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THE  
NORTH CAROLINA

University Magazine.

VOLUME III.

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RALEIGH :

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST."

1855.

*Pa.*



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THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

No. 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPT. JOHNSTON BLAKELY,  
LATE OF THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR, WASP.

BY WM. JOHNSON, M. D., OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

*Author of Memoirs and Traditions of the War in the South.*

Among the numerous brilliant achievements of our gallant little Navy, particularly in the last war with Great Britain, none has excited more interest than the cruise of the sloop of war, Wasp; none more anxiety, none more painful or acute suspense of feeling, than the unknown fate of her commander Capt. Blakely, and his associates in honor and misfortune—the officers and crew of their ill-fated but ever honored ship.—

At the end of thirty years, since the close of their short but brilliant career, it may be thought, by many at least, unnecessary to revive the subject, and renew our early impressions of their deeds and merits. But Capt. B. had many personal friends and admirers, some of whom think that justice has not been meted to him before the public eye. It may be so—to their acute sense of his loss, it ever must be so! Even the eulogies of friendship, cannot express the feelings of those who mourn.

Mr. John Blakely, the father of Capt. B. was an Irishman by birth, and is said to have arrived in Charleston, S. C., in 1783, with his wife and two young children, both sons. He removed to Wilmington, N. C., in the next year, and the best informed now alive, agree that he brought none there but the subject of this memoir. Some say that the mother and infant son died at sea.

Mr. Blakely was kindly received and welcomed by the very hospitable inhabitants of that city, among the foremost of whom was Ed. Jones, Esq. Solicitor General of the State, who with the genial feelings of an Irishman, literally took up the little Blakely, then almost two years old, in his arms, and carried him home to his own house. This son, Johnston Blakely, was born in October, 1781, at Seaford—County Down—Ireland. His father settled in business in Wilmington, and succeeded well in his mercan-

tile engagements, investing his profits in store houses and other buildings. He died in 1797, leaving many friends warmly attached to him, by his own warm, generous disposition, his remarkable turn for inoffensive pleasantry, and facetious good humor. He left his only child Johnston, amply provided for under Mr. Jones, his guardian and executor, the houses affording a regular income by their rents. In one year after his death, this income was entirely cut off by a destructive fire, consuming all the houses.

Johnston Blakely had been sent by his father for education to a highly celebrated academy at Flatbush, on Long Island, at that time much resorted to by young men from the south. When sufficiently advanced to enter college, he was removed to that of Chapel Hill, in North Carolina, in 1796, and was successfully pursuing the collegiate course of studies, when he suddenly lost by fire his whole means of support, about two years after his entering college.

Young Blakely did not hesitate a moment; he determined to quit College, and enter the American Navy as a profession; he would not become dependent on any one at his outset in life, not even for the advantages of education. His guardian and friend, Mr. Jones, with his excellent lady, united in pressing him to make their house his home, and accept their aid on any terms convenient, or agreeable to his feelings. Although in other respects he always rendered to them the affection and obedience of an own son, he would not consent that they should make advances for him. With grate-

ful feelings and acknowledgments, he firmly declined their generous offers.—The residence of Mr. Jones at Rock-rest in Chatham county, continued however to be the resort of Blakely when on furlough in the Navy, as it had been previously his home in all the College vacations.

Mrs. Harding\* of Fayetteville, one of Mrs. Jones' daughters, thus writes her early recollections of these visits to their family: "My own recollections of Johnston Blakely are very indistinct, but the bright, and at the same time benevolent expression of his countenance made an indelible impression on my memory. From these recollections I think that he must have been very handsome, and the exceeding whiteness of his teeth, and brightness of his eyes, I shall never forget. My mother has often described him to us as rather small, but well made, with very black hair and eyes; grave and gentlemanly in his deportment, but at the same time cheerful and easy when at home. Among strangers, rather reserved, and when very young rather avoiding than seeking young society, he would sit for hours reading and talking with my mother, while the other young people were amusing themselves without. It was remarked of him, both when a boy and a man, that he commanded the respect and affection of all with whom he associated."

"My mother corresponded with Mrs. Blakely up to the period of her second marriage, and with Miss Blakely from

\*To this lady we are indebted for most of the incidents and particulars recited in this part of our memoir.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPT. BLAKELY.

the time she was old enough to write, until mother's ill health rendered writing extremely troublesome to her. Miss B.'s last letter to her was never answered; she left Philadelphia, and we lost sight of her, until two or three years ago, we observed a notice of her marriage to Baron Joseph Von Britton. I have written several times, and given my letters such directions as I thought most likely to find her, but suppose none ever reached her. Many of us take a lively interest in their welfare: his daughter presented her picture to my mother, when about thirteen years of age; it is still at Rock-rest, but as I think it was intended for my brother Johnston Blakely Jones, I have written to him to receive and take care of it.— There is a portrait of Capt. Blakely, in the Philanthropic Society's Hall at Chapel Hill, taken from an indifferent miniature likeness at Rock-rest. Besides his letters, I believe there are some other mementoes of him at this place; his name was on a Beech tree near the River."

To Mrs. Harding we are also indebted for the following anecdote of Capt. Blakely: "In the year 1810, during his last visit to our family, he called on Dr. Caldwell, President of Chapel Hill College, to make, as he said, an apology to the Doctor for having once spoken disrespectfully to him, while a student under him, at the College. As the circumstances may give an insight into the characters of both the parties, I will endeavor to state them, as Dr. Caldwell himself once did. He (Dr. C.) was himself at that time young and inexperienced in the discipline of a College; and in mildly curbing the wayward dis-

positions of youth. Many of the young Collegians were as wild as —— college blades generally are, and probably as their fathers had been before them.— Some disturbance arose there, and as the Doctor was going round to discover the cause and the parties engaged in it, he opened Blakely's door, and found him seated in the window. The Doctor questioned him as to the riot and authors of it. Blakely answered truly that he had nothing to do with it, and could not say who the parties were. The Doctor replied with irritation and questioned his veracity; Blakely resented the injury promptly and decidedly,—the Doctor being still more irritated, threatened to throw him out of the window. Blakely then replied in a mild, but determined tone: "I beg, sir, that you will not try it, as it will oblige me to put you out." The occurrence had left no unfavorable impression on the mind of Dr. Caldwell, who had, no doubt, reflected that he had done Blakely injustice, and with mutual concessions they were cordially reconciled.

Blakely spoke with regret that the College Library was not in its collection more select and exclusive. Its object being not only the diffusion of knowledge, but instruction in religion and morality, the susceptible minds of youth may imbibe prepossessions the reverse of these, by reading irreligious and licentious books. Young men are sent to College, that correct principles should be impressed on their tender minds, by precept, example, study and reflection; previous to such instruction, exposure to immoral lessons, will make impressions too deep to be effaced. Blakely particularly spoke of having read Paine's Age

of Reason in that Library, and said that it had for many years, been very injurious to him in his duties here, and his hopes hereafter.

Johnston Blakely entered the Navy in October, 1800, just as our hostilities with France were about to terminate in peace. A period of no national excitement or prospect of active service ensued, and for eleven years he led a life of repose, if not of idleness; a state of things dangerous to the character of the young, and discouraging to the ardent, the ambitious, the patriotic, and well qualified officer. Blakely was not idle; he embraced every opportunity for mental improvement, and for acquiring practical knowledge with professional experience. He acquired all that could be taught an officer, whose duty is to obey, all that was essential and proper in qualifying an officer to command with urbanity, dignity, skill and effect. He became a Lieutenant, and commanded some of our small cruisers in the Embargo and Non-intercourse restrictions on our own commerce. But he became tired of "hope deferred," dissatisfied at some deviations from usage in the promotions, and desponding of ever acquiring honor or profit from this line of life. He entertained a wish to resign, and would certainly have resigned, but for the rumors and prospects of a war with Great Britain.

As the history of Johnston Blakely up to this period of his life is inseparably blended with that of Mr. Edward Jones and his family, we will here introduce some account of that family.—We read in Bishop Heber's *Life of Jeremy Taylor, D. D., Bishop of Down &c.*; that lady Wray was his grand daugh-

ter by his first wife; and of her grand children that Mary Wray Todd married Conway Jones, M. D. Among their children are William Todd Jones, a distinguished member of the Parliament of Ireland, Edward Jones, then Solicitor General of North Carolina, and Mrs. Anne DeBerniere, of Charleston, South Carolina. Edward Jones came out to America, at the close of the American Revolution, and first settled in Philadelphia as a lawyer. There an intimate friendship existed between him and the late venerable Mr. Peter S. DuPonceau, and continued till their death, and here he became affianced to the sister of Mr. DuPonceau, but her untimely death prevented their marriage.

He then removed to North Carolina, where he soon acquired distinction in his profession and the high office of Solicitor General, which he retained many years, and resigned it from bodily infirmity. Here Mr. Jones married Miss Mary Curtis Mallet—neice of Mr. C. Mallet—a lady universally respected and beloved—the parental friend of Johnston Blakely—the teacher and pattern of her own distinguished family of children. Among these are Mrs. F. Hooper, wife of Professor Hooper of the South Carolina College; V. M. Jones, Collector of the port of Wilmington; Dr. J. B. Jones, an eminent physician of Chapel Hill; and Mrs. Louisa M. Rencher, wife of the Hon. Abram Rencher, our Minister at the Court of Portugal. This lady writing to her sisters, describes, in the pleasant style of lady Montague, the parade and ceremony of the Court at Lisbon, and adds: "I did not feel at all abashed or confused by the formalities of presentation; whether owing to the

royal blood in my veins, or to the republican principles in my heart, I do not pretend to decide."

To show the familiar footing which subsisted between this family and Capt. Blakely, I copy one of his letters to Mrs. Jones.

U. S. BRIG ARGUS, }  
NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1808 }

DEAR MADAM: \*Fanny was right, where the silver locks predominate over the black, if any colour can be assigned, it must be light. But although time may whiten my hairs, it will never alter the heart which beats in my bosom, and while it throbs, its pulsations will ever be directed by affection to her and her little sisters. How rapidly time flies! Next May she will be eleven years of age, and five short years more will bring her to that time of life in which I was when she was born, and when her parents were the friends dearest to me on earth. How fortunate; how truly so, was my choice; even when the grey hairs themselves shall have fallen from my head, my heart shall retain the conviction.

Our cruise has been a various one; our course was first to the river St. Mary, where the summer season rendered the climate intolerably warm, and the state of society made no return for the heat of the weather. I spent ten days in Savannah; Julia I did not see; she had quitted town the day after my arrival. Her husband returned before our departure, but as I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, I did not wait upon him. In this place I found 4 or 5 old schoolfellows, whom I had known at Flatbush, so many years ago, that it completely exposed my age to my messmates, with whom I had endeavored (spite of appearances) to pass for sweet two and twenty. Not that I cared

for their knowledge of it, but was afraid that they would inform the girls of the real truth. From Savannah it was expected that we would return to Norfolk, and again be employed—I mean in cruising—but this embargo, (I could almost swear at it to you, who never heard me do so,) ordered us to this place to prepare for another cruise, which has kept us for the last three months off the coast of New England, where, by way of compensation for the burning sun of Georgia, we have been refreshed with bleak north-easters and cooling showers of snow. This has afforded considerable amusement, in keeping up the circulation of our blood, by blowing our fingers to communicate, if possible, a little heat. It is only since our arrival here, four days ago, that I have been able, with the aid of a good warm fire, to restore them to their former feeling and appearance. Early in September we were clad in our warmest apparel.

We are here waiting for further orders, and it is much to be feared, we shall be employed all winter in attempting to check the spirit of Yankee enterprise, as the general opinion here is that the embargo will be continued. As to myself, I must try to get myself on shore, as I am told my liver is affected, and nothing but a course of medicine for two or three months can afford a relief. If ordered to sea, I shall endeavor to negotiate an exchange with some officer on this station, being the only means by which a separation from the Brig can be effected. This arrangement will enable me to attend to my complaint, and at the same time spare me the mortification of a refusal on application for leave of absence; besides, it will be easier to obtain a furlough, when my health will permit it, from a station on shore than from a cruising vessel. I shall leave the Brig with reluctance, as I am pleasantly situated on board, and New York—from the prejudice of its citizens against

\* Her daughter Frances, now Mrs. F. Hooper.

officers—a disagreeable place for us; however, my constitution demands my attention, and as it may enable me to visit you, I shall be a great gainer on the whole.

I have been, since my arrival here, highly gratified with the display of Cooper's theatrical talents. I wish you could have seen him. The celebrated Counsellor Emmet, from Ireland, I also sat and listened to until late last night. Your determination to remain at Rock-rest gives me inexpressible pleasure; that the other idea may never again revive is my sincere wish.

Write without fear, as I have friends here instructed to take care of my letters, should I be absent. Your caution with respect to the two sisters happened too late; a cruise in Boston Bay, in the month of October, would cool a passion of more fervour than mine. I was an Ass between two bundles of hay, and had I been willing, neither were disposed to let me bite them.

Remember me to Mr. Jones, and give my love to the girls. I beg to continue

Your friend,

Signed,

J. BLAKELY.

The declaration of war against Great Britain, was an eventful era in the life of Capt. Blakely; he was appointed to the command of the favorite brig *Enterprise*, with an efficient company of officers and men under him. These he diligently and carefully exercised and drilled in the discipline of a man of war. This was his first and greatest object on taking command; a newly enlisted crew required it; and his courtesy, firmness, exemplary deportment, and nautical experience, qualified him peculiarly for such a duty. This, and the necessary armament, repairs and preparation of the vessel, long laid up in ordinary, occasioned delays over which diligence and perseverance ultimately triumphed. The *Enterprise* final-

ly got to sea about a year after the declaration of war, and although considered in the Navy a very fortunate vessel, because well commanded, and with a crew in the highest discipline—of course very ably worked—yet she proved to be a heavy, dull sailer.—When cruising first against the French, and then against the Tripolitans, rigged as a schooner, she sailed admirably, but when altered into a brig, whether her trim was changed or her spars badly proportioned, or from some other cause, she certainly did not perform well from that time. We find published, Lower, the following letter from Captain Blakely to Captain Hull, dated U. S. Brig *Enterprise*, Portsmouth, N. H.

AUGUST 20th, 1813.

SIR: I have the honor to report to you the capture of the British privateer schooner "The Fly." She was captured yesterday afternoon off Cape Porpoise, after a chase of 8 hours.

Very respectfully,

Signed,

J. BLAKELY.

This we believe to be the very date of his new commission as commander—the first that we see of it is in Niles' Register of the 21st September, 1813. Shortly after the above capture, Capt. Blakely was transferred to the command of the new sloop of war, *Wasp*, then building at Newberryport, on the Merrimack river, intended by our government to supply the place of the old *Wasp*, which when commanded by Capt. Jones, had captured the *Frolic*, and was immediately afterwards herself captured by the *Poictiers*, 74.

Sixteen days after the date of Capt. Blakely's letter, the *Enterprise*, under the command of Capt. Burrows, engaged and captured the British brig *Boxer*,

Capt. Blythe, of about equal force, although certainly carrying two guns more than the *Enterprize*. Without detracting from the great merit, character, and conduct of Capt. Burrows and his officers, much credit has been given by nautical men to Capt. Blakely, for the high state of discipline established by him and maintained on board the *Enterprize*.

Capt. Blakely continued on shore all the next winter and spring to superintend the building, rigging and equipment of the *Wasp*; enlisting and training her men, and preparing for a cruise as early as possible. She was launched about the 20th of September, 1813, and Lt. Tillinghast soon joined his former commander, much to the satisfaction of both parties. About the middle of April, 1814, Capt. Blakely married, in Boston, Miss Jane Ann Hoop, daughter of Mr. Hoop, formerly a merchant of New York—a friend and correspondent of his father when also engaged in mercantile business. A daughter was the fruit of this marriage, and she was named Udny Maria Blakely. Before she was two years old, and the unhappy fate of her father, too well known—the Legislature of North Carolina, on a motion brought forward by Judge Murphy, resolved unanimously, on the 27th December, 1816, "That Capt. Blakely's child be educated at the expense of the State," and until she was 14 years of age her mother regularly drew \$600 per annum, for that purpose. The widow of Capt. Blakely, about this time married a second husband, Dr. Abbot, of Santa Cruz, and removed there with him. Here they lived in easy circumstances, and had several

children, but Dr. Abbot is now dead, and his lady is again a widow. Her daughter, Miss Blakely, removed with her mother to Santa Cruz, and there married, early in the year 1841, when about 26 years of age, to Baron Von Briton, a gentleman of that Island, but unfortunately died, about 12 months after her marriage, in childbed. A portrait of her hangs in her mother's hall, and is the only memorial left there.—Her portrait also, is in the possession of Dr. Jones, at Chapel Hill, in North Carolina—but the race of Johnston Blakely is extinct.

On the 1st of May, 1814, Capt. Blakely sailed in the sloop of war *Wasp* from Portsmouth, N. H., at 4 o'clock, P. M., with a crew of 179, officers, men and boys, all included. Many of the crew had never been at sea, and very few of them had ever been in action. The *Wasp* was rated at 18 guns, but carried 22; she sailed well, affording the most favorable presages of her future performances, and arrived at her station, in the Chops of the British Channel, on the first of June. Here Capt. Blakely continued to cruise between Landsend in England, and Ushent in France. He captured 13 British Merchant men, besides the two sloops of War—the *Reindeer* and the *Avon*. All these prizes he either sunk or blew up, according to the nature of their cargoes, except the last—the *Atalanta*, which was sent into Savannah. Capt. Blakely's official reports of his engagements with these two sloops of War, are published in all the American papers—recorded in all the annals—constitute an important part in our country's history, and afford some of the brightest pages in the warfare of

our navy and nation; they need not be recited here. The details of his other captures in the cruise need not be stated by us, they may be seen in Niles' Register for the year 1814.

Capt. Cooper in his *Naval History*, speaking of the action between the *Wasp* and *Reindeer* makes the following observations: "It is difficult to say which vessel behaved the best in this short, but gallant combat. The officers and people of the *Wasp* discovered the the utmost steadiness, cool activity, and admirable discipline. For eleven minutes they bore the fire of a twelve pounder that was discharging round and grape-shot, at distances varying from 60 to 30 yards, with a subordination and quiet that could not possibly be surpassed; and when it did commence, their own fire was terrible. The attempts to carry their ship were repulsed with ease and coolness, and when the order to go on board the enemy was received, it was obeyed with decision and promptitude. Throughout the whole affair, the ship was conspicuous for the qualities that most denote a perfect man-of-war, and the results of her efforts were in proportion. It is believed that the *Wasp* had an unusual number of men on board of her, who were now at sea for the first time."

On the other hand, the attack of the *Reindeer* has usually been considered the most creditable to the enemy of any that occurred in this war. The mode in which he, (Capt. Manners,) engaged, was exceedingly officer-like, and when he discovered the hopelessness of contending against the fire, to which he found himself so suddenly and unexpectedly exposed, the decision and gal-

lantry with which he attempted to retrieve the day, was of the highest order of military and personal merit. It is understood that the enemy had endeavored to persuade himself, that the Chesapeake had been captured by his superior prowess in hand to hand conflicts; a delusion so general in Great Britain, as has been already stated, that it has frequently led their officers into serious difficulties in America, and it is possible that the Commander of the *Reindeer*, may have believed his crew, which is said to have been better than common, able to carry the *Wasp* in this manner. The result showed the difference between a crew that was well commanded, and one that had no leaders, (as the Chesapeake when boarded,) but in no degree detracts from the merit of the English officer, whose personal deportment in this affair is described as having been worthy of all praise.—Capt. Manners received three wounds before the attempt to board, one shot having nearly carried away the calves of both legs. In endeavoring to board, he sprang into the rigging of his own vessel, when he was struck on the upper part of his head by two musket balls which passed through to the chin. *Flourishing his sword he fell dead on his own deck.* Capt. William Manners was an elegant and accomplished gentleman, in the prime of life—of daring enterprise, and chivalric courage. He was connected with one of the first families in Great Britain, of which the Duke of Rutland is the head, son of Lord Robert Manners, and of course related to the Hon. ——— Manners who married the oldest daughter of Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, one of the

signers of the Declaration of American Independence. All that could be effected by the bravery and skill of a Commander, was attempted by Capt. Manners, and his exertions never ceased but with his life.

How deadly is the contest when gallant foemen meet!

Their death-bell is the cannon's roar, the wave their winding sheet.

The following extract is from the Boston Patriot :

"It may be recollected that in the engagement between the United States ship Wasp and the British brig of War Reindeer, two officers on board the American vessel were stated to have been dangerously wounded, viz : Henry S. Langdon, Jr., and Frank Toscan, Midshipmen of Portsmouth, N. H. They have both since died of their wounds. The following particulars concerning the former of these young gentlemen, is in a letter from an officer of the Wasp :

He was stationed in the fore-top, and there commanded a body of marines, from whose musketry the enemy suffered severely during the engagement, as they themselves acknowledged. About the middle of the action, the Reindeer shot athwart the Wasp's bows, so that the foretopsail of the latter was in the way of her own men, and prevented the effect of their fire. Unwilling thus to seek respite from danger, or that the enemy should profit by their inaction, the men, cheered by his example, swung themselves upon the foreyard, and presenting their muskets under the foretopsail, poured a deadly and destructive fire upon the Reindeer's deck. In this hazardous situation he received a musket ball in the breast, which proved to be mortal, but it did not then deter him from duty; he refused to be taken on deck, or to quit his post, until the action was over; and with a veteran

composure to the last, continued encouraging his men to keep cool, and take good aim.

He lingered until the arrival of the Wasp at L'Orient, and there laid down, for his beloved country, a life which, if spared, would have been devoted to her service.

On board the Wasp were killed five; wounded twenty-one; total twenty-six.— On the Reindeer were killed twenty-three; wounded forty-two; total sixty-five."

The Wasp having been completely repaired, Captain Blakely sailed from L'Orient on the 27th August, 1814, and on the 30th, 31st, and 1st September, captured and destroyed a brig each day. The last of these was cut out of a Convoy in charge of the Armada, 74, and a Bomb-ketch. She was exceedingly valuable to either of the belligerents, being laden with brass and iron cannons, naval and military stores, and materials of every description for the equipments then in progress by the British government, against the southern States. To burn or sink her was the only certain way to secure this advantage over the British; she would probably have been retaken, if ordered to the United States—these three brigs were included in the number of merchantmen previously mentioned.

