were it not for the generosity lately displayed by a noble hearted Belgian, RASPAIL would have been driven away from the hospitable soil of Belgium.

In 1848, the Republican party chose RASPAIL for their candidate to the Presidency. He received many votes, but the dignity was conferred upon the unworthy and treacherous prince who still rules France.

"CATO," says BOLINGBROKE, "lost the election of prætor and that of consul—but is any one blind enough to truth to imagine that these repulses reflected any disgrace on him?—The dignity of those two magistracies would have been increased by his wearing them. *They* suffered, not CATO."

GILBERT.

## HUSH MY HEART.

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

Hush my heart, thy bitter wailings!  
 Let thy murmurs all be stilled!  
 Tears at best are unavailing,  
 Since the *fate you've met was willed*;  
 See it, read it in each action,  
 And O, ponder o'er it well;  
 This great truth, unmixed with fiction,  
*Hollow hearts with coquettes dwell.*

Yet my heart I'll not upbraid thee,  
 If you murmur in your woe,  
 Against one, who did betray thee,  
 While she claimed thee for a beau;  
 For there is a tender sadness  
 In the heart when tears do flow,  
 That will heal its wounds in gladness,  
 And give triumph o'er the foe.

## PERRIN BUSBEE.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I trust it is not foreign to the general purposes of your Magazine, to receive into its columns a notice of a deceased Alumnus of our University. It has been a favorite scheme of President Swain's, to collect among the records of the Institution, short biographical sketches of every one of its graduates who is dead. Such a project has much to commend it, and is feasible, or at least, may be so nearly accomplished as to be of very great interest and importance. I do not propose to say more about it here, but pass on to perform the last rite of friendship to a young man, not many years since a very popular and prominent member of your literary community, now, alas! "dead, dead, ere his prime." In the language of that Book, which alone occupies the true point from which to observe and remark upon human life: "The wind has passed over him, and he is gone." The community of which he was a citizen, has already passed upon his merits in the public and private relations of life; the Bar has recorded its estimate of his standing in his profession; and the various institutions with which he was connected have solemnly lamented their peculiar loss by his death; I propose to speak of him in those relations which connected him more particularly with the University.

PERRIN BUSBEE graduated at Chapel

Hill in the year 1837. During his college course he directed his attention more to the duties of his society than to the study of his text-books. He obtained distinction as a scholar, but it was within the walls of the Dialectic Society that he chose chiefly to discipline and develop his intellect. He attained the highest collegiate reputation as an essayist, declaimer and debater. More than this, he was a student of human nature, and those who were in the way of observing his relish in after life, for intercourse with his fellow men, and his skill in divining character, will not need to be told that this talent in him, was a marked and much cultivated one in his early youth. Certainly the study of human nature is difficult in itself, although easily simulated, and perhaps upon this account, underrated, by literary men. Unless Mr. Burke overstated the amount of attention he had given to this study, it contributed much more than the written wisdom of our race, to the endowment of his singularly comprehensive intellect. "I have," wrote he, in a well considered letter, "read the book of life a long time, and I have read other books a little." Mr. Busbee seemed to prefer that knowledge which is to be obtained from a study of man, to that which is had from books, although his good sense prevented him from neglecting the latter. He collect-

ed around him a large number of volumes, as well miscellaneous as professional, in his after life, and spent much time in their perusal. He was an intelligent, well informed gentleman, and learned in the law; but it was in his dealings with his fellow man that he most manifested superiority. He trusted that his favorite study would render the *Witness* and the *Juror* in his hands, instruments of power and of fame, and he was not disappointed. Such then was the principal feature of Mr. Busbee's career at the University. I have already said, he was a very popular and influential member of College. His fine talents for declamation invariably gave him a place upon the *rostrum* at Commencement, and in 1836, he was, according to a usage now abolished, a *Representative* of the Dialectic Society. I well recollect his handsome appearance on the day of his graduation. His speech is the only one of the occasion that has left any impression upon me. His dress was complete black, distinguished from his classmates by a black satin shirt bosom. His delivery was eminently graceful, and a constant downward inclination of his eyes lent an engaging air of modesty to his effort. The essay touched upon politics, and occasioned, if I remember aright, some stir among the visiting dignitaries of the Institution.

I say no more of his career at this place. The incidents of a student's life, however stirring, can be rendered of but little interest to those not participants in its scenes. We dwell on them the more fondly, because we know it is impossible to raise them from the dead. Only when favoring circumstances have

again for some short while re-united a few of the old companions, others of them being distant or dead,—only then can we in some measure revivify the happy hours at Chapel Hill;—revivify them then but for one another, and to cause a pleasure fully as fleeting as it is keen. Those only who have heard the College friends of Mr. Busbee speak of him, or who have witnessed their meeting with him, and who besides have the key to that friendly grasp, and freemasonry of allusion, in having been students themselves, can rightly value the affection and esteem which he earned for himself here.

At the time of his death, Mr. Busbee had won a high place at the Bar of this State. He had won it surely, and a prolongation of life would have given him its highest honors and emoluments. He had a few months ago been selected by the Supreme Court to fill the office of Reporter. Nothing could be more creditable to the professional acquirements and reputation of Mr. Busbee than the fact, that although the place had been eagerly sought by several gentlemen of high attainment in the Law, the selection made by the Court was universally approved of as perhaps the best possible. The post had previously been occupied by some of the first names in North Carolina, yet the Profession felicitated themselves that the reputation of our Reports was to be more than fully sustained. So far as experience can decide, these anticipations were well founded. As regards this alone, the death of Mr. Busbee will be lamented by his brethren as a loss quite irreparable. But when they think upon the magnitude of the loss which that death

has occasioned to others, they may well be silent about their own.

I have freshly before me the gay scene presented by Mr. Busbee's marriage. It is an honoured custom in North Carolina to maintain in its privacy all that pertains to private life. I shall not here violate that admirable delicacy—so naturally an offshoot from other traits in the character of our people. I trust that I may pay it due respect, and still be allowed to say that everything was most auspicious. All who were privileged to enter, thronged to do honor to the occasion. Alas! that all the sad story of the Father was to be so faithfully reproduced in that of the Husband! And who can forget that chief among those who yielded to every influence of the occasion, and led the way, were Louis D. Henry, William W. Cherry and John B. Lord.

"But the fair guerdon when we hope to find  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin spun life."

There seemed to me, Messrs. Editors, to be a peculiar propriety in communicating this notice to your Magazine. It is the notice of a young man; of a son of your own *Alma Mater*. His friends, of course, have reason for grieving long over him. But he is lamented by the public, not so much for what he had accomplished, as for what he gave promise of; and it is a melancholy truth that so soon as the public has satisfied itself as to the exact amount of ejaculation and commonplace appropriate to the occasion, it will set itself sedulously to work to forget him. To those, however, who conduct, and to most of those

who read the University Magazine, this death of PERRIN BUSBEE has a more abiding interest. You know now, and now feel what, and how exciting are the hopes which animate the breasts of young men. Your young blood stirs with emotion, as with longing eyes you survey the rich and various rewards our Land proposes to honorable ambition—rewards rising in the distance, some towards one pinnacle, others toward another—an Alpine range, with one peak overtopping all others. And therefore, you can anticipate with keener anguish what it is, to be cut down in the full pursuit, when prosperity has so far marked your steps that all agree that nothing but longer life is wanting to ultimate and complete success. What a suffocation, as it were, accompanies the thought that such a fate, perhaps, awaits us! Such, at any rate is the tale which I have told, and it may be well for you to attend to it. Such a story the world may be careless about; but had it fallen to the pen of a ready writer to communicate it to your pages, I believe that its interest in college would be perennial. Even as it is, it may be read and thought upon in the quiet of Chapel Hill, long after its sounds shall have become inarticulate amongst the hoarse murmurs, the ceaseless ebb and flow and lashings of the sea which beats around us. Let us repeat Milton's grand hymn over the grave of our dead brother, and retire to meditate upon, and to improve the lesson.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;  
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping Hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours

<p>Which is no more than what is false and vain,          And merely mortal dross ;          So little is our loss,          So little is thy gain ;          For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,          And last of all thy greedy self consumed,          'The long eternity shall greet our bliss          With an individual kiss ;          And joy shall overtake us as a flood,          When every thing that is sincerely good</p>	<p>And perfectly divine,          With truth, and peace, and love shall ever shine,          About the supreme throne          Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone          When once our Heavenly girded soul shall          climb,          Then all this earthly grossness quit,          Attired with stars we shall forever sit,          Triumphant over death and chance and thee,          O Time.</p>
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## FANCY RESTS NOT ON REALITY.

"Fancy is a fairy, that can hear,  
 Ever, the melody of nature's voice,  
 And see all lovely visions that she will."

Think not, kind reader, that the writer will here vainly attempt, as many do, to discuss the relations between "Mind and Matter." Should he dive into the arcana of metaphysical disquisition, he, like some of his contemporaries, would be lost in reason's intricate labyrinths, weary your patience and arrive at no just conclusions. He, therefore, leaves such topics to abler pens. What he proposes to treat of must be familiar to the mind of every individual; for all, without doubt, must have observed the influence of the imagination on their feelings and even on their course of conduct.

It is generally conceded that there are three faculties of the human mind that have a controlling influence upon men. These are reason, memory and imagination. Were men destitute of either of these powers, the others would fail to perform their wonted duty. Deprive an individual of reason, and his conclusions are vague, inconsistent and untenable, and he deals in declamation and empty artifices. Let memory be deficient, and he is inaccurate, and his reasoning is confined to a narrow field. Let imagination be wanting, and his reasoning is cold and barren; convincing, perhaps, yet standing forth like a bleak and desolate rock, unpleasing to the sight, though concealing within its

bosom many brilliant diamonds ; and like these are the facts laid safely away in the great store-house of the mind, remaining unadorned till imagination, skilful inventress, polishes and presents them in a comely attire to the vulgar gaze.

Men are so constituted that by exciting the imagination, by bringing it to bear upon their actions, you may promote their happiness, contribute to their enjoyment or grief, and, in fine, change their destiny. Thus the regulation of the imagination has a decided influence on a man's course of life. For let one at any time feel that he is destitute of consoling friends, and thrown upon an uncharitable world to resist, unassisted, the violence and oppressions of the strong, and he soon becomes sad, ever dealing in sombre reflections and gloomy anticipations.

The imagination is ever varying. One thought passes into the mind, assuming for the time a pleasing shape, then another takes its place, each in turn giving expression, and, in truth, revealing their impression on the inner, by the effect produced on the outer man. According to the scenes contemplated, man may be either dejected or in excessive merriment. He may wonder in imagination from nation to nation, viewing every phase of society, and criticising their manners and customs. He may revert to ages past, and converse with the "mighty dead," or philosophize with "sages of old note." On the fleet wings of fancy he may cross the briny sea, stand in the midst of the Olympic games, and hear the outburst of patriotic feeling when Sophocles or Euripides pours forth the rapturous and passionate lan-

guage of his master-piece. He can, at his own pleasure,

"break his fast  
With Aristotle, dine with Tully, take  
His watering with the Muses, sup with Livy ;"

or on pinions swifter than electric spark, he may transport himself to the barbarous and bloody shores of Rome. There he can portray the slave who falls in the midst of the Circus, and hugs, in his last embrace, the cold, grim form of terror. Aye ! in thought he can behold him, as

"his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony."

Then tired of this beauteous world of ours, finding earth too contracted for the exercise of his imagination, he may make the firmament his study, and wandering through illimitable space, trace the depth of ether all glittering with worlds, and

"watch the stars,  
Till he has peopled them with beings bright  
As their own beams."

Tell one of a city sacked, and he beholds, perhaps, the sun scattering his first, gentle rays over a once powerful race, but now in their last hopes, ever brooding on the uncertainty of their fate. A victorious army standing at the outposts, bids defiance to all obstacles. In imagination is heard the exultant shouts of heroes, mingled with the wailings of widows and orphans, who, both day and night, pour forth their lamentations along the desolated streets. On all sides is heard the hideous yell of the inhuman soldiery, and the affrighted inhabitants shudder like the weary traveller who hears the many cries of famished wolves. Thus

murder and outrage are seen to increase, and as the last rays of light gild the smouldering ruins, all is hushed, and a great people is blotted out of existence. Such, too, is the picture presented to the mind when contemplating nations dismembered into belligerent factions, and each striving for supremacy.

Tell one of a tempest at sea, and he immediately pictures to himself the vessel as it goes down with the tide, and, with sails gaily floating to the breeze, enters the sky-bound sea. In thought, he hears the joyous cry of the merry sailors, who care for naught beyond the present. Majestically the ship speeds her way, and with swelling sails ploughs the rippling waves. Suddenly all is quiet and calm. In vain they strive for a distant harbor. In the distance, as if where the waters edge touched the great welkin above, a dark cloud is seen. The gathering storm hurries on, the vivid lightning flashes from the lurid clouds, and the deep-voiced thunder rolls with deafening accents. As billow mounts upon billow, the vessel is carried up as if to pierce the very heavens. The foaming waves dash across the deck, the affrightened sailors run from side to side, ride the creaking mast, and in vain look for assistance.— And then, amid the howl of the wind, fancy seems to catch the shrieks of the drowning, and the prayers of the surviving, mingled with the melancholy sound of the pump; and finally all are consigned to a watery grave.

Let one, relating his travels in some distant land, refer to the remains of antique structures, and though the listener has never witnessed such scenes, his imagination paints a vivid picture of

some mouldering pile, stretching its wide ruins in the distance, and casting its shade over the desolate plain, whilst the unimpeded light of the "clear, cold moon" enters the dilapidated roof and windows, once fretted and emblazoned. The ivy is twined around the dismantled columns. With some the foundation stone is razed, and the enormous building lies scattered up and down the plain "in disordered glory and venerable confusion." Then arises before the mind the imagined forms of warlike chieftains, and rusted trophies now mutilated and crumbling to dust. There fancy enthrones some regal despot; but time continually sporting with all human affairs, lowers to the level of the vilest slave him possessed of the royal prerogative.

Sometimes there arises pleasure from these reveries, and then again, the spirit, conscious of a mighty weight of sin, drops into the depths of despair.— Thus, it is often the case that one is led to reflect on his condition of life. The unwholesome dregs of self-destroying passion chafe the spirit, and he perhaps beholds himself rushing headlong into the engulfing vortex of misery and degradation. He knows that his depraved nature can no longer resist the immoralities that cluster thick around him. He seeks a sphere of action where sobriety and virtue shine forth; for these, like the dews of heaven that fall gently and invigorating on every sterile spot, thus fertilize and revive the moral desert. A "still small voice" whispers in his breast, and warns him of his destiny. At such moments, he endeavors to penetrate the dim vista of futurity; and then

"Fancy dreams

Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,  
And vales of bliss."

And to man is thus pictured a paradise, free and undefiled by the base tempter, where the beauties of external nature glow in all loveliness; where scenes the most varied and picturesque, please the eye; where flowery fields send forth their fragrance, sweeter than the fumes of the incense-burning rose; where all things at each passing hour remind one of a God whose works are more beautiful than the most accurate delineations of the painter's pencil, and more symmetrical and more exciting to the senses than the marble finely fashioned by the sculptor's chisel. In this Utopian world, he expects no clouds of misery to obscure the serenity of his sky, no grief to dispel his joy, no burning tears to succeed his innocent smiles; indeed, he hopes to find a never-failing fountain sending forth all pure enjoyment. Thus it results that the dark clouds which sometimes gather upon the moral firmament of the soul, are scattered, leaving a bright spot where faith, brilliant star, bursts forth and leads to peace and security in a world to come.

In viewing the many changes in human affairs, imagination retraces the hurried and multitudinous course of events, to the time when sages taught in the schools, and when men were first emerging from the fogs of ignorance that enshrouded them; it traces kingdoms in their rise and progress; it observes men as they proceed from one degree of enlightenment to another, until they arrive at their present lofty position. Oftentimes it brings to the mind many pleasant reminiscences, that become

as "the palm tree and the fountain" in the dreary desert of existence. Even so "fond memory" bears the lonely exile to scenes hallowed by the dearest associations. Whether upon the torturing couch of sickness, or whether the hard manacles gall his tender flesh, he may yet recall the past, and groan for those who may never sigh or shed a single tear for him. He may think of the kind endearments of a devoted father, and the plaintive tones of a lovely sister's voice that, perhaps, may mourn his absence; and when all around him is desolation, he may be cheerful within his breast; for his heart is far away in the bloomy vales of his native land.

Perhaps, from no other faculty of the mind can man receive, alternately, so much pleasure or grief as from the exercise of the imagination. Whether, amid the hum of a busy people, or in the retirement or solitude of the cloister, it may be brought into action. That which frequently makes the cheek pallid and the brow care-worn; or that which makes the bright eye sparkle with joy and gladness, and which in the greeting smile throws a sunbeam over the face, is nothing more than the imaginings of the spirit, the gushing forth of the fountain of feeling. Frequently, imagination set upon the wing, is like the gentle dove that took its flight across the billowy tide, finding at one time the green olive-twig, and at another, knowing not where to rest. Then, again, it, in early childhood, touches the well-tuned strings of fancy; and this first impulse once given, is kept forever in vibration:—or rather, it is like the sands of the hour-glass, continually filling the round of time, scarce-

ly running through one part, ere the other is turned and turned again.

With such a view of the influence of the imagination upon man's actions, is it not obvious that the mind should be well-regulated and disciplined ?

"Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from reason's hand the reins."

Then, that the mind may undergo a

severe training and be rightly developed, that it may be vigorous and strong, a rigid regimen, as it were, must be prescribed. All light and frivolous conversation, all unchastened thoughts and expressions should be discarded; and then the mind no longer indulging in chasing the phantasies that flit across a fevered brain, qualifies man for a contact with realities and for a participation in the checkered scenes of life.

## A LETTER FROM "ICHABOD, JR."

MESSRS. EDITORS :

"I lang hae' thought my youthfu' friends  
A something to hae' sent you,  
Tho' it should serve no ither end  
Than just a kind memento."

'Twas on a bright summer's eve, during last vacation, that a party, consisting of two old gentlemen, two young ditto, and two young ladies, set out to visit a cataract in the neighborhood of — Springs, N. C.

The two old "Fogies" were not remarkably good looking, but the young Americas (one of them *especially*) were *decidedly fine-looking*. "The front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command; a station like the herald Mereury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; one who take him

all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Of the two ladies, one of whom was young, the "deponent sayeth nothing," having, like the father of his country, an unsurmountable aversion to lying, and unconvinced that, were he to describe her, he would inevitably have his mental telescopes abstracted, and his luckless cranium denuded of its capillary covering by the hooked talons of his enraged jularkie. Solely because he had the happiness to behold and the audacity to describe, a specimen of the Feminality so far surpassing herself in all the qualifications requisite for leading captive the hearts of men. Our way led over such steep and continued ascents and descents that we seemed fated to realize the punishment of Sisy-

phus of *mossless* memory, if we may trust the *proverb*. But at length, after many "hairbreadth 'scapes and moving accidents," we arrived at the spot, destined soon to attain a more glorious immortality than the birthplace of a Washington or the tomb of a Bonaparte. We alighted and descending, came to the ledge of a precipice some sixty feet in height, and on looking over we beheld, many feet below, the CATA-  
 RACT. It was formed by a beautiful mountain rivulet, leaping and tumbling down a huge and broken rock, into a natural reservoir some twenty feet square and ten deep. After a few attempts, on the part of the ladies, at hysterics and fainting, probably to give the gentlemen an excuse for locating their brachial appendages in a circum-ambient position with regard to that diminutive portion of the corporeal system called the waist, we descended to the foot of the cataract. Here was presented to our delighted vision a scene grand and beautiful beyond description. We were within a narrow dell surrounded by lofty, craggy and precipitous mountains, whose hoary heads were now encircled with a halo of rich golden sunlight from the "western waves of ebbing day." Beautiful flowers bloomed around us, loading the air with sweet perfume, and giving sustenance to numberless humming birds, whose little throats "discoursed most eloquent music."

Here, indeed, might one realize Claude Melnotte's picture of a perfect home. Here was

"The deep vale

Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,  
 The clear lake margined with fruits of gold,

And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,  
 All cloudless save with rare and roseate shadows,  
 As you would have thy true love's fate."

The sound of the waters would serve as a soothing lullaby to the squalling little responsibility, and thus relieve you of one of the most troublesome duties of married life, namely, to wit, viz., rocking the cradle. After having sufficiently contemplated this beautiful scene and enjoyed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" the young gentlemen began to show both their agility and gallantry by clambering the steep rocks in search of

"The violet by a mossy stone,  
 Half hidden from the eye,  
 Fair as the star, when only one,  
 Is shining in the sky."

And soon was the lady's lap filled with spoils more fair than ever graced the triumph of a Roman Conqueror.— But human desire is known to be insatiable. No sooner was she possessed of these than she began to wish for others, more difficult of access, even as mother Eve did long for the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Casting her eyes around her she perceives a beautiful bunch of ivy flowers growing upon the summit of a lofty and apparently inaccessible rock. After the most unbounded expression of admiration, with her sweetest tone of voice and in the most *artless* manner imaginable, she wishes "that she possibly could get them." The attempt was hazardous in the extreme; but "can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" Then might you expect a young and headstrong youth (especially one from College) to think of difficulty or danger when in-

cited by the sweet voice (that most excellent thing in woman) and mutely eloquent eye of a lovely lady. In an instant he "leaps from the earth like feathered Mercury" clambers up the rock with much difficulty and no little danger, succeeds, pluck sthe flowers, and is descending by the attraction of gravitation alone, with a velocity to which the 'lectric telegraph is snail-like, when looking down, he beholds right in his onward course the fair object of his adoration. She was doubtless impelled by the curiosity natural to her sex, which in the days of yore is said to have terminated the existence of some nameless individual of the feline species, and desired to see whether the youth succeeded, or what was far more probable, broke his neck in the attempt. Here then was a dilemma; a practical demonstration of the nature and signification of the terms Scylla and Charybdis. If he continued in his present course, probably both himself and the lady would be necessitated to relinquish their vitality. His only alternative was to leap into the cataract, with a certain prospect of bruises and a probability of fractures. In a "spatium temporis" of indescribable curtality he had cogitated what I have written, formed his resolution and took the fearful leap. Then commenced a descent to which that of Vulcan kicked from high Olympus by an angry Jove, or the famous gallop of Putnam down Stony Neck, were but as the sliding of school-boys down the snow-clad hills. There was a jump, a hop, a skip, two of the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" and then "*kerslosh*" he comes into the basin below; the next instant nothing was seen but a glossy new beaver and a few flowers, floating

disconsolately upon the water. Then arose from the young lady a shriek more loud, long and piercing than the last cry of "glory" from the melodiously detonating fauces of forty *niggers* at a Camp-meeting, rejoicing in the opportunity of atonement for robbing their master's henroosts the night before. Then did the old man with hands uplifted and a voice whose modulation denoted his avocation, rush towards the stream crying aloud in the bitterness of his spirit, O! young man; thy father! thy father!

But their terrors were groundless; soon to be dissipated, even as mists before the morning sun. For the young man rising to the surface "ruddy as a morning rose but newly washed with dew," seized first his beaver, then the flowers and swum gallantly ashore.

Then on bended knee, with "soft, low-tongue and lowly courtesy," did he present his flowery tribute. Then was he thanked in a voice so sweet and melodious, that the lyre of Orpheus was as discordant as the shrill treble of a scolding wife, when compared to it—

"O! it came o'er his ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."

Here with all his "blushing honors thick upon him," and amidst the ceaseless inquiries of the old gentleman as to the number and extent of his bruises, we leave him, convinced that with the addition of a few extra glasses of our friend, "inspiring bold John Barley-corn," he will soon become

"A merrier soul  
Than ever was King Cole."

Yours truly,  
ICHABOD, JR.

## GREEN MOUNT.

An old brick wall, an occasional broken slab, here and there the more ambitious pile of some city worthy, a few wondering sheep, peopling the grounds with ghostly phantoms, anon a weeping willow, whose crisped leaves, ruffled by the passing breeze, grated upon the ear, a sad epicede in unison with surrounding objects; add to these a few withered flowers, and you have a picture of a grave-yard in the olden time.

Hence the superstition of the people. The dismal features of their church-yards and vaulted tombs gave to death additional terrors, and lent to the memory of the departed their frightful images. The mourners approached the resting place of their departed relations and friends with feelings akin to awe.

But now, our taste advancing with the age, and in nothing more manifest than in this, the old graveyard with its uncouth entrance and irregular walks, has given place to the neat iron gate and smooth, regular walks, bordered with the choicest flowers. The graceful gateway seems to bid you enter, the cool shade of the over-arching trees is inviting, and with reverential feelings you approach the grave of friend or stranger.

Not long since I formed one of a party that visited "Green Mount," the beautiful cemetery of the "Monumental City." It was late in the afternoon

when we entered this "city of the silent." For sometime we wandered along the flower-bordered paths, contemplating the many graves of that sacred enclosure. Here the plain slab, rearing its modest head above the surrounding foliage; there the broken shaft half hid by the clinging vine, and again the towering pile that wealth has reared to departed kindred, and occasionally the gorgeous cenotaph, heralding to future ages the many virtues of the entombed great; alike attracted our attention.

On we wandered, inhaling the odors of the fragrant flowers and greeted with the merry songs of the bold warblers. Now reading the over-drawn epitaph; now admiring the simple inscription; again praising some rare workmanship; then struck with the appropriate emblems typifying death, here the "broken bowl," and there the dis severed bud or full blown rose; we roamed over hill and dale. Passing on, our attention was called to a monument, laden with inscriptions and emblems of death that some half crazed nabob had reared to himself, being still alive and determined that the "fell serjeant" should find him prepared. Turning away more amused than otherwise, the truthful lines of the poet were more deeply pressed on my mind—

"Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?"

Quitting these sad scenes, we wandered to the fish pond, encircled by a plain marble rim and an iron railing. The varied jets, mounting joyfully into the air from a fountain in the centre, partly shaded by the embowering trees, had a dark green appearance, then coming in contact with the rays of the sun, passing through the interstices, reflected the bright colors of the rainbow. The numerous gold fish, fearless of the angler's hook, rose to the top as if to survey their strange visitors, then darted away to chase a companion, or to seize some insect that had just fallen into the reservoir.

Thus we whiled away the time until the lengthened shadows warned us of the lateness of the hour, when we began to return. We walked on in silence, each busy with his own thoughts, saddened as we thus viewed the many proofs of the brevity of human life, and even as we walked, the slow tread of horses, the rattling of carriages, and the solemn step of the following procession, told us that yet another "poor player" had just "fretted and strutted his hour upon the stage, to be heard no more."

We had nearly reached the entrance, when an enclosure, some little distance from us, riveted our eyes, and thither we directed our steps. Situated on the

summit of a gentle hill, it presented a striking contrast with the surrounding graves. This modest grave seemed to have been misplaced, surrounded as it was, by all the magnificence that skill could execute and wealth procure. Its simplicity as much as its singularity attracted our notice. The barrels of Mexican muskets, with fixed bayonets, composed the only railing. "Without name or date, comment or text," the visiter was left to judge that some daring spirit, killed battling for his country, slept beneath. A single flower, drooping almost to the ground, was the only ornament that decked the grave, if the tall grass springing up in wild confusion be excepted. Upon inquiring, we were informed that this spot marked the resting place of Major Ringgold. Turning away, my thoughts carried me to the far off battle field of Palo Alto; picturing to myself the gallant horseman leading on his trusty followers, the murderous accuracy of whose artillery so thinned the Mexican legions, I saw the brave Ringgold "in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" on the very verge of victory, but as fire answers fire, I saw him borne from the field of his triumph a mangled corpse. With immortality came death.

"The boast of heraldry the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour:  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

## A TRUE STORY.

The night was fair. Not a cloud was to be seen. There was nothing to intercept a single ray from the thousands of stars that studded the sky. All was still, as if waiting to hear the soft voice that occasionally fell from loving lips. Each thought the other's heart was known, and the stars in their innocence blushed not, for pure in their own light they suspected no deceit in others.

"Walter, have you *thought* on what you say? Do you remember that you speak to the penniless orphan? You are rich, in money, in talents; I have seen the beautiful, the witty, the gay, the wealthy, throw their hearts at your feet, and ask but one favoring glance from you. You may win the heart of the most brilliant. Eyes more sparkling, forms more beautiful, minds more talented than mine may be yours. Can you then be sincere in what you say?"

Jennie, tell me not of wealth, of beauty, of wit. You are rich in all I admire or love in woman. Do not mock me with a love of gold. My heart is not so sordid, so deceitful as to worship at a gilded shrine. You know that I love *you*, and you alone. Hitherto my soul has wandered free, free as the eagle of the Alps. I disdained the thought of love, but you have taught me that it is happiness to love.

"This is pretty enough to *talk*, Walter, but romance does not last long

enough for one whose *all* is cast at a single throw. I have none to love me if fortune frowns but once. My father, my last stay, my hope, my refuge, is but just laid in the grave. Friendship is dearer to me *now* than ever before, but if I should be ——."

Oh, stop! You will not be so cruel as to blame me with falsehood to one who is dearer to me than all else on earth! Have I ever been false to you, Jennie; tell me. You have known my heart—I have concealed *nothing*—not a thought from you. Have I not been the same? To-morrow we part. I go to complete my education. Tell me before I go that I have never been untrue to you; tell me that you will be mine when I return!

"Do not deceive me, Walter."

I cannot. By all that my heart holds dear, you know that my heart loves but one, and she is Jennie.

"Will you remember me a *whole year*?"

Forever!

"When you return ——"

You will be mine!

No one but a student can know what college is. To some it may appear very romantic; by others it is looked upon as a period of vexation and labor. Others again think they have found it out to be a continued series of dissipations: but none of these thinkers are right.

College life can neither be defined nor described. It is understood by the student alone, and he knows it to be simply a life of *change*. No one ever entered college and departed the same. His principles of right and wrong may be *untouched*, but his opinions and feelings, his views, the channels of his thoughts have changed. The jovial have become sad—the sad have forgotten their pensive meditations. The plain straight-forward boy has grown into a romantic youth; and the lover, alas! has lost in classic shades the vows which once poured from his heart like burning lava. Is it to be lamented that there is so much change in the feelings and dispositions of the young? Let others say; let nature who made men what they are, answer for herself. Why is not woman the same fickle being? Ask nature why she made the race one half base clay, the rest divine.

“Walter, why are you so sad of late? When you returned from home, you were the liveliest, happiest fellow I ever saw. Have those letters, you used to make such bright faces over, quit coming? Come, unbosom yourself to a friend.”

Well, I was really, James, I was much happier when I first arrived—then I had nothing to make me unhappy; now, a weight presses on my heart and shuts it up to joy.

Oh! you are in love, are you. I understand all that. But you must not let *that* kill you. Tell me who is the fair one.”

No, James. It is not *that* which makes me unhappy. When you hear it, you will not be so merry over my melancholy. As to love, I know noth-

ing of it, if indeed it be that exclusive, all-consuming, unchanging passion often spoken of; but if it be a resistless flood that rushes over, and for an instant, drowns all other feelings, and then subsides and is no more; if this be love, my heart has felt it bitterly. 'Twas thus I loved a girl. These letters tell *her* love—such love as man can never *feel*. It seems woven with her existence. Oh! I can't think of it. She wears upon her hand the pledge of an affection which has no place now in this treacherous bosom. How can I answer this letter?

In a darkened room in the village of B., light footsteps tripped to the side of a low bed. A sufferer lay there. Her face seemed not to speak of the sharp pangs of disease; she was not grappling hard with death. No. Death was no king of terrors to her. It was but too plain that she was wasting away 'neath desolate sorrow. A number of letters were scattered around her. She held one grasped in her hand with a vehemence which sent pain to her pale face.

“Does anything hurt you, Jennie?” said the kind Mary L—. And she glanced at the letter. She could just read the sentence: “Walter S. has taken the first distinction in his class, and is to be married on the same day that he takes his degree. Oh! cousin, I wish you could be here, for —.” Jennie's hand prevented her reading farther. “Jennie speak to me,” continued Mary. “Oh, she is dying! Jennie, speak to me!”

The features of the sufferer at length relaxed into their former sweetness, and she turned her head slightly and said: “Mary, I'm dying; I shall soon be in my Saviour's arms. Tell all the girls

that I can no more join them in their studies and plays, but I love them all, and when I am —." Her voice ceased and all was still.

The sick room was soon flooded with the tears of those who had known her in the Seminary, and loved her dearly. Mary L. leaned over to catch the last breath: "*Do not deceive me, Walter,*" fell softly on her ear. She started and spoke to the dying girl. But another

angel had gone from earth to heaven. Reader, this little story is short, but is true. Whether in many instances we know not, but it all passed within the certain knowledge of him who wrote it. The story may be too simple to interest many, perhaps too simple. It will never make many tears flow, but it is the history of one true heart and of one —.

## THE MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

The memories of the past  
Steal softly sweetly o'er me,  
And tho' your heaving tide may cast  
Some broken wrecks before me;  
Yet still it will be sweet to link  
Those fragments with the days of yore,  
To grasp, and tho' 'twere bitter, drink  
The cup we tasted long before.

Some pleasure loved and dear  
May on thy breast pass by me,  
Some broken hope may cause a tear  
The eye cannot deny me;  
Yet linked with each some buried strain,  
Falls sweetly on my ear once more

And wakes to joy and life again  
The happier brighter hours of yore.

Wake then thou sparkling tide,  
And throw the past before me,  
And let upon thy bosom ride  
Each scene that e'er went o'er me;  
Sweet gurgling brooks and wildwood  
flowers,  
My heart still fondly turns to thee,  
Ye memories of my childhood hours,  
I'll love thee to eternity.

Greensboro', Sept. 12th, 1 53.

TO \* \* \* \* \*

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

Fare thee well, now we must sever,  
Changing years must roll between;  
We must part and to be never,  
What to each we've ever been.  
Fare thee well.

Other smiles may kindly greet thee,  
Other eyes may fondly beam,  
Other hearts may still beat for thee,  
And as warm as mine may seem,  
Fare thee well.

Other arms may e'en enfold thee,  
Other lips be pressed to thine,  
Other vows of love be told thee,  
But thoul't still remember mine.  
Fare thee well.

Tho' the love I offered to thee,  
You in scorn to me return  
Still I cannot but adore thee,  
Love thee and our parting mourn.  
Fare thee well.

Still I pray may heaven grant thee  
Every bliss tho' unexpressed,  
And may joys and peace attend thee,  
To the grave where all shall rest.  
Fare thee well.

Greensboro', May 9th, 1853.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

GENTLE READER: Really it looks like a simple practice--this of telling you that we have come--when surely our features, proportions and dress are not so materially altered that you will be unable to recognize us as your intimate and faithful friend, N. C. U. Magazine; but notwithstanding this, old custom is such an arbitrary tyrant, that to escape his sullen frown, we will say to you in as pale ink as possible, that we are, beyond the "shadow of a shade of a phantom of a doubt," before you, and that this is our fourth visit.

Perhaps the kind and courteous reception, which we always meet at your hands, is in a great degree, due to the fact, that we thrust ourselves upon you only *once* a month, and then only spend about *three* hours with you, conversing on the interesting topics of love, news, history and philosophy. Now if our good hearty welcome is a consequence of the infrequency and shortness of our visits, and the skill and valuableness of our conversation, ought not those, then, who are in the habit of hourly, daily and weekly subjecting their fellows to the exhercuating torture of a dry, lazy and intolerable *bore*, to learn a grain of wisdom from the example thus set them.

Diseases, we know, are generally dreaded and abhorred; but there is a peculiar one--of which Mrs. Partington had a severe *spell*, a few weeks ago, which would doubtless be quite beneficial, and, in a short time, pleasant to those who are unconsciously given to the detestable practice of boring their fellows--*the disease*

*of Algebra*. Nor is this the only one, with which they could be profitably afflicted. The catalogue of these is long and *beautiful*--the diseases of Geometry, Latin, Greek, Trigonometry, Calculus, Astronomy, Chemistry and Composition--and, especially, is the latter valuable. For it would not only be very pleasant and profitable to them, but if they would write good essays and send them to us, they would enrich the columns of our Magazine, and enable their authors

"-----to leave a lofty name,  
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame."

The most pleasant season of the year for reading, studying and writing, is now just fairly opened. The hot, enervating days of summer are gone; the trees are rapidly falling into the "sear and yellow leaf;" the mornings are, without fire, already uncomfortably cool; the sports of the field, and the long evening stroll are not now so enticing, and

"At night the skies,  
Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom."

Though this is the time when the beauties and splendors of nature *fall*, yet it is emphatically the time when the spirit and vigor of man begin *to rise*. 'Tis the time for the highest and purest intellectual enjoyment. For what is more delightful than sharp cold weather, a close and comfortable room, curtains down to keep your

thoughts about you, a warm fire blazing brightly, your table laden with ponderous volumes of poetry, history, philosophy and elegant light literature, and nothing in the world to do but lie back and luxuriate on them? Why, the honeymoon of married life is not half so lovely and pleasant. Did you, who are just ripening into full-blown manhood, ever spend a thought as to which is the most delicious portion of intellectual existence? Is it before you are properly ushered into the wide field of letters, or is it after you have over-run it, plucked its richest flowers, sipped its sweetest draughts, and inhaled its most fragrant odors? Is it either the one, or the other? No; 'tis "the brief period in which, one by one, the great minds of old are admitted with all their time-mellowed worth to the affections." You are, then in the right season of life for such enjoyment, and this is the season of the year in which it can best be realized.

All who have devoted any portion of their time to the study of Dietetics—and who has not?—well know that some kinds of food eat better at one time than at another. So all who have been book-worms, know equally well, that some books read better at one season than at another. Did you ever read Ossian's Poems in the spring-time, or in mid-summer? If so, take them up during this month, when the winds are moaning around your room, and you will freely acknowledge, when they are read, that you appreciate much better than before, the sweet melancholy which breathes through them all. Did you ever think as to when is the proper time for reading Thomson's great poem of the Seasons? 'Tis the labor of a year. His Spring should be read once in each Spring month; his Summer, once in each Summer month; his Autumn, once in each Autumn month; his Winter, once in each Winter month; and then the reader will see all the lights and shades of beauty,  
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grandeur and sublimity in that splendid descriptive poem. "Tristram Shandy," says N. Parker Willis, "is an annual with me. I read him regularly about Christmas." So we might enumerate hosts of books which read better at one season than at another. There is, however, one book—the greatest of all—which furnishes reading matter suitable for every day of the year, and for every year of life—the Holy Bible. There you may find the simple and the gentle, the beautiful and the sublime, the lofty and the terrible. Thus you perceive there is no time for learned leisure. There is a book for every season, and a season for every book. Even when we have read a book through, and are sitting with our feet against the jamb, American-like, and our pipes in our mouths, we need not, should not, be idle; for there is no better time than this for deep thought on subjects on which we have been reading. This is certainly the pith and marrow of purely intellectual gratification. Don't you think so? And if our fellow-students would read *less* and think *more*, the columns of our Magazine would be richer and more tasty, its circulation wider and more general, and its literary character higher and more permanent.

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OURSELVES.—Every moment of time as it sweeps past, leaves visible traces of change. This remark is true of every thing in the material, intellectual and moral world. 'Tis true of the leaf that quivers on the branch of the forest tree; 'tis true of the mind which sports in youth and philosophizes in manhood; 'tis true of the heart which loves one day and hates the next; and 'tis true of every relation sustained by us in our checkered life. Nor has change foreborne to invade our little *sanctum*. Our very pleasant and highly useful associate, Mr. WM. HENRY SPENCER of Hyde, has, of necessity, resigned to his class-mates his trust as an Editor of the University Magazine. Having entered one

of Judge Battle's Law classes, he thought he could not, in justice to himself, to his class in the University and in the Law, and especially to the study of this science, which is a jealous one, remain longer in the corps. However much we regret his resignation, we know his reason to be a good one; for the Law is a science which exercises the highest powers of mind, and which, as Mr. Justice Blackstone has said, "employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart," and hence, should have the student's undivided attention. SPENCER, we bid you God-speed in your undertaking.

And we now take pleasure in introducing to our readers his successor, Mr. JOSEPH M. BELL of Arkansas, a *Bell* which we are confident will make music full of the "concord of sweet sounds," and which will "lap the senses all in bliss." Pardon the pun. Bro. Gorman, beat it *if you can*.

The chaste and learned Lecture of Dr. HAWKS is published in this number, in order to have complete in the bound volume of the Magazine, that chapter of North Carolina's Revolutionary History which is contained in the three Lectures of HAWKS, SWAIN and GRAHAM, of which the two latter have already been published in our columns, and to give to those who have not yet seen the Lecture an opportunity of reading it. The high reputation of its author will insure it a hearty reception and an eager perusal.

We have in our drawer an article from the able pen of Mr. A. M. HOOPER, on the "Death of General Moore, and the appointment of Howe to the command of the Southern Department," which we are obliged to withhold from our readers until the issue of the December number, in consequence of the publication of the Lecture of Dr. Hawks.

THE UNIVERSITY READING ROOM.—Every citizen, not only of North Carolina, but even of the far-extended South, who has a spark of the pride and patriotism of his fathers in his bosom, ought to turn with kindling eye and a throbbing heart to this venerable and time-honored University of North Carolina. Here many of them have spent the happiest moments of their lives; here many of them imbibed a taste and love for letters, which have enabled them to grace with ability and dignity the highest positions in political and literary life; here many of them have sent, and many others of them yet hope to send their sons in order to prepare them to act the part of their fathers, when they shall have passed from the stage of life. Are there advantages to be enjoyed no more than they were when they were students?—Certainly they are more, many more; for she has not been standing still amid the rapid march of improvement going on around her. Cannot the institution which graduated Polk, Mason, Hawks, King, Graham, Morehead, Mangum, Dobbin and Nicholson, fairly claim a liberal patronage at their hands? Certainly she can, even though she had made no advances in enlargement and improvement. But she has made considerable advances. The number of the Faculty is large and annually increasing; the University Library, and those of the two Literary Societies promise in a few years to be second to none in the number and selection of their books; the second volume of a new periodical, which furnishes an incentive to the students to become elegant and correct essayists, is not yet completed; and in addition to these, and many other advantages, there is here a large and handsome Reading Room, in which all the exchanges of the Magazine are deposited, and to which the students can resort three times a day for the purpose of reading. Our exchanges are quite numerous, many coming from

other States, South and North; but we confess our cheeks are mantled with a blush of shame, when on entering our Reading Room, we find that every newspaper within the bounds of this State is not spread out on our shelves. Why is it? Is it through a want of patriotism? Is it through feelings of parsimony? We trust it is not—rather we hope it is through thoughtlessness.

The reading of good newspapers and standard magazines is decidedly beneficial to young people, the world over. In their columns every species of literature is to be found, the simple and the abstruse, the grave and the gay, the witty and the severe. Their pages are enriched and adorned by the pretty stories of our best imaginative writers, the classic productions of our ablest scientific and literary men, and the deep diplomacy and splendid eloquence of our wisest Statesmen. Here is to be found plain, natural, untransposed, Anglo-Saxon English, from which to form an easy, graceful and strong style. And here, too, may be corrected that disposition of nearly all students and young writers to deal in flowers and fustian.

PAPER.—Gov. Swain, in his recent lecture before the Historical Society of this institution, states that at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, there were but two newspapers in the province, the North Carolina Gazette, at New Berne, and the Cape Fear Mercury, at Wilmington. The latter is supposed to have been discontinued about the beginning of 1776, and the former did not long survive the earliest conflict in arms within our borders. He adds, that although the first volume of newspapers published in the province (in 1764) and the earliest political pamphlet known to have issued from our press (in 1766) are preserved among the valuable treasures of the Society, there is not a single revolutionary newspaper, pamphlet or hand-bill published in North Carolina on their files. They possess copies in a pretty good state of preservation of all the Acts of the General Assembly, printed during the revolution. The pamphlet containing the enactments of October ses-

sion 1779, consists of 34 pages, 16 small folio, the remainder in quarto. The continued scarcity of paper in 1781 and in 1782, compelled the public printer to adopt a similar arrangement. He concludes with the still more remarkable statement that in these perilous times, even writing paper was not always at the immediate command of men in high official station.\* "In 1776, General Rutherford entreated the Council of Safety to hasten a supply of powder to Rowan, to enable him to march against the Cherokees, and with it a quire of paper on which he might write his dispatches. In 1782, General Butler, of Orange, urges a similar request upon Governor Burke.\*

Ours is an iron bound coast, our seaport towns were few, small and far between; we were nearly destitute of commercial and military marine; the manufacture of iron was in its infancy, and it was not until 1796, that the production by Jacob Byler, of the county of Buncombe, of "663 pounds of good merchantable rifle gun powder," secured the bounty awarded by the Act of the General Assembly "to provide for the public safety by granting encouragement to certain manufactories." The exigencies of the times called much more imperatively for the production of salt, salt-petre, powder and ball, than the manufacture of paper, and the former were, of course, the leading objects of legislative encouragement.