On the 1st of September, also, after having been chased out of the Convoy by the 74, he fell in with several vessels in sight at the same time, three of which were sloops of war, and evidently confederates. He engaged and sunk one of them, but the other two coming up, he could not take possession of his prize. (See Niles' Register, Dec. 3d, 1814.)

Capt. Blakely bestows the highest commendations on his officers and men

for their conduct in both these actions. He particularly notices the fact, that his Lieuts. Reily and Baurly, had been conspicuous in capturing the Guerriere and the Java, and had now triumphed in four naval engagements over the enemy. Also that his 2d Lieut. Tillinghast, having distinguished himself in the Enterprise, when she captured the Boxer, had been three times victorious. The prize proved to be the Avon, one of the largest sloops of war in the British Navy; her balls weighing each 3-4 lb. more than any in the Wasp. Her commander, the Hon. J. Arbuthnot, was severely wounded in the action. Her comrades were the sloops of war Castilian, Lieut. Lloyd, and the Tartarus.

On board the Wasp were killed, 2; wounded, 1; total, 3. On board the Avon, killed and wounded from 40 to 50.

After this action the Wasp shaped her course scuthwardly, and on the 21st September, 1814, thirty miles to the eastward of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira Islands, captured the Atalanta.\* This vessel being a fast sailer, with a valuable cargo, was ordered into Savannah by Capt. Blakely, under his oldest midshipmen, now Capt. D. Geisenger; and arrived safe, notwithstanding the blockade. Part of her prize crew were put on board the Epervier, then in the

port of Savannah, and lost in her when returning with despatches, on the termination of our war with the Barbary powers. Capt. David Geisenger, is probably the only survivor of all the Wasp's gallant and honored crew.

The Legislature of North Carolina voted that a superb sword appropriately adorned, be presented to Captain J. Blakely of the Wasp sloop of war, for the destruction of two of the enemy's vessels of equal force—which deeds, says the resolution,—“reflected honor upon North Carolina, in being performed by one of her sons.”

Of the Hon. J. Arbuthnot, we only know that commanders of his name have long been distinguished in the British Navy. Among them, Admiral Marriot Arbuthnot, commanded the fleet which co-operated with Sir Henry Clinton, in the seige and capture of Charleston, in the American Revolution. The bravery and good conduct displayed by Capt. Arbuthnot, in his engagement with the Wasp, secured to him the approbation of the Admiralty, and the confidence of his country. He never recovered perfectly from his wounds, and died in Madeira, a year or two after, from its effects, but there is still in the British Navy a Capt. Al. Arbuthnot, of high standing.

Lieut. Thomas Tillinghast was born in Columbia, in South Carolina, where his parents settled soon after it was established as the seat of government. His father, Dr. Tillinghast, and his mother, were both natives of Rhode Island, and had several other children. His father died at an early age, while Thomas was yet a child; and his mother married Dr. Sam'l Green, by whom

\* The widow of Capt. Blakely received from government in her own right, and as guardian of his child, for the capture of these two sloops, the sum of \$7,500.

Also, one year's pay advanced, June 28th, 1816, \$900.

Also, his share of the prize Atalanta, exclusive of their maintenance during the previous two years, from his pay or wages.

she also had several children. The two families lived very happily together and every attention was paid, equally, to the education and welfare of both. Thomas completed his course of studies in the college of South Carolina, and wishing to enter the Navy, Dr. Green obtained for him a warrant under which he commenced his duties afloat. One of the young officers wishing to try him, or make him ridiculous, told him that the Captain had ordered him to unstep the mainmast and have the foot of it scrubbed. Young Tillinghast immediately discovered the trick and sent a challenge to the offender; an apology ensued; the parties were good friends after it, and no more tricks were played. All of the two families are now dead.

Capt. Blakely continued on a southwardly course, and on the 9th October, boarded the Swedish brig Adonis, in Lat.  $18^{\circ} 35'$ , Long.  $30^{\circ} 10'$ , bound from Rio de Janeiro to Falmouth and received from her two of Capt. Porter's officers, Lieut. S. D. McKnight, and master's mate Jas. Lyman, who, after the capture of the Essex, crossed the continent, and were returning passengers in the Adonis. This was about 18 days after taking the Atalanta, being now 900 miles further south and 600 further west, Captain Cooper observes; "it is probable that Capt. B. intended running down towards the Spanish main, and passing through the West Indies, in order to go into a southern Port, according to his orders." Supposing these orders to have been ascertained from the Navy Department, we do not doubt that Capt. B.'s course was westward until he reached the windward Island, and believe that he was subsequently spoken off Turk's Island early in November.

We do not pretend that evidence exists of what we shall add respecting the course and fate of the Wasp, but believe it highly probable from the concurrence of the different reports from different persons, none of whom knew anything of the orders received, or of the probable place and destination of the Wasp. On the contrary, most persons believed that she had put into some neutral or friendly port for a refit, after sinking the Avon, and would then return to cruise against the Commerce and Navy of Great Britain at their very doors.

In Niles' Register of January 28th, 1815, we find the following: "A brig is reported to have arrived at a southern port, that fell in with the United States sloop Wasp off Turk's Island, thirty-five days since—all well—but no particulars stated."

In a Savannah paper of the 17th November, 1814, we also find: "Letters were received last evening from the South, dated the 14th, which state that the United States ship Wasp, J. Blakeley, Esq. Commander, four days since, (about the 10th,) boarded a neutral vessel bound to Amelia Island, at which time the Wasp was in the act of setting fire to an English vessel."

On the 14th, the same paper states, that "the Wasp is said to have attempted to get into Tybee, the day before yesterday, (the 12th,) but was chased off by the Lacedemonian frigate, there being no Pilot to bring her in."

On the 20th, (Sunday evening,) the Charleston Pilots reported a British frigate, supposed to be the Lacedemonian, off their Lighthouse at sunset, with two schooners, probably prizes.—On the 23d, Capt. Anone, of the Cinde-

rella from Savannah, reported that he saw the Lacedemonian in company with the Dotterel, off Tybee, on the 20th or 21st, the same time, with the "English frigate" reported off Charleston.

The three Charleston papers concur in stating that a heavy firing was heard there on Monday the 21st. It lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning until after 12; no doubt a naval engagement, a little to the south of the Bar; the result not known when the papers went to press.

November 24th, they say:

"Capt. Parker, of the three masted boat Beaufort Packet, heard the firing on Monday about fifteen miles from the sea, and believes it to have been an engagement between two heavy vessels. A boat which came up from the sea-board informs that they saw the action, and that it was between two ships; that they were sailing off from the coast, and continued fighting until out of sight."

The evening paper, "the *Times*," concurs in substance with the above paragraphs from the two morning papers.—The following is an extract of a letter from the Hon. Whitmarsh B. Seabrook, dated 27th June, 1844:

"At the time of the occurrence, (the firing off Edisto Island on the 21st November, 1814,) I had just crossed the Edisto Ferry, on my way, I think, to Columbia. The day was calm, and the firing heavy, and obviously very near. It was evident that two vessels of unequal size were engaged, and the gradual diminishing sound of their broadsides showed that it was a running fight, and that they were opposite to each other. Shortly afterwards in conversation with a gentleman of St. Helena, whose name has escaped me, he stated that two negroes who

were on Coffin's Island, the most eastern of the Hunting Islands, when the engagement took place, informed, that one of the vessels was much larger than the other, and that while they continued in sight they were very near each other. It further appears from the representation of these negroes, that the engagement commenced off the eastern end of Coffin's Island, and that the vessels, during the fight, steered about southeast.

Two or three days before the event alluded to, it was reported that the *Wasp* had been seen off Savannah bar, and about three months afterwards, I well remember reading in a newspaper, that a British frigate, stationed off this coast, had not been heard of for a long time. I then came to the conclusion, without however any other data than those so briefly related, that the fight was between the *Wasp* and the missing frigate, and that both were sunk by the accidental or designed explosion of the magazine of the former; at least such has always been the impression on my mind. Blakely was a daring and chivalrous Commander; had been victorious in two engagements, and was not likely to surrender to an enemy unless greatly his superior.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

(Signed) W. B. SEABROOK."

Mr. Benjamin Freeman of Wadmelaw Island, informs me that he and his brother James were both on the Island at that time, but on different parts of it. That they both heard the cannonade so distinctly that their windows rattled at each discharge, and that they often spoke of it, not doubting of there being a naval engagement, on the coast; but neither of them saw the vessels engaged, as intervening woods prevented it. They also agree that the action commenced north-east of them, not far from Stono Inlet, and was continued,

running southward an hour or more, and then appeared to be going off the shore, the sounds becoming less and less distinct.

The belief was almost universal among those who heard the firing, that it was a naval engagement, a little south of Charleston, and all its inhabitants heard it. But day after day and month after month, passed over; nothing more was said of the battle. The Lacedæmonian had not been engaged, and no other frigate had been named on this station. Other battles ensued and were discussed, but this ceased to be spoken of, and was forgotten by many. After so great a lapse of time the facts cannot be ascertained with more minuteness than the above imperfect statement. We remember this firing perfectly, and were firmly impressed with a belief that this was a naval engagement, and that the Wasp was one of the vessels then engaged.

About a year after this excitement the following publication appeared in the Weekly Museum of the 23d Dec., 1815. From the Norfolk Beacon, 13th December, 1815.

#### THE WASP SUNK.

Notwithstanding the reports which we have heretofore published, a conversation with an officer of the first standing and respectability in the Navy, permits us to entertain no doubts of the loss of the U. S. sloop of war Wasp, and that her end was as glorious as her cruise had been brilliant.

All readers of newspapers must recollect, that about a year ago there was an account of a British frigate putting into Cadiz, much cut to pieces, and 100 men killed and wounded, reporting her having had an engagement with a large American

frigate off that port. It was known at the time we had no frigate in that quarter, and that the Wasp was believed to be cruising in that neighborhood; but little was said or thought about it at that time, as the report was not generally credited. We now learn from a source which cannot be doubted, that there was an action between a British frigate of the largest class, and an American ship, and that it was undoubtedly the Wasp. Lt. Conkling, who commanded the schooner Ohio, one of Com. Sinclair's squadron, on Lake Erie, and who was captured in August, 1814, off Fort Erie, and sent to England, had lately reported himself to his commanding officer, to whom it appears he related having met with one of the Lieutenants on board the above mentioned frigate, and was informed by him that the ship they engaged was not a frigate, as was stated, and that her commander, as well as every person on board, could see by her battle lanterns being lighted, and from the flashes of her guns, that she was a corvette ship, mounting 22 guns; and that they themselves believed it was no other than the Wasp; but after being so gallantly *beaten off*, and having suffered so severely, they were reluctant to acknowledge how inferior the force had been, which inflicted such severe chastisement on them.—It appears by the Lieutenant's own accounts, that the action lasted several hours; that the *frigate sheered off* to refit, intending to renew the action at day light, which was not far off, if circumstances would admit it, but at its earliest dawn there was no vestige of their gallant enemy. From the crippled state of the ships, and the short time intervening between their separating and daylight, the Lieutenant believed it impossible that they could have been out of sight, had their opponents been above water.

The above account essentially coincides with the opinions of the best informed

naval men about the seat of government, who generally agree in the belief that the Wasp was the vessel engaged with the British frigate above alluded to.\*

To this statement it may be observed, that the Wasp certainly was not at that time any where near the offing of Cadiz; and there must be some inaccuracy or omission in the accounts. The name of the British frigate is not given; nor that of any one of the officers; nor the time and place of the engagement. The following publication also appears to contradict the alleged statement, and to render the subject more and more obscure.

#### THE WASP.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MERCURY.—Pittsburg, January 2d, 1816.—“Lt. Conkling begs leave through the medium of your paper to contradict a publication in which his name is made use of, relative to an action between a British frigate, and the U. S. sloop of war Wasp, and authorises you to state that the report of his having had a conversation with a British Lieutenant on the subject is entirely unfounded.”

To this we beg leave to offer explanations which appear plausible, if not

probable. We consider the card of Lieut. Conkling a denial only of his having received the statement from a “British Lieutenant;” he does not appear to deny that he stated to “his commanding officer” the particulars of the Wasp’s last engagement, or of the publication being substantially true.—He appears, therefore, to confirm all that we care to know of the last action and fate of the Wasp. He contradicts the statement of his having received the information from a Lieutenant, but does not say he did not receive it from a midshipman—the Purser, the sailing master, clerk or any other person of respectability, whom he believed. He may have wished to suppress the publication, and screen a friend in the British Navy from the consequences of exposing the secrets of the admiralty. He may have deemed it important for the Department in Washington to be informed of the facts which he had learned confidentially; and therefore told his Commander, that he might communicate the substance of it to the Navy Department. We believe the statement to be substantially true, and that even

\* Capt. Aulick, now in command of the Navy yard at Washington, states: “That some years ago an officer of our Navy, who was a prisoner in England at the close of the late war, (he thinks had belonged to the brig Siren, told him that he there saw and conversed with a British officer, who said that the frigate in which he had been then recently cruising, had had a night action with a vessel which he took to be a sloop of War, though his Captain maintained she was a frigate. That this vessel suddenly disappeared in the darkness of the night, and that they on board the frigate believed she had sunk.”

This American Officer may have been Lieut. Conkling or some other officer; in either case, it is a confirmation of the statement made by Lt. Conkling and published in the Norfolk Beacon. The Wasp had been ordered to return into a Southern Port. She had ordered her prize Atalanta into Savannah—a Southern Port—had

been reported on that coast and was endeavoring to enter that Port on the 12th November, 1814, but was chased off by the Lacedemonian frigate. Eight days after that chase commenced, a different frigate is seen off the Charleston Lighthouse, and nine days after it—on the 21st November, a naval engagement was there heard by thousands, and seen at St. Helena’s Inlet, between two ships of War, one larger than the other, both sailing eastwardly. From that day nothing is reported definitely of either ship, nothing more seen of them on the American coast. An English frigate was said to be missing from the southern coast; the Wasp certainly was missing from that coast and no other could therefore have beat off this first rate British frigate but the Wasp. The Wasp was the only ship of the American Navy missing. The action could only have occurred on the Southern coast, where the Wasp certainly was at that time.

the differences may be reconciled with our facts.

They say that the engagement was "off Cadez," but do not say how *far off*, and we show that the Wasp was on our own coast engaged with a frigate about twenty miles South of Charleston Light, which frigate on the night before the action, was seen at the Lighthouse. They say that the engagement, or that part of it, when they *sheered off*, was at night; and we know that it commenced about 10 o'clock in the morning; was a running fight—both ships steering eastwardly; and believe that it was continued in this way until dark—at least eight hours, before the British frigate *sheered off*. That running eastwardly at least eight hours, they had reached the Gulf stream before the action ceased. We therefore believe that the Wasp having *beat off* her adversary after dark, sank shortly after in the Gulf stream. That the spars and other matters floating from a wreck, were hurried forward by that stream from the American coast, to that central portion of the Atlantic, in which are collected the Gulf weed and other drifting matters, brought together by the conflicting currents of that ocean.\*

That the Captain of the British frigate finding himself in the Gulf stream, with southwardly winds,\* a crippled

\*That portion of the Atlantic between Bermudas, the Canaries and Madeira, called the Sargasso Sea, in which all such drifting matters subside, incrustated with shells and intermixed with earth---hereafter to raise up another Island Atalantis.

† That fair winds and weather prevailed until the 18th December, I prove by the Journal of the Medical Society---aided by the Gulf Stream, 23 days of such weather would bring him to Cadiz.

ship and a reduced crew, determined to continue in the stream, to profit by its drift as long as the winds favored him, and not to seek the nearest Port in Bermudas as might have been expected. Southerly and westerly winds continued, he probably had a good passage across the Atlantic, and arrived in Cadiz, not wishing to be seen by John Bull in that awkward plight, lest too many questions should be asked. It has since been ascertained that this frigate was the Horatio, rated in the Navy list a 44 Gun Ship.

We subjoin a chart of the real and supposed course of both vessels, for the inspection of our readers, and for their reflection on the various points of doubt, misconception and misstatement; premising that our minds were not made up, until after such inspection and study. We therefore recapitulate that the Wasp after speaking the Swedish brig Adonis, in Lat. 18° 35', proceeded westward, running down the trades to the windward Islands, then turned northward and was first reported off Turk's Island, about the 1st November, then off Amelia Island on the south side of St. Mary's River about the 10th of November, then off Tybee, the entrance to Savannah River on the 12th, there meeting with the frigate Lacedemonian she was chased off, but having escaped from her enemy, she again tried to obey her orders and get into a southern port. That she made land about midway between Port Royal and Charleston, on the morning of 21st, aiming to reach the latter Port. but was cut off from it by the frigate, seen by the Pilots off our Lighthouse on the evening before, about ten or seventeen hours before the ac-

tion commenced. That the Lacedemonian had returned from her unsuccessful chase, and was seen off Tybee at that time by Capt. Anone. That the unknown frigate ran off the coast, while fighting with the Wasp, and had shaped his course for Europe, when the action was over which had spoiled his cruise, and was consequently "missing" on the southern coast, as had been announced in the papers and seen by Mr. Seabrook.

When Capt. Blakely arrived on the southern coast, he had been at sea three months, and was probably short of provisions and water. He probably had prisoners on board, taken from different vessels captured and destroyed like that off Amelia, the names and number of which can never be known. For many reasons he was anxious to reach his destined port, then almost "in view."

"Returning home in triumph, freighted with wealth, and honors bravely won;"\* his feelings all alive to the anticipated honors from his country,—the cordial welcome of his friends, and the fond endearments of his family; his officers and crew partaking in all these exciting motives, having unbounded

\* Capt. Geisinger informs us that while he was on board of the Wasp, they were in the habit of taking from the captured vessels, whatever was considered most valuable before they were destroyed. The ship was soon filled with packages of broadcloths, linens, silks, &c.—When the next prize was examined, other articles would be found more valuable than these, and dry goods were thrown overboard without hesitation to make room for laces, cashmeres, watches, jewelry and ready money. Chronometers and other nautical instruments were no doubt very plenty and cheap on board the Wasp. We may even imagine one of her sprightly midshipmen, sporting a gold watch or two, and with gold rings on his fingers, throwing his bed and blanket out at a port hole, that he might sleep on broadcloths, cover with silks and cashmeres, and rest his head on a pillow of laces.

confidence in their Commander, themselves, and their ship, encouraged him and each other when attacked by the frigate, to make a desperate resistance, relying on the fortunes of war, and thimany means and chances for escape; great indeed were their exertions, unparalleled their daring and achievements!—glorious their end!! They defended their little ship in a combat of at least eight hours duration, against a *British frigate* of more than twice their own force and compelled her to *sheer off*;—they beat off the British frigate! they beat a "*British frigate of the largest class*," and exulting in their victory; the third victory obtained in one cruise! the greatest victory ever won over a British man-of-war! amidst their cordial congratulations—their loud huzzas—their tumultuous joy—they sink to eternal rest.

No more shall Blakely's thunders roar  
Upon the stormy deep;  
Far distant from Columbia's shore  
His tombless ruins sleep;  
But long Columbia's song shall tell  
How Blakely fought, how Blakely fell.

Though long our foaming billows cast,  
The battle's fury brav'd;  
And still unsullied on thy mast  
The starry banner wav'd.  
Unconquer'd will Columbia be  
While she can boast of sons like thee.

O sleep---the battle's rage no more  
Shall animate thy breast;  
No sound on Lethe's silent shore  
Disturbs the warrior's rest;  
No wave molests its peaceful tide,  
No navies on its waters ride.

Nor will the muse refuse a tear  
O'er Riely's\* corse to flow,  
Or one less gen'rous and sincere  
On Tillinghast† bestow;  
Farewell! no warlike sound again  
Can rouse you from the wat'ry main.

\* First Lieutenant.

† Second "

## “REMEMBER THE ALAMO.”

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The history of the Texan Revolution is replete with incidents of heroism, romance and cruelty. Indeed, many of them seem more suited to the days of chivalry than to the nineteenth century. Of the characters that figured in that noble effort for civil liberty, North Carolina furnished a due proportion; and none displayed a spirit of more determined bravery, ready self-denial and disinterested devotion to the cause of liberty, than her sons. Their names as well as their deeds now find a place only in the memory and stories of the squatter and hunter—the companions of the heroes of that war.

The subject of this fragment was born and bred within one hundred miles of this place. Endowed with a fine mind, which unfortunately was never cultivated, a noble heart and a fearless, adventurous and roving disposition, at an early age he left the home of his childhood, induced, partly by domestic misfortune, chiefly by inclination, and sought in the wilds of the Far West, a life more congenial with his nature. From this time few incidents of his life are known, and they would probably have been lost, had not the Texan Revolution called him from his unnatural solitude.

The spring of the year 1836, when the feelings of the civilized world were shocked by the inhuman massacres of

hundreds of those unfortunate soldiers, who fell into the hands of the Mexicans, when the blood of many of our own citizens enlisted in the Texan cause, appealed to Heaven for vengeance on SANTA ANNA, the bloody executioner of helpless prisoners,—the spring of this year found our hero with the army of Houston, retiring before the Mexican army towards the American border.—The Texan army was vastly inferior in numbers to the Mexican; the latter, flushed with the success which had recently attended this superiority, (for lately had the Alamo and Goliad fallen,) the former depressed in spirits by their terrible misfortunes, yet borne up by the righteousness of their cause, and firm from despair. Ranking himself under no particular officer, he accompanied the army, intending to offer his services whenever and wherever they would be most needed.

An opportunity of gratifying his desire to avenge the blood of the martyrs in the Texan cause was not long wanting. The two armies were drawn up in front of each other on the San Jacinto river. On the day of the memorable battle of San Jacinto, chance placed our hero among the Texan cavalry.

At the signal for the attack, the cavalry charged up to the lines of the enemy and poured a fearful volley into their deep ranks. The engagement immediately

became general. The battle raged fearfully, but Mexican confidence was unequal to Texan desperation. The former were repeatedly driven from the field, but were rallied by officers worthy of a better cause. They withstood the havoc of the Texan arms, but when they heard the fearful war-ery, rising above the roar of the artillery and the rattle of the rifles—"Remember the Alamo,"—they instantly broke and fled, nor were their officers able to check their flight.