In the spring of 1787, shortly after entering upon his fifteenth year, the late Joseph Caldwell, D. D., the first President of this University, went to Princeton to obtain an education, and after spending a few months in the Grammar School, entered the Freshman class of the College in the autumn of that year. "In these primitive days, the seat of Nassau Hall did not at all times, nor just at that time, afford that essential requisite for the young scholar, a Latin Grammar, and we may well imagine that the disappointment and delay consequent on this circumstance heightened the eagerness and stimulated the zeal of the youthful votary. At length a student from South Carolina, offered one that was nearly worn out, which, after some hesitation, was accepted, and be-

\* Revolutionary History of North Carolina, compiled by W. D. Cooke, p. p. 106, 107.

\*2 Wheeler's Hist. Sket., vol. 2, p. 52.

came the bond of a long and peculiar friendship."\*

There are probably men now living who learned to write on birch and beach bark, with ink made out of maple bark and copperas, and whose slates were quarried, split, polished and framed, (if framed at all) by their own hands. Such were the only appliances of education possessed by many of our revolutionary fathers; and yet there were giants in the land in those days, in literature as well as in arms.

Our attention has been attracted to this subject by the perusal of the eloquent and instructive address, delivered by H. J. Raymond, Esq., on Friday the 7th Oct., at Tarrytown, New York., at the dedication of the monument erected on the spot where Major Andre was captured. In the course of his address, the orator availed himself of an appropriate opportunity to read an original letter from the traitor Arnold, to General Green, which, together with the accompanying remarks, we commend to the attention of the reader. He will probably be surprised, as we were, to learn that even in the State of New York, with Arnold's extraordinary facilities for communication with the great commercial emporium, "writing paper was not always at the command of men in high official station." We have yet much to learn in relation to the perils and privations of revolutionary times.

On the 12th of September—the very day after that on which he had gone down to Dobbs' Ferry for the purpose of settling, in a conference with ANDRE, the terms and details of his treason,—ARNOLD wrote a letter to General GREENE, full of patriotic devotion, and pervaded by a thorough zeal for the honor and success of the American cause. The letter, so far as I am aware, has never hitherto been published—I am indebted for it to my esteemed friend, Prof. GREENE, a direct descendant of the illustrious officer to whom it was addressed. As it throws still stronger light upon the character of ARNOLD,—places in still bolder relief the unmatched and unmatchable audacity of that hypocrisy in which he lived and moved and had his being—perhaps you will permit me to read it, from the original manuscript, which I hold in my hand. It bears date:

\* Professor Andrews Oration, delivered 24th June, 1835, p. 12.

HEAD QUARTERS, ROBINSON'S HOUSE,  
September 12th, 1780. }

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 7th, conveying to me an account of our misfortunes to the southward, was delivered me on the 8th.

I am happy to find that General GATES' information was so ill-founded. It is an unfortunate piece of business to that Hero, and may possibly blot his escutcheon with indelible infamy. It may not be right to censure character at a distance, but I cannot avoid remarking that his conduct on this occasion has in no wise disappointed my expectations, or predictions on frequent occasions; and notwithstanding the suggestions of his friends, that he had not retreated to the border of Virginia, he must have been at a great distance and fully secure from danger, as he had no advices of the retreat of the Maryland troops for at least four days.

Yours of the 8th, by Captain VANDER HORST and Lieut. McCALL, were delivered me by those gentlemen on the 9th. I have endeavored to render their situation pleasing to them, during their short stay with me: which respect I shall always be happy to pay to any gentleman who entitles himself to your introduction and recommendation.

It is a matter much to be lamented that our Army is permitted to starve in a land of plenty. There is a fault somewhere; it ought to be traced up to its authors, and if it was prepenze, they ought to be capitally punished; that is, in my opinion, the only means left to procure a regular supply to the Army in future.

*Where shall I procure paper for the garrison, as well as for my office? No returns can be made till a supply is sent. Col. PICKERING, in a letter of the 28th, informs me, that he has not yet received the stores in his hands, or money to purchase any with.*

With sentiments of the most sincere regard and affection, I am, dear sir,

Your obt't and humble serv't,  
B. ARNOLD.

Major-General GREENE.

Consider that this epistle—burning with indignation at the apparent misconduct of GATES, cordial in the extreme in its personal courtesy towards Gen. GREENE, solicitous for the comfort of the army, resentful towards those whose misconduct had involved it in want, was written the day after his first attempt to hold a personal interview with Maj. ANDRE,—upon his return to headquarters from the scene he had appointed for it, and in the midst of such thoughts as such incidents would naturally engender;—think upon the impenetrable hypocrisy of the man who, on the instant of returning baffled from such an errand, could coolly speak or dream of any escutcheon but his own being "blotted with indelible infamy;"—and you can judge how secure must have been his hold upon the confidence of WASHINGTON, and how thick was the dark doubt of all honor and all faith, into which the apprehensive fears of that great leader must have plunged his mind, when the fact of ARNOLD'S treason first broke upon his sight. "Whom can we trust now?" were the simple words addressed to LAFAYETTE; but they imply a dread distrust;—they signalize the beginning of a gloomy despair;—they point to the fact which imposed on him the supreme du-

ty, from which there was no escape, of crushing by all the terrors of martial law, whatever of vitality might still survive, in either army, of the portentous plot.

The following advertisement, copied from the "Fayetteville Gazette," Vol. 1, No. 4, published Monday, September 14th, 1789, points to the establishment of the earliest manufactory of paper in this State, and probably in the Southern States.

#### SALEM PAPER MANUFACTORY.

LADIES SAVE YOUR RAGS.

The Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he is erecting a Paper Mill in this town, which he hopes, in a short time, to have completed; and at the same time humbly makes known to the ladies of Fayetteville, Hillsborough, Salisbury and Morgan Districts, that without their assistance he can do nothing—without rags paper cannot be made. The economical house-wife, who supplies the paper mill with rags, serves her country in her sphere, as well as the soldier who fights for it does in his. For all kinds of clean COTTON and LINEN Rags a generous rice will be given, and the favor particularly acknowledged of any person collecting a quantity.

GOTTLIEB SHOBER.

Salem, Sepr. 8th, 1789.

The Mill then established has, we understand, been in operation ever since, and is at present owned and conducted by two grand-sons of the original founder, Charles E. and Francis E. Shober, Esquires, both of whom are graduates of this University, and the latter of whom, it may not be out of place to state, has recently connected himself with his Alma Mater by another and indissoluble tie. Long life, prosperity and happiness to him and his!

The centennial celebration of the anniversary, of the first Moravian Settlement in the neighborhood of Salem, will take place on the 19th November next. We trust that on this interesting occasion, the memory of the early pioneer, in the walks of literature, the founder of the Salem Paper Mill, will be duly honored.

JEUX DE MOTS.—Efforts at punning are of such frequent occurrence in college, out of college—everywhere—that the opinions of two eminent authorities on this worn-out and threadbare wit, may not be wholly unprofitable to punsters. We give them. Edgar Allen Poe, who was a man of high mental endowment and fine literary taste, has the following paragraph in his *Marginalia*:

"'Frequently since his recent death,' says the American Editor of Hood, 'he has been called a great author—a phrase used not inconsiderately or in vain.' Yet if we adopt the conventional idea of 'a great author,' there has lived, perhaps, no writer of the last half century who, with equal notoriety, was less entitled than Hood to be so called. In fact, he was a literary merchant, whose main stock in trade was *littleness*; for, during the larger portion of his life, he seemed to breathe only for the purpose of perpetrating puns—things of so despicable a platitude that the man who is capable of habitually committing them, is seldom found capable of anything else. Whatever merit *may* be discovered in a pun, arises altogether from *unexpectedness*. This is the pun's element, and is two-fold. First, we demand that the *combination* of the pun be unexpected; and, secondly, we require the most entire unexpectedness in the pun *per se*. A rare pun, rarely appearing, is, to a certain extent, a pleasurable effect; but to no mind, however debased in taste, is a continuous effort at punning otherwise than unendurable. The man who maintains that he derives gratification from any such chapters of punnage as Hood was in the daily practice of committing to paper, should not be credited upon oath."

The grave and learned Professors of Emory and Henry College thus expressed themselves in regard to punning, in the Editorial Miscellany of the last Repertory and Review: "Abortive puns, like all other abortions, whether of wit or other things, are indeed horrible rather than pleasing. A habitual punster is a nuisance, for there is no wit of any sort except in unexpected hits. Puns, therefore, will not bear frequent repetitions. What specimen of wit surpasses that of the philosophic Franklin's courteous impromptu to his colleagues in the commission to France, once when they were half annoyed by the homage paid to the philosopher, to the neglect of themselves? Benjamin Franklin, Arthur Lee, and Silas Deane, had been commissioned by Congress to secure the aid of France in our revolutionary struggle, and particularly the recognition of our national independence. Franklin's reputation was in Paris before him, and this, united with the simple dignity of his personal manners, his wit and his profound wisdom charmed both court and people, and made him the favorite everywhere. Men of science and men of fashion, grave dames and gay demoiselles, were emulous and enthusiastic to show him distinguished attention. The other commissioners, though his equals in political rank, seemed to be forgotten. One morning a fine large cake was sent to the

apartment of the commissioners. inscribed, "Le digne Franklin"—*For the worthy Franklin.* "As usual, Dr. Franklin," says Mr. Lee, "we have to thank you for our accommodations, and appropriate your present to our joint use." "Not at all," says Franklin; "this is certainly intended for all the commissioners; see, these French people cannot write English. 'Le digne Franklin,' means Lee, Deane, Franklin!"

NAY.—This simple and touchingly beautiful little piece of poetry from "Maude," an accomplished female contributor, sharply rebukes the pretended devotedness of some of our sex. Boys, do you plead guilty?

"Nay—do not think I love thee,  
I do not care for thee,  
Since thou hast quite forgotten,  
Hast ceased to care for me

Nay—do not think a shadow  
Thy trifling hath brought,  
To rest upon my spirit,  
For I tell thee it hath not.

Nay—do not think I blame thee,  
'Tis man's nature to beguile,  
And to be so very constant  
For a very little while.

Nay—when you vow'd you loved me  
My lips did not reply,  
But my heart (the little skeptic)  
Murmured—"bless me! what a lie!"

"PRAYER AT COLLEGE."—This spicy piece of poetry, which was taken from an old copy of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," was handed us a few days ago, by a friend, for insertion in our Magazine. Thinking it equally as well suited to the sons of the University as it was to the "sons of Harvard," we cheerfully give it a place in our table. For a student to read it, is but to realize it.

"Hark, the morning bell is pealing  
Faintly on the drowsy ear,  
Far abroad the tidings dealing;  
'Now the hour of prayer is near!'  
See the pious sons of Harvard,  
Starting from the land of Nod,  
Loudly give the rousing summons,  
'Let us run and worship God.'

'Tis the hour for deep contrition;  
'Tis the hour for peaceful thought;  
'Tis the hour to win the blessing,  
In the early stillness sought;  
Kneeling in the quiet chamber  
On the deck or on the sod,  
In the still and early morning,  
'Tis the hour to worship God.

But don't you stop to pray in secret,  
No time for you to worship there;  
The hour approaches—'Tempus fugit!'  
'Tear your shirt or miss a prayer.  
Don't stop to wash!—don't stop to button!  
Go the way your fathers trod:  
'Go it!' 'leg it!' 'put it!' 'streak it!'  
Run and worship God!

On the stair-case, tramping, stamping,  
Bounding, sounding, down you go;  
Bumping, thumping, smashing, crashing,  
Jumping, bruising heel and toe;  
See—your comrades far before you,  
Through the open door-way jam;  
Bless my soul! the bell is stopping!  
\* \* \* \* \*

The last line is left to be filled out at the taste of the reader.

DEATH OF HOOPER.—The sad intelligence has reached us that ARCHIBALD MACLAINE HOOPER is no more. A nation goes into mourning when the gray-headed statesman falls on the altar of his country, but surely there is not more cause for deep lamentation then, than when one, who is recording the grandest triumphs of the great men who achieved our national and individual freedom, passes from the earth to the skies; for his services are not merely pleasant and interesting to those who were living when he wrote, but certainly a bright and proud memorial to all succeeding generations. Mr. Hooper was one of these gifted and learned benefactors. Though he was a resident of Alabama at the time of his demise, yet he was a native son of our State. Here he spent his youth, here his young manhood, here the greater portion of his riper years, and though in his latter days, he was distant from "his own, his native" State, yet he remembered her with pride and pleasure, he remembered her great men and their brilliant deeds on the tented field and in the council chamber, as his writings plainly evince. During the term of service of the last editorial corps of this Magazine, he began to furnish them with extracts from an unprinted memoir of Howe, which he had before written, and ever since we came into office he has been

a regular contributor. His pieces that have been printed are able, and they have been read with deep interest by the learned, and especially by those who are busy-ing themselves in searching up Revolutionary reminiscences. His lives of Howe and Ashe will, perhaps, both be published.

The Editor of the Wilmington Commercial, in speaking of his death, said: "He was sincerely beloved and respected by all who knew him intimately, and had opportunity to enjoy his society, and to be cherished by the fruits of his richly stored mind, and to be delighted by the effusions of his genius, purified in a chaste imagination and by classic taste."

For ourselves, we had never looked upon his intelligent face, had never heard his kind voice, and had never enjoyed his pleasant and polished conversation; but he manifested so much interest in the success of our Magazine, by the kind words of encouragement in his letters to us, that our feelings towards him were more than those of mere friendship. He was far advanced in life and had done much for his friends and for his country; but, unlike Cardinal Wolsey, he had not been so wholly absorbed in the interests and honors of his friends and his country, that he had forgotten that most important duty of all—the salvation of his soul. Thus full of years, full of honors, full of hopes of a blissful immortality,

"Like a shadow thrown  
Softly and sweetly from a passing cloud,  
Death fell upon him."

We insert his last letter to us, as a memento of his interest in our Magazine.

Crawford, Ala., Sep 12th, 1853.

MR. WILLIAM LAFAYETTE SCOTT,  
Cor. Sect., University Magazine.

DEAR SIR:—I duly received the University Magazine for the month of September

I am very much pleased with the disposition of my two articles in it, and with the correctness with which they are printed. The errors are few, and do not materially affect the sense. One of these is the word *meslon*, which should be *merlon*, a term in fortification, which you will find used by Moultrie in his account of the attack on Sullivan's Island. The other error is

the omission of the word party, after reconnoitering.

The comparison between Lee and Howe will, I presume, appear in the October number. As it will occupy only a few pages, and has a bearing on the article relating to Sullivan's Island, I shall be glad if you can make it convenient to publish it in the Magazine for that month.

By this mail I send you another article, which I intended for the November number. It is headed "Death of Gen. Moore, and appointment of Gen. Howe, as his successor. It also contains an account of the persecution of Howe by a portion of the citizens of Charleston, after he had entered on the duties of his command, and closes with a sketch of the character of the late Henry Middleton Rutledge, of Tennessee, formerly of Charleston, S. C.

I shall commence next week an extract from the memoirs of Howe, containing the Invasion of Georgia, and retreat of Howe from his position near Savannah, which I hope to prepare in time for the December number of the Magazine. Do me the favor to acknowledge the receipt of this letter and the package accompanying it.

I am, dear sir,  
With esteem and regard,  
Yours truly,  
A. M. HOOPER.

We would be pleased if his Literary Executors would furnish us the promised article and any other of his historical writings.

OBITUARY.—The impressive tribute to the memory of a distinguished member of one of the Societies of the University, which we insert below, together with the beautiful one in our last Table to that of an esteemed and promising fellow-student, solemnly warn us all that

"Life at best,  
Is as a passing shadow in the west,  
Which still grows long and longer till the last,  
When the sun sinks, and it from earth hath past."

IALECTIC HALL, }  
September 24, 1853. }

Whilst we weep over our aged fathers as we lay them in their graves, we are comforted by a remembrance of the wearisomeness of old age. They have finished their work, they have given undying impressions to the world and they are now weary, ready for the rest of the tomb. But he, whom we now lament, has fallen in the midst of his career. Mr. P. Busbec was a man of eminent talents. His richly stored mind and his admirable powers already exhibited at the bar, promised to mark a brilliant career through the longest life. But he was not more admired than he was beloved. None stood higher in the esteem of those who knew him best. But no earthly ties, however dear and strong, could bind him to earth---no, the summons had gone forth, and he was bound to obey; and though no

tribute of ours can repay the loss sustained by his friends, though no encomium can fill, in the hearts of those who loved him, the vacancy which his death has occasioned, yet we deeply lament his loss as an honored member of the Dialectic Society.

His aim was fixed high in the Temple of Fame, and with a flight which more can admire than can imitate, he was tending to his lofty mark. But the young eagle has fallen. With his eyes on the Sun, he swerved not; but the silver cord was loosed, and now the strong lies powerless on the ground. Still we may well be proud of him even as he lies in death. But while we say 'Amen' to the decree of the Almighty Ruler, we are ready to drop the tear of sorrow on the grave of the beloved departed.

There ore, as it has pleased God to take from us one who was so much beloved and admired, and thus to send grief into our hearts---

*Resolved*, That we as members of the Dialectic Society, do most sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family, in the loss which they sustain.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the "Raleigh Register," "North Carolina Standard" and "University Magazine" for publication.

W. H. HALL,  
JAS. A. WRIGHT,  
STUART WHITE.

Committee.

GGSSIP WITH OUR EXCHANGES AND CONTRIBUTORS.--*The Georgia University Magazine*.—The September number of this interesting Periodical is on our table. It comes greeting us in a new and neat dress, and under the management of a new corps of Editors. Its contents are generally well chosen and well written. We congratulate the Editors on their first appearance and hope they will meet the success which their enterprise so richly merits.

*The Southern Weekly Post*.—This large and excellent family newspaper has been coming to us for the last few weeks in an entirely new and very handsome form—the Post full of literary, educational, agricultural, commercial, manufacturing and mining matter, and its neat little consort, the Advertiser, laden with advertisements and statistical information for all classes of business men. Every man, woman and child in the South ought to read them both. Surely a brighter day is dawning

on the literary character of our good old State.

*Southern Repertory and College Review*.—This ably edited Periodical is before us. Its contents are full, varied and highly interesting. We hope it may always come as richly stored with good and useful reading matter.

*The Yale Literary Magazine*.—This is the first number of this Magazine, which we have received. It presents a very handsome appearance and many of its articles are quite readable. We shall always welcome it to our Reading Room.

Our newspaper exchanges come so often a month, and are so many in number, that we cannot possibly give them a notice, unless they undergo some marked change.

THE two pieces of poetry sent us by Mr. A. PERRY SPERRY appear in this number. They are right pretty. We will be pleased to hear from him in any of his inspired moments.

THOUGH Shakespeare has made Hamlet say that, "brevity is the soul of wit," yet it fails most signally in the letter of our young friend, "Zeek Fink." His is short, tame, spiritless and unwitty. He deserves some credit for the skill he evinced in his peculiar manner of writing with figures and single letters instead of words, and, especially, in spelling wrong; but we would say to him, that the habit of spelling wrong intentionally is not to be recommended, inasmuch as young writers too frequently spell wrong when they are doing their best to spell right.

THE poetry of "Phebe Syphax," cousin of old Syphax, is so tame and entirely destitute of poetic thought, that we are compelled to let it drop under our table. She intimates in her note to us that no *Syphax blood* flows in the veins of "Abraham Beeswax."

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DEATH OF GENERAL MOORE,

AND

*Appointment of Howe to the command of the Southern Department,*

FROM

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

COMPILED BY A. M. HOOPER.

UPON the departure of General Lee, General Moore was appointed by Congress, Commander in chief of the Southern Department. This officer, after executing the duties of his command, for about four months, was called by private business, to make a short visit to North Carolina. Preparatory to taking this step, he assigned to General Gadsden, the command of Fort Moultrie; to General Moultrie, that of the North Carolinians at Haddrill's point; to Nash, the Continentals, and to Howe the city of Charleston, with Fort Johnston.

Soon after his arrival at home, he was seized with a sudden illness, which reduced him to inactivity, and terminated his life on the 15th of January, 1777, in his 47th year. This event was a heavy blow to North Carolina, where from the time of the earliest in ons of hostility with the mother country, General Moore was universally looked

up to, as the first military genius in his native province. He had been bred to arms, and was passionately devoted to his profession.

His friends, who were numerous, and enthusiastic, and among the most prominent individuals in the country, ascribed to his character, a rare combination of the caution of Fabius with the ardor of Marcellus.

History as well as tradition has paid a just tribute to his private virtues.\* His death produced a severe shock; nor was he mourned alone—the same day, at an earlier hour, witnessed the dissolution of his brother, Judge Maurice Moore, in the 49th year of his age.

A learned jurist, an astute advocate, a keen-sighted statesman—Judge Moore also possessed the highest moral qualities. Among these was a devotion to

\* Stedman.

the cause of rational liberty. Amid the agitation and tumult which precedes civil war, and the enthusiasm of party feelings, so apt to warp the judgment, he calculated the impending perils, and the distant and precarious blessings, which lay hid in the clouds that hung over his country. He meditated on the approaching storm, and he at length determined to stake his life, his fortune, and the destinies of his family on the side of civil liberty, in the dubious issue.

In the first public meeting convened for the purpose of adopting measures suited to the crisis, and which sat in the town of Wilmington, while others spoke their sentiments freely and boldly, this great man, absorbed in the anxious reflections of his superior mind, maintained a profound silence.\*

It was not many days, however, before he came to a decision, which he announced in a pamphlet, much read at the time, but which has long since been lost in the general wreck of valuable public papers, in North Carolina. It is much to be regretted that this specimen of the reasoning powers, the eloquence and the pure and patriotic zeal of Judge Maurice Moore has been consigned to oblivion.†

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\* This fact I received from one of the spectators of that meeting.

† A single copy of this pamphlet, supposed to be the first political pamphlet printed in North Carolina, is preserved among the archives of the Historical Society of this University. It will be found copied entire in the first volume of this Magazine, p. p. 71—77—85—87. See *Revolutionary History of N. C.*, compiled by W. D. Cooke, A. M., p. 106. The title is, "Justice and policy of taxing the American colonies in Great Britain considered; wherein

I return to my narrative. General Moore, before his death, had received orders to join the army under General Washington. The southern department was then confided by Congress to the abilities of Gen. Howe.

When this officer entered upon the duties of his command, it was naturally expected that the dignity of his position, his manners and talents, would attract to him the attentions and the courtesies of all the intelligent inhabitants of Charleston. These were due to his personal merits; they were due also to the services and the sympathy of that State of which he was a native, and an ornament.

On former occasions, South Carolina had seemed sensible of the efforts of her northern neighbor, in contributing to her defence. Suddenly, however, this apparent amity, this aspect of friendliness was changed into a front of hostility; and in social meetings, expressions of gratitude were succeeded by tirades of contempt and ridicule. Notwithstanding the *eclat* won by Howe in his expedition to Virginia, and the striking evidences of a superior mind in his conversation, as well as in his management of public business, a large portion of the citizens of Charleston were seized with doubts, with respect to his claims to distinction, as well as

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is shewed that the colonists are not a conquered people; that they are constitutionally entitled to be taxed only by their own consent; and that the imposing a stamp-duty on the colonists is as impolitic as it is inconsistent with their rights. Non sibi, sed patriæ. By Maurice Moore, Esquire, Wilmington, N. C., printed by Andrew Stuart, and sold at his office, near the Exchange, 1776."---[*Eds. Uni. Mag.*

of his abilities for the important command with which he was vested. On what was these doubts founded? He was a native of North Carolina. This was the head and front of his offending.

The appointment of a native of that State to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Department, was in the first instance, not borne without secret dissatisfaction; but the appointment of another, in immediate succession, was not to be endured. The prejudices which had, with difficulty, been suppressed, under the brief administration of Moore, and the temporary appointment of Howe to the command of the city of Charleston, and Fort Johnston, now broke through all the restraints of politeness and decorum. The wits, the literati, the members of professions, civil and military, commenced a succession of oblique, but unmistakable attacks on Howe. The design was to humble and degrade him; and this, too, by reiterated and combined efforts. The last of these was an attempt to intimidate him, but this, like all the rest, was a failure. Howe met them at every point, and foiled them with the utmost facility. He quickly descried their malicious purpose, and triumphed over it, notwithstanding the extensive combination.

Never was a greater error committed than by these persecutors of Howe. They could not have selected an antagonist more invulnerable to such attacks, nor one of more imperturbable self-possession, more brilliant in sallies of wit, or more quick in repartee.

His information was extensive and various, nor was he deficient in science.

He had skimmed the surface of every subject, generally studied in that day. Added to this, he possessed a power of attention and an adroitness which enabled him to seize the argument of his opponent, and turn it on himself; "like a hand grenade, which by dexterous management may be thrown back, so as to spend its force upon the assailant."

This course of conduct on the part of the citizens of Charleston, produced feelings which not only rendered social intercourse extremely unpleasant, but what was of incalculably more importance, operated on those whose duty it was to furnish the Commander-in-Chief, promptly and efficiently, with the necessary equipments and munitions of war. From this unhappy commencement, no doubt, arose almost all the disappointments and disasters which followed.

A few of the most respectable inhabitants of Charleston viewed this unwarrantable proceeding in its proper light. They disapproved, and probably discouraged it. Among these I take pleasure in mentioning the names of Rutledge, Pinckney, and Middleton.

It may be asked, where are the evidences of this persecution, and these victories of Howe? I answer, those scenes were witnessed by the officers from North Carolina, and the details were brought by them, when they returned to their homes on Cape Fear. They were men of intelligence and veracity; some of them of superior abilities.

Their statements were universally and implicitly believed. It was not in those days as now, the practice to commit to paper the disputes of living characters.

My immediate informants, two persons of unimpeachable characters and superior minds, are long since dead, and the tradition, once general, is now, I have reason to believe, limited to one individual.

Here I cannot but remark, I hope not invidiously, the striking contrast exhibited between the conduct of Virginia and that of South Carolina in regard to General Howe. By Virginia he was received with the distinction due to one of the great political leaders of the Revolution, and the consideration due to a gallant soldier who had hastened to her rescue in the hour of peril. Such courtesy and such cordiality was naturally to be anticipated from the descendants of the Cavaliers, who fled from England, rather than submit to that hypocritical usurper, Oliver Cromwell. It is, I aver, most gratifying to me, as a native of North Carolina, to know that our sister State of Virginia does not undervalue our friendship or our services. The impartiality with which she acted, when Howe was thrown by circumstances into military competition with Patrick Henry, proves that she can, on proper occasions, rise superior to local and State pride, and even to the idolatry of maternal affection for her illustrious son.

Her wealth has never prompted her to look askance at the comparative poverty of her neighbors, for wealth is not with her, a universally admitted passport to distinction. Talents, virtue, private usefulness, and public services, with her, form the basis of reputation, and it is those high and valuable qualities that she values in others, without regard to external condition.

It must be admitted that the "Old

Dominion" has legitimate claims to our high consideration, and we may add, to that of the whole Union. The State that gave birth to Washington is surely entitled to distinction. The State that produced the greatest orator of ancient or modern times, Patrick Henry, a prodigy of genius, who owed nothing to art, and everything to nature; the State that gave to our country, the colossal intellect, and the exalted virtues of John Marshall; the State that claims as her son the greatest living soldier in the world, Winfield Scott; and lastly, the State that gave birth to that great orator and statesman, Henry Clay, who was manifestly sent by Divine Providence, to perpetuate the blessings of that Union, which was established by Washington; is she not entitled to the highest distinction?

Having closed my account of the persecution of Howe, which justice to him required me to give, I can only add my regret, that respectable and estimable individuals should have been led, by State pride and State prejudice into collisions, in which they lost sight, not only of the consideration due to the military head of the department, but of that respect which they owed to themselves as gentlemen.

It may be thought that I cherish prejudices against South Carolina. I am conscious of none. It affords me pleasure, even to touch on the heroic qualities of her illustrious sons; on the elder Rutledge, who proved by his own example, that the possession of absolute power, and the virtue never to abuse it, might co-exist in the same individual. Of this, he afforded a memorable instance during his Dictatorship; on the elder Pinckney, who proved that personal

feeling and personal pride could be merged in an ardent desire to promote the general weal. I allude to the matter of *precedency*, when appointments were being made, in expectation of a war with France; when Gen. Pinckney expressed his willingness to serve under a junior officer, (Hamilton,) with a magnanimity which reflects more honor on his memory than the most brilliant achievement could do:—on the younger Pinckney and the younger Rutledge, who, in addition to higher and more conspicuous qualities, set examples of moderation and unassuming dignity.

I might multiply instances of this kind, were I familiar with the traditions of South Carolina. What I give, I glean from general history.

The most pleasing reminiscences of my early years are connected with a native of Charleston, Henry Middleton Rutledge, only son of Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from South Carolina. I was introduced to him in New York, in 1790, and afterwards formed an acquaintance with him at Columbia College in that city.

At the age of fifteen, this youth possessed a maturity of understanding, a stability of character, and an elegance of manners, which would have attracted admiration in a person of double his age. Very few, so young, have combined such gentleness and kindness of feeling, with so much elevation and strength of character, and such an indomitable spirit. Nature had endowed him with a remarkably fine disposition, great equanimity of temper, and a quick sense of propriety, which must have been assiduously cultivated, in his *home* education.

At college he was a model of correct conduct, of deferential bearing towards the members of the faculty, and of attention to his collegiate duties. His recitations were well prepared, and his compositions, if not always brilliant, were highly respectable: always marked by good sense, sound reasoning and just sentiments. I have no doubt that his mind had been carefully trained to composition, and his style formed before he entered college.

In his intercourse with his fellow students, though he joined freely in their sports, he ever maintained a manliness and dignity of demeanor, which was perfectly free from flippancy and frivolity on the one hand, and from pride and affectation of superiority on the other. In discussions with those students who were older than himself, he exhibited a modest and courteous independence.—His opinions on most subjects appeared to have been formed; but what surprised me, was his promptness in taking his position on an emergency, and his firmness in maintaining it against young men in the highest class in college, and who might be presumed to have enjoyed equal advantages with himself and had more experience.

While Congress was in session in New York, a number of Southern youths, and Rutledge among them, were introduced to the President at a levee. He noticed them all with kindness, but Rutledge's intelligence and colloquial facility fixed and engrossed the attention of Washington for a longer time than he bestowed on any of the other lads, which produced some mortification in the breast of one, at least, of his young companions, although I never detected

a feeling of envy towards him, in any of them.

I will mention a few incidents, which though trivial in themselves, are illustrative of the character of Rutledge. The Southern students at Columbia College were in the practice of walking together in the evening. In one of these walks down Broadway, a man crossed over to us, and enquired if Mr. Rutledge was of the party, and on his being pointed out, presented to him a letter which he held in his hand. On looking at it, Rutledge remarked, "this letter is from Mr. Randolph. I never met him but once, and am surprised at his keeping up a regular correspondence on so short an acquaintance." The writer was John Randolph, afterwards so celebrated for his talents and his eccentricities. I consider his cultivation of Rutledge's acquaintance a proof of his sagacity in discovering the excellence of his mind and character.

Rutledge never joined in ridicule, even when the object of it was such as almost to extenuate the offence in thoughtless boys. The same party, with some additions, walking down to the wharf to procure a boat for an excursion on the Hudson, had occasion to stop at a barber's shop, where we met with a man of weather-beaten appearance, and dressed in a manner the most grotesque and outre, that can be imagined—in tawdry colors, and unshapely garments. The students, of course, burst into peals of laughter, except Rutledge, who with his accustomed urbanity, accosted the man, who appeared to be advanced in years, and entering into conversation with him, endeavored to divert his attention from the rudeness of his companions, asking him questions about the "far West,"

from whence it appeared this singular being had just arrived. He took leave of him respectfully, and as we pursued our way, expostulated with us on the impropriety of our behaviour towards one whom "he believed to be a respectable person, and who certainly possessed much information, notwithstanding his fantastic appearance; that perhaps his singular dress was the consequence of poverty; that age was entitled to respect, and that poverty is not a crime." All of us, I believe, felt the justness of his remarks.

I remember another expedition, by the same party—it was to Long Island. As we returned, we stopped at Brooklyn—at a tavern which seemed almost the only respectable house in the place. The young men crowded in hastily, without any show of politeness to the landlord, pressing him rather rudely to furnish them with refreshments. Rutledge, always considerate, observing that the landlord was embarrassed by their importunity and forwardness, went up to him and saluting him respectfully, remarked that he saw his embarrassment, and would withdraw until it would suit his convenience to attend to him.

Not feeling inclined to join in the repast, myself, I stood on the threshold of the door, watching the scene. The landlord, who appeared to be a *reduced gentleman*, was evidently struck by the manners and appearance of Rutledge, and having supplied the clamorous applicants with what they required, approached the place where he sat and entered into conversation with him. He said he heard him called Rutledge by his companions, and enquired whether he belonged to the distinguished family of that name in South Carolina. He

made many enquiries respecting his father and uncle, which Rutledge answered with affability, but without making any farther communication than the question demanded; but the conversation seemed to gratify the landlord very much. When the party asked for their bill, he received payment from the others, but declined taking anything from Rutledge, although pressed to do so; observing that he owed him something for the pleasure of making his acquaintance. This trifling incident shows the impression his manners made on a stranger.

I was not at that time, capable of analysing character, but I felt a curiosity to know what effect the flattering observations I had overheard, had upon Rutledge, and scrutinized his countenance narrowly, after we left the house, but could not detect in it any emotion of gratified vanity.

Without intending to justify the practice of duelling, which, unfortunately, at that time, was considered a duty which every gentleman owed to himself and to his family, when called upon to settle a dispute, I will mention an instance of cool bravery in Rutledge, which was really surprising in a youth brought up in a sphere entirely removed from violence and bloodshed. Previously to the time of which I am speaking, I had conversed with Rutledge on the subject of duelling, and knew that he considered it a necessary submission to public opinion, which could not be avoided consistently with honor.

When he was about seventeen years old, while returning from a visit to Charleston, he was treated unhandsomely by the captain of the vessel, in which he

was a passenger. He said little at the time, but intimated to the captain, that when they landed, he should call him to account for his conduct. He did so. They went out, beyond the precincts of the city, the captain accompanied by a friend, and Rutledge *alone*. When they arrived at the ground, the distance was measured by the captain's friend, and *re-stepped* by Rutledge. The parties then proceeded to load the pistols—Rutledge performing that office for himself. They took their stations, and at the appointed signal, fired—both without effect. Rutledge proceeded to reload his pistol, when the second, who appears to have been a well disposed man, advanced to him, and asked if he would consent to an amicable adjustment. Rutledge replied in the affirmative, and taking a paper, which he had previously prepared, out of his pocket, handed it to him, adding, "on these terms." The captain having read the apology dictated by Rutledge, signed it, and the parties shook hands and separated. This affair took place, while I was absent in North Carolina, but the particulars were related to me, by a young kinsman of his, in confidence, after my return to New York.

I left that city in few days, and did not again hear of Rutledge until he had been graduated, and as residing in Charleston, and either preparing for, or prosecuting the study of the law in his father's office.

A short time after his return home, he was appointed to deliver an Oration on the 4th of July. This composition was greatly admired on Cape Fear, and I presume, equally so at least, in his native city. At this distance of time, I

cannot remember particulars. It was certainly free from the bombast and tinsel which too often disfigure public addresses on the anniversary of our Independence, not excepting those delivered by men of great abilities, but who are deficient in taste and imagination.

The difficulties between the United States and France, which occurred in the years 1795 and '96, rendered it necessary to send ministers, to negotiate with the rulers of that country. At the head of that mission was Charles Coatsworth Pinckney. Gen. Pinckney recommended Henry Middleton Rutledge as secretary of Legation.

A more suitable choice could not have been made. Among his qualifications was his perfect knowledge of the French language, which he spoke and wrote with as much facility as he did his own. The ease and grace of his manners, too, would have made an impression even when France possessed an aristocracy, which was itself the acknowledged model of elegance and refinement.

The exact date of Gen. Pinckney's arrival in France, I cannot ascertain.—It appears that he returned in the fall of 1798. Upon his being appointed a Major-General of the army about to be raised, in expectation of a war with France, Mr. Rutledge was chosen by him as his aid-de-camp. The adjustment of affairs between our government and that of France shortly afterwards, enabled the officers then appointed, to retire to private life.

Somewhat more than a year after Major Rutledge's return from France, his father died. This event, full of deep affliction to his family, by whom he was

honored and beloved, formed an important era in the life of his son. His destination for the bar, under the auspices of his distinguished father, promised a successful career. The situation of Gov. Rutledge's estate, however, imperiously demanded all his attention. It is difficult to conceive of a mind so elevated as his was, without ambition for public distinction, and yet the noblest minds are sometimes so constituted. Be this as it may, if he possessed ambition, he sacrificed it at the altar of affection and duty. He determined to relinquish the profession of the law, and devote himself exclusively to private business.

In reference to this change in Major Rutledge's views, I expressed to a friend of mine, a resident of Charleston, and a member of the Legislature, my astonishment that South Carolina should allow a young man of such character and talents, to leave the State, without proffering to him some prominent station, which might induce him to continue there. He replied in these words: "why, sir, such was the high estimate of the services of his father and uncle, as well as of his own personal merits, that if they had had any reason to believe he would have accepted what was in their power to bestow, the Legislature would have showered upon him all the offices and honors of the State!" This assertion, although an hyperbole, shows that had he remained in his native place, his career would have been a distinguished one.

A part of the estate of Governor Rutledge consisted of large bodies of land in Tennessee. It became a subject of consideration for his son, how those lands might be made most avail-

able. Instead of disposing of them by sale, he formed a plan of erecting lumber mills, at several different points on the Cumberland river. In pursuance of this plan, and being confident that it would be productive of great results, he removed with his family into that State. This change of residence was not effected without considerable pecuniary sacrifice. With what sacrifice of *feeling*, I will not undertake to say. When he reached his forest home, he was compelled to undergo all the hardships of a pioneer life—to build houses for himself and his slaves, of the rudest materials—to enclose farms for their support and his own accommodation, and, in fine, to endure many privations to which he and his family were entire strangers.

He next proceeded to the erection of his mills, which, with all his exertions, would occupy considerable time. They were completed, and in this extensive and complicated enterprise, his success was fully equal to his most sanguine expectations. Rafts of lumber from his mills were sent to New Orleans, and in due time, produced returns to the proprietor, which at the time I was told of them, seemed almost incredible. Major Rutledge paid personal attention to this business, that at times exposed both health and life, which affords a striking instance of energy and self-denial in a person, accustomed as he was, to all the luxuries and indulgencies of a city life. This inspired the respect and esteem of all who were acquainted with his movements. As might be expected, his exertions were rewarded by the extrication of his father's estate from every incumbrance, leaving a handsome independence for the heirs. Some

of these particulars I received from Mr. Ancrum, of Charleston, but most of them, from Governor Swain,\* who added, that Major Rutledge always possessed a commanding influence in that part of Tennessee, where he resided. A short time before his death, I saw in a newspaper, his nomination to the station of Governor of that State. It was withdrawn shortly after, no doubt by his own desire.

Major Rutledge died suddenly, of apoplexy, at the age of seventy. He attained to a period of life, which afforded a full development of character. He had passed his grand climacteric with, I have reason to believe, his fine disposition unsoured, his equable temper uninjured, his spirit unbroken, and his mind unimpaired. Of this last, the attempt by his friends to place him in the Executive chair of Tennessee is a convincing proof.

I have always thought his mind a progressive and an accumulating one; and it is probable that during the last ten years of his life, he possessed as great abilities as at any previous period. In fine, his virtues and his talents were such as to have shed a lustre on any office under our government, whether in the civil, the military, or the diplomatic department.

This sketch of Henry Middleton Rutledge belongs properly to the biographical department of South Carolina, where no doubt, materials might be found for a much more extended analysis. The reader will, however require no apology

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\* President of the University of North Carolina.

for the digression, when he considers every father of a family, as showing what the excellence of the character I have attempted to portray, and that this may be accomplished for a son, by the character is as *rare* as it is excellent. It early cultivation of intellect, and by the is moreover worthy of the attention of assiduous teachings of an exalted morality.

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### EXTRACT FROM A REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL.

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MESSRS. EDITORS: As there is a deep and-increasing interest now felt, especially by the educated and literary portion of the community, in collecting or reading the incidents of the Revolutionary War, it is presumed that any thing relating to that trying and eventful period of our history, however unimportant in itself, will be acceptable to your readers. I have in my possession an old manuscript, written somewhat in the form of a journal, by Hugh McDonald, a soldier of the Revolution; and from this I now send you a short extract, which is at your service, and you may give it an insertion in your Magazine, or not, as you think proper. When in his fourteenth year his father took him along with him to the battle of Moore's Creek, where he was taken prisoner, but, like most of the privates who were made prisoners on that occasion, he and his father were set at liberty and sent home. On their return home they engaged again in their farming operations; but in June, before he had completed his fourteenth year, and before independence was declared, he enlisted in the American army and continued to the end of the war. Having entered the military service of his country at such an early age, and having continued in the camp until he had arrived to maturity, he was, of course, no scholar and had to employ another hand some years afterwards, to write down what he related; but as he required the amanuensis to write his precise words, it is not fit for the press in its present form. I have, therefore, taken the liberty to correct the orthography, syntax and punctuation, or at least the most glaring aberrations from the rules of grammar in these particulars; but I have made as little alteration in his language as possible. His account of the tory army and the battle at Moore's Creek, though containing no facts of any importance that have not been already published, is reserved for another purpose; and I begin with the account of his return home, his enlist-

ment, &c., not because this is the most interesting part of the narrative, but because I may possibly, at some future time, send you another extract, provided this should meet with favor from the Editors and readers of your Magazine, which seems to be assuming much more of a literary character, and promises to become a credit to the State.

"Notwithstanding this scouring," at Moore's Creek, "and the just contempt of our fellow-citizens, we remained, in heart, as still Tories as ever. This expedition took place in the month of February, 1776, from which we returned and began to repair our fences for a crop the ensuing summer. About the first of June, a report was circulated that a company of light horse were coming into the settlement; and, as a guilty conscience needs no accuser, every one thought they were after him. The report was that Col. Alston had sent out four or five men to cite us all to muster at Henry Eagle's, on Bear Creek, upon which our poor deluded people took shelter in the swamps. On a certain day, when we were ploughing in the field, news came to my father that the light horse were in the settlement and a request that he would conceal himself. He went to the house of his brother-in-law to give him notice, and ordered me to take the horse out of the plough, turn him loose, and follow him as fast as I could. I went to the horse; but having never ploughed any in my life, I was trying how I could plough, when five men on horseback appeared at the fence, one of whom, Dan'l. Buie, knew me and asked me what I was doing here. I answered that my father lived here; and he said he was

not aware of that. 'Come,' he says, you must go with us to pilot us through the settlement; for we have a boy here with us who has come far enough. He is six miles from home and he is tired.' His name was Thomas Graham, and he lived near the head of McLennon's creek. I told Mr. Buie that I dare not go, for, if I did, my father would kill me. He then alighted from his horse, and walked into the field, ungeared the horse and took him outside of the fence. He then put up the fence again; and, leading me by the hand, put me on behind one of the company, whose name was Gaster, and discharged the other boy. We then went to Daniel Shaw's, thence to John Morrison's, (shoemaker,) thence to Alexander McLeod's, father of merchant John McLeod, who died in Fayetteville, thence to Alexander Shaw's, (blacksmith,) thence to old Hugh McSwan's, who gave half a crown for a small gourd when we landed in America. Here I was ordered to go home; but I refused, and went with them to the muster at Eagle's. Next day Col. Philip Alston appeared at the muster, when these men told him that they had taken a boy to pilot them a little way through the settlement and that they could not get clear of him. The Colonel personally insisted on my going back to my father; but I told them I would not; for I had told them the consequences of my going with them before they took me. Seeing he could not prevail with me, he got a man by the name of Daniel McQueen, a noted bard, to take me home to my father; but I told him that I was determined to hang to them. Col. Alston then took me with him and treated me kind-

ly. Mrs. Alston desired me to go to school with her children until she could send my father word to come after me, and she would make peace between us; but her friendly offers were also rejected.

"On the following Tuesday I went with the same company of horsemen to Fayetteville, where I met a gentleman by the name of Dan'l Porterfield, a lieutenant in Capt. Arthur Council's company, who asked me if I did not wish to enlist. I told him, not with him; but I wanted to see a Mr. Hilton who, I understood, was in the army, and wherever he was I wished to be. He told me that he and Hilton were of one company, and if Hilton did not tell me so, he would take back the money and let me go with Hilton. I then took the money and was received into the service of the United States, June 10th, 1776, and in the fourteenth year of my age.

"After my enlistment, we continued in Cross Creek until about the middle of July, when we went on board Mrs. Blanctret's boat and floated down to Wilmington, where the brigade was made up, which was commanded by General Frank Nash, and consisted of six regiments. Of the first regiment, Thomas Clarke was colonel and John Mebane lieutenant colonel; of the second, Alexander Martin, from Hillsboro', was colonel and James Patton lieutenant colonel; of the third, Jethro Sumner was colonel and William Davidson, lieutenant colonel; of the fourth, Thos. Polk was colonel and J. Paxton, lieutenant colonel; of the fifth, — Buncomb was colonel and — Eden, lieutenant colonel; of the sixth, Lillington

had the command, but being unable, from old age, to go on parade, when the regiment was made up at Wilmington, he was forced to resign, and Lieutenant Colonel Lamb, from Edenton, took command of the regiment. Our Major died at Wilmington, and Captain Arch'd Lyttle, from Hillsboro', who had been educated for a preacher of the gospel, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. Captain Griffin McRae, of Elizabethtown, was appointed major, and of this regiment I was a private soldier.