Santa Anna, who was meanwhile enjoying quietly his accustomed siesta, thought at first that it was but a skirmish that was going on; nor would he believe that the Texans were rash enough to attack him, until he received the intelligence from one of his aids.—On reaching the scene of action, he found the Mexicans giving way, and immediately betook himself to a precipitate, inglorious and characteristic flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days after the battle. Most of the Texans had returned from the pursuit. Those of the enemy who had escaped had taken refuge in the nearest ravines and crevices. Towards sunset, our hero, in company with a small party of rangers, was returning from a scout for fugitives. He had strayed some distance from his companions, when he espied far out on the smooth prairie, a Mexican horseman, flying for the nearest chapparal. He instantly started in pursuit. His horse, though jaded, gained rapidly on the fugitive; but the chapparal was near; no time was to be lost—he raised his rifle and fired; the noble charger of the Mexican bounded high in the air and fell dead. The rider, who from his dress appeared

to be an officer, darted into the morass. The ranger was soon at the spot, where the Mexican had disappeared, and stopped suddenly to find the course the fugitive had taken. But no sound met his ear save the panting of his horse, and the excited pulsations of his own heart. Wondering how the Mexican had escaped so rapidly as to be out of hearing, he was about to return, when he espied among the branches of a tall tree the object of his pursuit.

"Come down, coward," said he, making signs to the man in the tree to descend, "come down—remember the Alamo."

At the word *Alamo*, the prisoner, shuddering with dismay, fell on his knees, (for by this time he had reached the ground) and cried out in good English, "Spare me! spare me!"

"Contemptible coward," replied the captor, "how can I, a civilized being, stain my hands with the blood of a prisoner?"

Leading the captive to the place where lay his dead charger, the ranger cut off the reins and girths, and was proceeding to tie him, when, with an imploring look, he drew from his pocket a well filled purse.

"Would you bribe a Freeman?" cried the ranger, and again the prisoner sank on his knees as he saw the other drawing a long glittering knife from his belt. "Crouching wretch," said the other, and he put back his knife.

The prisoner having been securely tied on the ranger's horse, they started for the Texan camp. They continued their journey in sullen silence, each ignorant of the name and character of the other, the one no doubt

thinking of the magnanimity of sparing a foe, the other almost anticipating the death he could not hope to escape.

Twilight was falling when they reached the camp. Many flocked around the ranger to learn the result of his adventure. And no sooner had they seen the prisoner than there arose, and resounded far over the plains and the waters of the San Jacinto, the exulting shout, "SANTA ANNA! SANTA ANNA!"

That night there was joy in the camp; for the enemy of Texas was captive and she was free.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the southern coast of Texas, near to the Mexican Sea, is a quiet grave which contains all that was mortal of him of whom we have been speaking; a rough board at the head bears this inscription: WILLIAM HUNTER.

V.

## "I HAVE NO HOME ON EARTH."

BY A. P. SPERRY.

"I have no home on earth," cried a noble youth, as he started forth in life to battle with its stern realities. "I have no home on earth;" but, with this strong arm and a light heart, I will gain a home. I will rear a marble palace until its top shall reach high above the homes of men, and there will I rest when age shall have stiffened my limbs and cooled the ardor of my heart, and within my gates the pilgrim and the weary shall find a rest and a home on earth.

"I have no home on earth," sighed an orphan girl, as she looked for the last time on the pale face of her dead mother. "I have no home on earth," and the tears coursed their burning way over

her lovely cheeks. "Friends may gather round me and I may meet at the circle of their household-fires; dear ones may cling to me and offer me a house and a home, but the still, pale lips of my mother told me, I could have no home on earth; but, that far beyond the blue sky, I would find a home, a heavenly home, in a land where the grave casts no shadow, where the tear burns the cheek and dims the eye never, "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" there will I find a home, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"I have no home on earth," sighed an aged man, as he sat in the sunshine by the door, and his voice trembled as

he softly murmured, "I have no home on earth." But long years ago, when this old arm gloried in the conscious strength of youth, and this slow beating heart was light and buoyant, I looked at the blue sky above me and said, I would rear a marble palace until its high top should mingle with the soft floating clouds, and that in my gates the aged and the weary should ever find a home and a rest. But I have ever been a wanderer, and now my limbs are old and stiff, and time has left the impress of his footsteps on my brow and dimmed the brightness of my

sight, until I can no longer see the blue sky. O, I know I have no home on earth, no resting place here; the weary find a rest in the grave, a home for the body in the tomb. But I have a home way above where the stars shine and the moon runs her course, in a land where angels hymn eternal praises, and the stream of life flows gently onward from "the great white throne," where I will meet with those who have gone before, and kneeling at the feet of Him who has said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," I shall find a home far sweeter than the homes of man.

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## JOHN G. SAXE.

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So great is the diversity of opinion among men, that every principle of religion, politics or philosophy, has had its traducers and its advocates, every warrior, statesman or poet, their admirers and their defamers. Few men, therefore, can please the taste and tickle the fancy of all in the parts they enact in the great drama of life.

There is one man, however, who has but recently made his *debut* in the literary world, to whom all his readers accord the meed of praise for his bland, and cheerful style, his cutting satire, and his brilliant wit—John G. Saxe.

Though he has but lately entered the

lists, as a combatant for literary honors, he has already won for himself a most enviable reputation, and a notoriety little less than the best of our American poets.

If the true essence of poetry springs from the heart, Saxe is, certainly a poet; none, however, of that sickly sentimental tribe who indite verses "To Mary," and "Maria Tabitha," for we take it that so "sensible a fellow" as he, has long since "been persuaded to wed," and consequently, feels no disposition to inflict upon his readers a perusal of his amorous ditties, composed, perhaps, when years with him were

younger, and he used to play for knucks. But when you read Saxe's poems, you will find the most piercing arrows of wit, and the sharpest daggers of satire, hid beneath the gay and fantastic garments of mirth and good humor.

Had he devoted his entire attention to literature, he would doubtless have ranked among the very best of our American poets. But you must remember that the profession of letters is decidedly the least lucrative of all methods to obtain an honest maintenance, as the biography of a large majority of writers will tell you. Indeed, I know of but two or three of our own countrymen, but who are compelled to engage in pursuits, which are calculated, as it were to smother, the sparks of genius. The profession of authorship is therefore dreaded as a famine, and he who engages in it, had almost as well wed himself to poverty at once, for starvation and he will certainly shake hands before the race is finished. "Professional authors, says an excellent essayist, "have ever been bruised and battered by fortune. When so thin that they cannot sport 'a shadow i' the sun,'" a bailiff has generally served in its place. Garrets and cellars have at once been their homes and their hiding places. Famine hollows their cheeks, disease lackies their steps. Every proud worldling hisses out his scoff, and every ass lifts his foot against them. They die at last, some by their own hand, some by insanity, some of famine, some of absolute weariness, and some of "helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart,"

"Hiding from many a careless eye  
The scorned load of agony."

It does not require a man of profound thought and great brilliancy of intellect to put a jest into rhyme, for any body who has wit enough to make a pun can easily construe it into doggerel. But that keen and delicate perception of the ridiculous, which enables a man to extract mirth and laughter from the gravest and most dignified of subjects; that happy combination of the most ludicrous ideas and images, with the brightest fancies that the imagination can suggest; together with an easy, and apparently careless style of diction, is a literary feat that few are capable of performing.

This peculiar faculty Saxe possesses in an extraordinary degree, and no man of our American authors, unless it be Oliver Wendell Holmes, can possibly hold a parallel with him. Woe, indeed! to the unhappy victim, who is so unfortunate as to arouse the demon of his wit. With the utmost grace he fills his eyes with the gold dust of flattery, then dissects every fibre of his mental frame with as much nonchalance and good humor, as if it were an every day occurrence, done for his own special gratification and amusement.

His book contains about *twenty* poems, the most lengthy of which are *Progress*, a satire, *The Proud Miss McBride*, *Rape of the Lock*, or *Captain Jones' Misadventure*, and *The Times*. There are several shorter productions which are not less excellent, as *A Benedict's Appeal to a Bachelor*, and *The Briefless Barrister*, which are undoubtedly, the best specimens of comic verse we have ever seen.

The first poem in the book, is a satire upon *Progress*, spoken before the

Alumni of Middlebury College, in 1846, in which he lampoons with no sparing hand the many follies, and vices of the times. Allow me to make an extract or two, in order that you may have an idea of his manner. We scarcely know, however, what passages to select, for there are so many which are excellent, that it is difficult to settle upon any particular one.

In speaking of the remarkable effect, that this progressive age has had upon our modern youths, and the extraordinary degree of precocity they have attained over our honored granddads when of their age—he says :

Happy the youth in this our golden age,  
 Condemned no more to con the prosy page,  
 Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated tools,  
 Now justly banished from our moral schools.  
 By easier modes philosophy is taught,  
 Than through the medium of laborious thought,  
*Imagination kindly serves in stead,*  
 And saves the pupil many an aching head,  
 Room for the *Sages!* hither comes a throng  
 Of blooming *Platos* trippingly along.  
 In dress how fitted to beguile the fair!  
 What intellectual, stately heads—of hair!  
 Hark to the Oracle!—to wisdom's tone  
*Breathed in a fragrant zephyr of Cologne.*  
 That boy in gloves, the leader of the van  
 Talks of the 'outer,' and the 'inner' man,  
 And knits his girlish brow in stout resolve  
 Some mountain sized 'idea' to 'evolve.'  
 Delusive toil! thus in our infant days,  
 When children mimic manly deeds in plays,  
*Long will they sit, and eager bob for whale*  
*Within the ocean of a water pail.*

Nor is he less severe upon the tender juvenals, than upon the fairer specimens of humanity, who after patting their little heads, and dandling their curls, he unmercifully slaps their pretty cheeks with the following compliment :

Nor less, oh Progress! are thy newest rules,  
 Enforced and honored in the "Ladies' Schools,"

Where Education in its nobler sense  
 Gives place to learning's shallowest pretence,  
 Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,  
 On vain accomplishments their moments waste;  
 By cruel parents here condemned to wrench  
 Their tender throats in mispronouncing French,  
 Here doomed to force by unrelenting knocks  
 Reluctant music from a tortured box,  
 Here taught in inky shades and rigid lines,  
 To perpetrate equivocal "designs,"  
 Drawings than from their title plainly true,  
 By showing nature "drawn" and "quartered" too.

It is unnecessary to take any more extracts from this poem, for its beauties are ill displayed by being separated from the entire production. We venture, however, to insert another extract—a most excellent hit—which we select as much for its *truth* as for its *poetry* :

'Tis thus the modern sciences are made,  
 By bold assumption, puffing and parade;  
 Take three stale 'truths,' a dozen 'facts' assumed,  
 Too known 'effects' and fifty more presumed,  
 'Affinities' a score to sense unknown,  
 And just as '*Lucus non lucendi*' shown,  
 Add but a name of pompous Anglo Greek,  
 And only not impossible to speak,  
 The work is done and science stands confessed,  
 And countless welcomes greet the queenly guest

The beauty of this poem can only be felt by a careful perusal. And here let me say, if you ever desire to while away a tedious hour of your monotonous college life, you cannot find a more agreeable manner of spending it than in reading this satire, of which Dr. Griswold has very truly said, "In skillful felicities of language and rhythm, general, clear and sharp expression, and alternating touches of playful wit, and sound sense, there is nothing so long, that is so well sustained in the one hundred and one books of American satire."

The next poem is *The Proud Miss McBride*, in which he exhibits his most

profound contempt for that self-sufficient, egotistical, purse-proud race of mortals—codfish aristocracy. Standing at an easy distance, he slices his victim with an unerring hand; vampire-like, he is soothing while he kills; laughs at the agonies of the unfortunate fallen one, or placing his thumbs upon the extremity of his proboscis, with grave complacency wiggles his digitals, and turns away with a scornful smile playing upon his countenance.—But hear his opinion of American aristocracy.

Of all the notable things on earth,  
The queerest thing is the pride of birth

Among our fierce democracy.

A bridge across a hundred years,  
Without a prop to save from sneers,  
Not even a couple of rotten *perr*s  
A thing for laughter, fears and jeers  
Is American aristocracy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,  
Your family thread you can't ascend,  
Without good reason to apprehend,  
You may find it waxed at the other end

By some plebeian vocation.

Or worse than that your boasted line,  
May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
That plagued some worthy relation.

But he tells an excellent tale about this *Proud Miss McBride*, who was "proud of her beauty and proud of her pride," and a thousand other things she was proud of, and among the rest she was proud of the great facility she had acquired of distinguishing cheese from chalk on "very slight inspection." She had not the remotest idea of the meaning of *Humble* and *Lowly*, and as for *Meek*, she was of the opinion that he was a peddling Jew, whose christian name was *Moses*, and who was in the habit of hawking in her community. We should

have said before, however, that she was the daughter of old *Phenix McBride*, who had obtained this beautiful sobriquet from the fact (as 'the boys 'up town' say,) that he had "arose from his ashes." For the old gentleman, you must know, had in his earlier days been a very successful tallow chandler, and by dint of saving "candle ends and sich," he had amassed a pretty considerable pile of "filthy lucre." Consequently the hand of his charming daughter was eagerly sought after by every candidate for matrimony in Gotham. But Lord! they were "out of it," for she was decidedly opposed to stepping from the ranks of maiden ladies, without an urgent solicitation to that effect from twenty beaux or more. A thriving tailor first proposed for her hand, and then a boot-maker, who had a "bootless suit," for though a "regular *sutor* by trade," she "bid the cobbler keep to his calling." Then comes an attorney who had his *suit* discarded, and numberless others met with a similar fate. But at last a little dandy

"Sleek and supple and tall and trim,  
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb,  
And meagre his meagre pocket.  
You'd say from the glittering tales he told,  
That he had slept in a cradle of gold  
With Fortunatus to rock it."

Now this young sprig, who gloried in the name of Dapper Jim, like every other sensible fellow had an eye to the future, but more immediately to old *Phenix's* pocket book, which he very reasonably concluded would become the property of his daughter, when the old gentleman had "shuffled off this mortal coil." So after many efforts he at length

succeeded in persuading the "charming creature" to become a *bride* without the Mc.

But as ill luck will happen in all "well regulated families"—

"Old John McBride one fatal day  
Became the unrelenting prey  
Of fortune undertakers,  
And staking his all on a single die,  
His foundered bark went high and dry  
Among the brokers and breakers."

So he had to return to his "ancient calling," which he had dropped years before, and he slept just as sound as he did when at the height of his power, he dreamed of falling. It went far otherwise, however, with this hopeful daughter, for her pride was so severely shocked that it was utterly impossible ever to rally her jaded spirits, and besides the vulgar people made her a subject of mirth,

And mocked at her situation ;  
She wasn't ruined they ventured to hope,  
Because she was poor she needn't to mope,  
Few people were better off for soap,  
And that was a consolation.

But to make her cup of grief run over, her devoted lover whom she was shortly to promise to love, honor, and obey, very unceremoniously discontinued his visits, nor was he ever seen more about the residence of the worthy old 'Squire. She consequently laments her desolate condition, for cramped up between the rich and the poor, her views of society, like Dick Surviler's, are very limited, owing to which circumstance our author moralizes thus :

Because you flourish in wordly affairs,  
Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
With insolent pride of station.

Don't be proud, and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,  
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose  
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes,  
And that all Proud Flesh wherever it grows,  
Is subject to irritation.

Punning, we are told by Dr. Whately, is the lowest kind of wit, and decidedly as impolite among people of sound sense, as slang phrases are, or ought to be, among the ladies. Notwithstanding, the Archbishop's opinion, we defy any man to read the poem from which we have quoted the above, and not shake his sides in laughter, at the perfect tornado of puns, and good ones too, with which it abounds, and we can only account for the error into which the learned Logician has fallen, by our knowledge of the fact, that he wrote his ideas upon the subject long before Saxe had reduced the art of punning to its present degree of perfection.

But to those who consider Saxe as a comic poet *only*, we must say that they are sadly mistaken, for he has given ample proof of his excellence in the *truly* sentimental and pathetic. Indeed his particular forte seems to be comic verse, but he has written some very tender and touching pieces, which would do honor to even Moore himself. Who is it that cannot admire the beauty of the following lines ? which he has entitled *My Boyhood* :

Ah me ! these joyous days are gone,  
I little dreamt till they were flown,  
How fleeting were the hours ;  
For lest he break the pleasing spell,  
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,  
And hides his face in flowers.

It would give us pleasure to review still farther the book before us, but

fearing lest we have trespassed already too long upon the patience of our readers, and feeling our incapacity to speak of it as we ought, we will close our remarks by simply saying to our college friends, that when the clouds of gloom and disappointment shall hover over you; when your heart is heavy and your temples throb from the effects, perhaps, of last night's potations; when you "see a fellow" wearing the flowers which you in your most fascinating manner presented to your dulcinea at the last evening's ball; when you have received a letter from your doating sire giving you the very agreeable information that he has received in the same mail your report and your tailor's bill, with a soul-stirring eulogium upon your economical propensities; and lastly, when you have stood the whole hour at a blackboard, vainly endeavoring to demonstrate satisfactorily to an impatient tutor the principle of the "pons assinorum," do not, let me entreat you, tear your hair and rend your garments, or more tragically, butt out against the college walls what brains you are possessed of, but go calmly to your room, light a cigar and read Saxe's poems, and rest assured that in a very short time you will find yourself greatly relieved.

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## RANDOM THOUGHTS.

[DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.]

Friday night has come again. What exquisite pleasure it brings. The labors of the week are passed—the dull routine of college duties—and now in your own apartment you are your own preceptor—consequently books are flung aside, study forgotten, and while a bright lamp casts its deep mellow rays over the heterogeneous furniture, lending light and life, and pleasure; you abandon yourself without a struggle to the guidance of your passing thoughts. How you like such a time to come!—How you like ever a brief reprieve from the pressing duties of that intellectual gymnasium! Now the baffled tide of long repressed feelings, feelings that busy exertion of College duties would not allow a hearing, roll down upon you, and fond memory lingers long in its review of youthful pleasures: and "mongst" all the scenes of youth, the thought of none comes back with a more cheerful echo than that of your school-boy days. What an era do they form in one's history! How well you can remember the pleasures they afforded—those times were delightful. Even

now you can transport yourself in imagination to the clean swept playground in front of the humble little log school-house, over which many a nimble form has tripped. Doubtless, now, the visionary form of some former companion floats before you, but it is all a vision of your own creation—for times are changed—how changed? The little school-house is fast decaying, and the old play-grounds are grown over with weeds and grass, while the gladsome throng that once made the spot echo and re-echo with its merry voice is now scattered widely.

Some have even now entered upon the world's service; already have some emigrated to that least known, yet most desired of "all states," the state of *matrimony*, while others have departed to that more distant land, "from whose bourne no traveler returns." And while these changes have taken place in the affairs of others, you too have been hurried on in life's busy drama. Already you have left home, home beloved, sweet place. There is music in the sound, and base must be that heart where no chord echoes the note. Round it cluster peace, and joy, and love, all sacred ties in the family circle. Yet all these you have left. Friends, kind friends have given you a parting good wish—and, while a tear glistened in his eye, a father shook you by the hand, and pronounced a parting blessing; a mother too pressed you to her aching bosom, while her feelings rose up too thick for utterance. They all have gone before you, in the path of life, and knowing well the task before you, they have trembled for your future welfare—they have seen that now new temptations must assail, which, if not at once, and

successfully resisted, will acquire a fearful ascendancy. Then wonder not at their solicitude for you, but rather let it be a stimulus to prompt you to actions worthy and noble—a beacon light to guide your inconsiderate thoughts in the way where sweet delight and peaceful honors await you. Thus make yourself worthy of your parents' love and your home's endearments.

Now you are a student, already have you taken your initiatory steps in that life full of curious occurrences and strange events; now for you is that most critical period of your whole life. Then pause for a moment, gather around you the memories and warnings of your brief experience—reflect that the lighter part of your destiny is completed—that the graver affairs of real life have actually begun. Now, let passed errors and follies become to you the monitor of wisdom. They are frailties not to be idly regretted, but to be solemnly re-deemed. Let the past afford you a prophetic warning for the future, and when you look back over the tombs of departed follies, behold by the side of each, the placid countenance of a warning angel, bidding you take warning from the past. Never utter that worse than foolish prayer, "oh that my time could return—oh that I had done this or could undo that;" but rather rejoice that so long a season yet remains to you to be improved by your accumulated experience.

Then let us advise you. Banish not from you all feelings of kindness and affection, for know that these are qualities which all who wish to make life pleasant must possess; for many share the same lot with you, and often even one kind word falls like balm to the

wounded spirit, calling back the pleasant, merry faces of former times, and wakening a train of thoughts as welcome as beneficial.

Remember too, that even now, you are making the impress of your character on those around, and trivial as it may seem, you are now laying the foundations of that character which must

here to you through life. It should be one of your happiest, your proudest possessions, it should be more to you than hoarded gold to the meager miser; it will procure you rank, without wealth, the honors without the jealousies of fame.

Wisdom would say, procure it at any price, estimate it at its true value, and guard the priceless jewel with a jealous eye. Your fellow-students, indulgent as they may seem, are impartial judges of your conduct, they are scanning your every act, your every expression. To them you unbosom your feelings with a candor truly commendable—and they discern your disposition, your ability, your progress, and application, with a certainty, not to be mistaken; and when once the impress is made it remains indelible.

This too is the morning of your life; perhaps for you the morning's dawn has been bright; and you have felt that your day would be one of sunshine and pleasure; but let not present appearances deceive you—guard well each tendency of your volatile mind! A thousand different circumstances may arise to up-root your former good impressions. Fancy oftener than reason may dictate a course of proceedings. Pleasure rather than duty may be your guide. Know too that now you have the best of opportunities for preparing yourself for entering upon the serious affairs of after life. Here are advantages

the rarest, the best of instructors, the kindest of benefactors, with every attendant comfort that means can procure.