Not more than three weeks after the brigade was embodied, my Captain, Arthur Council, a young man who had been raised near Cross Creek, and whose father's house is yet known by the name of Council Hall, died. This young gentleman was distinguished in the regiment for modesty, gentility and morality. Shortly after the death of Council, his first lieutenant who was known by the name of Philadelphia Thomas White, became our captain, and he was as immoral as Council was moral. As sickness was prevailing in the regiment, we moved out of town about eight miles, to a place called Jumping Gully, where we encamped until about the middle of October and were drilled twice a day. In this camp I was taken sick, and continued ignorant of everything that passed for five weeks. One evening, the brigade being on parade, I felt a great desire for home, and thought I saw everything at my father's house before my eyes. I got out of my tent and went away some distance to a fresh running branch. The water, from falling over a large poplar root, had made a deep hole below, and, getting into the

hole, I laid my head on the root, which I believe was the sweetest bed I ever lay in. The water was so cool to my parched body that I lay there until ten o'clock next day before they found me, when George Dudley, sergeant of our company, having crossed within two feet of my head without seeing me—a William Carrol, who was in company with Dudley, discovered me, and exclaimed, 'By G—d., here he is, turned to be an otter. He is under the water.' Dudley, having passed me, turned back, took me out of the water and carried me to camp. When the Doctor came to see me, he said that the water had cooled my fever and that I would recover, though he had given me out before. I did recover and recruited very fast every day after my immersion. In addition to the advantage of my immersion, my good friend Hilton, the fife player, hired a gig in Wilmington and took me out of camp, to the house of one Blufort, who had a bridge across the North East River, about ten miles above Wilmington, where, from their kind attention and good water and the salubrity of the air, I soon recovered my former strength and joined the brigade sooner than could have been expected.

I shall now give the reader some account of the Captains of my regiment, which was the sixth; but I shall omit the subaltern officers' list; in attempting to recall so many names and characters, I should make a mistake, which I do not wish to do. When the brigade was made up, each regiment consisted of

eight captains, and of the 6th regiment, Arch'd Lyttle was first captain, and Griffin McRae, second, who had very undeservedly enlisted most of his men for six months and returned them for three years, or during the war. This deception, on the part of Captain McRae, occasioned many desertions in his company, when six months, the term of their enlistment, had expired. Captain Lyttle was from Orange, Captain McRae, from Bladen. The 3d captain was George Doherty, who lived on the North East River, in Hanover county, and about 25 miles above Wilmington. He was a full-blooded Irishman, about seventy-five years of age, much of a gentleman and a brave soldier. The fourth captain was Philip Taylor, from Orange, a raw Buckskin, destitute of grace, mercy or knowledge, as to that which is spiritual, and filled with pride and arrogance. The fifth, was Tilman Dickson, from Edgecombe, a dirty Buckskin, who would rather sit on his hams all day and play cards with his meanest private soldier, in his homespun dress, than wash or uniform himself and keep company with his fellow officers as a captain ought to do. The sixth captain, was Jemimah Pigue, from Onslow, who was a smart officer, a middle aged man, and a guardian of his soldiers. The seventh captain was Daniel Williams, from Duplin, a Buckskin, a gentleman, and the friend and protector of his soldiers. The eighth was Benjamin Sharp, who was from Halifax county, and was a very smart officer." W.

## WORTHIES OF DEMOCRACY.

[NO. IV.]

FRANCOIS ARAGO.

“Nemo me lachrymis decoret, neque funera fletu  
Faxit, cur? volito docta per ora virum.”—ENNIVS.

ARAGO is no more!—France is in tears—and the whole world mourns. It is in vain that we interrogate the annals of modern times; no greater name adorns the history of any nation; no purer patriot ever deserved the lasting gratitude of his country. The void which his lamented death has created in the Scientific world will perhaps be never filled; and the voice of his regenerated countrymen may find no response, when they shall again call for so upright a citizen to administer the Commonwealth.

ARAGO was not only the most learned man of the age; a lover of science, who, unaided and alone, often achieved discoveries which we all loudly praise and posterity will extol; an undaunted democrat who courageously faced the despots whom France, in a fit of madness, twice exalted to the throne of Saint Louis; but he was also a worthy, who devoted his fortune, sacrificed his health and shed his blood for the advancement of mankind and the holy cause of liberty.

Let us recall more particularly the events of his life. DOMINIQUE JEAN FRANCOIS ARAGO was born February 26th, 1786, at Estagel, in the South of France. His father held the office of

teller at the mint of Perpignan. It has been often alleged that FRANCOIS was unable to read until he had attained to the age of fourteen. This, however, we hold to be an idle assertion, for it is well known that after graduating with high distinction in the College of Montpellier, he entered the Polytechnic School when only sixteen; “took first” over all his competitors for admission, and continued to head the list until he was graduated.\*

ARAGO was still at the School when, in the month of July, 1802, the nation was called upon to elect Gen. Bonaparte Consul for life. Our young democrat

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\* In that justly celebrated Institution the standing of the students is ascertained before they enter. Thus the number of applicants for about two hundred vacancies annually averages three thousand. They all are very carefully examined, and then divided into three sections, viz: 1st, The unsuccessful candidates; 2nd, Those who are considered as admissible, but rejected on account of the limited number of berths; and lastly, the successful applicants. These are numbered according to the merits of their examination; the first ranking as sargeant, and the second as corporal. It is a very high honor in France to wear the badge of under-officer at the Polytechnic School; and it never fails, sooner or later, to open the road to distinction, not only in that country, but also all over the Continent.

boldly cast a negative vote, and thus opened his long and glorious career as a sincere republican and firm upholder of public liberties. Napoleon, however, was so far from becoming incensed at ARAGO's independence, that thereafter he was warmly attached to him; and when in 1815, after the defeat at Waterloo, the fallen Emperor contemplated immigrating to this country, he proposed to the young astronomer to accompany him to America, more as a friend than an attendant.

The year after graduating, he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Longitude, and first attracted the attention of scientific men by a publication on the affinities of bodies as determined by the agency of light, and on the cooling powers of the different kinds of gas.

The National Convention of France, in establishing the Decimal System, had taken as the unit of measure, the ten millionth part of the arc of the terrestrial meridian. To ascertain this fraction with accuracy, Delambre and Méchain had measured the part between Dunkirk and Barcelouna. Messrs. ARAGO and Biot, together with two Spanish Commissioners, were charged with the duty of extending the work as far as the Balearic Isles.

The two Frenchmen established themselves upon the summit of Mount Galalzo, and Messrs. Chaix and Rodriguez pitched their tent on Mount Campney, in the Isle of Ivica. Notwithstanding the rigors of a severe winter, and the numerous storms which often carried away both tents and instruments, their calculations were sufficiently advanced in the month of April, 1807, to enable Mr. Biot to return to Paris, and com-

municate to the Academy, the happy result of the enterprise. His young colleague remained alone on the summit of the loftiest peak of Catalonia, to continue the labors required to ascertain the Meridional Arc. He had almost succeeded in completing the task entrusted to his energy and talents, when Napoleon declared war to Spain.

The signals he exchanged with his coadjutors, and the fires he constantly lighted up on the mountain, aroused the suspicions of the neighboring peasants. They determined to attack him in the night, and put him to death as a spy. Fearing, not so much to fall the victim of a lawless mob, as to behold the important results of his observations scattered away by the rage of an incensed people, and thus irretrievably lost to his country, ARAGO secretly fled, and took refuge on board a sloop, anchored in the bay. The captain, apprehending for his own safety, concealed him in the Castle of Belvor, whence he soon afterwards escaped to Algiers. The Dey received ARAGO with kindness, and sent him back to France; but the vessel which carried him was captured by a Spanish corsair, and ARAGO soon after saw himself imprisoned in a dreary dungeon.

Through the incessant solicitations of the Algerine Prince, he was at last released, embarked for Marseilles, and already beheld his dear Provence, when a terrible storm disabled the vessel, drove it back to Africa, and wrecked it on the coast. The natives took him prisoner and he was brought before the Bey of Bongie, to whom he had been represented, by one of the sailors, as a man of extraordinary erudition.

The Paris *Siecle*, (from which we borrow most of these details,) relates that, in after life, our worthy, giving an account of this interview to some of his friends, related under what dreadful apprehensions he was laboring when in presence of that barbarous chieftain.—“They had told him,” said he, “that I could speak all the dead and living languages. It was almost true, but I did not know a single word of Hungarian and was trembling all the while, lest he should ask me questions in that tongue.”

His name was entered on the roll of slaves, and he would have probably perished under the burning sun of Africa, or the lash of his inhuman master, but for the entreaties of a few friends, and the energetic threats of the French Consul, who, finally obtained his release.—ARAGO had scarcely set sail, when he was again captured by a British frigate. The captain persisted in sending him as prisoner to Minorca. He found, however, the means of escaping from the vigilance of the English; and availing himself of a favorable breeze, was soon in sight of Marseilles.

Upon his arrival at Paris, the French Institute, anxious to reward him for the great work he had accomplished, and the numerous hardships he had undergone, suspended the law relating to the age of admission, and elected him, when scarcely twenty-three years old, to fill the place left vacant by the death of the illustrious Lalande. By an imperial decree, he was raised to the dignity of Knight of the Legion of Honor, at the same time with Biot, Gay, Lussac, Bosc and Thenard. The year following he was promoted to the chair of Geo-

desy in the Polytechnic School, which he filled upwards of fifteen years, with a talent, ingenuity, and unremitting attention, which gained him the approbation of his colleagues and the lasting affection of his pupils.

From that day, FRANCOIS ARAGO devoted himself entirely to the advancement of practical Science. He investigated, with extraordinary success, the phenomena of optics, the declination of stars, the imponderable fluids, the velocity of sound, the rotary phenomena in quartz, galvanism, &c., &c.

His celebrated discovery of magnetism by rotation, created a new era, both in the promotion of manufactures and the science of electricity. The *Scientific World* greeted it with enthusiasm, and in 1825, the Royal Society of London awarded him the highest distinction in their gift. The Copley Medal was unanimously adjudged to ARAGO; and the President of the Society, Sir Humphrey Davy, requested Mr. South, who had been appointed to carry it over to Paris, to “assure Mr. ARAGO of the deep interest they took in his ingenious and important researches; and that it was with the greatest earnestness the Royal Society wished to see him continue his investigations in such a new and fertile field.”

It was the first time that this high honor had been conferred on a Frenchman; and by his subsequent investigations, ARAGO rendered himself fully worthy of the universal applause, with which the savants of all nations encouraged and greeted his discoveries.

Anxious to apply his numerous talents and wonderful activity to the welfare and progress of his fellow-citizens,

he filled during many years the most important stations in the State Superintendency of the Arts, Manufactures and Sciences. Besides his chair at the Polytechnic School, and the Directorship of the National Observatory, which he daily enriched with valuable instruments of his own making, as his *cyanometer*, *ocular micrometer*, &c., &c., he was Chairman of the Board of Examination of the products of French Manufactures; President of the Council; General of the Department of Seine; Member of the Board of Health, and of the Corporations of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and Colonel of the National Guard of Paris.

At first Secretary, then Director, of the Board of Longitude, he gave to the *Annuaire* so important a character, as to render that popular publication the necessary *vade-mecum* of all learned men in Europe. They can never forget his articles on Colored Polarization, Dew, Zodiacal Light, the Comet of Halley, Aërolites, the Voltaic Pile, and Egyptian Hieroglyphics; his treatises on Photometry, Chronometers, Periodic Stars, &c., &c., all written in a clear, elegant and unpretending style; composed for the people, yet deserving the approbation both of scholars and savants.

ARAGO'S lectures on practical astronomy rendered him the best popular lecturer ever known, and caused him to be ranked with Cousin, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Guizot, Reyer, Collard, &c., &c.; among that pleiad of truly great men who shed so much splendor upon the reign of Charles X, by their discourses in the Sorbonne and at the Observatory of Paris.

In 1830, he was elected Perpetual

Secretary of the Academy of Sciences in the place of Fourier. His eulogies on Delambre, Young, Watt, Gambey, Condorcet, Carnot, Ampere, Cuvier &c., &c., are still present to the minds of all literary critics, who justly place him among the very first masters of French prose. He seems to have written these eloquent panegyrics with the ardent enthusiasm of an orator, a patriot and a savant. They were not, indeed, mere biographies or funeral orations, as we sometimes hear or read when a great man has paid the debt of nature, but a luminous demonstration of the progress which Science owed to the efforts of these deceased worthies. No dry technicalities, no hackneyed details, no frigid common-places, chilled his hearers; no trite remarks, no wordy and mournful generalities, exacted hypocritical tears or sarcastic smiles from all present. Far from it! By his impressive style, melodious voice, and sincere, passionate, and heart-felt delineations of their researches and character, success or disappointment, misfortunes or happiness, he carried every one along with him to those lofty regions, where man enjoys the sweet emotions derived from love, admiration and eloquence!

ARAGO'S chief claims to the everlasting gratitude of the French people, lie, however, in the energetic, constant and patriotic efforts he made in the Chamber of Deputies to promote the liberty of the Press, institute a Jury in all legal cases, protect the right of association, and establish universal suffrage in State Elections. His great speech pronounced in May, 1840, when he laid before the House, the innumerable petitions, claiming an extension of the

right of voting, caused a deep sensation throughout France, which alarmed the King, and made the hearts of the people palpitate with pride and hope.

He had been elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and from the year 1831, down to Mr. Bonaparte's *Coup d'Etat*, he never ceased to represent his native district in the Legislative Hall. His popularity was such, that he was often elected by three and four departments at the same time.

ARAGO belonged to that small phalanx of courageous republicans, who incessantly raised their voice in defence of public rights, and boldly censured the unfaithful ministers who secretly aimed at subverting the liberties of the people.

FRANCOIS ARAGO was inaccessible to fear or flattery; and in an assembly, mostly composed of blind monarchists, who invariably beheld the institutions of the great Revolution of '93 wholly as monuments of cruelty and fanaticism, he often mounted the bema to defend that glorious period of French annals.

He so much scorned his adversaries, that he once loudly extolled the National Convention.

"I grant," said he, "that under the reign of the convention, deplorable events have taken place; but on the other hand, I am proud to say, that it has saved both our country and our nationality. That memorable assembly, did not allow foreign armies and enemies to encamp in the very heart of the capital. Far from it! It aggrandized France, and extended her frontiers to the borders of our natural limits!"

Despising the threats and clamors of the majority, he boldly summed up his political opinions in a few words:

"I anxiously desire a constant and regular progress. This progress, the people can obtain only by an electoral reform. As long as the people shall not concur in the elections of deputies, they will justly believe that you have despoiled them of their most legitimate right. The Revolution of 1830 was promoted by the people; let us ever combat those who pretend that it was not accomplished for the people!"

ARAGO always availed himself of his parliamentary eloquence, to defend the numerous innovations in sciences and manufactures, which daily claimed the support of the Government. The French are indebted to him for the building of railroads by the State; the establishment of Magnetic Telegraphs, and the improvement of their harbors. It was by his constant efforts, that the House voted the publication of Laplace's works, bought the Hotel de Cluny, granted a pension to Virat, and purchased Daguerre's patent for the benefit of the world at large.

Our firm democrat at last beheld the fall of monarchy and himself raised to the helm of State. His indefatigable exertions to restore order in the administration of the country, and the success which attended his reorganization of the Naval Department, will never be forgotten by his grateful countrymen.

His short stay at the head of public affairs, was, however, saddened by a political revolution, which must have dispelled his illusions, and filled his heart with the deepest grief. When the fatal insurrection of June cast a veil of gloom over the prospects of their ephemeral Republic; when civil war raged in Paris and threatened to sink into a

bottomless abyss all the liberties, all the institutions, all the hopes, of a whole nation; when the very steps of the City Hall were crimsoned with the blood of the citizens, ARAGO's commanding figure could be seen from afar, still calm, still erect, still trusting in the infinite clemency of Providence.

Preceded by a drummer, unarmed, and without escort, ARAGO rushed in the midst of danger; and insensible to the balls and grape-shot which spread despair and death around him, he used every exertion to pacify his deluded and unfortunate countrymen. It was in vain. They were at last overcome, soon to be again betrayed and enslaved by the faithless prince who still rules France.

After lingering on a bed of illness, a prey to awful sufferings caused by a chronic *diabetes*, ARAGO breathed his last on the 2d of October, with the fortitude of a philosopher, prepared to receive, in a better world, that crown which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

His funeral was attended by upwards of one hundred thousand citizens, all bearing in their hands crowns of everlasting flowers.\* A simple day-laborer and a student of the Polytechnic School supported the pall; all the Scientific and Literary Academies of Paris followed the hearse, headed by their Chancellors and Faculties. This mournful ceremony, which drew forth sincere tears from all present, and revived a last spark of hope in the heart of an enslaved people was, however, polluted by the presence of Mr. Bonaparte's state carriage, sent expressly—as a final sarcasm per-

haps—to represent a contemptible and ridiculous tyrant at the funeral of the greatest citizen of the Commonwealth.

ARAGO must have startled in his shroud, and invoked the wrath of Heaven upon the shameless oppressor of his country!

#### RABELAIS.

"Qui sic Nugatur, tractantem ut seria vincat,  
Seria cum faciet, dic rogo quantus erit!"

(Theod. Beza, de Franc. Rabel.)

Not very long since, as I was passing through a little village, this side of the Potomac, my attention was attracted by the noisy hilarity and mirth of several gentlemen, who had congregated at the fashionable corner of the place, and seemed to treat with derisive taunts the remarks of a jolly looking young man, whose accent denoted a foreigner. He held in his hand an old volume, which he pointed out to his skeptical hearers, as if it were a repository of unappreciated beauties. It was in vain he loudly invoked the opinions of learned critics, and appealed to the authority of a multitude of European scholars; they continued to laugh, sneer, disbelieve and ridicule his assertions.

The merry sound of the dinner bell soon put an end to this laughable scene. Every one left his seat, some to go home, others to take their meal at the Inn; the little gentleman alone remained indifferent to the shrill call of mine host of the Mount Misery Hotel. He walked up and down the side walk, speaking to himself, stopping short sometimes to mutter an angry word, accompanied with such vehement gestures and threats to the skies, that, unable to withhold my sympathy, I took

\* A species of *gnaphalium*, the popular emblem of mourning among the French.

upon myself to ask him the reason of his agitation. His first answer was one of distrust, thinking no doubt, that the object of my inquiries was to expose him again to the derision of a few bystanders; but he soon shook off all suspicion, and, forthwith, initiated me into the secret cause of his disquietude.

I confess that at first a smile played on my lips. He spoke so rapidly, and with so unmerciful a pronunciation; his ideas were apparently clothed in so many subtilities, still rendered more obscure to me by historical facts and classical names which are never quoted in the innocent books from which we generally derive our scanty knowledge, that I was instantly thrown into perplexity and doubt. Being well aware, however, that I had read but little, and thought still less, on such obsolete subjects, I took it for granted that I could not, in conscience, discredit, and, for the sake of appearing witty, misrepresent either his quotations or averments.

"Could you believe, sir," said he, "that these learned gentleman know neither RABELAIS nor his renowned *Pantagruel*?"

"Please, what do you mean by *Pantagruel*, and who is RABELAIS? I have never heard these names pronounced before," answered I, softly, lest I should excite his resentment.

The enthusiastic little man stepped back, and looked at me with a painful astonishment.

"What, you, too? Never mind, sir; I forgive you for the sake of so much candor; and since you have the sincerity, the boldness, the courage, of confessing your ignorance, without disparaging a work that you never read or

heard of, I'll tell you who RABELAIS was."

I lighted up a cigar, leaned back in a half broken chair, put my feet on the "banister,"—a little higher than my head, *a l'Americaine*—and lent an attentive ear to the biography of RABELAIS, the "immortal RABELAIS."

FRANCOIS RABELAIS is a humorous and satirical writer, who ranks with Aristophanes, Plautus, Lucian, Cervantes and Moliere, among the greatest wits of the world—such, at least, is the opinion of Pasquier, Thuanus, Guy Patin, Ronsard, Bacon, Sir William Temple and a host of others. Swift and Stern took him for a model; Cardinal Du Bellay called his *Pantagruel* "The Book;" and your Coleridge, himself, emphatically asserts, "that beyond a doubt, RABELAIS was among the deepest as well as boldest thinkers of his age," and classes him "with the great creative minds of the world: Homer, Shakspeare and Dante."

RABELAIS was born in France, at Chinon, towards the end of the 15th century. In early life he became a Monk of the Francisian order, but having applied himself to the study of the Greek language, and gained great repute for his high literary attainments, he incurred—like Erasmus in similar circumstances—the envy and blind censures of his companions. They accused him of all the crimes which the malignant passions of monks can suggest; and escaping from the dark dungeon where he had been sentenced to pass the rest of his life, he threw off the frock, went to Montpellier, took all his degrees in that celebrated University, and practiced medicine with a reputation, which was still

heightened by the publication of his annotations on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and Galen. Availing himself of Jean du Bellay's embassy to the Papal Court, he accompanied him to Italy. Several absurd stories of his conduct whilst at Rome, have been handed down from anecdote-mongers to anecdote-mongers; but you must not believe them. All that which RABELAIS may be said to have ever asked from Paul III. was to be absolved from the severe penalties incurred by his taking "French leave" from the Benedictines, and to obtain permission to practice medicine *gratis pro deo*. He was soon afterwards transferred to the beautiful village of Meudon, "where," says one of his early biographers, "his house was ever open to the poor and wretched, whom he assisted to the utmost of his means."

The champions and adversaries of Aristotle; the orthodox adherents of all Churches, from Calvin to Ramus—do you know Ramus?—and, above all, that multitude of lazy and parasitical Friars, who, at that time, overwhelmed the whole of Europe, fell the victims of his just, but cutting satire.

Marot was in exile, Etienne Dolet had been burnt at the stake as a heretic, Bonaventure des Periers had committed suicide to avoid a similar fate; yet, RABELAIS remained an undaunted assailant of religious abuse. I may even assert, that the severest blow ever levelled against the Roman Catholic Church, was the publication of the *Chronicle of the Wondrous Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel*,—the very book I hold in my hand.

He died peacefully, and as became a philosopher, at the age of seventy; ad-

mired by many and regretted by all. The Parisians lamented him and never could forget the kindness, gaiety and noble independence of the good curate of Mendon.

It is said that he left a paper, sealed up, containing these words as his last will: "I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor."

RABELAIS was not only the greatest satirist of modern times, but also a perfect grammarian, poet, philosopher, physician, civilian, theologian, astronomer and a very great linguist, for he was master of the French, English, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish, High and Low Dutch, Latin, Greek, Turkish, Arabic and Hebrew languages. So much for his life and knowledge.

From Pico della Mirandola—excuse me—to Elisha Burritt, we can boast of many a man who was well versed in fourteen different tongues. When I encounter the sarcasms of my friends to pass an encomium on RABELAIS, it is not, therefore, with the intention of upholding him, either as a wonderful linguist or universal genius, but as a true friend of the people, an open enemy of the vices, luxury and shameful avarice of the priests, as a courageous denunciator of the knavery and libertinism of the monastic orders.

The book which caused so much mirth this morning, and set in an uproar all my erudite friends, is no less than the most celebrated of his works. As it would take too much time to give you an analysis of this wonderful composition, I shall only tell you that "The Life of the Great Gargantua" is a bold, witty and faithful representation of the vices and follies of the 16th century.

Under the veil of Allegory, RABELAIS discloses the turpitude of public men and brands with everlasting ridicule, both Kings and Popes. Thus *Gargantua* is Francis I, *Grand-gousier*, Louis XII, *Pantagruel*, Henry II, *Picrochole*, Charles V, &c. In the first volume, our satirist describes at length, and with irresistible wit, a war which arose between *Grand Gousier* and *Picrochole*, about a cart load of hay; it is a just censure of the bloody feud that raged all over Europe, between Charles of Spain and Francis of France, for a miserable quarrel, which originated between the petty House of Bonillon la Marek and that of Chinay.

From the eulogium which Beza passed on him, and some remarks of Stephanus—both, as you know, ardent votaries of the then rising Protestant creed, I am inclined to believe that his main object was to advance the reformation in France, in insinuating among the clergy and the masses, a contempt of the Church of Rome, and distrust for the Council of Trent. This may also be inferred from the comical account which he gives of Diogenes, who seeing the inhabitants of Corinth all very busy in their preparations for the war, and himself not invited to help them, rolled and tossed about his tub, that he might not be thought to lay idle. "For," says RABELAIS, "I hold it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe, act this notable interlude of *tragi-comedy*."

*Pantagruel* has been translated into all the European languages and gone through fifty-five editions. The only

reproach, perhaps, which may be addressed to the work, is, that a few pages are apparently sullied with vulgar expressions. Still, critics should not forget,—and impartial critics, *do not forget*,—that RABELAIS being anxious to accommodate himself to the taste of the times, caught the spirit of ribaldry which then prevailed. If the history of *Gargantua* had been composed in the style of *Le Roman de la Rose*, the masses could not have understood it, and the benevolent intentions of the author would have been frustrated.

You know, I suppose, that all the satires of this kind, from the *Nigrinus* of Lucian to Swift's *Gulliver*, are written in *very plain* language, and if you ever dive into the immortal productions of Lucretius, Juvenal, Martial and Moliere, you will discover the same freedom of style.

You see, sir, when I read all these authors, I think with St. Chrysostim,—in one of his Homilies, I believe—"that they who purpose to censure the vices and licentiousness of profligates, lie under a necessity of unveiling their profligacy, and of exposing it, as it were, naked, because otherwise their censures would do no good." And I assure you, that the Fathers of the church thought likewise, whenever they denounced the Gnostics or Manichees.

Robertson says that "the indecencies of which Luther was guilty" ought to be charged on the manners of the age. I think so myself, and shall only add, that Martin Luther and Francois Rabelais were contemporaries.

The repeated whistling of the steamboat, urged me to take leave of my enthusiastic interlocutor; but he retained

me by the hand, saying, "you have listened to me with patience; no contemptuous smile has played on your lips, no sneer has echoed my voice: I will never forget the polite stranger. May you learn to admire RABELAIS; and if in the

silence of solitude, or amidst the bustle of the world, a merry thought ever revives in your mind the remembrance of his immortal Pantagruel, think of me, think of the unlucky

GILBERT.

## ROMANCE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

One hundred years ago the Highlander was in a comparatively primitive condition. Till then, he had beheld the waves of conquest dash and die away against his rocky battlements.—Till then, his soil was virgin, for no invader's tread found footing there; no unsanctioned hand had ever reached to stain the sacred honor throned upon his paternal hills. The fierce Briton and the bloody Dane paused at the Grampians, and even the proud eagle of Rome, wounded and bleeding, had deserted his eyrie, unfinished upon his cliff. His home lay lonely as a lake, around which mountains rise to shield its bosom from the wild march of storm and tempest, and there in happy unconsciousness, free as the bird of his own skies, his race for a thousand years had lived and died, while civilization, christianity, revolution, all played their wondrous parts around him. But the spoiler came; the mists were rolled from his mountains, and curiosity peered in upon a

fairly land—a dwelling, springing like a flower amid hoary rocks, all grace and simplicity, and immersed in the intertwining vines of love, music and poetry. Age makes it sublime. Originality gives it peculiar interest. To its story every ear is open, while the romantic world listen fearfully, lest a whisper be lost of that enchantment which the unfettered wings of his native genii shook 'round his mysterious being. For the note of war is there. The ode of glory, beauty, gallantry, heaven-born music, poetry's selectest language, and the persuasive whisper of love; all blended there to make romance a bower.

The earlier Highlander is but little known to us. It is, perhaps, a happy circumstance. Thus situated, we are permitted to look back upon a picture, which poetry has softened with her divine taste, and sprinkled with the roses that grew chaste and lovely beneath her unsexed eye. The imagination is there greeted by a landscape rich in

spontaneous romance; and the dark unknown beyond, peopled as we suppose with scenes and strange events, assimilated to those which tradition has preserved, will warrant fancy's wildest dream. The material of that landscape breathes no exotic beauty; we may search the land of Houris—amid Persian bowers—where gales are born in Araby the blest, 'mid fable spots in classic Greece, or beneath the persuasive serenity of Italia's skies, and return without that spirit which hovered over Highland life, and taught man there to bend his knee to glory and to love.—The strange institutions and sublime superstitions of this people, were creations of soul pre-eminently romantic. The sublimity of their after life; the ghosts of departed heroes, wrapped in the breathing mists of the mountains; lamented maidens reposing upon the bosom of the bow; the cherished graves of departed minstrels; the child-like ear they bent to the wild philosophy of the Druid; where these grew romance must have found an ideal home. This was the age of Ossian. It was one of war and love; the virtues of chivalry were there, together with a native chivalry, fed by the waters gushing fresh from their own souls; the deed of heroism; the victory of woman; the heroic devotion to love are gifted with a nobler spirit, and exalted by other circumstances than those which swell the exaggerated song of the chivalric muse of Italy.

Romance required no system of Giant, Dragon and Griffin, nor Paladin, Spectral Peer, nor Table knight to give fictitious air to her achievements; while Fingal and his spirits held the spear, faithful in love, and brave in battle. Po-

etry asked not of Fancy an ideal Clorinda, Erminia, and Armida; their counterparts in love, beauty and wile were found among the white-armed daughters of Morven. Love asked no enchanted castles, nor palaces of gold, as the theatre of his action, no cunning dwarf, nor magic means to do his wile; his palace there was the viny bower; his gild, the moonlight; his perfume, that which the zephyr bore upon its evening wing; his messengers, poetry, music and a deathless name. Woman was the radiant star in that heaven of romance; from her, valor won its inspiration; glory levied upon her smile. If her warrior fell in battle, she was there to soothe; her voice cheered the feast; her love the mountain home; her hand wove as many chaplets, and wreathed as many brows as ever did heartless queens of tilt and tournament. Revenge was wont to clothe her in the glittering steel, and teach her to grasp the spear and the sword; and sorrow would often leave her to water with the tears of a broken heart the flowers she had planted on her warrior's grave. But the halls of Selma seem to have been deserted; the harps of its poets silent; the warning voices of its Druids forgotten; the soft laugh of its daughters gifts to echo; its heroes all gone to the "feast of shells," or departed to their spirits, which arose upon the distant mountain. Yet amid this mouldering ruin, poetry was permitted to arise, to mellow with her rosy light the deeds of Fingal, and point out the lingering relics of Pict, Scot and Caledonian.

There is a striking contrast between the earlier and modern Highlander. The circumstance of ages has bred a change

in the tone of his spirit, and tenor of his actions. Romance has emerged from savage proportion, a light and graceful beauty; she has disclaimed her spear, and shield, and armor, and buried them beneath the hills, beside the bones of Fingal. The daring of her soul is quenched; its battle cry hushed, and its aspiration planted in the garden of domestic happiness. Her path to the altar of love is paved with roses, not with laurel: her instruments, not the spear and sword, but the song, the stanza, the sigh, the tear, the bower, the moonlight; this is the perfection of her work. Centuries have rolled by since her first vine was planted, but now go where we will, her footsteps have been before us. If we search the ground-work of Society's beautiful structure, there we will find her seal impressed upon its corner-stone; if we remark the beauty of its decoration, she has taught the fairest vine to run, the loveliest flower to bloom; if we steal within her leafy palace, her child is there with light, waving locks of gold, plaid and brooch, and waving plume, and eye and lip to meet her dream's demand. If you stand upon her cliffs, you behold the sublime and pompous arrangements she has chosen as the scenery of her drama. If we mark the morning movement of the Highlander, romance is there, where nature lives in Poetry; he is leaning upon his staff, the faithful guardian of his flock. Go we there at sun-set hour, romance is with him there. The shepherd is at his lassie's side, entrusting his evening leisure to the sprightly Highland Fling. Go

to the battle-field, romance is even there, for joy leans o'er fading life, face to face with death; the soul is taking its flight upon the wings of music. Follow the conqueror to glory's shrine; there stands the minstrel with his lyre and woman with her garland. In a word, go with the Highlander from his cradle to his grave, romance is ever the guardian of his way. Her spirit has given him nerve to hurl the invader back, and to stand for centuries the fearless sentinel of his own unconquered fortunes. Her hand led him with the last Stuart upon that wild and hopeless tide. Her voice inspired Flora McIver, who when nations trembled, upheld a fallen King. Where the Minstrel bares his brow o'er the grave of Ossian; where the warrior drops his stone upon the tomb of Fingal; where the mother leads her boy to teach his young soul o'er the eloquent dead; where the maiden leaves her harp that the winds may make mournful music over her lover's grave, that picture curtained by the awful sublimity of cliff and crag breathes her highest spirit; wherever the moon-beam sleeps upon the horbell's bosom, there she has watched the love of Fay and Elfin; where'er the Zephyr haunts the streamlet's flowers, there she has guided the lover's step and damsel's light canoe; where cliff and hill, and cave and stream are eloquent; there she has led her children and turned the incense of love upon the altar of her daughters' hearts, and daring upon the souls of her heroes.

## MY BOUQUET ON THE MANTLE.

THERE'S a sweet bouquet on my mantle, and it brings to my mind various recollections. Many a pretty bouquet have I received from many a fair hand, and many more have my hands put together with many complicated cares and painstaking. And many a time have I teased mother with many a 'please-ma'am' supplication to tie blue ribbons around them; and all for my fair friends. They observing my passion for flowers, would flatter my little vanity with such fairy-gifts. Ah! they cost the givers nothing, but they often caused the cords of my young heart to vibrate in hemisemi-demiquavers. My little trophies, and in my estimation, they were much greater than any that ever graced the triumphal car of Cæsar, I would carefully preserve between the leaves of my favorite books. One who never felt the same passion for such things as blossoms and girls, cannot conceive with what emotions and convulsions of heart I would often look at my bouquets and locks of hair, and find fault with the manner in which I had subscribed this name, and that, and that, the sweetest of them all. I thought there was a great deal in names. I declared that I never would marry a girl named "Nancy"—sure it was so ugly! Who could love a girl with such a name? "Mary" was a beautiful name, but people would say "Mollie" and that was too bad! "Su-

san;" that was the name. Nobody could possibly pervert that. They might call it "Sue," but that was just as pretty. I thought I should certainly fancy a "Susan" if ever one came to "our school." Soon a little girl became my class-mate, and her's was the favorite name.

'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise'

I thought Miss Susan a very pretty girl until she went up to recite, and the "school ma'am" called her "Susy." Oh, it was outrageous! "I never did like school ma'ams, no how!"

But I am forgetting my bouquets. I preserved many a nice one, and I thought every girl who gave me one was in love with me. I was sure, at least, that I loved them. Boys are vain. The truth will out—they are just five times as vain as girls, and what is worse, four-fifths of them never find it out until they have been "dished a few." But when one loves all the girls—why, I think some of them might—that is, if he is not too ugly.

"My bouquet on the mantle" is a beautiful one. It has in it a pure white bud that much resembles one that now lies before me, after many a day's repose in an herbarium. I received it from the prettiest hand that ever touched mine, and as my nervous hand received the favor, I gazed upon as lovely a face as

my imagination ever pictured. My heart felt then as it never did before, and as it never has since. The object of my admiration was a girl whom I had seen but a few times, but who was afterwards an intimate of my sister, and of course, often at my father's house. There was, perhaps, too much difference in our ages, for we were both fifteen; the girl just budding into beauteous life—the boy all green as—shrubby. I said she was beautiful; her form was slender and delicate as the breath of summer; her face wore the freshness of morn, and the perfection of her features mocked all Grecian skill. The flower she gave me was white as the driven snow, and around it were three geranium leaves, tied with a little narrow blue ribbon. There it lies in the herbarium, and under it is the name, "Jennie W——." Beside it is a lock of her own "bonnie" hair. But enough—I was with her almost every day. Her companion when riding; her attendant in company; her's in every romp in the garden and through the fields—I was happy; vain enough to believe that she loved me. I would not have exchanged my lot for the crown of England. Time flew, happily, swiftly.

One of my visits to see the essential of my happiness, found it by the side of an elderly gentleman who was a stranger to me. He was about forty years of age and a little bald. In *after* days, I used to think his eyes very much like two holes burnt in a blanket. However, he entirely superseded my aspirations. Miss Jennie did not appear to me so happy as formerly. Often when I was sitting alone she would come and sit by me, but after asking one or two sprightly questions, she would look quite

melancholy. To cut short my story, the "strange gentleman" wooed her, and in a few months led her to the altar. He was very wealthy—I hope he loved her. She afterwards treated me with marks of tenderest friendship, but I never again saw that blooming heart-felt smile upon her face.

She is now no more. These little relics in my herbarium are all I have of her, save memory. I loved her, and her smile sent heaven through my soul. Perhaps 'twas but a boyish passion, but I love her yet. I love this rosebud.—But I forget, 'tis not the time for soliloquies.

I am very thankful for my "sweet blossoms of the mantle." They are a little fountain of many pleasant thoughts, though they oft bring sadness to my memory. That boyish extravagance of admiration, I trust has passed, but still I love flowers. Had your mother never a garden? Sure she had, and if it had only a few of the most common roses, you should have loved it. Now, let me give you *sage* advice, for none of you know how old I am; never do you marry one who does not at least *pretend* to love flowers. As to music, it does not matter so much. I leave Shakspeare to descant on "him who hath not music in his soul."

Raised in a flower garden as large as a common North Carolina field, (I've only traveled between Chapel Hill and Wilmington,) I miss none of my old friends more than that place where so many bouquets were made for so many sweethearts. Crowds of children were wont to come every Saturday and eat the rich grapes or gather fruit from the adjoining orchard. The day could not

possibly pass without a romp through the garden. How often I have chased a pretty girl through its thousand paths for a kiss! Through long cedar walks, over the low hedges, around the arbors, by every hiding place and over the flower beds, flew fairy feet. But when a kiss was awarded to me in the play, it was mine; I knew my mother's garden too well, and never lost a kiss in it.

After a while the girls began to come "fixed up" in ribbons and laced bonnets, "to see the garden." The young lads had to walk very softly then, under that same old grape arbor, where, but a short time before, these same persons chased each other with more than mercurial fleetness. They dared not laugh very loud then, it was too childish. Boys had to quit kissing the girls too, for they were fine young ladies. I thought then that the Augustan age of my life had passed, but *since*, I have learned to sit down very sedately in the parlor and bear, without one wry face, all the excruciating restraints of etiquette. But I fear my digressions will be too numerous to be forgiven.

Once more, "my flowers on the mantle;" they are so fragrant and refreshing to my eyes, that I wish they could stay there until somebody gets the degree of A. B. Indeed, it is a wonder that all the students do not have plants in their rooms. It would be but little trouble to keep them, and they would keep one in good spirits. Besides, they exercise a great refining influence on the feelings. You never saw an ill-humored person whose mother had a pretty flower garden, and there is not a mild, sweet tempered girl, in the world who does not love to nurse plants. Again, I will de-

fy any man, who is not wholly a brute: to maintain his anger in the face of half a dozen roses. Oh, Flora, you must be the queen of loveliness! I love all the flowers that grow. If they have no other recommendation, they are called by your name!

I had a sister named Flora, and indeed she was the queen of flowers. Soft and beautiful as the dawn, she loved all that was beautiful in nature; but most of all she loved the flowers. She had a little garden, and flowers were represented by the beds. There she was wont to plant and nurse every kind that was sweet or lovely. Every blossom that was fragrant, every one that was pretty or delicate, she wished to have them there. With these she lived, and every morning and evening she might be seen bending over some of her tenderest subjects, preparing them for the hot sun or the night dew. She despised nothing that bore the name of "flower." If she found the most insignificant one trodden down, she would raise it up as gently as if she felt its pains. From the smallest to the greatest, the most homely and the magnificent, she felt as if they were all hers, and she loved them. The Dahlia, though haughty, she admired for its beauty, and for the modest Violet she always had a kiss. She loved the Amaranth, for it never changed, and the Mignonette for its delicate sweetness. In every one she found something to love. She admired the *wild* flowers too, but dearest of all to her were those she planted and raised in her own little garden. Her heart rejoiced to make them flourish and bloom, and when one died, she would shed tears as she moved it from the bed, for it touched her heart.

Often did she wish that when she died she might die as one of her tender plants, which drooped, and without a sigh, gave up its innocent spirit. And when death came, he had commands to abide by this wish. She was a being too pure to live in the midst of sin and wickedness, too tender to be exposed to a cold and heartless world. Therefore, Heaven sent to remove her to a more congenial place. But the grim messenger was not permitted to tear her violently from life, or to hew her down with some torturing disease. No—death came, and with him ten thousand angels of light; and when the hosts of Heaven were ready

to bear it home, the flower wilted—a spirit passed to glory.

My pretty boquet, forgive me for these wondering thoughts, and when I write again, it shall be *all* about yourself. And now, reader, forgive my egotism. I know that I have done what no modest writer ought to do, namely, introduced myself in every line, but I have only to beg pardon and promise that in my next there shall not be an “I” of *any kind*. If you still think I make too much noise about myself, I will write a piece for the “*Uni. Mag.*,” every *letter* of which shall be a *consonant*.  
SKCHNT.

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## TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

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Who would not laugh, if such as this disgraced  
The painter's art, on costly canvass traced;  
A woman's head, all beauteous to behold;  
A horse's neck the lovely charm upholds;  
A monstrous fish completes the base design,  
And o'er the whole a glossy plumage shines.  
My friends, believe me, like that picture seems  
The book whose ideas like a sick man's dreams  
“Together crowd, confused and incomplete,  
Poetic nightmares without head or feet.”  
Poets and painters always may essay  
Whatever pleases, be it what it may.  
This much, my friends, we critics surely know;  
We favors ask, and would the same bestow,  
“But make not monsters spring from gentle  
dams;  
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.”  
With grave beginnings, promising great things,  
A pleasant grove and fountain one will sing;  
The streamlet's course, o'er pleasant fields dif-  
fused,  
Chaste Dian's altars, and the rainbow's hues.  
The river Rhine, all sadly out of place,  
Like purple patchwork on a garment laced.  
If you, who only know to paint a tree  
Were hired to paint a sailor wrecked at sea,  
Say, could you hope in others to excite  
A ray of pity for the hopeless wight.  
Or if a royal vase you should intend,  
Will earthen pitchers issue in the end.  
In fine, my friends, whate'er the subject be,

Plainness and unity I love to see.  
The greatest portion of the rhyming creed,  
By show of right are oftentimes deceived.  
I labor to be brief, become obscure,  
Too much refinement will to faults allure.  
“Another swells, inflated with bombast,”  
Another sinks in bathos just as last;  
Safe on the ground, snail-like he crawls alone  
Dreading a tempest in his peaceful song;  
“Absurdly varying, he at last engraves  
Dolphins on trees and bears beneath the waves.”  
It art is wanting all is out of place,  
In shunning faults we oft a fault embrace.  
On brass the nails an artist may impress,  
And soften'd ringlets skillfully express;  
But yet, unhappily his work may end,  
For want of due proportions to commend.  
I'd rather have than such as these dispose,  
Black eyes, black ringlets and an ugly nose.  
Ye writers suit the topic to your strength,  
Ponder it well, its nature and its length;  
“Nor lift the load before you're quite aware  
What weight your shoulders will and will not  
bear.  
Thus eloquence will crown the goodly art,  
And clear arrangement shine in every part.  
Of order, this the merit and the grace,  
Reserve each idea for its proper place.  
Say what you ought, then modestly decline  
All that you ought not till another time.

## A DREAM.

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“The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love.”

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It was twilight, the hour when lovers are wont to meet and pour into each other's ears the wildest dream, the fondest hope. A peaceful calm rested on the face of Nature, like oil on the troubled waves, after the hum and bustle of the day. The autumnal moon in full glory, was rising majestically above the dark tree-tops, waving gracefully in the evening breeze. October had come with its delightful evenings, scattering its silvery dust over the green carpet of nature, withering the beautiful, maturing the useful. Enjoying the calm, many were promenading at their leisure up and down the green walks, now fast changing their brilliant hue. Here were the aged, whose tottering limbs and silvery locks told plainly that their threescore years and ten were nearly numbered. Yet the splendors of October had lured them from their quiet hearth-stone, to walk forth and enjoy the bracing air of twilight, and feast their eyes on the pleasant scene and motly crowd. Here, too, were the young, brim full of life, love, and spirits, mingling their merry voices and soul-cheering laughter in the gladsome throng; some strolling in the green lawn, some gathering the drooping flowers, now falling under the hand of decay, some rehearsing love stories of other

times or acting one of their own, but all forming a happy, happy throng.

Separated from the crowd, unnoticed by an indifferent observer, was one whose spirit mingled not in the pleasures of the evening. The voices of mirth and pleasure, so welcome on former times, now fall like snow-flakes on his restless heart, calling up a host of reflections, whose meagre spectres haunted his troubled mind. Seated in an obscure part of the unfrequented walk, his whole mind seemed concentrated on the well penned lines before him—those lines had been traced by a beautiful hand, and the very words seemed to come as from her own ruby lips. What pleasure a letter can bring—it is the voice of the absent; it cheers, soothes, persuades, strengthens; it bears words like balm to the troubled spirit, opening up new thoughts, calling back long gone by circumstances, binding with a holier knot the tie of friendship and love. She had spoken of his last visit, of vacation time, (for he was a student,) the oasis of the student's life. And 'twas but natural that his memory should recur to the past, and now it seemed as former times, and full of buoyant hopes and flattering dreams of future success, he mingled cheerfully in the party assembled in the

crowded drawing-room for the pleasures of an evening.