Here too you have the storehouses of collected knowledge, filled with the volumes of the wise and good, placing at your command the matured ideas of men that *have been*; men whose works remain an imperishable monument to their genius—a rich legacy to the amateur of letters; volumes into which the authors have breathed their very existence, and from which their mighty souls look out on us with all their effulgence and grandeur.

Knowledge truly is a fair chaplet, and and he who wins it, wins for himself an enviable distinction. But remember in her train follow virtue, and temperance, and ability, and perseverance.—Her votaries neither sit at the bacchanalian feast, nor bow at the shrine of fashion; they scorn mean sensual pleasures, their thoughts are nobler, their aspirations more lofty; they remember whose image they bear, and in whose likeness they have been made, and the thought prompts them to press on in the arena of literary strife with undaunted courage.

Would you be one of her votaries, the path is plain though steep and narrow—many have trod it, yet none without labor—every sweet you will find here as well as elsewhere has its bitter, but duty performed, brings with it a welcome remembrance of past things, and a bright prospect for future success. Then let not the Syren song of stolen pleasure beguile you from your prescribed course, for know that he alone who faithfully, devotedly, and constantly labors, can reap the substantial pleasures of college life.

## THE LIBRARIES OF OUR INSTITUTION.

The first impression of the new student as he enters one of our Libraries is: "What an immense range for research!" "Who will ever need all these volumes?" Yet no one must be astonished when we say that the present limits of our Libraries shame us.—Perhaps we ought not to be ashamed when we recollect what is their age and what have been the opportunities for enlarging them. But, if with the means within our reach and the necessity before our eyes, we still suffer the shelves to hold empty dust, and whilst others are collecting immense stores of information, look in silence upon our un replenished alcoves, we have good cause to be ashamed. If indeed we are content to be behind any other people in this important work, let us blush for it. But we are not content to linger in the rear, and to every taunt for our limited numbers and empty shelves, we answer, it is on account of our youth and want of means. We see the fault, and every day we are trying to diminish it. Our Libraries are three in number, viz: the College Library of 3,600 volumes—the Philanthropic Library of 5,500 volumes, and the Dialectic Library of 5,200 volumes—in all 14,300 volumes. These may be said to contain more books than any man can read. True, they are more than any student in the University will ever read. If indeed that

were the only consideration, one tenth of the present number would be all sufficient, and nothing but foolish extravagance could induce any one to fill another shelf. As our Libraries are now generally used, it is quite impossible to see the greatest use of enlarging them five hundred fold. There is a class of readers who merely wish to pass time pleasantly and acquire a smattering, conversational acquaintance with the most popular authors of the day. For these it is only necessary to replenish annually our alcoves with the new novels, and the works of those whose bewitching style exacts admiration from the superficial reader. But we want books for the student; we mean student in the true sense of the word. First comes one who wishes to study some science in its advanced stages. At this day, almost every useful science has been made simple, lucid and connected. Such may be expected and found in every complete Library. Now let us look around at our books and see how we could accommodate the student of modern science. Geology is a science which has risen but lately from nothing, and become one of the most practically important in our country. It not only guides our mining operations, but in every State its benefits are felt. Accurate Geological surveys are always useful and are often absolutely necessary. Some States owe most of their wealth, in the shape of wells, mineral beds, and

metallic strata, to geological observations. It is very desirable then that every one should make himself somewhat acquainted with the science, and particularly to know what information has been collected in that department. And yet there are scarcely enough books in all our Libraries to teach one the first principles of the science; so imperfect is the department. Where fifty shelves ought to be laden with the works of Lyell, Hutton, Riestly, and others on this subject, we find nothing but a little book by Lyell. There is not even a survey of North Carolina, in this her Athenæum. Where are the Geological surveys of the State?\* Are they any where complete and accessible?—If they are, one copy, at least, ought to be in the University Library.

The other departments are scarcely more complete. We have mentioned one example, but if you would investigate any of the sciences in their last results, we can as yet satisfy you in only a very small degree. But there always are, and it is desirable that there should be, those who wish to go much

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\*Prof. Olmstead, under commission from the Governor, explored and reported on the gold regions of the State, which was, we believe, the first Geological survey made in the United States under legislative order. Prof. Mitchell also made subsequent surveys and arranged a geological map of the State, laying down minutely a representation of the great bed of sandstone, which is of the coal series of rocks. An entire geological survey of the State is now making by Prof. Emmons, as State Geologist. North Carolina, then, has already taken laudable steps for the development of her mineral resources—though these surveys, we think, have never appeared in suitable form for placing in Libraries.—EDS. UNI. MAG.

farther, and to extend their examinations to the works of those who have attempted to give a full development of acknowledged principles, or to add to the store by new discoveries. Here we find the great value of those extensive treatises which are useless to the class of readers before mentioned. They are books of reference. Their readers are those who are determined to master the science in which they are engaged in all its bearings, and they are to be useful in the "*application* of science to the arts." Such men perform the most active part in advancing civilization. Are they not then an important class of students? If no where else, they are much needed in North Carolina. And if she ever catch up with her more vigilant sisters it will be by railroad speed, with these men for her engineers. But what inducement do we offer them?—This should be a serious question with us, and one which our unintermitted exertions would soon enable us to answer in a way more satisfactory than is now in our power to do. We would mention one other class of students to whom, in their present conditions, our Libraries can avail almost nothing. We refer to those who have a thorough knowledge of their respective private sciences and wish to examine their histories, to trace them to their origins, through their progressions, and follow up the speculations and experiments which contribute to their formations.—To these, the heavy volumes which repose on our shelves, untouched by him who studies science in its results, and occasionally referred to by him who pursues it in all its length and breadth, are absolutely necessary and indispensa-

ble. When we think how scantily our alcoves are supplied with the materials which are essential to the successful prosecution of those studies, we cannot help turning our eyes with a kind of greedy envy to the immense collections in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and other places. How can we clothe ourselves with obstinate indifference and be content with Harvard's 93,000 vols., the Boston Athenæum's 55,000, the Philadelphia Library's 61,000, while the British Museum has its 500,000, Royal Library at Munich and Royal Library at Berlin have their 600,000 each, and Paris has in her public libraries more books by 50,000 than are to be found in all the public libraries of America? Besides the credit due to the European nations for the collection of these immense stores of information, there is much that is exemplary in their management, and the way in which their invaluable advantages are extended to individuals. We cannot refrain from copying a short paragraph from Norton's Literary Gazette.

Speaking of the 600,000 volumes of the Royal Library at Berlin, it says:—"Any one, no matter who he is, by simply dropping a note into a box for the purpose, can have any books he wishes to read in the large reading room of the Library. If the note is put in before nine in the morning, the books are ready at eleven, if after nine, at two o'clock. The reading room is open from nine to four every day but Sunday, and every facility is afforded for using the books. Those desiring to take books with them are subjected to a little more trouble. Every practising physician, lawyer or minister, every professor, teacher or pub-

lic officer of any sort, receives books to take home on his simple demand, not taking them for more than six weeks without returning them to see if any one else has applied for them; if not, he can take them for another six weeks. Any one else may take books from the Library on the same conditions by getting some one, known to the authorities, or any one of those already themselves receiving books, to sign a paper guaranteeing a return of the books."—Such are the privileges given to all classes, from the street laborer who spends a wanton hour in looking over a book of choice engravings, to the learned scholar who devotes days and weeks to tracing out some simple custom of a perished people. Such is the laudable care of this and similar institutions, that idle talents may have no longer an excuse for their lightness of labor, and poverty no obstacle which industry may not obviate. Thus is the door of knowledge thrown open to every one who wishes to enter, and science placed within the reach of all who court her favor.

The question may here rise: Are all these advantages necessary, and is this vast accumulation of books conducive to the formation of a pure literature, at once original, vigorous and profound. We answer, without hesitation—yes.—And a page of any history in our library is enough to prove the assertion. It was remarked by Mr. Justice Story, a few years ago, that, "There is not, perhaps, a single library in America, sufficiently copious to have enabled Gibbon to have verified the authorities for his immortal History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This as-

sertion will probably surprise many, but it is not probable that with the aid of any single library in the world he could have compiled that monument of his splendid talents. Neither could the immortal Irving have ever written his history of Columbus, in America. It required long and labored research throughout the archives of Spanish literature, and that with his splendid talents, to compile that volume. But we may come nearer home. We dare say that Mr. Wheeler could never have composed his history of North Carolina, with the simple aid of the libraries in the State. And far the greater portion of his aid was doubtless drawn from private sources. Even the little Revolutionary History of North Carolina, consisting of three lectures by Hawks, Graham and Swain, could not be entirely authenticated by any State papers or public documents in the public libraries of the State. The little work on Natural History, so familiarly known to Dr. Mitchell's classes, could not have been compiled from the libraries of this, the prided daughter of the Old North State. If you take any of the sciences and try to learn its history, you will have to leave these classic shades and search for more propitious climes. Take, for instance, that of Political Economy, one of the most recent. If you would taste the waters at the fountain head, you must go farther back than Adam Smith's bend. The stream winds through the intricacies of French, Italian and various other schools, which all require a strict and thorough examination.

If such be the duties of the student of science, those of the historian are still

more difficult; for he is to oppose testimony against conflicting testimony, compare manuscript with contradictory manuscript, and to measure probabilities and public documents against perplexing opinions and private interests; if these, we say, be their duties, what advantages can be too great and what assistance too considerable, even in the hands of the most talented, for the accomplishment of such arduous tasks? The few advantages which we hold out to authors would at once discourage the most aspiring talents, and silence the most valuable abilities. Had their authors been indebted to our aid alone, the elegant works of Sparks, Prescott and Ticknor would never have ornamented our shelves. Even Mr. Bancroft has been obliged to have recourse to European libraries for material to write the History of the United States.

It may be said that we have but few readers of this kind, and that our libraries contain an abundance for that mediocrity of talent which abounds in this country to a far greater extent than in any other part of the world.— That if at any time an author should wish to get information which they cannot afford, a short trip to Berlin or to Paris will suffice. This may be true at present. But it certainly cannot often be repeated. We are advancing in every department of science and art at railroad speed. Our school system is fast permeating every part of the country, and its rivulets will soon flow within the reach of the humblest cottager, so that none shall be debarred by pitiless poverty from slaking his thirst for knowledge. Universities are springing up in every State, and we must soon

have institutions which may educate a Hayne, a Bentley, a Porson or a Parr. But is it possible for America to educate the millions of her youths every year, without finding among them abundance of the highest order of talent? And is America to present to the world the curious anomaly of a nation educating the largest possible class of its citizens, opening the door way to high and low, rich and poor, and yet not having its due proportion of students of the highest intellectual attainments and extensive research? No. We will soon have men, and their numbers will be according to the inducements held out to them, who, although they are not able to avail themselves of the costly advantages of European libraries, will, when equal advantages are offered to them at home, display talent comparable to any to whom the past has given birth.— They will only need opportunities to display minds whose brilliancy will flash light through the misty scenes of the past, and pioneer paths in the dim future which will lead us to unthought of glories. Let us no longer then leave the monopoly of our literature in the hands of fortune's favored sons. Let us build Athenæums so extensive that no literary character shall want an atmosphere in which to develop itself; so deep in mystical lore that they shall never be fathomed by the plummets of the strongest minds; and so free that no son of America shall ever be deprived of drinking the fresh streams, as they gush from these inexhaustible fountains of learning.

What we have said was not by any means intended to disparage our libraries. Our country is young, and our at-

tention has necessarily been directed to matters of more immediate importance. Our opportunities also for collecting books have hitherto been much limited. How then could it be expected that our libraries should as yet rival those, which for the last four centuries, inexhaustible wealth and royal patronage have been rearing in Europe? But our prospects are brightening in every part of the scientific horizon. The dawn of general intelligence which is now breaking upon the remotest hill-tops of our western boundary, is the sure precursor to the effulgent sun of a pure and original literature. Every day is already bringing within our reach the intellectual efforts of the greatest minds. Wealth is flowing into the coffers of a generous industry, and the press issues its immense floods of information at rates which are within the means of every man. A comparison in one or two instances will show our advantage over Europe in this last respect.

	London Prices.	N. Y. Prices.
Bulwer's "My Novels,,"	\$10 50	\$0 75
Alison's Europe,	25 00	5 00
Macaulay's England,	4 50	0 40
Layard's Nineveh,	9 00	1 25
And others in proportion.		

Surely then we ought to be doing something to increase our libraries. It is time even for North Carolina to commence a public storehouse, where she may gather the literature of other States and nations until she has some of her own. There is nothing save the Christian religion which is more important to the security of our government, our success in the arts and sciences, and the happiness of the American people than a pure American literature. Nor can

there be institutions more conducive to this object than public libraries. But how much have we done towards building up our libraries?

The University library has been lately removed to a very appropriate building. The books were so few in number that it would not do to put them all together, for crowded into one corner, they would entirely escape observation. Scattered as they are, a few on each shelf, it is much feared by some that they must soon lose each other's acquaintance; whilst their beggarly appearance would make *vanity* in the best of them exceedingly ill-timed.

It is not a little strange that for so

many years there have been no additions to this library. Has it so long escaped the attention of the Faculty? Have they in their eagerness to get new Professors, and to open new departments in the College course, failed to observe the necessity of steadily increasing a library which is the most valuable and would be the most useful in the State? We cannot think so. It is scarcely possible to believe that our careful and energetic President could pass in silence this important part of the institution.—It may be chargeable to the Trustees, as they are the scape-goat for every want or over-sight in the University.

[*To be continued.*]

## THE SECOND WIFE TO THE FIRST.

I'm sitting in my quiet room, the room which  
once was thine,  
The eyes of thy sweet portrait are fondly turned  
to mine;  
Around me gentle tokens, lying here and there,  
Tell me that ere I came, *another's* place was  
here—  
To thy loved home on earth—come Angel Wife  
to me,  
Fain would my spirit hold communings high  
with thee.  
Thou art come—I feel, and feel without a fear,  
That thou, sweet sister-Wife, e'en now art  
hovering near—  
By my own *woman's heart*, which hails thee in  
its truth,  
The chosen and the blest of the Beloved One's  
youth,

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I *know* thou wouldst not wish his manhood and  
decline  
To pass away, uncheered by such deep love as  
mine.  
And when first he woo'd and won my virgin heart  
Thy last words, Sweet Wife, with his own love  
bore part—  
“If there lives on earth heart which can love  
like mine,  
My own beloved Husband—may that heart be  
thine!”  
And as he stooped to kiss my brow, the first he  
gave to me,  
Upon my upturned face there fell—a tear, Lov-  
ed One, to thee.  
Well didst thou suit him, Gentle One, in fe-  
verish, sanguine youth,  
His restless heart e're found in thee, calmness,  
repose and truth—

My own more fervent fancy would then have  
fann'd the flame,  
Which like a lava-torrent o'er his young Be-  
ing came.

But now the broken spirit, oft baffled in the  
chase,  
Has need of one like me to urge it to the race.

For oft he says, "Come sing to me, my Bird,  
in thy exalted strain,  
I feel the mighty impulse of my young days  
again."

And as I sit beside him and "wake to ecstasy  
the lyre,"

I see manhood's calm eye light up with youth-  
ful fire,

As if the lofty breathings of my full young  
heart,

New life—freshness—and vigor—did, to his  
own impart.

Christian, Patriot, Philosopher! well might be,  
Two women's lives devoted all to one like thee,  
He needed *us both* sweet sister, in the Battle of  
Life;

Thee, to restrain youth's fire—me, to rekindle  
it for the strife.

And still he needs us both—to thy own Heaven  
*thou'lt* lure him on,

And *I* will smooth his way, until the Goal is  
won—

Yes, mine's the blessed *right* to smooth his  
rugged way,

Mine's the blessed *right* to "love, honor, and  
obey,"

For "better and for worse" be Fortune grave  
or gay,

Always, beloved Husband, for thee to watch  
and pray,

To keep me ever near thee "in sickness and in  
health,"

And know no parting from thee, save by the  
hand of Death—

And in all the lofty duties of woman and of wife,  
Which lead the Man and Husband, to noblest,  
highest life—

In all the thousand offices of sweetest tender-  
ness,

In which my full heart springs to highest hap-  
piness—

In *all* the mighty influence of my heart's great  
Love,

I'll never cease to point him—*Onward! and  
Above!*

I start, as one awaking from a dream,  
So lost my soul in its late, lofty theme—

Still smiles on me thy gentle loving face,  
And here's thy Bible in its accustomed place;  
And in that little watch-case lying there,  
Is his own watch, with chain of thy soft hair.

And thy child, sweet mother, thine own dar-  
ling boy;

Angel cannot forget a *mother's love and joy!*

He has the lofty soul of his noble Father,

With the loving heart of his gentle Mother:

And ne'er for mother's love will thy child pine,

For he is thine, my husband, and *therefore* he is  
mine.

But hark! I hear the sound of happy childhood's  
feet,

And turn, two bright and beauteous boys to  
greet,

The first with winning smile and proudly flash-  
ing eye

Looks born for Love and Fame's high destiny—  
The other, gay and joyous, with laugh of sil-  
very tone,

He seems a thing of light—my beautiful, *my  
own!*

Come hither darling boy—thou, the eldest born!  
I'd tell thee of thy mother, cut off in life's fair  
morn;

Come look with me, my child, on thy Angel  
Mother's face,

And ne'er let other love usurp that mother's  
place.

And thou my own bright boy, come hither  
with thy brother,

*She is also my child! thine own Angel-Mother.*

And *another* too is here—an arm around us  
thrown,

I feel beloved husband that it is thine own.  
All here gazing on thee; husband, children, wife,  
I, in the blest place which was thine in life,  
But from Eternity's great secret, I hear thy  
spirit tell,

The wife and mother of thy loved ones—"It is  
well!"

And we will all be together, on the great final  
day,

When heaven and earth will roll, like a parched  
scroll away:

Husband, wives, and children will all together  
stand

In their Redeemer's might, on his great right  
hand—

Where there is no marrying, and none in mar-  
riage given,

But all are as the angels of Our Father in  
Heaven!

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

## TO THE MUSES.

In reviewing our Second Volume, for the purpose of arranging the index which accompanied the last number, we came to the conclusion that our prose was of a finer tissue, than with rare exceptions, the votive offerings which have been laid upon your altars. We more than suspect that the age of chivalry has passed away and that ours, though a progressive, is a prosing generation. We hope, therefore, that we shall give no offence to any of the sacred Nine, or to earth-born goddesses, by retiring to some extent from your service.

Under this impression we venture to give notice to all concerned, that while real original poetic fire is not to be extinguished, scintillations of genius will occasionally irradiate our pages which have illumined earlier and brighter days than ours. Sheridan's lines to Miss Lindley, which appeared in the *Port Folio*, in the days of Doctor Dennie, may be received as a specimen of what is intended to be exhibited in succeeding numbers. We may now and then, under the head of *Poetical Selections*, present the genuine article so nearly original, that not one in a hundred of our terrestrial readers, shall be able to trace our musings to their latent sources. They will find them new, if not original, and they may in some instances, if they choose, suspect them to be both.—EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Sheridan, the celebrated orator, meeting Miss Lindley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan,) in the entrance of a grotto, took the liberty to offer her some advice, with which he apprehended she was displeas'd. We hope we do not transgress the laws of delicacy, if we ask our readers what they imagine must have been the lady's feelings, whatever her station in life, when, on entering her grotto the next day, she found this beautiful performance, left her by a man of Mr. Sheridan's just celebrity and elevated standing in society.—*Port Folio*.

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone:  
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree;

Yet, I this rude grotto with rapture will own,  
And willow! thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,  
As late I, in secret, her confidence sought:  
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,  
As blushing, she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then, tell me, thou grotto of moss-covered stone,  
And tell me thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,

Did Delia seem'd vexed when Horatio was gone?  
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it,  
tries

To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;  
To hint how she frown'd, when I dared to advise,  
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves so she did, I allow,  
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;

She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;

She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,

I shrink at the thought of but giving her pain;  
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,  
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,  
If Delia my humble monitions refuse;  
Sweet willow, next time she visits thy shade,  
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve,

Two lingering drops of the night fallen dew;  
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve,

As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,  
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I  
swear,

The next time I visit thy moss-covered seat,  
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus  
toss

Thy branches so dark o'er the slow winding  
stream,

And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,  
While yet there's a Poet to make thee his  
theme.

Nay, more—may my Delia still give you her  
charms,

Each ev'ning, and sometimes the whole ev'n-  
ing long;

Then, grotto, be proud, to support her white  
arms,

Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to the  
song.

—  
EXTRACT.

From "*Love and Satire*," a small volume of  
poetical correspondence between a young Lady  
and Gentleman, lately published at London:

TO ELIZA, WITH A DOVE.

Accept, dear maid, the most delightful bird  
That ever Venus to her chariot bound,

By love adopted, and by peace prefer'd,  
For meekness valued, and for faith renown'd.

A Bird, in which such rare perfections meet,  
Alone is worthy to be counted thine;  
His beauty, fair one, is, like yours, complete,  
And his fidelity resembles mine.

JULIUS.

TO JULIUS, WITH A GOOSE.

Swain, I accept your all-accomplish'd Dove,  
With rapture listen to his plaintive moan,  
And vow with constancy the bird to love,  
Whose beauty thus *reminds me of my own*.

I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,  
For such a mark of tenderness conferr'd;  
So song for song be thine, and boon for boon,  
Kindness for kindness, swain, and bird for bird.

So, the best bird that Lincoln can produce,  
My choice has singled from a *tuneful group*;  
Accept, *sweet Bard*, from me, as *great a Goose*  
As e'er was fatten'd in a poult'er's coop.

Your verse the merit of the Dove displays;  
The compliments I pay my bird are few;  
Yet, 'tis methinks, no niggard share of praise,  
To say how strongly he resembles *you*.

ELIZA.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

It has been sometime, yes, quite a long time, since we have had the pleasure of appearing before our readers. We again greet you with all the cordiality and warmth of long separated friends, and entertain the hopes of binding each other together with stronger and more durable ties of friendship and love. Are you not glad to meet us? Cannot we hope to see our wishes realized? Although we come not to you laden with the choicest gems of literature, though no gaudy jewel decks the wreath that encircles our humble brow to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, or suit the taste of the whimsical; yet, we appear before you as our same old self, in our modest, unpretending, unadorned garb, to give you a hearty and sincere shake. Yes, we detest nice, fantastic garbs; though we have been accused of a superabundance of "ginger-bread work" on our back, yet we would remind you, that as noble, as honest a heart *sometimes* beats in the breast of a coxcomb, as in the rag of poverty and misfortune. We entreat you then to estimate us not by our *back*; displace it and judge for yourselves.