The brightly lighted lamps lent an additional lustre to yet brighter eyes, and the sprightly tones of various instruments accompanied the graceful evolutions of the accomplished dancers, as they threaded the mazes of the waltz, polka, and schottish. Here and there sat a couple in a quiet corner, evidently enjoying the pleasures of a "modern flirtation," while a single pair, more romantic or more serious than others, had stolen to the balcony to indulge, unrestrainedly, in a conversation apparently deeply interesting to both. A handsomer pair you could not wish to see. The graceful, well knit, well proportioned figure of the student, marked grace, ease, and activity, while the noble, intelligent expression of his countenance, "dark complexioned as that of Andalusian," added interest to his already interesting figure; his eye large, dark and expressive, seemed to float in a sea of liquid light, resting on his fair companion or turned abroad upon the world, indicating, alternately, a loving heart and a noble spirit.

But not less remarkable for her own peculiar attractions was his fair companion, gifted with the beauty of a rare and intellectual cast; her fine tall figure clad in the airy drapery of her white dress, leaning gracefully on the arm of her lover, with her mild blue eyes turned with mute admiration on him, she stood the personification of female loveliness. What is more beautiful than two such characters, united in sentiment and affection? Surely fate cannot deny them a bright page on which they may trace their future career. But the

fondest hopes are often crushed. A week passed away, and, alas! what a change! The student again wandered all alone. Now his affectionate, his noble heart was again stricken. Another letter had been received. A letter—what feelings may it not stir! It may harrow up the passions from their profoundest depths; it may waken thoughts deep, dark and gloomy as midnight itself. Such an one had been read—a dark edged envelope and a black seal—what a thrill ran through his frame as he unloosed the ominous seal! His worst fears were more than realized. She whom he loved—for whom he would have at any time willingly laid down his life was—bitter and soul-rending as the thought might be. And now his thoughts rise up too big for utterance, his bosom heaved with emotion, and his swelling heart almost burst with pain; but not one single tear relieved his swelling grief. He rose up in the midst of his overwhelming troubles, endeavoring to cool his scorching brow in the evening breeze; but relief came not, though onward, still onward he hastened; the maddening thought lending fresh vigor to every step, and goading him on almost to desperation. The bright pictures of former times, gilded with sunshine and pleasure, now pass in solemn mockery before him. Hopes now blasted left an aching void, and death, once so terrible, now seemed welcome. Life for him had no charm, hope no dazzling prospect; while grim despair was his constant companion. Already, in his haste, he had far transcended the usual limits for ordinary exercise and left far in the rear all human habitation. The moon, calm and

serene as a christian on his death-bed, shone forth in loveliest form; the grove was still as the grave, and one lone owlet, perched in the leafless top of some tall maple, hard by the plunging stream, chafing with its banks, relieves with its melancholy hoot the dull monotony, when, lo, before him, in his very pathway, stood a figure that caused his youthful blood to almost freeze in his veins, and sent a thrill, unutterable, through his whole frame. That figure was tall, dark as the tomb itself, enveloped in a flowing robe of sable hue, wrapped closely around its meagre proportions. He stood and gazed in mute astonishment—with more of awe than veneration—while every moment added fresh terror. The gaunt figure moved not, but with eyes, starting from their hollow sockets in a face pale and horrible as death itself, it gazed fixedly on him. His knees almost refused their support; his heart ceased to beat; his voice stuck fast in his throat, as he saw a lean, bony hand raised to give a significant gesture, while the stoical lips uttered, with the hollowness of the tomb, this thrilling mandate: "*This time to-morrow thy days shall be numbered.*" There are times when annihilation would be pleasant—when the thought of living and dragging out a horrible life, full with bitter reminiscences and dreary hopes, or when the thought of dying and of lying in the cold, clammy, damp grave, under a huge pile of heavy earth, with no companion but the mole and the worm, is heart-rending. Then forever to cease to be, would be a welcome thought. But drearier than all these, more horrible by far, was the palsyng, death-like chill that shook the student's frame as he

heard the unearthly mandate. To-morrow! how awful the thought! Life, pleasure, love, hope, all wrecked in this vortex. In despair he raised his eyes to view the hideous form of his ill-boding messenger, but lo! the form had gone; yet the words so solemn, so plain, so fearful, rung in his ears, and with thoughts like leaden weights to his mind, he turned from the haunted spot. He returned to his study, but it seemed not as in former times. The flame of the lamp, by whose light he had culled much learning, and beguiled Father Time of many a weary hour, shed but a dim lustre. The whole apartment seemed bleak and comfortless. Books, those companions so pleasant in the long weary hours of the student's life, and from whose rich store he drags the learning of ages—even these are forgotten in the deep melancholy that broods over the student's mind. All efforts to rouse him from his death-like stupor, are vain. The conviction that death with open arms awaits him, haunts him like a midnight phantom. Could it be, that time for him was so soon to be no more! Could it be, that he who had anticipated so much pleasure, so much of all that was desirable, must resign all his hopes and prospects! True, he knew all mankind are students—how to live, and how to die, forms the great lesson. Still, but illy could he learn the task assigned him.

True he could toil

"Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch,  
At tasks which seem a systematic curse,  
And cause of bootless penance.  
Night by night to trace one's thoughts as if on  
iron leaves,  
And sorrowful as tho' it were the date and mode  
of death we wrote on our own tombs.

Wring a slight sleep out of the couch, and see  
The self-same moon which lit us to our rest,  
Her place scarce changed perceptibly in heaven."

All this, and more could he do ; but the task that now seemed before him was far more difficult.

"Balmy sleep, sweet restorer," came not to his exhausted spirit ; but instead, wakeful memory laid before him all his former pleasures and follies ; again he lived his life over, again in an arching balcony he stood by his own "bright, particular star," again he pressed a fair, soft hand, and kissed her soft, rosy lips. The sight—the touch—shot like an electric spark through the black, stifling thunder clouds of his soul, and dissolved it into refreshing showers of welcome tears.

What a relief tears bring—

"Ay ; strange and startling is the first hot tear,  
That we have shed for years, and which hath lain  
Like to a water-fairy in the eyes  
Blue depths—spell bound in the socket of the soul.  
Death brought it not—pain brought it not—nor shame ;  
Nor penitence---nor pity---nor despair ;  
Nothing but love could."

Yet when they come, how they unloose the cells of thought, unlock the caverns of misery, dispel the dull apathy of despair, remove the leaden weights

that crush the elastic spirit, and shed a genial balm over the regions of thought. And after they have ceased to flow, what an enviable serenity steals over the corrected spirit—as the plant, bedrenched by the summer showers, bows its submissive head under the temporal affliction, to rise invigorated and refreshed, prepared to shed new life into its every part.

The mind ceased to struggle against the fates—the body, exhausted, sinks to a welcome repose, and a calm serenity creeps over the troubled spirit gently, and sweet dreams again visit the slumberer's couch. Again his wildest hopes, his grandest wish seems realized. Time has flown apace—he is a man of the world ; his fondest expectations are more than verified.

A handsome cottage, on a finely elevated knoll, surrounded by the rarest shrubbery, laden with the fast failing flowers, are all his : Ay ! more is his—she is beautiful, of course, beyond degree ; lovely as the nymphs themselves—when lo ! he wakes, and it is all but a *dream* ; yet a dream, pleasant as painful. A few words explain all—the evening was moonlight, the night was stormy ; but after the shower passed, the moon shone again, playing her pranks on her luckless victim.

## A NEW COMER IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Through the kindness of a friend, I was, a short time since, placed in possession of a pamphlet bearing the following title: "A brief selection from the Poems and Speeches of Duncan McNeill." Unwilling, as I am, that this bundle of curiosities should "waste its sweetness on the desert air," or live and die within the circumscribed limits of its own birth-place, I trust you will bear with me, while I discuss its merits, and endeavor to bring it before your readers in as favorable a light as the circumstances of the case will allow.

In his preface, which appears, by the way, to have been written by some one else, the author excuses himself from the rashness and presumption with which an intelligent public would very likely charge him, by stating that he was induced to send forth his little volume, "at the urgent solicitations of friends." Really his friends must have been of that class of philosophers who hold that "ignorance is bliss," or they never would have advised him to such a course. With the exception of one or two grammatical errors, and some *very* bungling sentences, his prefatory remarks are at least passible.

Article number one, is entitled "A Valedictory Address," and was delivered at "Spring Branch," July 3d 1851. It is an alternate combination of poetry

and prose, interspersed with the "mountains of despair," the "lone vale of adversity," the "balm of knowledge" and quotations of kindred character. Below is an extract of the poetry contained in the "Address" referred to. It is rather better than *some* I could mention, as subsequent *disclosures* will probably show. Speaking of the fount of knowledge, the author says:

"The waters of which stream 'tis said,  
Are as a balm applied;  
E'en at their touch the seed of vice  
And ignorance have died.  
And from the place where those seed grew,  
The tree of wisdom springs,  
Which makes "frail human nature" seem  
A most delightful thing."

The above needs no comment; it speaks for itself. I *will* say, however, that it contains far "more truth than poetry."

The second article in the "brief selection" is an essay on State pride. It is at least readable, and will do very well for a *school-boy*. I was particularly well pleased to see among the bright galaxy of Carolina's statesmen, to which the author points with pride and exultation, the name of our excellent President, Swain. Whether the distinguished ex-Governor will take it as complimentary, "deponent saith not." I would here suggest to the author one little fact, which impressed itself upon

my mind with peculiar force, while reading his book, viz: he writes prose much better than he does poetry, and consequently it may be wise in him to "forsake the one and cleave to the other."

But to proceed with the "brief selection." We next come to a panegyric on the Old North State. It is executed in the "common metre" style, and is somewhat inferior to those memorable verses of Judge Gaston on the same subject. In order that I may not be accused of making disparaging assertions without adducing proof to sustain them, I will subjoin the last verse of the poem alluded to. Let all sober and candid minds "read, reflect and inwardly digest."

"Thy rivers bounded on each side,  
By meadows wide and green,  
Nor could the far-famed roll of Tempse,  
Afford a fairer scene.  
Though few as yet thy railroads are,  
And telegraphic wires,  
Thy growing interests---now thy sons  
With growing hope inspires."

Like the boy the calf ran over, "I've nothing to say," further than to intimate to the author, that excellent treatises on English Grammar, by Murray, Smith, Kirkham and others, are for sale at most of the book stores. They profess to teach the young idea how to "write the English language correctly;" and a man, even of limited observation, can see that the last two lines of the above, *might* have been improved by an early application of that well-known rule, "A verb agrees with its nominative case in *number* and person." I would not be understood as insisting that this blunder was committed by the author *ignorant-*

*ly*. On the contrary, there was policy in it. Had he used the plural number, the rhythm would have been destroyed! There was the rub! Of the two evils, he chose (as he no doubt thought) the less one. But the author must be reminded, that, although "poetic license" extends a great way sometimes, yet he should by no means disregard the first principles of grammatical construction, in order to gratify his rhyming predilections.

"Old Year Adieu," is the title of the fourth subject treated of in the "brief selection." This, I am pleased to say, is a very respectably written piece, but it reminds me of a grain of wheat in a handfull of chaff—it is sadly out of place. It should have been allowed a more congenial atmosphere—for verily it hath some *desperate* neighbors.

But now we have it. The next article is a "poser." Oh you presumptuous disciple of Æsculapius and of Coke, why didst thou venture so far, with so *little security!* But I will not anticipate. The piece alluded to, is a poem entitled "A mishap to an M. D., LL. D." After giving his place of residence, "away down east"—enumerating his propensities—alluding to his "snattering knowledge" of Latin, and strange to say, of "English too"—discussing his political opinions; and he was an anomaly in that line, being neither Whig, Democrat, Republican or Tory---giving a graphic account of the "lame, blind horse," which used to stand hitched to the "legal limb," while his master *pill-*fered the pockets of his patients--after doing all this, and more too, for he describes the Doctor personally, as slightly inclined to be *knock-kneed*; the au-

thor lets off in the following inimitable strain :

" Well he went courting on a time,,  
(As other people do,)  
And thus in " lovely accents" spoke  
To his beloved Sue :  
" *Domo arepitus sum* my love---  
Through much *amor in te*,  
*Ego sepono*---Law and drugs---  
Thy *major* charms to see.

O pulcherrimus ! I boast not,  
(Though *jure peritus* I be.)  
Of nothing in the range of thought,  
I value more than thee.  
*Ales* were I, and *dives* mine :  
*Inops pubis* wert thou---  
*Celer* I'd fly, and seek thy face,  
And ask thy hand---as now."

I venture the assertion, that in the annals of the world, there cannot be found a more "sublimely ridiculous" admixture of Latin and English words, twisted into more execrable verse, than is presented in the above, *unless* it be among those voluminous manuscripts, from which the book before me is but a "brief selection." I've tried in vain to discover some *latent beauty* or redeeming quality, which might, in a measure, counterbalance its numerous imperfections.

What could have been the author's motive for forcing *such* a piece on the public? Would it not have been better, had he left the Latin out, and only used English, or *vice versa*? The only resemblance of a reason which I can imagine, is that the author wished to rival Horace, and at the same time, show he was not *far behind* some of our most eminent English Poets,—*ergo* he wrote "*'alf an' 'alf*." But let us take a verse or two and see if upon a close analysis, they will sustain me in what I have said.

"O pulcherrimus ! I boast not," &c.

Whom is the doctor addressing in this line? Certainly not "his own beloved Sue," or he would have used the feminine *pulcherrima*. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

I have been unable to determine what he means by the following part of the same verse, unless it was intended to excite Sue's *jealousy*. After professing "much *amor*" for the bewitching Susan, and threatening *seponere* Law and drugs, her "major charms to see," he says :

—————"I boast not,  
(Though *jure peritus* I be,)  
Of *nothing* in the range of thought,  
I value more than thee."

What are we to understand from this? By that principle of grammar which declares, "two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative," we are to regard him as saying, that he boasts of *something* he values more than Sue.—No doubt he intended quite another meaning, but our rule "don't work both ways."

This is another instance of the author's "treading on the old dame's toes," for the sake of keeping up his *jingle*. Susan it seems yielded not to his *outlandish* importunities. Hear the author :

"Susan to this replied in prose—  
Nor by his language smitten !  
For she turned up her little nose,  
And handed him the mitten."

Sensible girl that. What the Doctor did with the "mitten" we are not informed. Suppose though he kept it as a memorial of Sue's firmness and *good sense*.

The next poetical effusion (for I will leave off the prose) that claims our consideration, is "An Address to an old School House." The author seems to have been very much attached to this hallowed spot. He dwells with rapture on the enchanting scenes connected with it, and seemingly with tears in his eyes, adverts to "those dear young friends he used to see." But for fear of trespassing, Messrs. Editors, I would give the "Address" entire. However, the first and last verses must suffice, and I consider them fair samples of the rest.

"Years gone—I wandered on this spot,  
With gladness in my heart;  
Thou art by many now forgot,  
Who loth from thee did part.

\* \* \* \* \*

While there—(now I, before I start,  
At least this much must say,)  
A fair girl called me her sweetheart,  
And that will do for me."

If any man can show just cause why  
this last verse should not take the palm,

for being the most childish, non-sensical and ridiculous thing that ever appeared in rhyme or elsewhere (barring the "brief selection,") why let him do so,—that's all. I for one, don't believe "its to be did."

I forbear all comment, Messrs. Editors, from sheer inability to do the subject justice.

Here I take leave of the "brief selection," not that I have exhausted its resources; for there yet remains "much to be resolved," but for a lack of time and space. I hope the author, should he chance to see this, will take what I have said in good part, as it is thus intended. Before I conclude, I will say that the book may be had by remitting twenty-five cents to the Editors, 'Argus,' Wadesboro', N. C.

Excuse, gentlemen, the unwarranted length of my article. I can only plead in justification of my course, an unusual interest in the subject.

L.

## TO MISS ALICE, OF CHARLOTTE.

By thine eyes of sparkling brightness,  
By thy heart inspiring smile,  
By thy teeth of snowy whiteness,  
Glittering through thy lips the while;  
By thy fair and stainless bosom,  
White as crystal without spot;  
By thy blush which shames the blossom,  
Deny me oh! deny me not.

By thy glance whose slightest flashes,  
Runs like lightning o'er my soul;  
As the foamy billow dashes,  
O'er the beach with ceaseless roll;  
By my heart whose constant throbbings,

Tells that thou art not forgot;  
By thy form my slumbers robbing,  
Deny me oh! deny me not.

By the joys I've felt beside thee,  
By the bliss I hope to feel,  
Whatever fate betide thee  
I will love in woe or weal,  
By *that rosebud's* gentle token  
Which can never be forgot,  
By the love thine eyes have spoken  
Deny me oh! deny me not.

"LEATHER HEAD."

“NON NOBIS SOLUM NATI SUMUS.”

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LIFE is but a dream! A passing cloud that dots the firmament for a moment and then is gone. “Time, as a stream, glides swiftly away, and the bark of life soon lands in the gulf of eternity.” There existence begins. Within this short space, this span, this inch, are crowded the duties and requirements of moral and intelligent beings—“the vast concerns of an eternal scene.”

The duties which are incumbent upon us during this short space, are both numerous and solemn. Upon their due performance or wilful neglect depends our happiness or misery—here and hereafter. It is wise in man then to give to each moment a tongue that it may bear to its Author some good report.

But it is not our design to expatiate on all the duties obligatory upon us, but merely to confine our remarks to the duties which arise from the relations in which man stands towards his fellow-man.

“We are not born for ourselves alone” is as true an aphorism as that eminent Philosopher ever uttered. He knew too well the nature and importance of human society to decide otherwise. Nor has it lost any of its vigor and authority by the long attrition of time since it was penned. The truthfulness of the assertion is evident from the fact, that were it otherwise, society would soon be destroyed and by disuse consequent

thereon, the social, moral and intellectual capacities of man would be annihilated, and an ignorant savage, friendless and without hope, he would prowl in nakedness through wild and tangled woods, dependent upon muscular force for subsistence, and contented to be a companion of the native denizens of the forest. Our sacred altars—our pleasant and happy firesides would be deserted—our halls of learning and literature would be demolished; the improvement in arts and sciences would languish and decay; right of property would be lost and security for life and liberty would, consist in corporeal force; language would fall into disuse, and man by his own folly and wickedness would perish from the face of the earth. That this would thwart the intention of the Deity need not be asserted.

Our Maker intended that we should be happy, and to effect this purpose, it is necessary that man should serve his fellow-man. If not, why are men naturally gregarious? Why not each inhabit some vast wilderness—“some boundless contiguity of shade?”—Whence this longing for the society of our fellows? Is it not sufficiently evident that a voluntary combination of individuals is beneficial in producing a greater amount of happiness than otherwise? For example, by the division of labor, a much greater amount of the

objects of desire are produced, and consequently a greater amount of happiness. Is it not, then, the duty of man, if it be conducive to his happiness, to act thus, to be serviceable to his neighbor, and in turn receive similar service from him?

And, again, man has been endowed with certain talents which he has the *power* to direct as he chooses, but he has not the *right* to let those talents remain unimproved; nor, having improved them, to use them for selfish purposes alone. We have been endowed with mental abilities, in order that we may enjoy ourselves and obtain the greatest possible happiness, and as we are so constituted that we derive the greater portion from society, it is but fair and just that we give society the benefit of our capacities. It would be a violation of the rules of reciprocity were we to act otherwise. Society secures to us our life, liberty and property. It offers us a refined and well cultivated intellect, the cost of which, is many years of labor; it curbs the vile tongue of slander and hushes the detracting voice of calumny. And for all these benefits, are we to sit unmoved, as the proud and haughty monarch, who disdains even to give a nod of recognition for the favors showered upon him? Shall we treat with base ingratitude the kindness of another? Such niggardly selfishness would beggar the parsimony of the most avaricious.

Besides, there are obligations incumbent upon us, from the relations existing in the domestic circle, and from what we owe to our country. Behold that aged and infirm father as he leans upon his staff—that decrepid mother, whose locks have been silvered by the

frost of many years. They nurtured your infancy—they cherished and supported your childhood—over your reckless and unheeding youth they held a ceaseless watch for your safety—they directed and guided your feet to manhood's verge and then bid you a God-speed through life. They are now in want. They can no longer support themselves by their industry—they cannot so much as help themselves. Will you let them suffer? Will you let them perish for want of your care? Will you turn with cold indifference from *these* objects of charity, consoling yourself with the conscience-soothing thought that man was born for himself alone?

Again, see that sister, the playmate of your youth, the sharer of your joys—she with whom you used to build the tiny playhouse beneath the old beech-tree—she is the subject of disease and poverty. Will you not extend the helping hand? Will you permit her to eke out her life in such miserable wretchedness? Let conscience speak and let the natural feelings of the heart have their way and *there* hear the response. It will be but a confirmation of the truth that “we are not born for ourselves alone.”

Your country calls—the invader is in the land. Fire and desolation are beginning to spread in every direction. The blood of slain countrymen is crying for revenge. Liberty asks your aid, and calls on you to unsheath the sword. Will you refuse? Do you even hesitate? If so, where, we would ask, is your patriotism? Where your love of kindred and country? Gone! All absorbed in self—*self*, “my all in one, my Alpha and Omega.”

But farther yet, the more we live for our fellow men, the more we live for ourselves. As the amount of happiness we bestow so is the the amount we receive. We give but to receive. 'Tis not the miser or the monarch that enjoys the greatest felicity—but he, be he monarch or subject, who endeavors to spread it most amongst those with whom he has to do. "Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter desitution of a human being; it can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to incur, and when goaded to extremes, of-

ten turns destroyer and strikes the last blows upon himself." It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves—self on self—as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heaven-ward branches, makes not only its life useless, but its growth downwards.

Live not then for self alone. Let a world-wide sympathy and universal love pervade your every sentiment and direct your every action.

"Love thyself last, strive not with nature:  
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed  
Who thwartst his will, shall contradict his own."

MAY-BE-SO.

## "THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY IS EVERYWHERE."

In the rich purple of the morning sky, in the clear dew-drop that glitters on the tender grass-blade, in the glowing splendor of noonday, in the dark cool shade cast by the thick-foliaged tree along the banks of the babbling brook, in the golden glory that lingers in the west at the closing of day, in the mild light of the twinkling stars that shine out in the heavens, in the pale dim brightness of the queen of night, in the pure lily of the vale, in the wild flower of the woodland lawn, on the green tops of the hills, in the snow-clad peaks of the mountains, in each, in all of these, is the strange spirit of Beauty. In a word, it peereth through every object in

the resplendent universe around. But this enchantress has, like the vine which throws its flexible arms lovingly around the sturdy oak, an object on which she profusely and dotingly lavishes her sweetest loveliness and her most matchless symmetry. This object is WOMAN. In feeble, helpless infancy, the spirit of Beauty marks her for its own. 'Tis then it begins to light up her face; to tinge her pale tender lips, and to kindle in her soft expressive eye. But it reaches its grand climacteric in excellence and enticingness when she is a *young school girl*. Then it beams from her flashing eye, sits in dignity on her white forehead, blushes on her rose-colored cheek,

curls smilingly on her lip, floats gracefully in her rich black hair, and heaves gently on her snowy bosom.

But if the spirit of beauty is every where it must be *here* indeed, yes, *here*. And it may be truly said it is here in its most imposing form. Not specially in the grove of magnificent old oaks that adorn the campus or college ground; not specially in the shrubbery that lines our walks—"a shrubbery that Shensstone might have envied"—no, no; but in the face, form and carriage of the manly, proud and dignified young student. The bewitching Tom. Moore, whom the school girls all know by heart,  
 falling in love

with the fair daughter of Eve in antediluvian times. Now, if the noble young student is not sufficiently beautiful to charm down the silver-winged cherubs that play on harps of golden strings in the bright courts of eternity, we venture to say that the strange spirit of beauty that sits throned on him, could lead into temptation, and perhaps into captivity, some of those sweet school girls who were made to fling flowers along the rough way of life. If you don't believe it, dear Lassies, come and see, and then you, like the Queen of Sheba, will freely confess, that "the half has not been told.

SAPHO.

## CAROLINA, THE BLUE WAVES ARE BREAKING.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

Carolina, the blue waves are breaking,  
 Soft, soft on thy shell-spangled shore;  
 And the wild birds, their songs are making  
 In sweetness and gladness once more.

And the sun rays are softly reclining  
 On the sweet dimpled waves of thy tide,  
 And as gently are heaving and shining,  
 As the gems on the breast of a bride.

Carolina, mid the pines of thy wildwood  
 The breezes are passing away,

Like the fast fleeting memories of childhood,  
 Or the last dying tints of the day.

Carolina, I love, I adore thee;  
 Thy valleys, thy mountains and shore  
 Will e'er be in memories before me,  
 Altho' I should see them no more.

Yet no matter what skies are above me,  
 Tho' a wanderer to many a strand;  
 Carolina, I ever will love thee  
 And call thee my own sunny land.

GREENSBORO', Nov. 10, 1853.

## D I T O R I A L   T A B L E .

"The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man a fool."

LEST our Magazine readers should take fright at so ominous a text, and suppose that we intend to plunge *in medias res* of Zoology—giving them a scientific bore upon the Asinary tribe, Ornithology, Ichthyology, Anthropology, or some other *ology*, we wil here take occasion to say, that nothing is so far from our intention, inclination or *ability*. To us, it is a matter of very little importance, of what great family the Ass may boast; whether he be *Ferus*, *Domesticus*, *Mulus* or *Hinnus*;—whether he be the Ass of Senegal, or Gollconda, or Arabia Deserta, or Phrygia, or Mesopotamia;—whether he be the Ass whose flesh was esteemed so highly by the Kirgisees and Arabs, or which served to grace the sumptuous board of the ancient Romans;—whether, in fine, he be the biped Ass of the genus *Homo*, or the quadruped Ass of the genus *Equus*;—suffice it to say, that he is an ass, and being an ass, he is grave; and "that gravity, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred," so far as the *Homo* is concerned, "is assumed merely as a cloak to cover the defects of the mind." It might be pleaded in extenuation of his stupidity, that an ass at one time saved his master from the sword of an angel, and endured a severe blow across the shoulder—hence the black stripe—rather than his master should suffer the penalty he so much deserved. Heathen calumny even asserts that an ass' head was hung up in the temple of the Jews as an object of worship, to which a human being was sacrificed every seven

years. And the "Feast of the Ass," among the Catholics of the dark ages, is even depicted with admiration. On this all-important occasion, it is said, a beautiful virgin, gorgeously decorated with costly gems and floral wreaths, came forth seated upon an ass, which was taught to kneel at an altar of sacrifice. A hymn was then sung in his praise, and the priest, instead of the usual ceremony, practised on similar occasions, brayed three times, and the people omitting the response, *the Lord bless us*, brayed three times in concert; and we have no doubt, drew upon themselves the very appropriate, though heretical epithet—*ass-embly*.

But what of bullet-eyed strix? For we expect some conceited wag is already saying:—

How well the subject suits his noble mind,  
A fellow feeling, &c."

Now we intend to manifest an equal indifference for the ornithological pedigree of the favorite of Miss Minerva, though sacred to Proserpine and first source of the lustration of Rome, being none the less a stupid "vexer of the dull ear of night," whether he belong to the species *Bubo*, *Virginiana*, *Wampacutha*, or *Funeria*. We do not know that his whoo-ing, screeching prognostications were ever celebrated in prose or poetry but once, which runs somewhat thus—

Of all the birds on bush or tree,  
Commend me to the owl,  
Since he may best example be,  
To those the cup that trowl,  
For when the sun hath left the west,  
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,

And he whoops out his song and he laughs at his jest;  
Then though hours be late, and weather be foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl."

And this, we are quite sure, was the prelude to a catalogue of heroes of rascality, whipped, transported, stocked or hung.

As for our *hard-shell* friend, nothing that we can say could possibly *soften* his case; for as some oyster-loving bard has already sung—

"What though thy shell protect thy fragile head,  
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea,  
Thy valves are, sure, no safety valves to thee  
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed—"

and C. J. — has already made an ostensible demonstration that more than half way convinces us, that the poor fellows will look as much "down in the mouth as ever."

But now for the gist of our text. A grave man! Shades of departed asses, owls and oysters! As we do not expect to preach or marry in this place, we can without hesitation, fear or trembling, pronounce him a fool. Talk of the non-arrival of your long expected Dulcinea del Toboso at a commencement ball; of a comet cocking its tail in twenty millions of miles of the earth's surface; or of an oleaginous Giles Gosling entering a stage coach of six passengers in the month of August; but nothing can so effectually cast a damper upon the feelings, and curdle the milk of human kindness, as for one of these self-same, long, lean, gaunt, fodder-stack-pole, vinegar-looking ghosts of despondency to inflict his presence upon a social, merry, fun-making company. Gravity, says Bolingbroke, is the very essence of imposture; and were we appointed fool-killer-extraordinary, and hang-master-general, we should invariably seek for our victims in the persons of those aforesaid gentlemen of acidifying aspect; for

we are wondrously inclined to suspect a grave visage, of being the preface to a proportionably stupid *caput*. And now, kind readers, since we have shown you our decided predilection for the O-be-joyful-part of human nature, and as we ourselves propose, for a while at least, laying aside our Robes Editorial—not lion skin; mind you--we do not entertain a doubt, but what you'll lend us your hearty co-operation, for forty-two days, at all events,—Sundays and fast-days excepted—by banishing from your thoughts everything like gravity, grave men, or the "laws of gravitation." For hoary December, the last of the jury, has already given his verdict in our favor,— "damages, six weeks vacation;" and the good-natured old gentleman, with silvery locks and laughing eyes, is quietly seated among us, a friend

"To youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles—"

while merry Christmas sits upon his jolly face, like a broad grin of welcome, or, as some of our more poetic readers would say, changing the figure, like a sparkling gem, in a fair lady's necklace. And now that you are about to revisit home, or at least, those of you who do not live so remote as to consume a respectable portion of forever in reaching there,—we extend to you a hearty shake of the hand, hoping that you may find your Delilah, Jularkie, or flame, or, whatever other endearing name you are inclined to bestow upon her, still enjoying the blessings of "single wretchedness;" and the vista, through which you have enjoyed the promised Eden, undimmed by a single pair of intervening corduroys. Whether she have laughing black eyes, or auburn hair, or Grecian nose, we leave to your own selection; for *de gustibus nil disputandum*.

POETRY.—If Poetry be, as some term it, "creation of new beauty, manifestation of the real by the ideal, in words that move in metrical array," then we beg leave to inform many of our contributors, that it would be as well to raise the seige of Parnassus, and show their contempt for the god of the lyre and the jingling nine, by giving us something in a different style, if it's only "prose run mad." For we assure them, that though their effusions be ever so acceptable to "Miss Penelope Jane Pinfeather," they are by no means so to a majority of readers. We know, it is said, that, "nonsense in poetry is what a new power is in mechanics—adding twenty-fold scope, and energy and capability to all the poet's efforts, absolving him from the paltry laws and teasing restraints imposed by sense, extricating him from the narrow bounds of the probable, and opening the halcyon isles of the improbable, and the sublime shores of the impossible, to his ravished sight, and emancipated pen;" and we are equally aware that, many of those *would-be* genis, possess too much of the "agony" for our comprehension. But many of them evince care and labor, that if bestowed upon a prose article, would be far more beneficial to themselves, and still more desirable to us.

PARODY has become quite common of late; but as the following is from the pen of *one*, who *ought* to know a thing or two, and since it recommends itself more for "truth" than "poetry," we'll give it a place; remarking, by the way, that this has reference to the state of affairs some ten or twenty years ago—not *now of course*. But hear him:

#### THE HAPPY LAND.

Know ye the land where the black-board and Homer

Are direst of curses to 'Soph' and to 'Fresh?'  
Where the pains of dismission, the hope of diploma

Ne'er chequer the dreams of an idle "Mal-ish?"

Know ye of rock-walls and ditches—the land  
Where the granite is brick-work, the terraced sand,  
Where the speeches of "Seniors," quotatic  
oppressed,  
In opinion of "Subs" may rank with the best  
Where "Demand and Supply," your all-conquering law,  
Robs barrels and hen-roosts from "Pin-Hook  
to "Haw,"—  
Where the "possums" and "simmons" are  
finest of fruit,  
And the *luna-tic* serenade never is mute;  
Where groves are as green as the student  
they shade,  
And naught can be worse than the warm len-  
onade.  
'Tis the land where the "Junior," sworn for  
man to books,  
Beats College "all holler" in playing for  
"knucks,"—  
From supper 'till sun-set, still kneels at his  
"taw,"  
Where shaving and students are *done* by Dave  
Moore,—  
'Tis the *site* of the "Chapel," the slope of "the  
Hill,"  
Can it smile on such potions as students can  
swill?  
Oh! passing the *absurda* of black-boards and  
chalk  
Are the *liquors* they drink and the *nonsense*  
they talk.

All those who are in any way acquainted with the topography of Chapel Hill will readily understand the locality referred to in one of the above lines, that is,

"Where shaving and students are *done* by Dave Moore."

Now we, ourselves, are great admirers of a good cigar; for,

"There is not in this wide world, a pleasure so sweet,

As to sit at the window, and cock up your feet  
Pull away at the Cuba whose flavor just suits  
And peep at the world, through the toes of  
your boots."

But never yet have we labored under such a hallucination, as to suppose that the so styled Cuba sixes, of Messrs. Bur

act and Alston, were anything better than the rubbish of Virginia tobacco, vended in Petersburg, at five cents a *grab*. Nevertheless, students will be victimized; for a Freshman is never at rest unless he's behind a cigar. Nothing but Long's best enters *our sanctum*.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Chapel Hill has recently undergone quite a metamorphosis as to its appearance; for, besides the various improvements of private residences, attention has finally been directed to the streets; and the side walk, extending from the Drug Store to Gov. Swain's, is being well graded, graveled and walled up; a thing which should have been done long ago—for, if heretofore, they have not vied with the "golden streets of the New Jerusalem," spoken of in the negro melody, it has not been for their want of adaptation to "slipping" and "sliding."

THE following was handed us by a young friend, who pleads as an excuse for its occasional false rhythm, that it is his first attempt towards wooing the muses; but we think the moral it contains, decidedly too good to be lost for the paltry consideration of rhyme, rhythm, or perspicuity. So we give it a place, without any show of mercy for Mr. W. C. Bryant, or his Thanatopsis either:

## BUST-TOP SIS.

BY SNODGRASS EXPERIENCEKI.

In a "sprees" last hours what troubles arise!  
Pains in the head and burning of the eyes,  
Lecturing friends who say with much might,  
Act like myself and never get tight;  
But drink like a *gentleman*—a toddy a day,  
Just before dinner when you feel that away,  
And make it—I'll show you—here's a saloon I  
think—  
Have you a dime? Well let's take a drink,  
'Twill steady your nerves as you've been on a  
"bust,"

And 'twill clear my throat, of the plagued dust.  
What will you take? Whatever you say—  
Well! John, "two brandy toddies this way—"  
"Ahem! very good brandy—well I've business  
up street

With some of my friends whom I promised to  
meet—

Good day to you sir. Recollect what I've said  
About getting "tight," and now go to bed."

Blue, disgusted, solemn and slow,  
Towards your room you turn to go;  
And when you arrive at that lonely place,  
And see in the glass your swollen face,  
You exclaim, "'tis my last, even though I were  
dying!"

But alas! "how the world is given to lying."

## MORAL.

So drink that the "drunk," may never come,  
But when you feel that 'twill come, say you've  
business—

Turn your back on the crowd, and go right  
home.

THE letter of E. R.\* will be read with pleasure, for it contains the feelings of hundreds who have left the University. Many may imagine while in the active duties of college life, that they could bid farewell to college associations without a struggle; but when, in after years, the reminiscences of boyhood scenes recur to them, they will remember those halcyon days with pleasure and regret. We can well appreciate the thoughts of our friend on revisiting Chapel Hill, and can with him exclaim,

"Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches  
sigh,  
Swept by the breeze that fans the cloudless  
sky;

Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,  
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;  
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance de-  
plore,  
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before.

But read for yourselves:

"OMNIUM GATHERUM."

MESSRS. EDITORS: Could you but appreciate the feelings with which a person, who, in days gone by, passed a few bright

months at Chapel Hill, opens your Magazine, you would certainly feel stimulated and encouraged to do, if possible, still more for it than you have already done. Do not understand me as complaining of a want of attention to its interests, on your part; far from it. I hailed the proposal for its publication with delight, and although more sanguine of its success than many, I never expected to see it reach the standard of excellence which, in the hands of your predecessors and yourselves, it has attained. True, in several points it does not rank so high as many literary publications of the day; but for the sphere which its originators intended it to fill, I see room for no improvement which would enhance its value. \* \* \* \* \*

Memory dwells fondly on the scenes of by-gone days, which the monthly visits of the Magazine brings vividly to view. Years ago, I roamed through the classic groves of Chapel Hill, a wild, light-hearted, (light-headed too, perhaps the reader will say) boy, indulging in the usual amount of castle-building, day-dreaming and bright anticipations of the future. Happy, glorious old times were those, and too well I know that I "ne'er shall look upon their like again." Where now are the friends of my youth, who with me sipped at the Pierian spring and—destroyed such an incredible amount of savory 'possum suppers and "bad spirits"? Scattered throughout the land, a few perhaps are realizing the glowing anticipations of youth; many others are toiling on through life's rugged path, destined never to see the world robed in the gorgeous drapery with which our imaginations were wont to clothe it; some have been cut off by the "Fell Destroyer," while of many I can gain no tidings. No ble fellows were they all as ever breathed the pure air of heaven, and if among them were some "strange specimens of humanity their freaks and peculiarities only rendered warmer the attachment among us.

There was Charley P——, who was once so anxious for just "seven men" to "pitch into" him, and who was afflicted with a strange hallucination which occasionally showed itself in the shape of passable poetry; Joe E——, who was wont to expatiate largely on the vast superiority of the "blessings of Liberty" to a contemptible "quarter"; Bill D——, who would arouse the echoes of the "stilly night" with snatches of such inspiring airs as "Bengo," "Old Bob Ridley" and "The Rocky Branch"; Dick T——, who would tell us of "old peach" which had been stowed away for years in his uncle's cellar, and the *sine qua non*—snow-white honey; and Zeb. V——, who we thought was destined to *pun* his way to the *neighborhood*, at least, of the "topmost pinnacle of Fame's proud temple."  
\* \* \* \* \*

Should one of those indicated above chance to read these random lines, he will, perhaps, as I frequently do, for a brief period, forget that his locks are whitened by the frosts of many winters and that he is not still a student. Perhaps, call to mind some "Calathump" serenade or brilliant concert, performed on the "Equine Violin" and "Swinette." Perhaps, dwell in memory, for a moment, on the valorous descent made on a venerable Professor's hen-roost. I must "tack ship" or I may divulge something which *ought* to make a man of my age blush; but you know

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

These half-sorrowful, half-pleasing recollections, came hovering around me when I began to talk of the Magazine, and I could not resist the temptation to jot them down.

Farewell, friends of my youth, wherever you are. The many scenes and sad trials through which it has been my lot to pass, (including an awful "kicking" from my "jewlarkie,") since last we met, have

ly served to strengthen the bonds which  
third of a century ago united us as  
rothers.

The summer of life passes quickly away,  
Soon the winter of age sheds its snow on the  
heart;  
At the warm sun of *Friendship*, which gilded  
youth's day,  
Shall still, through the dark clouds, a soft  
ray impart."

And you whom, although we are unac-  
quainted, I regard as friends, in whose  
hands the conduct of the Magazine is  
placed for the present, watch over it with  
*father's care*, and recommend it to your  
successors as the strongest link that, in  
later years, will exist to bind them to their  
beloved *Alma Mater*. E. R. \*

THE following stanzas are an evident  
attempt at the Moorish sentimentality.  
They have some redeeming qualities, but  
will readily be seen that poetry is not  
the writer's sphere,—the exordium is  
much better than the verses. We insert  
them though for what they are worth.

A SONG.

I once entered the parlor of a public hotel at  
fashionable watering-place, where my atten-  
tion was arrested by a lady who was sitting at  
the piano. Her face wore that pensive expres-  
sion of melancholy, which showed that sorrow  
and early disappointment had left a blight on  
her spirit. A white rose-bud, with its stem  
concealed in her tresses, was drooping on a  
sneak of kindred complexion; her dark, dove-  
like eyes were lifted to heaven, while her voice  
rose and fell on the ears of her breathless au-  
dience like the swell and cadence of a wind-  
arp.

I give, from memory, the words of her song;  
I have never seen it in print, and I know not  
its author.

GLAUCUS.

O! am I then remembered still?  
Remembered, too, by thee!  
Or am I quite forgot by one,  
Whom I no more may see?  
But say not so, for that would add  
Fresh anguish to my lot;

I dare not hope to be recalled,  
But would not be forgot.

Could they who torture us but know  
How hearts like ours can feel,  
They would have spared us both the pain  
Beyond their power to heal.  
I know not if thy heart retains  
Its wonted warmth or not,  
Tho' I'm forbid to speak of thee,  
Thou'lt never be forgot.

May'st thou enjoy that peace of mind  
Which I can never know;  
If that's denied, my prayer shall be  
That I may share thy woe.  
From Memory's page the hand of death  
Alone thy name shall blot.  
*Forget, forsake* me if thou wilt,  
Thou'lt never be forgot.

"A CATALOGUE of the officers and stu-  
dents of Harvard University," was kindly  
sent to us by some friend. Among the  
"Resident Graduates," we observed the  
names of Charles Phillips, A. M., Prof. of  
Civil Engineering, and in the "Lawrence  
Scientific School," B. S. Hedrick, Prof. of  
Agricultural Chemistry, who have been re-  
maining at Harvard for the last six months,  
preparatory to entering upon their respec-  
tive duties at Chapel Hill. We think it  
would not be amiss to append the follow-  
ing notice of these two new Professorships,  
as set forth by the Faculty in the last Ca-  
talogue.

"School for the application of Science to the  
Arts.  
Charles Phillips, Professor of Civil Engineer-  
ing.  
Benj'n. S. Hedrick, Professor of Agricultural  
Chemistry.

THIS SCHOOL

Will be put in operation in January, 1854. At  
present, the Faculty of the University are not  
prepared to set forth the details of its organiza-  
tion. After due consideration, and examina-  
tion of similar Institutions, the public will be  
advised of its precise aims, and of the means  
proposed for their attainment. It is expected  
to afford to the general student instruction in the  
Mathematical, Chemical and affiliated sciences,  
as used in supplying the various wants of soci-  
ety, as well as ample opportunities of prepara-

tion for the professional labors of Engineers, Artizans, Miners, Chemists and Farmers."

CONTRIBUTORS.—"Abraham Beeswax" inflicts himself again upon the corps, with some very morbid prose and ditto poetry. "Abraham" appears highly indignant at the notice of his letter in the October No., especially that "silver livery of advised age" should be taken for a "feather-lipped swain." He assures us that he is old, *quite* old. We considered his former letter childish, but this we are forced to say, "is second childishness and mere oblivion." It is passed under the table.

AMENDE HONORABLE.—In the Oct. No., we noticed rather disparagingly some verses sent to us by Mr. J. L. Freusley, which we were then forced to consider as plagiarized; for we discovered that they had been selected without acknowledgment. But we have since received a letter of explanation, in which he assures us, that it was altogether an oversight in him; which we are very willing to believe. We would insert his letter, but it is rather long, and we do not suppose that he designed it for publication. We would, by the way, suggest to Contributors, that it would be well for them to respect the "hooking marks," if they value our friendship.

FELLOW STUDENTS:—With the present number closes the second volume of your University Magazine. If we have failed in aught to give you satisfaction, you may rest assured that it was for no want of care or vigilance on our part. As editors, we have written for its pages as much as our college exercises would allow, and have selected, impartially, those contribu-

tions most likely to interest you; and if the Magazine has not attained that high eminence which you designed for it, it has been mostly your own fault and not ours wholly. But we do not believe that this is, by any means, the cause; on the contrary, so far as we are acquainted with the sentiments of the great body of the students, the Magazine stands on a firmer footing than ever; and more solicitude is manifested for it than has ever been heretofore. It has afforded a medium for articles from the pens of the ablest men the State can boast, which otherwise, in all probability, would never have seen the light of day. And we earnestly hope that your University pride will, at no time, permit it to seek a lower level. You can do a great deal; in fact, it is you alone who can do any thing for it. Write for it yourselves—take a copy home with you—insist upon your friends subscribing—and on your return next session, bring some of the "wherewith" to pay the printer. We presume that most of you have lived long enough in the world to have discovered, by this time, that men have a great aversion to giving away that for which they labor.

To those of our old contributors, both connected and unconnected with the University, who have already afforded us so much kind assistance, we return our sincere thanks, hoping that, in the future, we may always continue to receive their friendly visits.

N. B.—Those wishing their subscription to the Magazine discontinued, will make it known by addressing W. D. Cooke, Raleigh, or the Editors, Chapel Hill,—otherwise, it will remain unchanged.