With this number begins the third volume of our University Magazine. Does it not startle you, reader? The mere idea, the mere expectation of a Magazine surviving though two volumes in the State of North Carolina is miraculous in the extreme, and is far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine. What has been the fate of the preceding Magazines published in this State? Go to the doleful page of *history*, and you will see it; go to the aged, and they, with a sad countenance

and faltering voice, will relate it to you.— No tear was dropped at its fate, and soon it will pass away and be forgotten. To what can we attribute their premature end? Were the people so immersed in the dark waves of ignorance? Were they so completely wrapped up in the thought of pecuniary pursuits that they could not bestow one passing glance on literature? Were literary labors held in such low repute that men disdained to engage in so ignoble a profession? Was there a want of energy, enterprise, and capacity in the Editors? We can hardly think so. Then what was it? It was not the *proper time*. Circumstances call forth and make the man; so also circumstances call forth and make the Magazine. The populace were not sufficiently educated, knowledge had not shed its benign light on them, awakening them to their true interests, and impressing them with the great importance and necessity of an exalted cultivation and firm establishment of Home Literature. True, there were a *few* highly educated and talented men at that time in the State; men who would have done credit to any State or age, whose abilities secured them the loftiest honors in the gift of the people, and won them a name of everlasting perpetuity. But a Magazine cannot be established and long maintained by a *few* only; it is too heavy an expense; the Printer, though some are not aware of it, must eat as well as the rest of mankind, and is equally averse to parting with his labor without a recompense. We have not old lords among us, who, with their immense wealth, are capa-

ble alone of supporting a Magazine. Here all power is vested in the people, and it is essentially necessary to the success of any enterprise to court the favor and procure the assistance of the people. Now is the *accepted* time. This fountain of science has sent forth its waters, distributed its small streams throughout the different parts of the State, soothing the savage nature, cultivating the rude taste of her inhabitants, and preparing the way for the reception and support of a Magazine.— We do not ascribe the *long* existence of our Magazine to any superior capacity in the Editors, to a more refined and cultivated judgment in the selection of suitable articles. We are not so self-conceited, so arrogant, so presumptuous. We attribute it to the people, to the pens of some of the ablest of North Carolina's sons, who have exhibited a paternal care in promoting the undertaking of her young men, and to the energetic and undisguised efforts of our fellow students. We are indebted, for the worth and permanency of our Magazine, to the labors of many of the distinguished men both of this and other States. But God, in his mercy, has seen fit to deprive us of one of our firmest and most faithful friends. The lamented Hooper now sleeps his last sleep beneath the cold sod. No more will his benignant countenance shed joy and happiness on all around him, no more will his generous hand distribute alms to the poor and needy and console the bleeding heart, and no more will his liberal and brilliant pen adorn the pages of our Magazine.— He is gone;—the sympathies of thousands attended him to his last resting place, and the tears of many dear friends bedew his grave. His spirit has winged its flight to the mansions of celestial glory, there to receive the crown of his earthly labors.— Peace to his ashes.

It is with bright and flattering prospects that we commence this third volume, and with renewed vigor and courage we

go again to battle. Within ourselves we are weak, "unable to cope" with the many adversities that every day beset us; but we have friends on whom we can rely; friends, who will face danger in any shape or form, who will struggle, not for *us*, but for the continuance of the Magazine, until the "last armed foe expires," and until the prophets of our speedy downfall acknowledge that they are neither "prophets nor the sons of prophets." Then let us not be discouraged; but rather let us gird on the strong armor of truth and justice, and, with a valiant arm, go forth to fight the enemy.

The little "pet," the infant, placed in our charge by the last Editors, is growing rapidly, and we hope soon to resign him to our successors a large, healthy boy.— He has passed the age of "teething and whooping-cough," and with a little more *substantial* physic, we trust, he will soon gain strength, and at last go forth a man. He still requires considerable nursing, and we are as yet uneasy, for we hear that children, particularly boys, frequently *die* after they are *two* years old. But shall he receive that substantial physic? Shall we have a Magazine? Shall it be said, that, while many of the southern colleges have and support a Magazine, the University of North Carolina, among the first of southern institutions both in point of age, wealth, worth and reputation, is too weak, the public too parsimonious, to maintain one? Shall the second effort of her young men be blasted? We hope not. Where is your State pride? Old Rip is fast awakening from his lethargy, throwing off those shackles, and will soon vie with his neighbors, in literature as well as in enterprise. Then let us all work, and success will finally crown our toils. Expect not too much of us. Remember we are young and inexperienced; life appears but a sweet dream to us, and we have not yet felt any of its hardships and privations.— We do not even presume to effect wo-

ders, or write anything the world will not "let instantly die." Scrutinize us not too closely; look over many of our infirmities, remembering they are the infirmities of youth. Pronounce of us like an old lady has done, who says, "it is a capital thing, especially for boys." "To be sure," says she, "there are mistakes in it, but there are mistakes in every thing else." That is the way; none of your *jealous* and fearful opinions. We would ride farther to shake that old lady's hand than of all the *envious* and fastidious readers we have in the world.

The article with which we introduce the present number, and the third volume of the University Magazine, the life of Capt. JOHNSTON BLAKELY, will attract and command the attention of our readers. The author is a gentleman of established reputation, and the subject one of thrilling interest to the children of the University and the citizens of the State. It is copied by permission from the archives of the Historical Society. The piece of poetry entitled, "The Second Wife to the First," is truly beautiful, and perhaps speaks the sentiments of many. The mere subject is sufficient to invite a perusal, and we will stand all damages. Peter Pepper Pod, Esq., we again welcome to our columns, and hope he will supply us with many more of his beautiful productions. There are many articles in this number well deserving the attention of all.

Well, reader, we have got a new Prospectus out and out. Haven't you seen it in the papers? Judging from the Prospectus, we surmise, you think we are going to do something in reality. Well, we are. If we don't, why we'll try, anyhow.

WESTERN DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—Vol. I, No. 1, January, 1854.—Contents:—The Administration of Franklin Pierce; Poetry, Woman, and the Anglo-Saxon; The Russo-Turkish Question; Alexander Smith's Life-Drama; The War against the President; The American Bar; Biograph-

ical sketch of Gen. Tilghman A. Howard; The Troll's Daughter; Editor's Table General Intelligence; Commercial and Financial Review.

We are indebted to the kindness of a friend, for the initial number of this new and promising enterprise in periodical literature. It is published at Indianapolis, by George P. Buell, in monthly numbers of 96 pages, each number embellished with a portrait engraved on steel, at the very reasonable price of \$3 00 per annum. With its politics we have nothing to do; of its literary merits we may take occasion to speak more discriminatingly hereafter. We have to regret that our patronage will not justify our attempt even to imitate it in this respect.

The most attractive article to us, is the biographical sketch of General HOWARD. He was born in the neighborhood of Pickensville, S. C., on the border of the chain of mountains which separates the two Carolinas, on the 14th November 1797.—From some unexplained cause, his father, who was a respectable clergyman of the Baptist denomination, committed him in infancy to the care of a half-brother, Maj. John McElroy, at present an aged and respectable citizen of the county of Yancy. His father removed to the west, and we believe never saw his son again until the latter had attained to man's estate, and made him a visit at his residence in Illinois. About 1801, Maj. McElroy crossed the ridge and settled in the county of Buncombe. Tilghman was then about four years old, and was thereafter indebted, under Providence, exclusively to fraternal kindness and training for the germs of learning and piety, which subsequently yielded such precious fruits. He continued with his brother as a member of his family, and in common with his patron, who was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and owned no slaves, was dependent upon his daily labor for his daily bread. Apart from the instruction he re-

ceived at the fireside, his opportunities for improving his mind, were occasional attendance during the winter months in the old field schools, which the county supported in the infancy of its settlement.— He learned to read and write and cipher, and at the age of twenty, was qualified to teach these elements of learning, and discharge the duties of a clerk in a country store. His earliest engagement in the latter capacity, was in the employment of the late James Patton, of Asheville. At the close of a short term of service with him, Smith & Siler of the same village entrusted him with a stock of goods, and committed to his care the entire management of their establishment at Newport, Tennessee. He spent about three years in their service, discharged his duties to their entire satisfaction, and in the mean time attained such a knowledge of the common law as justified his admission to the bar. He entered upon the practice of his profession in the obscure village where he resided, rose rapidly in public estimation, and was at the time of his removal to Indiana, in 1830, both as a lawyer and a politician, one of the most prominent men in Tennessee.

His subsequent career in Indiana, at the bar, as a member of Congress, in the well remembered canvass for Governor in 1840, and in the walks of private life, are satisfactorily debated in the article before us. In June, 1844, he was without solicitation appointed, by President Tyler, Charge d' Affairs to the Republic of Texas. He died while engaged in discharging the duties of this mission at Washington, then the Texan seat of government, on the 16th of August, in the same year, in the 47th year of his age.

General Howard was a remarkable man, remarkable for natural ability, for the extent of attainments made under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, and not less remarkable for the blamelessness of his private life and the purity of his christian

walk and conversation. He deserves, and may receive hereafter, a more extended notice, than our pre-occupied pages will admit at present.

His removal to, and settlement in Bupcombe, in 1801, has already been referred to. Gen. JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon, was born in the same county, in the same year. It is somewhat singular, that two individuals born so nearly together in point of time and place, should, about the same period, have attained such eminent distinction in the State of Indiana.

LAST VACATION.—This winter, thus far, our pleasant little village has been all life and gaiety, and never did we spend a more agreeable vacation, considering the circumstances. Several parties were given, but the worst of it was, we were not *expected* at *very many*; but when we did go, we participated as much in the *various* amusements, attracted the attention of as many *eyes*, and upon the *whole*, enjoyed ourselves as much as any of the rest of the *children*. We took *considerable* umbrage at being slighted so often, we can assure you, and had a *strong* notion of turning over the South Building and wiping Chapel Hill from off the face of the earth. Our village still continues to improve, and, we hope, will soon be a right *big town*.

#### PRINTING.

In the Editorial Table for November we had occasion to trace the history of the introduction of the manufactory of paper into North Carolina. It is our purpose at present to give a brief account of the establishment of the press, within our borders.

In the autumn of 1663, Sir William Berkley, one of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, visited the province and organized the government of the COUNTY of ALBERMARLE. Eight years thereafter, in June 1671, in reply to inquiries from the Committees of the Colonies, in relation to

Virginia, he remarked, "We have forty-eight parishes, and our ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener and preach less; but as of all other commodities, the worst are sent us, we have few that we can boast of, since the persecution in Cromwell's tyranny drove divers worthy men hither. Yet I thank God, there are no free schools and no printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience, heresy and sects, into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government." There is no reason to suppose, that there was any diversity of opinion among the Lords Proprietors, in relation to preaching, free schools and printing, and it is not very surprising, that in a province colonized under such auspices, the introduction of these elements of civilization and civil liberty should have been long postponed.

The great object sought to be attained by the celebrated author of the treatise on the human understanding, in the *FUNDAMENTAL CONSTITUTION OF CAROLINA*, framed by him two years before the date of this report, was to establish a government most agreeable to monarchy, and to "avoid erecting a numerous democracy." The devout affection for prayer, and the pious horror of preaching is sufficiently explained by the established formularies of that day. The tri-weekly supplication for deliverance "from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy and schism," was most heartily responded to by Sir William, and the noble founders of the infant commonwealth. Still more important, impressive and imposing, in their view, were the solemn services prescribed for the 30th January, in commemoration "of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles I, to implore the mercy of God, that neither the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood, nor those other sins by which God was

provoked to deliver up both us and our King into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men, may at any time hereafter be visited upon us or our posterity." The influence wielded by preachers of treasonable and seditious discourses was most unpropitious to tyranny, but this power in the State, was about not merely to be eclipsed, but totally obscured by the electric illuminations of the press.

The pious and prophetic ejaculation of Governor Berkley, so far as Carolina was the subject of his orisons, was too nearly answered in relation to the press, and more than fulfilled with respect to common schools.

The earliest settlements on the Chowan probably date as far back as 1650. The first effort for the introduction of the press was made in 1746, but the enterprise was not accomplished until 1749. Previous to this time, the laws were all in manuscript. The revisal of 1715 had been multiplied into 12 manuscript copies, one of which was required to be kept upon the Clerk's table during each precinct court, and to be audibly read from beginning to end by the Clerk, in open court, during the first term in every year.

In 1746, (Swann's Revisal, chap. 1.) we have "An Act for appointing commissioners to revise and print the Laws of this province, and for granting to his Majesty for defraying the charge thereof, a duty on wine, rum, and distilled liquors, and rice imported into this province."

"I. Whereas, for want of the laws of this province being revised and printed, the Magistrates are often at a loss how to discharge their duty, and the people transgress many of them through want of knowing the same: Wherefore

II. *We pray that it may be enacted*, and be it enacted by his Excellency, Gabriel Johnston, by and with the advice and consent of his Majesty's Council and General Assembly of this Province and by the authority of the same, That the Honorable Edward Mosely, Esquire, Samuel Swann, Esq., the Honorable Enoch Hall, Esq.,

and Mr. Thomas Barker, or the majority be and they are hereby nominated, and appointed commissioners to revise and print the several acts of assembly in force in this province."

The multifarious provisions of this early Tariff for the encouragement and protection of the press, are comprized in nineteen sections. The Commissioners were to receive as a compensation for their services £60 each for the labor of compiling and revising the laws, to be paid in proclamation money. For printing, binding, lettering and delivering one copy to the Governor, for the use of the council, one to the General Assembly, one to the Secretary, one to the General Court and one to each County Court, they were to receive jointly £100, and to have the exclusive privilege of printing and vending the book during the term of five years, at a price not exceeding fifteen shillings per copy. To raise the contemplated expenditure a duty of three pence per gallon, on each gallon of wine, rum, and distilled liquors, and three shillings and four pence on each 100 lbs of rice imported, was relied upon.

Liberal as their provisions would seem to have been, they did not suffice to accomplish the great purpose for which they were designed. The 7th chapter of the Acts, passed in 1748, recites that

"Whereas, the revising and printing of the laws of this province, though so very much wanted and desired, hath hitherto met with unexpected delay: For remedy whereof," &c. &c.

The Act proceeds to confine the compensation of £60 to the Commissioner or Commissioners who may actually perform the labor of revisal, gives an additional allowance of £40, to procure an able clerk or clerks to expedite the same, and increases the sum for which the books may be sold to 20s. In 1749, (Chap. III,) we find "an Act for the encouragement of James Davis to set up and carry on his business

of a printer in this province, and for other purposes therein mentioned." He was required to reside in New-Berne, and "to print with the same type, with which his petition now before the House is printed;" the speeches and addresses at the opening of each session, the journals and proceedings of the House of Burgesses, and a copy of the laws, for each member of the council, and the Assembly, for each clerk of the Assembly, for the general court, and county court, and each justice of the peace in this province, in consideration of all which he was to receive the yearly salary of £160 proclamation money.

These provisions appear to have been effectual, for Martin informs us, (Vol. II, p. 54,) that "a printing press was this year (1749,) imported into the Province, and set up at New-Berne, by James Davis from Virginia; this was a valuable acquisition, for hitherto the want of an establishment of this kind was severely felt; the copies of the laws being all manuscript, were necessarily very scarce, and it is likely faulty and inaccurate."

The settlement of Mr. Davis in New-Berne, was succeeded, but not until after an interval of about three years, by the publication of the greatly needed and long expected revisal of the Laws. The task of revision seems to have been performed by two of the four Commissioners appointed by the Act of 1746, Col. Edward Mosely and Samuel Swann, Esq.—The latter of these gentlemen, as we learn from the dedication, to Governor Johnston, alone survived the publication, "Col. Mosely, the other Commissioner, concerned in the collecting, revising, and printing the Laws in force in this province, being dead." The volume closes with the acts passed at the session, which commenced at Bath Town, on the 31st March, 1752, and issued from the press at some period during that year. It was a small folio of 392 pages, including title page and index, was printed on good type and good paper,

plainly but neatly bound. It is familiarly known as the Yellow Jacket, from the hue of the binding, but is ordinarily referred to as Swann's revival. The amount of matter contained in it, is something more than is comprised in the same number of pages of the Revised Statutes, and the price at which it was sold appears to have been reasonable. It was the first book printed in the State, and one of the very few copies now extant (perhaps not more than half a dozen) is before us.

Davis continued to fill the office of public printer until the removal of the seat of government from New-Berne to Wilmington in 1764. In the summer of this year Andrew Stuart was induced by the offer of public patronage to set up a press in the latter town.

Davis having no longer public employment, directed his attention to private enterprises, and to the just claim to consideration as the founder of the press of North Carolina, added that of pioneer of periodical literature. The first publication of this character which made its appearance in the province was "THE NORTH CAROLINA MAGAZINE OR UNIVERSAL INTELLIGENCER." From Friday June 1st to Friday June 8th, 1764. It was a small quarto of 8 pages, divided (without rules) into two columns. The 5th No. from June 29th to July 6th, may be taken as presenting an average specimen of the work. The two first pages are occupied with a dissertation (not original) on the different ages of the world, from the golden to the pinch-beck. The next two afford an extract from some Roman history, in relation to the events which occurred immediately after the assassination of Cæsar. The next two pages and a half present a portion of the III Discourse of the Bishop of Salisbury, on the use and intent of prophecy in the several ages of the world. An article headed—NEWS.—*London East India House, April 4th*, fills a column, equal to half a page. The

remaining page and a half are given to advertisements. Under a line at the close of the last page the terms of subscriptions are stated as follows: "NEWBERN, printed by JAMES DAVIS, by whom all persons may be supplied with this Magazine at 4 D. a number. ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at *three shillings* the first week and two shillings for every continuance. Any single number may be had to complete sets at 4 D." The printed page, exclusive of the margin, was 8 x 5 1-2 inches, and each number contained about as much reading matter as twelve pages of the University Magazine. Subsequent numbers present a few items of foreign, and sometimes of domestic, intelligence. Among the political articles, the famous North-Briton No. 65 is copied in the 14th and 15th Nos. At the close of the year 1764, a new volume commenced, with a diminution of one half in size without any reduction in price. How long the Magazine continued to be published, we have no means of ascertaining. It was succeeded, however, by THE NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE, which was continued until some time after the beginning of the Revolution.

Shortly after the commencement of Davis's enterprize in the establishment of the Magazine, towards the first of September, as Martin informs us, Andrew Stuart issued the first number of the "NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE AND WEEKLY POST BOY." "The town of Wilmington having the advantage of a good navigation, being often visited by European vessels, and having a regular trade with Charleston, the latter paper contained the earlier and more general intelligence." How long this paper was sustained is unknown, as no copy of it, or its name-sake at New-Berne, has ever fallen within the range of our researches.

We have before us, through the kindness of the venerable Dr. Armand De Rossett, of Wilmington, the "SUPPLE-

MENT TO THE CAPE FEAR MERCURY," Nos. 46, 48, 50, 51 and 52. The last of these bears date, November 22d, 1770, from which we infer that the publication commenced about the 22d Nov. 1769. The following extract from the proceedings of the Wilmington Committee (p. 17,) on the 30th January, 1775, contains the closing history of the paper.

"Mr. Adam Boyd, having applied for encouragement to his news-paper (some time ago laid aside,) it was resolved that the Committee, so far as their influence extended, would support him on the following terms:

"That he, Mr. Boyd, should weekly continue a newspaper, denominated the Cape Fear Mercury, of 21 inches wide, 17 inches long, 3 columns on a page, and of the small pica or long primer letter, and in return receive his payment at the following periods, viz: ten shillings at the delivery of the first number, ten shillings at the expiration of a year and to be paid ten shillings at the end of every succeeding six months thereafter."

Boyd was a pious man, a good citizen and a sterling whig. It was in the Cape Fear Mercury, it will be remembered, that Governor Martin first met with "a most infamous publication importing to be the resolves of a set of people, styling themselves a Committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitrously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this country."—The prophetic forebodings of Governor Berkley were now fearfully realized,—learning had brought disobedience, heresy and sects into the world, and printing had divulged them and libels against the best government. Thus closes the ante-revolutionary history of the press. The history of Queen's College, the Fanuel Hall of the South, remains to be written.

After the discontinuance of the Cape Fear Mercury and the North Carolina Gazette, at an early period of the revolution, there was no newspaper in the State, until Thursday the 28th of August, 1783.—

On that day Robert Keith issued at New-Berne, the first number of the "NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE, OR IMPARTIAL INTELLIGENCER, AND WEEKLY GENERAL ADVERTISER."

It was printed with clear type, on a sheet of fair paper, neither as long nor as wide by two inches as the supplement to the *Southern Weekly Post*. We subjoin, as calculated to convey a clearer idea of the character of the paper than any description we might attempt, the Prospectus, and some accompanying editorial notices, which make up, more than the sixth of the number from which it is taken.

THE NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE, published in *Newbern*, is hereby offered to the PUBLICK on the following TERMS:

I.—SAID GAZETTE shall consist of a full sheet of Demy Paper, of the best quality that can be procured, and printed upon neat Types.

II.—It shall contain the Earliest and most Authentic Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic, that may possibly be obtained; and any Political Pieces calculated to promote the Good of Society; or other Performances in Prose or verse, either interesting or entertaining which Ladies or Gentlemen of Genius may offer to the Press: And in case of a Scarcity of these, care shall be taken to supply the Deficiency with Extracts from the best approved Authors, which may be judged most suitable to the Times.

III.—It shall be published on the *Thursdays* throughout the Year; (unless some unknown Circumstance may render an Alteration expedient) when Subscribers may be furnished with their Papers, either at the Printing Office near the Church or have them directed to whatever Place they may appoint.

IV.—The annual Price THREE DOLLARS to Subscribers, they paying ONE HALF thereof at the time of Subscribing, and the OTHER at the End of the Year; and likewise for every Year's Continuance, unless Times alter for the better, and admit the Gazette cheaper; And in case of Subscribers Removal, their Rights shall be transferable. The weekly Price to Non-subscribers, EIGHT PENCE, *North Carolina* currency.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for said Gazette taken in by *John More*, in *Edenton*, *John Dubois*, in *Wilmington*, *Thomas Davis*, Printer, in *Hali-*

fax, and by a number of other Gentlemen, in different Parts of this extensive country; and also by the subscriber, *Robert Keith*, at said Printing Office, in *Newbern*; who must not only have the money proposed in Advance, but the subscribers' Names, and Places of Abode, before they can expect to receive the Papers, which are to be put up in Packets, especially those which go to any Distance and be left where it may best suit such subscribers.

As there has not been a Newspaper published in *North Carolina* for several years last past, no Doubt the greater Number of it's Citizens are very sensible that is a great Disadvantage to themselves and the State in general, having learned the Worth by the Want thereof: It is natural to suppose all such will cheerfully encourage the subscriber in this attempt to supply their Deficiencies; especially when they are informed that he is determined to pay so much Attention to this Vehicle of Knowledge, as to make it both useful and entertaining:— But being lately from *Pennsylvania*, he hath not the Pleasure and Advantage of an extensive Acquaintance through this and the Adjacent States, will therefore acknowledge the Favor done by any Gentlemen of Character and Activity, who may procure Subscriptions for said Paper in their Neighborhoods, on the above conditions, as soon as may be, and send them in to him.

As there are no established Posts ride from this Town to the interior and upper Parts of this State, where are the greater Number of its Inhabitants, it is highly probable, that if some Gentlemen of enterprising Genius should undertake to convey Newspapers, Letters, &c., that Way, the generous publick would make it much to their interest.

N. B. Here follows a Copy of the Preamble to the SUBSCRIPTION for the NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE; which may be transcribed by any Gentlemen who are kind enough to procure Subscriptions, and have not papers for that purpose.

WE, who hereunto subscribe our Names, do hereby promise to pay, or cause to be paid, annually, to *Robert Keith*, of *Newbern*, Printer, or to his Heirs, or Assigns, the just and full Sum of THREE SPANISH MILLED DOLLARS, for the *North Carolina Gazette*, which he is to print weekly; one Half of said Sum in Advance at the Time of Subscribing, and the other at the End of the Year: As Witness our Hands this 28th Day of July, *Anno Dom.*, 1783.

\* \* THE Subscriber would immediately take

a couple of Lads, fourteen or fifteen Years of Age, of good Character, Genius and Education, as Apprentices to the Printing Business, on the usual Terms that such young Gentlemen are instructed in that genteel occupation.

\* \* ALL Kinds of Blanks and other Printing Work done by the Subscriber, in the neatest manner, and the most reasonable Terms;— Where may be had, at present, a few Books on Divinity, viz., *Edwards on Original Sin*, *Bates on the Divine Attributes*, a choice Collection of Hymns, &c. And for the Use of Schools, Testaments, Spelling-books, Primmers, Writing-paper, &c. &c.

ROBERT KEITH.

THIS Gazette is offered to the publick for three Spanish Milled dollars per annum; but, from the scarcity of that kind of money in this country at present, some who are desirous of having the paper complain that they cannot obtain it.— The Printers hereof, willing to remove every difficulty out of their subscribers' way, which would not bring greater upon themselves, propose to take the value of the above sum, in any other current money of this State, from those who cannot afford the specie, which would suit much better to procure paper, &c., from abroad.

THE Printers hereof will acknowledge themselves obliged to any gentlemen, either masters of vessels, established posts, or transient travellers as well as inhabitants of this town and vicinity, for any peice of intelligence worthy of a place in this paper.

NEWBERN: Printed for R. KEITH and COMPANY, near the Church, where subscriptions, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, Essays, Articles of Intelligence, &c., for this Gazette, are gratefully received.

ADVERTISEMENTS, of no greater length than the Breadth of a column, are inserted Three Weeks for one Dollar; and for every Week's continuance after, one Fourth of a Dollar; those of a larger size are inserted in the same Proportion.

How long *Keith* and company continued to conduct the paper we have no means of ascertaining. We have before us the "*North-Carolina Gazette*," printed by F. X. MARTIN, at *New-Berne*, Saturday June 7th, 1794, No. 439, Vol. 9.

We subjoin a list of newspapers established anterior to the publication of the *Raleigh Register*, by JOSEPH GALES, in the autumn of 1799.

"*The State Gazette of North-Carolina*," by HODGE & WILLS, about the 1st January, 1786, No. 156, Vol. III, now before us, is dated Edenton, Thursday Jan. 1st, 1789.

"*The North-Carolina Gazette*," printed by ROBERT FERGUSON for THOMAS DAVIS, at Hillsborough, first No. issued about the 1st January, 1786.

"*Fayetteville Gazette*," Monday, 24th August, 1789, SELBY & HOWARD.

"*Wilmington Gazette*."

"*The North-Carolina Journal*," Wednesday, July 23d, 1793, Halifax, HODGE & WILLS.

"*The Fayetteville Minerva*," established by HODGE & BOYLAN, early in 1796, and removed to Raleigh. We have before us "*The North-Carolina Minerva and Raleigh Advertiser*," No. 176, Vol. IV, published Tuesday, August 27th, 1799.

"*The North-Carolina Mercury and Salisbury Advertiser*," by FRANCES COWPEE, No. 104, Vol. II, is dated Thursday, May 1, 1800.

Some of our contemporaries will probably be surprised to find a newspaper in existence as far west as Salisbury before there was a press in Raleigh, and that Hillsborough has precedence of the political metropolis, in this respect, by a period of more than 13 years. *The North-Carolina Journal*, published by ABRAHAM HODGE at Halifax, had more celebrity and wider circulation, than any paper in the State, previous to the establishment of the Raleigh Register. It, in common with all the papers in the State, was printed on a sheet of considerably smaller dimensions than would be made by the folding half of the sheet on which any of the larger class of Raleigh newspapers is at present printed. There were three columns on each page, and the columns of the *Journal*, the largest of all, were 14.5 inches in length and 2.8 in width.

The history of the Wilmington press, in proportion to its importance is less known

than that of any other portion of the State, and the veteran Editor of the *Commercial* who conducted, and we believe established the *Cape Fear Recorder*, more than 38 years ago (we are unwilling to attempt greater precision) would greatly oblige us, and our brethren of the type by tracing it for our readers.

Few persons have ever lived in North Carolina whose auto-biography, if he left one, would be more interesting and valuable, than that of the late JOSEPH GALES. If no such memorial exists, his biography ought to be written by the Editor of the *Fayetteville Observer*. A sketch of his history, from any one capable of doing justice to the subject, would be a very acceptable contribution to the pages of this Magazine. A similar sketch is due to the long continued and successful services of Abraham Hodge. Will not the Editor of the Standard undertake to supply it?

MAGAZINES.—The first periodical which issued from the North-Carolina press was "*The North-Carolina Magazine or Universal Intelligencer*," of which a sufficiently minute account is given in the foregoing article.

In August, 1813, COWPEE & CRIDER published at Salisbury the first number of "*The North-Carolina Magazine, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*."—We have in our possession the numbers for August, September and October, only, and suppose the enterprise did not extend to a second volume. It was a pamphlet of 32 pages, besides the cover, which was of the same texture with the body of the work, contained almost no original matter, and was made up almost exclusively of such articles as constituted the staple of the ordinary newspapers of the period.—The prices current at Fayetteville, Wilmington, Petersburg and Charleston, were given upon the closing page of each number.

In 1842, the students of this University established "*The University Magazine*." It was neatly printed, each number contained 42 pages, and was filled almost entirely with original papers, written by the editors and other students. It was published by THOMAS LORING, at the office of the "*Independent*," at Raleigh, and deserved a wider circulation, and a more permanent support than was awarded to it by the impartial public.

"*The Evergreen*," at Ashborough, of which we happen to have no copy at hand, came next in point of time. It was projected by the Rev. Benjamin Craven, at present President of Normal College.

Our own Magazine is the fifth test of this kind to which, so far as our knowledge extends, the literary discrimination and generous liberality of the people of North Carolina has been subjected. We do not claim to have effected a great deal during the brief period of our service in the Republic of Letters, or to intimate that the reward which has crowned our exertions is not quite equal to our merits. And yet it is something to have produced the only work of the kind, which in the two centuries, since the first permanent settlement of the State, has lived through a second volume, and entered with increasing strength and hope, upon a third. With grateful feelings for those who have sustained and cheered us in our onward course, we are altogether disposed to thank God and take courage,—to look the future in the face with buoyant hopes and aspirations!

It gives us pleasure to insert the notice of the marriage of another one of our quondam college mates. It is discouraging, for we are fearful that they will marry all the young ladies and leave us the old ones. We cannot imagine what it is about the last Senior class that charms the ladies so. We didn't think them handsome: no, not half as hand—

good as we. Never mind, we'll soon be out in the world, and if they don't have formidable rivals we don't know who will:

Married, in Warren County, on Wednesday the 2nd of November, 1853, by the Rev. Dr. L. L. Smith, of Norfolk, Va., Mr. R. T. Arrington, of Warrenton, to Miss Bettie, daughter of Dr. Henry L. Plummer.

May no cloud appear to mar their future happiness. Send along your *good things*.

We are enabled, through the kindness of our President, to place before our readers a piece of poetry written many years past; which, for its sweetness and simplicity, will draw the admiration of all, and perhaps, will awaken in some, recollections "around which memory loves to linger."

To the memory of Old Grey alias Spread Eagle, who departed this scene of trouble on the 17th April, in an apoplectic fit, much lamented by the citizens of Chapel Hill, but particularly by the Students, who for a number of years experienced his services, in gratitude for which they offer the following testimonial of their respect and sorrow:

Soft be the turf where rests thy aged head,  
 And sweet thy slumbers, much lamented  
 Spread.  
 May flowers perennial deck thy lowly grave,  
 And heaven's soft dews thy sacred hillock  
 lave.  
 Oft shall the pensive student lingering near  
 Thy house of rest, bestow the passing tear,  
 Think of thy former worth, thy pristine grace,  
 Thy fair proportions and delightful pace;  
 Clean with his knife the letters of thy praise,  
 And sing thy merits in repeated lays.

J. A. M.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—The contributions for this number have been more abundant than usual, and we are glad to see an increased zeal among our friends and fellow-students. We return our sincere thanks

to all our contributors to the last volume, and hope they will continue their liberality. ZENO we are forced to let drop under our table. We fear he has chosen a subject above his capacity, or at least he has not done justice to it, or the poetry has not to him. Yet he need not despair; he writes well, and we think would better succeed in prose. And here let us recommend to one and all the necessity of first writing prose well before you endeavor to write poetry. Poetry consists not alone in rhyming, as some may suppose. Then do not send us the result of your first poetical attempt, for if you do, it is mighty apt to be rejected.

LECS is trite. His arguments are common and savor too much of the inexperienced. Try again.

H. writes well but is rather too severe

He contains much truth, but his article is unsuitable for the Magazine.

YOUTH is *youthful* in the extreme, and we think him rather young to have he Cupid's dart. We are unable to say whether he still has a *heart*. But hear him about it:

'Tis all that I can give to thee,  
 Tho' pierced with many a wound;  
 Accept it as it used to be,  
 When it was in my breast first found.

FELLOW STUDENTS:—We are glad to see you looking so well; we welcome you back to your old home. We hope you have spent a pleasant vacation, have seen Miss —, and we also hope you have brought the "*wherewith*" to pay the printer, which you can do, as soon as *convenient*, by calling on W. C. Nichols.

Owing to the great irregularity of the mails, a correction, intended to be made in the caption of the Sketch of Capt. Blakely, did not reach the office of publication until after the form containing the article was printed. The title should be

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPT. JOHNSTON BLAKELY,  
 LATE OF THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR, WASP.

BY JOSEPH JOHNSON, M. D., OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

*Author of Traditions and Reminiscences of the Revolution.*

THE

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1854.

No. 2.

## AMERICAN HISTORY—PRELECTION.

THE History of the British Colonies in North America is connected with the History of those great events, which since the revival of learning in the fifteenth century, have changed the intellectual character and moral condition of nations. Religious persecution contributed more than any other cause to the planting of the Colonies; yet to understand the character of the Colonists, and of the extraordinary empire which they and their posterity have reared up, many other things are to be taken into view; and there is no period of history entitled to more minute examination and study, than that which exhibits the various causes that led to the discovery of this Continent, the planting of the British Colonies, their rise and progress. It includes the history of modern literature, of science and the arts since the revival of letters, of the schism of the Protestants from the Church of Rome, and that of the dissenters from the Church of England, of the progress of personal freedom, of civil, religious and political liberty, and of representative Government. These subjects, if exhibited in detail, would

fill many volumes; it will comport with our plan to set forth only general facts and general views.

Italy had the honor of dispelling the darkness which spread over Europe, upon the fall of the Western Empire.—The commerce carried on by her maritime States improved the state of manners, relaxed the rigours of the feudal system, and introduced a turbulent liberty, that gave activity to the mind and energy to character. These qualities were exhibited no less in the cultivation of letters than in the enterprises of war. Florence took the lead in the improvements of the age, and under the patronage and protection of the House of Medici, the learned men of Italy, and some from Constantinople, assembled in that city and devoted themselves to classical learning, to the study of a new philosophy, to polite literature and the arts. A taste for the latin classics began to be cherished in Italy as early as the middle of the fourteenth century, and towards the close of that century, the study of the Greek language was introduced. After a short period of neglect, it was revived with ardour in

the beginning of the fifteenth century, and taught in many of the cities of Italy. A taste for Greek and Roman literature became general; the collection of manuscripts became the occupation of learned men, whose labors were rewarded by the munificence of patrons and the applause of rivals in the same pursuit. Italy, France, Germany and England, were travelled over in search of Roman manuscripts; Constantinople, Asia Minor, and other countries of the East were visited for the purpose of collecting Greek manuscripts: and modern ages are indebted to the enthusiasm of the learned men of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for recovering from oblivion nearly all the Latin and Greek authors, that have come down to our times.

This fondness for ancient literature gradually unshackled the human mind, accustomed it to more free enquiry, and prepared it for the reception of more useful knowledge. These fortunate results were accelerated by the introduction of the platonic philosophy. The philosophy of Aristotle had for many centuries held dominion and operated like an incubus in the Universities and public schools of Italy. The spirit of that philosophy had no tendency to elevate the mind. Its dogmas had no relation to the common duties of life. Its logic prescribed a course of reasoning that conducted the mind to no useful conclusions, trammelled it with rules and employed its energies upon frivolous subjects. True philosophy has three objects in view; the first, to inspire the mind with elevated sentiments and thus lay the foundation of an exalted morality; the second, to

teach to man his duties in his religious and social relations; the third, to teach him those principles of correct reasoning, which shall keep him clear of the mazes of sophistry and conduct him to truth in the various branches of knowledge. The philosophy of Aristotle, as taught by the schoolmen, had neither of these objects in view; and nothing contributed more to continue the ignorance of the middle ages, than the ascendancy which this philosophy had obtained in the Universities of Europe. The philosophy of Plato had as little relation to the duties and concerns of life as that of Aristotle; but it was free from ridiculous dogmas and frivolous logic, and its professed object was to inspire the mind with exalted sentiments, by raising it to the contemplation of the supreme excellence of the deity, and placing the chief happiness of man in such contemplations. The study of this new philosophy was introduced into Italy by some learned Greeks from Constantinople; its moral and intellectual influence was soon felt; Cosmo de' Medici had the wisdom to perceive its beneficial tendency, and established an academy at Florence for instruction in its doctrines. These doctrines daily became more popular, and acquired strength by their intrinsic excellence over those of the schoolmen. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, drove to Italy many new disciples of the Platonic philosophy, and although they were unable to introduce it into the public schools and seminaries of learning, they explained its principles in public discourses, and thus opened new sources of thought, presented new subjects of enquiry, and gave

useful examples of boldness in attacking long received opinions.

The progress of this philosophy gave alarm to the clergy, who perceived that the freedom of enquiry which it promoted, and the general tendency of its doctrines were no less dangerous to their own authority than to that of Aristotle; and as policy induced them to keep the scriptures concealed from the people in a dead language, lest the truths of the gospel might supplant the errors of the church, and its light dispel the darkness of superstition, so they were anxious to arrest the progress of a philosophy, the sublime doctrines of which excited the admiration and reverence of the people; and Pope Clement VIII, was warned by Cardinal Bellarmine, of the danger of shewing any favor to a philosopher whose opinions approached so nearly to the truths of the gospel.

The authority of Aristotle was shaken, but not broken down, by the disciples of the Platonic Philosophy. It was gradually undermined by the diffusion of knowledge, which prepared society for a renunciation of philosophical as well as the theological opinions long consecrated by time. It perished in the storms of the Protestant reformation, and its ruin, by opening the way for the inductive philosophy of Bacon, contributed as much to the progress of science, as the reformation itself to the progress of Christian truth.

The collection of ancient manuscripts was followed by the establishment of public libraries, for the double purpose of preserving the manuscripts and rendering them accessible to the learned. The art of printing was unknown, and

it required a princely estate either to purchase original manuscripts or procure copies. Niccolo Niccoli founded the first public library in Europe. He spent his life and exhausted his fortune in collecting ancient manuscripts. He died in 1436, and by his will, gave his library, consisting of eight hundred volumes of Latin, Greek and Oriental Works, to Curators, for the use of the public.—Cosmo de' Medici was his patron and friend; he paid his debts, took the direction of his manuscripts, and placed them for the public use in the Dominican Monastery of St. Marco, at Florence. The great wealth of Cosmo, and his extensive mercantile connexions, gave him advantages over others of his age, in procuring ancient manuscripts, particularly from Arabia and India. He was a Florentine merchant, who, says Gibbon, "governed the republic without arms and without a title. He was the father of a line of princes, whose name and age are almost synonymous with the restoration of learning; his credit was ennobled into fame; his riches were dedicated to the service of mankind; he corresponded at once with Cairo and London, and a cargo of Indian spices, and Greek books, were often imported in the same vessel." The works which he collected, formed the beginning of the most celebrated library of the fifteenth century. It was greatly enlarged by the liberality of his descendants, and under his grandson Lorenzo, took the name of the Laurentian Library, a name which it bears to this day.

The example of Cosmo in founding the Laurentian Library, was imitated by his cotemporary and friend, Nicholas V, who during a pontificate of eight

years, founded the library of the Vatican, and enriched it with upwards of five thousand volumes. The extensive collections of books gave new facilities to the learned men of Italy in prosecuting their studies; their ardor increased with these facilities; manuscripts were copied, their defects corrected, and their text arranged in proper order. Whilst this ardor was at its height, the art of printing was invented; and within sixteen years after the establishment of the first public library in Europe, and within seven years after the founding of the library of the Vatican, a copy of the Bible was printed. The art of printing was invented in Germany, but it was soon introduced, improved, and brought to perfection in Italy, where its utility was immediately perceived and appreciated. It superceded the tedious and laborious process of copying in manuscript. Copies of books multiplied, private libraries began to be formed, books became accessible to the common people, new discussions arose and freedom of enquiry advanced.

The literary and religious controversies of this age sustained and promoted the freedom of enquiry. Italy was agitated by the disputes of her philosophers concerning the principles of the platonic philosophy; and all Europe had engaged in the questions, whether Avignon or Rome should be the seat of the Holy See, whether Urban VI, or Clement VII, Benedict XIII, Gregory XII, or Alexander V, was the true Vicar of Christ. The States of Europe took different sides in these questions, which were discussed with bitterness and zeal, and with little respect for the papal authority. Pope Gregory XI,

upon whose death, in 1380, these questions began to arise, had witnessed during his pontificate, the efforts of John Wickliffe, to subvert the doctrines of the established church. Wickliffe was a secular Priest, of learning and talents, and possessed an enthusiasm that was indispensable in combating superstition. He denied the supremacy of the church of Rome, contended that the church was dependant on the State and ought to be reformed by it when necessary. He denied the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament, maintained that the Scriptures were the only rule of faith, that the clergy ought to be answerable to the civil power for their crimes and to possess no property: that Monastic vows had no merit, that numerous ceremonies in worship were hurtful to piety, and that oaths were unlawful. He asserted the doctrine of predestination, and that all things were subject to fate and destiny. Various events had occurred before this time to weaken the reverence of the people of England for the established church, and they lent a willing ear to the doctrines of Wickliffe. He was indefatigable in preaching and writing, made many converts, and gave such alarm to the clergy that pope Gregory XI, issued a bull for taking him into custody and examining into his doctrines. Wickliffe had prudence, but was deficient in the intrepidity which a great reformer should possess, and which so eminently distinguished Martin Luther: and although the Duke of Lancaster, who then governed the kingdom, and Lord Peirey, the marshal, protected him upon his first trial, and for many years afterwards, his fortitude gave way before the incessant exertions

of the clergy, who harrassed him with trials, until he explained away his doctrines so as to render them inoffensive. His weakness did not seriously retard the reformation that he had commenced: the zeal of his followers was seconded by the aversion which the people entertained against the clergy, and one half of the kingdom became converts to his opinions. The activity and artifices of the clergy at length arrested the progress of opinions which threatened their authority and wealth with destruction. Convinced that without the aid of the civil power, the heresy of Wickliffe could not be suppressed, they applied to Parliament for help. The King and the Peers came into their views; the Commons evinced a different spirit, and were more disposed to impose restraints than to arm them with additional authority. But in 1381, the clergy contrived to get an act passed and to have it enrolled without the consent of the Commons, requiring sheriffs to apprehend preachers of heresy and their abettors: and in 1400, another act authorising the bishops to imprison all persons suspected of heresy, to try them in the spiritual court, and if they proved obstinate heretics or relapsed, the spiritual judge was to call the sheriff of the county or the chief magistrate of the town, to be present when the sentence of condemnation was pronounced, and immediately to deliver the condemned person to the secular magistrate, who was to cause him to be burnt to death in some elevated place in the sight of the people. Armed with this act of Parliament, the clergy commenced and carried on for many years, a cruel persecution against the followers

of Wickliffe, then called Lollards, many of whom were tried, condemned and publicly burnt. Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, took the lead in this persecution. The persons suspected of heresy were arrested and taken before him and then underwent a long examination. The heresies most commonly alledged were:

1. A refusal to worship the cross.
2. A denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation.
3. A denial of the power of Priests to forgive sins.
4. A denial of the supremacy of the church of Rome.
5. A refusal to go on pilgrimages to holy places, there to worship relics of saints, apostles, martyrs and confessors, approved by the church of Rome.

An attempt to explain away a heresy was taken as clear proof of guilt. Sir William Sawtor was accused of two heresies, refusing to worship the cross and denying the real presence of Christ in the sacrament. On his trial, he consented to pay an inferior vicarious kind of worship to the cross, on account of him who died upon it. But this was not satisfactory. He acknowledged the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, and that after the words of consecration were pronounced, the bread became the true spiritual bread of life. He was told, this was not sufficient, and underwent an examination of three hours upon the subject. Archbishop Arundel then urged him to profess his belief—

“That after consecration, the substance of the bread and wine no longer remained, but was converted into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, which were as really and truly in their proper substance and nature in the sacrament, as they were in the womb of the Virgin Mary, as they hung upon

the cross, as they lay in the grave, and as they reside in heaven." Sawtor declared that "whatever might be the consequence, he could neither understand nor believe that doctrine." The archbishop pronounced him to be an obstinate heretic, degraded him from his clerical orders, and delivered him over to the mayor and sheriff of London, to be publicly burnt. He met his fate with firmness and had the honor of being the first person in England, who suffered death, for maintaining the doctrines of the reformation.

Arundel continued this persecution until his death, and his example was followed by Chicheley his successor; by whose influence Parliament passed an act in 1415, declaring that the chancellor, the judges of both benches, and of assize, justices of the peace, sheriffs, mayors and bailiffs, should take an oath at their admission into office, to do every thing in their power to extirpate all Lollards out of the kingdom, and assist the ordinaries in prosecuting them.—The public execution of many respectable prelates, and of Lord Cobham, then at the head of the party, and one of the most virtuous and distinguished men of his age, struck terror into the followers of Wickliffe, and made them conceal their opinions to save their lives. Wickliffe did not live to witness these executions, and to admire the fortitude of men, who suffered at the stake for maintaining his doctrines: doctrines which are now maintained by all the Protestant churches.

Although the clergy, aided by the strong arm of the secular power, overawed the reformers, the opinions of Wickliffe were cherished in secret, in

many parts of England, and openly avowed in the kingdom of Bohemia.—The University of Oxford had favoured those opinions, and some students from Bohemia becoming converts, propagated their opinions upon their return home, with such success, that in 1428, the court of Rome became alarmed, and (the Pope) published a bull commanding solemn procession to be made, on the first Sunday of every month, in all churches and church yards, in order to draw down the vengeance of heaven on the heretical Bohemians; and proclaimed a crusade against them, granting the pardon of sins and the happiness of heaven to all who died in the expedition. The Emperor Sigismund became the champion of the Holy See, in conducting this crusade: princes and prelates repaired to his standard. They were met in battle by the Bohemians and defeated. The sagacity of the Pope perceived in the continuance of this war, the certain extension of the heresies which he wished to suppress, and quickly made peace with the Bohemians, granting to them some trifling concessions of doctrine, not inconsistent with the fundamental principles upon which the authority of the established church was founded. The age was not ripe for a general reformation of the church; but the controversies about the opinions and doctrines of Wickliffe weakened the papal power, and accustomed even the common people to think and investigate. Those opinions were, from the first, agreeable to the common people, who envied the clergy for their wealth and immunities, hated them for their vices and dissolute manners, and readily embraced the opinions

of Wickliffe, that the church was not supreme over the civil power, that the clergy should be answerable to this power for their crimes, and should possess no estates. It was the popularity of these opinions that gave such a keen edge to the resentment and persecution of the clergy. They rioted in excessive wealth, were exempt from the payment of taxes, except when the King, regardless of their privileges, made arbitrary exactions; they were not answerable to the civil authority for their crimes, and murder, rape, incest and perjury, openly and daily committed, went unpunished.

Whilst the common people were thus acquiring a *moral* force in society, their *physical* force was increased by the emancipation of the villains or slaves. At the commencement of the twelfth century, the greater part of society were slaves; and lived entirely at the will of their masters. Every one that was not noble was a slave. The King and the chief vassals of the crown were the only persons who enjoyed *personal liberty*. The inferior vassals or gentry, enjoyed this liberty in appearance only, being subject to a long train of subordination and exactions from their superior Lords, and deriving from the law, but a slender protection against arbitrary and oppressive acts. The great body of society consisted of the gentry, the peasants and the inhabitants of the cities: the peasants were employed either as domestics about the house or person of the Lord, in which case they were called *villains in gross* or were employed upon his farm, and called *predial villains* or *villains regardant*. They were considered to be the absolute

property of the Lord; the villains regardant were sold like his cattle; the villains in gross were annexed to his land, and sold along with it. The inhabitants of the cities were generally tradesmen, held in contempt by the feudal Lords, and enjoyed safety from their insignificance. The gentry occupied a middle ground between the greater barons and the inhabitants of the cities, enjoying neither personal liberty nor safety. The *villains in gross* were the first that recovered their personal liberty. The incessant wars in which the feudal Lords were engaged, often placed them in situations where danger triumphed over their pride, and obliged them to put arms into the hands of their domestics, and raise them to the rank of freemen; for none but freeman could compose the retinue of a military chieftain. The inhabitants of the cities were the next who recovered their personal liberty. The resources of the feudal Lords became impaired, their military ardor declined, and their wars became less frequent. As soon as society enjoyed peace, the useful arts began to be cultivated. These arts, if not despised by the gentry and chief vassals of the crown, were considered as beneath their dignity and notice, and left to the inhabitants of the cities, who applied themselves to handicraft trades and to commerce. The importance of this class of society was quickly perceived by the princes of Europe, who to encourage their occupations and to give them protection against the tyranny of the barons, began to erect communities and corporations, endowed with privileges and a separate municipal government. Charters were grant-

ed to companies of tradesmen and merchants, and also to the cities and trading towns, containing an enumeration of the privileges and immunities granted. These charters were generally respected by the prince; and by affording protection against the barons, they greatly encouraged industry and enterprise. These charters produced another effect highly beneficial; they placed the inhabitants of the cities and towns under the immediate protection of the prince, and by protecting them against the barons, gave to them an independence of character unknown to their ancestors.

The great barons having no occupation but war, became indolent, as wars became less frequent; the feudal tenure relaxed, and the gentry or inferior vassals were relieved from many exactions to which a rigid tenure had subjected them, and began to enjoy personal freedom and independence: but the indolence of the great barons soon introduced luxury into their mode of living; the arts of tillage and agriculture being in their infancy. The produce of their farms was not sufficient to meet the expenses of their household; and to gratify their wants, they made arbitrary exactions from their inferior vassals. As their wants multiplied, these exactions increased, until they became more oppressive than the regular feudal exactions. The laws were too weak to protect the gentry against these acts of oppression, and they sought protection under the authority of the prince; who now finding himself supported by the gentry, and inhabitants of the cities and boroughs, assumed the authority unknown to the feudal governments, but one indispensably necessary to enable

him to curb the rapacity and licentious spirit of the great barons. "It required," says Hume, "the authority almost absolute of the sovereigns, to pull down those disorderly and licentious tyrants, who were equally averse from peace and from freedom, and to establish that regular execution of the laws, which in a following age, enabled the people to erect a regular and equitable plan of liberty." In this way the power of the prince became absolute, and it is curious to remark, that the same causes which made him absolute, gave personal freedom to the gentry and the common people.

The predial villains or villains regardant, were the last that recovered their personal freedom. Their condition was very degraded; they were employed in the cultivation of their masters' lands, were annexed to these lands and transferred with them from one proprietor to another. Their sons could not enter into holy orders without the consent of their masters; they could not prosecute their masters in a court of justice, nor hold property except at their will. They could not leave their masters without permission, and if they ran away or were purloined, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held small portions of land for the purpose of maintaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of their masters, who might dispossess them, when ever they pleased. They held these portions of land upon services which were not only base and mean, such as to carry out manure, hedge and ditch their master's farms, but which were uncertain both as to their time and quantity. The first in-

provement made in the condition of these villains, was the fixing with certainty the rents which they were to pay, whether those rents consisted in corn and cattle and other produce of the farm, or in servile offices to be performed about their master's family or upon his lands. As agriculture improved and money increased, it was found to be the interest both of the Lords and villains, to make a commutation of rents for services, and money rents for those in kind. Further improvements in husbandry at length introduced the practice of granting leases to the villains, and this entirely broke the bonds of servitude and abolished the distinction between freemen and villains. In this way, villainage went gradually into disuse, and personal freedom became general in Europe.

Among the various circumstances which conspired to accelerate the progress of knowledge and the civilization of society, none had a more extensive and powerful influence, than this extension of personal freedom and the rise of the lower orders in the different countries of Europe. These events produced by the introduction of the arts, the enlargement of commerce, and the reduction of the feudal aristocracy, were accompanied by a gradual diffusion of wealth, which gave to men an ease and independence essentially necessary to inspire them with a desire of knowledge, and to afford leisure for its acquisition. The lower orders soon acquired political importance; they wielded the physical force of society and formed the mass upon which the reformers worked. For their instruction, the scriptures were translated and numerous works were

written in their own vernacular tongues. This soon became the universal method of addressing the multitude, greatly increased the number of readers and thinkers, and produced an entire revolution in the republic of letters. For until this time, learning was taught only in the dead languages, and rendered inaccessible to all who did not understand the Latin and Greek. None were considered *wise* but the *learned*, and prejudice had confounded knowledge with erudition. As soon as the vernacular tongue was adopted as a medium of instruction, the way to knowledge was laid open to all,—and to be *wise*, it was no longer necessary to be *learned*.

Few events contributed more to the diffusion of knowledge and the general improvements of the age, than the study of the Roman law, which was introduced into the Universities of Europe about the middle of the twelfth century. The clergy every where engaged in it, introduced and enforced its principles in the spiritual courts, and prevailed on the nobility and gentry to consider an acquaintance with this new science as a necessary part of education. No study was better adapted to improve their taste, enlarge their views, invigorate their reasoning powers, and give solidity to their judgment. As a system of jurisprudence, it was the noblest monument of human wisdom; and being intimately connected with pure ethics and liberal politics, contributed to illustrate those sciences from the moment of its introduction. As the feudal system relaxed, the principles of the Roman law were incorporated into the political constitutions and municipal codes of the

different States of Europe. Their happy influence was soon felt in ameliorating and systematizing the administration of justice; and in diffusing correct ideas of civil rights and a knowledge, though very imperfect, of the science of government. The laws began to be more strictly executed and to afford greater security; and the whole fabric of society to evidence the progress of order and civilization.

But notwithstanding the favor and admiration which the civil law received, the science of ethics made little progress until the time of the reformation. The ethics of Aristotle had been adopted in the Universities. As a system of practical morals, they were useless and unintelligible, having no relation to the duties of active life; they were suited for contemplative life only, and on that account were more admired and extolled by its professors, who lived apart from the world and knew nothing of its concerns. The ethics of the civil law were founded upon the social relations of man, and had for their object the illustration of his rights and his duties; but its professors were generally monks, who knew as little of the practical concerns of life as the professors of Aristotle's ethics, and from their education and habits were inclined to the opinion that ethics was a mere contemplative science. Indeed the character of professors in that age, led to this opinion as to all the sciences; and it was not until the reformation that men began to turn their attention from abstruse speculations to the business of life. Instruction was then no longer confined to an University or a cloister: men acquainted with the affairs of life instructed the

multitude in the doctrines of the reformation and in the morality of the New Testament. Casuistical subtleties were combatted by appeals to the moral feelings and moral judgments of men. But the schoolmen and monks had so interwoven the principles of ethics with the speculative doctrines of Theology, that many years elapsed before any attempt was made to disentangle them; and so great has been the difficulty that it has not been overcome to this day. It is remarkable that notwithstanding the great improvements that have been made within the last century in metaphysical and physical science, and the liberal turn of philosophical enquiry, the science of ethics remains in a crude state. The question, "what is the foundation of moral obligation?" is not more satisfactorily answered now than it was three centuries ago; and until the principles of ethics shall be disentangled from the speculative doctrines of theology; until ethics shall be considered purely as a practical science, founded in the constitution and condition of man, and having for its sole object the development and illustration of his social rights and duties, society will have to regret that the most sublime of all the sciences remains imperfect\*.

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\* The principal improvements in ethical science for the last two hundred years, have been made by the courts of justice, whose decisions have been illustrated by comprehensive views of moral principles. And it may be said with confidence, that the chancellors and a few of the common law judges of England, having Lord Mansfield at their head, the chancellors of France, the judges of the supreme court of the United States, chancellor Kent of New York, Judge Cooper, and a few others, have contributed more to the development and illus-

Political science remained nearly stationary during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The changes which the progress of knowledge and the introduction of the arts produced in society, necessarily drew after them corresponding changes in the political constitution of the several States. The most important of these changes was the rise of the lower orders, the breaking down of the feudal aristocracy and the making of the prince absolute. Upon these changes arose the present civilized monarchies of Europe, which, as systems of government administered by regular maxims and fixed principles, are not more unlike the oriental despotisms than the ancient republics. The same general causes, which made the prince absolute, imposed restraints upon his authority. As the gentry and inferior orders accorded to him the exercise of absolute power, for the purpose of giving them protection against the oppressions of the barons, it soon became a political maxim, that power was to be exercised by the prince for the protection of

his subjects; and as this protection was in most cases directly afforded by the laws, each monarchy became, in a great degree, a government of laws, and not of men. A great part of these laws consisted of ancient usages, or of customs which had grown up in the cities and borough towns, in consequence of their charters. These customs soon acquired the force of laws, and were observed and respected as such, by the prince, as well as by the courts of justice. They were diligently collected and embodied by the lawyers, and assumed the force of regular codes. The absolute power of the prince was further restrained by the diffusion of knowledge by means of the press, which by enlightening the people and invigorating their spirit, raised a bulwark against the oppressions of their rulers, and taught princes to regard the prosperity of their subjects as the true object of their ambition, and their affection as the firm basis of their authority. Hence, notwithstanding occasional instances of tyranny and oppression in each of the civilized monarchies of Europe, the authority of the laws has steadily advanced, the arbitrary discretion of the prince has been restrained, property has become secure, industry and the arts have flourished; and as public opinion has made the glory of the prince to consist in the happiness and prosperity of his subjects, each of these monarchies has adopted regular maxims of administration, tending to the good order of society and to objects of national and permanent utility. History, it is true, furnishes many melancholy exceptions to these general truths; but their correctness will not be denied by any one ac-

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tration of the principles of ethics, and their proper application to the business and affairs of life, than all the other learned men of the world. Their principles, at all times conformable with good sense and the interests of society, are gradually weakening the force of precedent and adding new beauties to our system of jurisprudence. It is not the business of courts of justice to form these principles into a general system; they can only perfect and systematise particular branches of ethics, such as those which relate to contracts: it is the business of philosophers to form a general system; philosophers, who guided by a knowledge of the human mind, its faculties, sentiments and passions, shall trace with accuracy the moral phenomena of human life to their first principles in the constitution and condition of man.

quainted with the progress of the political constitutions of modern Europe.

Attempts were made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to establish certain doctrines, incompatible with civil liberty, and the first principles of political philosophy, and subversive of the great interests of society; doctrines, which in our day, and against all the lights of the nineteenth century, the holy alliance have attempted, with some detestable modifications and additions, to fasten upon Europe, by artifice and physical force. The most obnoxious of those doctrines were, that hypocrisy was a political virtue, that sovereigns ought not to commit crimes by halves, that they have no other object in governing, but their own advantage, and to keep their people in bondage, they must keep them in ignorance. These doctrines were first avowed by Machiavel, in his treatise called "*The Prince*," and afterwards maintained, but sometimes under different forms, by all the advocates of absolute power. Machiavel's *Prince* became a manual for tyrants: its principles were studied and the administration of States regulated by them. They governed the court of France during the regency of Catherine de' Medici and the reign of her son Charles IX.; and Voltaire tells us, they were supposed to have led that execrable tyrant to the massacre of the Protestants on the evening of St. Bartholomew.

In tracing the history of civil rights since the revival of letters, it is curious to remark, how much sooner the rights of property were secured and efficiently protected by the laws than the rights of personal liberty. For many years after the rights of property were looked

upon as sacred, and an invasion of them as one of the most dangerous acts of power. The persons of men were arrested and imprisoned at the arbitrary discretion of the Prince, the tower of London and the bastille of Paris, were filled with prisoners of this description. In England personal liberty did not receive effectual protection from the laws, until the twenty-ninth year of the reign of Charles II., when the writ of habeas corpus was granted to the subject; and in France, not until the revolution.

The learning of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was confined almost entirely to the Latin and Greek languages: and this admiration for the wisdom of antiquity was of peculiar use to literature and science in subsequent ages. It produced an emendation of the text of ancient authors and established the lexicography of their language: and it produced translations from the Greek into the Latin, of many valuable works, on philosophy, mathematics and physics; and an explanation of the difficulties of the authors they translated.

The sciences chiefly taught during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music: they formed what was called the quadrivian of the schools. Cosmography and drawing were occasionally taught, particularly to students who intended to engage in a seafaring life, and wished to be instructed in the art of navigation. An idea of the state of this art at that time, can be formed only from a view of the state of the sciences on which it depends.

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR MARCH.

THE Editor, though unauthorized to name the author of the following lines, ventures to announce their having been written by Professor EVERETT,\* of America, and conceives that they are no discredit to that gentleman's respectable name.

## DIRGE OF ALARIC THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course, that the body might be interred.—(*Campbell's London New Monthly Magazine*, 1823. Vol 5, p. 64.

When I am dead no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier;  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocritical tear;  
For I will die as I did live,  
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust  
Upon the spot where I repose;  
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,  
In hollow circumstance of wees;  
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,  
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,  
Your monuments upon my breast,  
Not yet within the common soil  
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;  
Where man can boast that he has trod  
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,  
And lay its secret channel bare,  
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,  
A resting-place for ever there:  
Then bid its everlasting springs  
Flow back upon the king of kings;  
And never be the secret said,  
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling  
Back to the clods that gave them birth;—  
The captured crowns of many a king,  
The ransom of a conquered earth;  
For, e'en though dead, will I control  
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,  
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,  
Ye shall not rear upon its side  
Pillar or mound to mark the spot;  
For long enough the world has shook  
Beneath the terrors of my look;  
And, now that I have run my race,  
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,  
And from the northern hills I burst,  
Across the world, in wrath to sweep,  
And where I went the spot was cursed,  
Nor blade of grass again was seen  
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail  
Beneath the terror of the Goth,  
Their iron-breasted legions quail  
Before my ruthless sabaoth,  
And low the queen of empires kneels,  
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend  
In judgment my triumphal car;  
'Twas God alone on high did send  
The avenging Scythian to the war,  
To shake abroad, with iron hand,  
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared  
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;  
Destruction was the ship I steered,  
And vengeance sat upon the helm,  
When, launched in fury on the flood,  
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,

\*The present distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, then professor of Greek, and subsequently president of Harvard University.

And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,  
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp  
I poured the torrent of my powers,  
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,  
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers ;  
I quenched in blood the brightest gem  
That glittered in their diadem,  
And struck a darker, deeper die  
In the purple of their majesty,  
And bade my northern hanners shine  
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done ;  
I go to Him from whom I came ;  
But never yet shall set the sun  
Of glory that adorns my name ;  
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,  
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done ;  
But darker ministers of fate,  
Impatient, round the eternal throne,  
And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;  
And soon mankind shall blench away  
Before the name of Attila.

The following eminently beautiful productions relates to the late King of England :

*From the London Traveller.*

#### THE CONTRAST.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE, FEB. 17, 1820.

I saw him last on his Terrace proud,  
Walking in health and gladness,  
Begirt with his Court, and in all the crowd  
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun and the leaves were green,  
Blythely the birds were singing,  
The cymbals replied to the tambourine,  
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood by the crowd beside his bier,  
When not a word was spoken,  
But every eye was dim with a tear,  
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour,  
To the muffle drum's deep rolling,  
While the minute gun with its solemn roar,  
Drowned the death-bell's tolling.

The time since he walk'd in his glory thus,  
To the grave till I saw him carried,  
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,  
But to *him* a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved—a Queen—a Son—  
And a Son's sole child have perished :  
And sad was each heart, save the only one,  
By which they were fondest cherish'd.

For his eyes were seal'd and his mind was dark,  
And he sat in his age's lateness,  
Like a vision thron'd—as a solemn mark  
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread,  
Unvex'd by life's commotion,  
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift, shed  
On the ealm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,  
Though the stream of time kept flowing ;  
When they spoke of our king, 'twas but to say,  
The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,  
By weakness rent asunder,  
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,  
For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust—  
Death's hand his slumbers breaking ;  
For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just,  
Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn,  
And should sculptur'd stone be deny'd him,  
*There* will his name be found, when in turn  
We lay our heads beside him.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c*  
HOR. ODE 22.—B. I.

That man no guard or weapon needs,  
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows,  
But safe may pass where duty leads,  
Through burning sands or mountain snows.

Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear,  
Redemption is his shield and tower,  
He sees his Savior always near,  
To help in every trying hour.

Though I am weak and Satan strong,  
And often to assault me tries ;  
When Jesus is my shield and song,  
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing, I am blest,  
Secure whatever change may come ;  
Whether I go to east or west,  
With him I still shall be at home.

If plac'd beneath the northern pole,  
 Though winter reign with rigor there,  
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
 And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,  
 My lonely dwelling ere should prove ;  
 His presence would support my toil,  
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

## LIBRARIES OF OUR INSTITUTION.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

But the State is more culpable than either, if the matter has been presented to the Legislature and it has refused to grant an annual appropriation for the specific purpose of building up its most promising Atheneum.

The books composing the University library are mostly *text* books, a few scientific works and a great many public documents. The collection of mathematical works is not to be surpassed in value by any in the United States. The theological department is also admirably supplied. The last collection which has been added will always do honor to Gov. Swain, and the volumes of law books and congressional documents will ever bespeak him a man careful and indefatigable in his own department.— Though having but few volumes to weigh, yet in the scale of *true value* this will more than balance both the society libraries. Most of its books are antiquated and we are sure they think themselves the only surviving specimens from the labors of their great departed authors.

But we are glad to say that a new

supply is *at length* expected, and we hope that not another year shall pass without depositing upon those shelves rich contributions from the talents it has produced.

The library building is quite an ornament to the College grounds, but by no means ostentatious or unsuitably elegant for this retired seat of learning.— It measures 130 feet long by 35 wide, and it is provided with shelves for 12,000 volumes. Our Ball Managers have insisted on furnishing the room with two imposing chandeliers. These added to its height give to it an appearance at once beautiful and impressive. The basement has been converted into a reading room, which is much relished by those who *pride* themselves on their reading powers and acquaintance with the world's every day affairs.

The Society libraries present a somewhat different appearance. The rooms are smaller, the books are newer and evidently selected with an eye to the finest copies. Paintings and portraits of the prided sons of each society hang on the walls. There is nothing else to

arrest the long attention, except in the Dialectic library, where a museum completes the most prominent features. We are sorry not to be able to commend every feature in these libraries; but there seems to be in them a multiplicity of editions and an uncalled for elegance of many works. But do not understand us as wishing the libraries filled with indifferently bound volumes, paper backed, badly put up and worse printed. No. We would not have the books belie the age of the libraries, and in a year or two assume that grave, antiquarian look which betokens ancient date, scarcity of money, Germany and block printing. The Society libraries are composed mostly of periodical literature, novels, and some of the best late Histories. The historical department, the most important of all is inferior in completeness to both of the first mentioned. As to the sciences, they are almost strangers to our shelves. It is but recently that our own best political authors have been introduced there. To mention the works which are essential to any good library, but which are sought for in vain within our halls, would be both tedious and discouraging—but it is desirable to supply them with the Histories of our own States, the scientific and political works of our most talented authors, and to collect the Histories of our American and European neighbors. Indeed we would do well to secure a copy of every historical document in the world, before we purchase a “seventy-five dollar” copy of Shakespeare simply to sit in princely style upon our shelves and show its pretty binding. Libraries are not for ornament and show. Their only beauty

consists in their utility, and they are to be admired in proportion to the information they contain. Nor are they to be valued by the dollars and cents expended in their collection, but by the importance of the knowledge which may be obtained from them. One copy of the lost works of Livy, would confer more *true* value upon our library than could one thousand extra copies of Shakespeare, bound in gold by reposing in majestic placidity upon its shelves for one thousand years.

True, we have as yet to satisfy the literary tastes of few except boys; but if we do not soon have men diving to the deepest bottom of our classical and historical lore, it will be our own fault. We must have a gymnasium, if we want athletic wrestlers. Sure then giant minds are not to be expected until opportunities are given for the trial of their strength.

Next to extensive libraries we want good catalogues. No man can read the hundredth part of the books a good library contains; and yet he must have the full benefit of all that is contained by that department to which he would devote his time and talents; else the greatest utility of a large library is lost. How is the student to find out the authors he would patronize? How is the young chemist to find among the ten thousand fathers in other sciences his own ancestors? A good arrangement of the books with good catalogues is his only availing aid. The necessity is so plain that it would be tiresome to dwell on it. Without a catalogue a library is an immense mass of keystones, every one of which perhaps must be tried before the proper one is found. A laby-

rinth of unnumbered paths which weary out a life time before the right way can be found. And here, if you will indulge the figure, a catalogue becomes the thread of ariadne, by which as a guide, the student may find his way through every cavern of recondite lore until he comes to the open door of truth. The construction of a catalogue which shall be convenient and accurate is a matter of the greatest difficulty in large libraries. The societies have hitherto used written catalogues; but if their libraries should increase annually, they will be obliged to have recourse to printed ones. Then will come the great difficulty of *inaccuracy*. New books continually coming in will require the catalogue to undergo frequent revisions.—This has been a source of much trouble to the Smithsonian and Congressional libraries. Nor are the libraries in Europe in less trouble about it.

The University library has no catalogue. Where is a scape-goat for this omission? Who can use the library with any success without a catalogue? Or was it only intended for the use of the librarian? We think it already large enough for all the purposes of a library without an index of some kind. 'Tis extravagance to pile up masses of books without knowing what they are. So many stones would answer as much purpose, for no person could make use of either.

Written catalogues will answer our purposes for some years yet, but there is a necessity pressing closely upon our society libraries. It is the want of more *room*. In the Dialectic library there is but a part of one alcove unoccupied.—The Philanthropic library must also

soon be filled, if it continues to purchase books. Our books are being much injured by lying upon one another. Within the coming year we hope to see every shelf in our libraries laden with useful knowledge. What shall we do then? With every alcove overflowing, every table heaped, and more books in our hands, what can the societies do? We cannot get brick and mortar, and rear a suitable building; we are not a corporate body that we might hire it done, and we have not nor ever can we have at *one* time, the ready money to get a workman of ability to undertake it for us. Shall we then put a stop to our long continued and steady increase of books? *Can* we be content with the present narrow limits of our library? Surely he must have a niggardly avarice and a contemptible ambition who can with the money in the hands of his society and the advantages of an extensive library in full view, say, let us purchase no more books, for our library is large enough and *we* will never read what we have. Thank God, our minds are not so narrow as our libraries. But if the State, with the means in her coffers, is willing to look on our extreme necessities without moving a nerve, and to hear in silence our just complaints—what can we do? Rather what shall we say of her, and how can we be as proud of her as we wish to be? North Carolina is able to make large investments in Railroads and Banks. She has 100,000 dollars in the "State Bank;" — dollars in the "Wilmington and Weldon Railroad;" 2,000,000 dollars in the great "Central Railroad," and she is ready to take large stock in a Beaufort Railroad

as soon as it shall be commenced.— Such works could and soon would be undertaken by private companies, and in that case be earlier finished and more successfully prosecuted. Now these are excellent investments on the part of the State, and would be highly praise-worthy if not made at the expense of the University's pressing wants. But she is not even supplying the *College* with what funds are needed. What then are we to expect for the Societies? Private individuals cannot build up Colleges and libraries in North Carolina. We have no prospect of a North Carolina Jacob Astor to bequeath us 400,000 dollars to lay the foundation of a library which shall have within itself the power of living and increasing. If Rip Van Winkle wants a University ranking with those of his sisters, and libraries which shall command the attention of good talents, he must wake up, listen no longer to the bewitching tinkle of his pocket change, but turn the antiquated pocket "wrong side out," consoling himself with the reflection that, bread cast upon the waters will appear again after many days. The wants of the institution must *first* be satisfied, even should it withdraw every cent of State stock from the "State Bank," and leave not a stiver for a share in the great "Central Rail Road." The University at Chapel Hill has a prior claim to either. Next to the University, its attendant library is to be supplied with an annual appropriation. It is already the best library in the State, and it ought to be made the great atheneum of North Carolina. About 400 dollars is yearly expended for the library in Raleigh, but that is a mere trifle in com-

parison with the State investment for improvements only secondary in their just claims. The University and its library are the first-born children of the State, and as such demand the first supply to their wants.

The third place at least is due to the appeal in behalf of the Society libraries. We can be bold in our demands for our *alma mater*, but for aid in those efforts which we have voluntarily undertaken, we can only plead our laudable motives and the benefits which will reward our benefactors for the encouragement we ask.

It seems to us that at this day when no College is without its societies, and when they are favored by every community, no one can doubt that they are both useful and necessary. But if this were not enough, we could advert with confiding pride to many a great man in the state who attributes *in part* at least, his success in a glorious career, to his connection with the Dialectic or Philanthropic Society. But suffice it to say that our aims are good, and the societies have ever been the means of installing and cultivating in the students a love of pure literature. Using all our industry with a sincere desire of accomplishing this purpose, we have collected more than ten thousand five hundred volumes. Our library rooms are now too small and our Halls are too small. We ask the Trustees to build larger ones for us. Shall we be heard!

LA MAR.

"ON THE BANKS OF THE TAR."

MESSRS. EDITORS: As a matter of course, every one has spent a very pleasant vacation, including a "merry Christmas" and "happy new year." Each of the many students of the University, have during the holidays shaken the hand of relation or friend; received the warm embrace of kind mother or affectionate sisters; listened to the wise advice of father or friend; shared in the joys of beloved brothers; or perhaps, like myself, "a stranger in a strange land," have formed new friends, and "grappled them to our souls with hooks of steel," which will serve as connecting links to the good old State, when the purposes for which we visited North Carolina are completed and we have returned to our distant homes.

It has often interested as well as amused me, when my friends at the beginning of the session

"— hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear"

by relating the different manner in which they have spent their vacation and have "with as greedy ear devoured up the discourse" of my companions as did Desdemona that of her loved Moor reciting his "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

My western friend will tell me of scenery grander far than any Switzerland can boast of. He will have his adventures among the mountain crags;

of dangers met and overcome, and situations in which he was placed, compared to which, the vulture guarded position of Arthur Philipson, over the abyss of Mount Pilate was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

Then a friend from one of the larger towns of the State has interesting narratives of balls, parties and the flirtations attendant thereon. One has a brilliant account of a brilliant flirtation, and another, more serious, by way of confidence, tells of a genuine courtship; of many and lavish protestations of love, (which with a collegian is binding until he meets another interesting or susceptible lady,) or claims my attention by informing me of the changes in the love market; how one young friend is "laid on the table you know," and another taken off, or perhaps how one has been *kicked under the table* and an "outsider" taken his place. (Here I should like to make a quotation suitable, *but I know none.*)

Then again an eastern friend will tell—but read and I will relate an incident or two which happened during my last vacation spent "On the Banks of the Tar."

I will not be so palpably guilty of tautology as to say that I spent a pleasant six weeks. Nor would I be able in any reasonable space to tell the many pleasant adventures and enjoyments, but will select two incidents which I wis-

nessed and mentally jotted down at the time, to illustrate quite different points. The first to point out what a baneful influence the opinions and writings of Judge Edmonds have upon the people; and the last, to show, what every southern resident and traveler knows, that Mrs. Stowe wrote a li-li-*liber*.

On or about the 20th December, my friend, with whom I was spending the vacation, proposed that, for the day, we should suspend our usual sport, viz: hunting (my friend, who is leaning over my shoulder, wishes me to say that it was hunting *game* not *wives*—and let me add *only* by way of a double parenthesis, that he is a *very modest* young man,) and ride over to where a “spirit,” according to the neighborhood gossip, was to astonish the natives, in the way of holding converse with a little negro girl, belonging to the estate of the person whose ghost was about to “revisit the glimpses of the sun” to

“\_\_\_\_\_ tell

Why his canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements.”

Not wishing to be contrary I consented and off we started, taking care to fill our “tickler,” with some old “Apple Jack,” rightly supposing that all the *spirits* they would have, would be *made for the occasion*.

We arrived an hour or so before the moment appointed for the “curtain to rise,” which we occupied in looking at the promiscuous assembly of men, women and children, mostly negroes, and listening to the various conversations concerning the approaching “performance.” Here a county dignitary, full of lip-wisdom, was explaining the causes

why this “spirit” was “doom'd for a certain term to walk the earth.” Here two or three old ladies, whose features we were compelled “to spy down a leg-horn lane,” and whose dresses were equally as unfashionable, were discussing the destiny of the world and oracularly divining what such manifestations as they were about to witness, foreboded. And here and there were collected squads of negroes, *in very bad spirits*, surmising “what the spirit would say.”

As the hour drew near, we collected into a room in which was seated the “medium.” The crowd by this time were on the *qui vive* for the mysterious knockings and *grave* voice of the “spirit.” The conjectures as to the exact direction of approach and other doubts were freely discussed, until the clock struck twelve, the appointed hour, when three distinct knocks, in what direction no one could tell, were heard. A silence as mysterious and profound as that caused by the sudden appearance of the Black Priest of St. Paul's in the top room of Meinherr John Mengs, followed these *spiritual manifestations*.—The “medium,” who sat with her back to the crowd, informed us that the ghost of her departed master had appeared to her and wished to have some conversation with her, if they would remain silent for a few moments. But this last request was useless, for each “sat like his grandsire cut in alabaster.”

Then commenced a series of questions by the “spirit,” which seemed to be below, and answers by the girl, concerning the old man's worldly friends and possessions, which would be uninteresting to the reader. For some fif-

teen minutes lasted these questions and answers, the crowd, especially the women, during the time becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," *perhaps* it might have been, as they said, because their curiosity was gratified, but I thought it was from fear. My friend and myself, the only representatives of the "highest literary institution in the State," were rather expected to solve the mystery. We soon formed our plan, which my friend promised to execute, to see if the girl was not a ventriloquist, and by this means, playing upon the credulity of the crowd. The "medium" was sitting near the foot of a bed, and could only be approached by getting under it, which would serve as a screen. Under the bed my friend crawls, (rather an undignified position for a sen'or) and drew near the girl.— Just as the "spirit" was about to ask a question, he placed his hand upon her breast, (here is the place for Mrs. Partington to blush) and the ventriloquist was unable to stop asking the question in time to escape being caught. Perfectly satisfied, my friend withdrew.— The "spirit," at once became enraged at this atrocity and threatened direful calamity upon the perpetrator and witnesses, which very much terrified the assembly, and they, like the guests at Macbeth's feast, "stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once."

In a few minutes every person was on their way home in a great hurry, and wild confusion, except my friend and myself. We explained the whole affair and only waited to see the girl decently whipped, concluding that the "spirit" would not shortly revisit those

scenes. It was a well planned scheme to accomplish an object, but was thus foiled.

If the reader has got *patiently* through the first incident and is willing to follow me through another, I will give an account of a marriage during the Christmas holidays, among the "colored population."

On Christmas day, the negroes had collected in from their different homes during the past year, preparatory to a grand gala week, preceeding "hiring day." Night and day their feet kept time with the music of the fiddle and banjo, and truly, "all went merry as a marriage bell." It appears that during the week before, Bob had asked Nancy, (the names are changed, not because I am afraid the parties may *read*, this sketch and become offended, but merely to imitate the example of writers of "true tales,") to become his "better—or worse." The wedding was to take place during the latter part of the week, and of course expectation was on tip-toe concerning the approaching ceremonies, especially as it was hinted that it was to be rather a grand affair. As the day approached, on which was to be consummated the earthly happiness of these two persons, quite a stir was made among the poultry, and the cooks were busily engaged.

The only difference between the happy pair was respecting the manner by which the knot was to be tied. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that one wished to be married by the ceremony of a particular church, and the other by another. But Bob, who was rather an "Old Fogy," and had all the superstition natural to his race, did not

wish to be married "by the books," as it was a certain forerunner of bad luck, but wished to imitate the example of his parents, by dispensing with all ceremony and be declared "man and wife" simply by "jumping the broomstick." Nancy who had spent some time in a city and had there seen marriage ceremonies performed with great pomp, was entirely too aristocratic for that trivial manner of entering into so serious a compact. She insisted on being married by the regular ceremonies of the church. Bob, making necessity a virtue, gave way, for she would have *her will*, nor could she be blamed, *imitating her betters*.

This being settled, another difficulty sprung up, caused by the *man* giving way, *which is generally the case*. There was no minister near, and as for a magistrate, they had a *natural fear* for the name. The only alternative left was that my friend or myself should perform the ceremony, which, at the earnest solicitations of the parties, we promised to do. After a long debate as to who should act as parson, it was decided that I should take the part, on the ground that I could *look* the character better. (Was the decision a compliment?)

The day, on which the wedding was to take place, was rather a quiet one, being the only day, since the beginning of the week, that there was a cessation of dancing. The wedding was the entire theme of conversation. I had, by way of preparation, been reading repeatedly the ceremony, (barring the prayers,) and by the time the marriage was to take place, concluded that I could go through very well.

When the appointed hour drew near I donned my best suit of black, with white cravat and hair roached up, presenting, on the whole, an appearance that a young theologian might have envied, and started, with my friend, to the house of joy. As we entered rather a broad grin sat upon the countenances of many of the guests, for they had already collected, awaiting the approach of the bride and groom, but it was suddenly chilled by the sacerdotal dignity of my appearance. We waited but a few moments for the happy couple, who soon approached followed by a number of young attendants. The girl, although she had not, after the manner of *modern* brides, consulted for the greater part of the day, her "Psyche," looked extremely well. Her dress, pure white, including gloves, formed a remarkable contrast with the ebony hue of her complexion. As a matter of course, she had seen too much of *society* not to blush, therefore, I suppose I must say, she blushed, concluding that she was one of those flowers, so beautifully described by Gray, that was "born to blush *unseen*." The bridegroom was indeed a fine looking specimen of his race, something, I imagined, similar in complexion to fair Portia's suitor—"The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd, sun." He, too, was appropriately dressed and presented an appearance in accordance with his happy feelings. The waiters were arranged in the usual manner, the "candle holders" being near the *minister*. My friend was standing near enough to the *blushing* pair to make known to them, by means of a *sharp stick*, which he held in his hand, when they should answer.

Every thing being in readiness, I arose with becoming dignity and went through the ceremony with an accent and modulation, "suiting the action to the words and the words to the action," that would have done credit (how vain) to the Bishop himself. My visible faculties were only once excited during the marriage. When Bob was asked whether he would take Nancy for his wedded wife, &c., he answered, reminded by a vigorous poke from my friend, very emphatically, "yes sir, Master." When they were pronounced "man and wife," I gave the direction "to salute the bride," a scene ensued utterly indescribable, only the noise which arose was more like the distant roar of the discharged muskets of an *undrilled* company of artillery, than any thing that I can now think of. It is needless to say that the *salutation* was not confined to the bride and groom.

When order was restored the dancing began, which my sacred office debarred me from witnessing, but I was

invited by the bride to take a peep at the supper, which was indeed a fine repast. After this I left, having received the thanks of the happy couple and the promise that the first boy should be named—*after me*.

Before we retired for the night, one of the bride's maids presented, in the name of the bride, to my friend and myself, some very nice cake, accompanied with the hope that we would have pleasant dreams of our——. We placed the cake under our pillows, with *some names*, pretty ones too, but we thought a *change* would *improve* them, (excuse me for not saying who,) and we did have pleasant dreams. My friend insists that his shall not be told, but I dreamed (I forget whether I was asleep or not) of a marriage at which I played a more important part than parson, but it was only a dream, which will cause me ever to remember the marriage "ON THE BANKS OF THE TAR."  
"COUSIN JOE."

## HOW SWEET THE MORN?

BY ST. CLARE VESPER.

How sweet the morn when first it flings  
Its sunlit rays upon the flowers,  
And wakes the lark with dew-wet wings  
To chant his song in rosy bowers.

The earliest breezes balmiest blow,  
And morning flowers have brightest hues,  
And tints that seem more bright to grow  
When bathed in silvery sparkling dews.

How softly sweet departs the day  
Into the darker shades of even;—  
But sweeter still breaks morning's ray,  
Bright beaming in the eastern heaven.

How sweet, when comes the "night of life,"  
To close our eyes in death's calm sleep,  
To wake at morn where earthly strife,  
Shall cease and we no more shall weep.  
*Greensboro' Jan. 9th, 1854.*

## PLAGIARISM.

Non tibi parvum  
Ingenium, non incultum est turpiter hirtum.

HORACE.

No less true is this remark of very many young and indolent but ambitious writers of the present day, than was it of Celsus, whom the great Latin satirist, in a courteous manner, admonished and re-admonished of the evils of plagiarism. Every kind of composition is suffering greatly from its baneful influence. Men, whose heads are gray, as well as young soap locked poetasters and scribblers, are not unfrequently detected in their base plans of winning a high literary reputation. This fact no well-read man will deny. Though it is enough to bring the blush to one's cheek, yet even here at the the shrine of learning, productions, which the genius and learning of another have fashioned and polished, are often slightly altered and then used by those who, though they have by nature talents which, if properly exerted, would do credit to themselves and honor to the institution, are too indolent to rouse their energies and too improvident to see that they are not girding themselves with such an armor as will do them service in fighting the great battles of life. Lamentable fact—nevertheless undeniably true!

No infant ever learned to lisp its mother's beautiful name, that did not

exert properly the organs of speech—no child ever learned to walk erect, that did not exert properly the organs of speech; no child ever learned to walk erect, that did not at first crawl and toddle; and no one ever learned to read his own or any other language, that did not first memorize the alphabet of that language. Thus it is, invariably, with one who is just beginning to write essays. He must, in the first place, exert himself; he must, in the second place, expect small beginnings; he must, in the third place, learn the first elements before he can hope to be a polished and finished writer. He may well be proud, if, at his first effort, he originate *one single thought* which is *new* to himself. Inasmuch as purely original thoughts seldom appear in the productions of practical writers, they are not reasonably to be looked for in those of beginners. All that is expected of the beginner is that he dress up in his own diction what few thoughts he has acquired. Afterwards, when he comes to have opinions of his own, his practice in writing will enable him to express them clearly, forcibly and elegantly.

According to an old and familiar adage, "practice makes perfect." Just as

a sailor can see better and to a greater distance than one who has never practiced spying out vessels and other objects at sea, so can one, who is accustomed to write much and carefully, express himself more perspicuously and more thoroughly on any subject than one who seldom pens a thought. He is very silly, indeed, and knows little of human nature, who expects at first to be as full of thoughts as an old and experienced thinker, to reason as lucidly as Bacon, to write as naturally as Shakespeare, as concisely as Milton, or as luminously as Burke. Such an one would be, *a rara avis*, to be sure. The beginnings of every author, with probably no exception, have been small and difficult. Observation, conversation, thinking, reading and writing made them what they were. When a boy, doubtless, the author of the *Waverly* novels and the *Lady of the Lake* thought himself ungifted, thought his imagination not so fruitful, not so brilliant as he could desire; and yet where has any one, either before or since his time, thrown such a witchery around the splendors of fiction. Irving's style is easy, graceful and captivating, yet it suffers in comparison with the matchless beauty of *Ivanhoe*. Bulwer's is superlatively beautiful, yet its lustre pales in the presence of the splendor of *Kenilworth*, as much as that of the moon in the presence of the full-orbed sun. Still this is no reason why they should not have written. They have won for themselves a chaplet of imperishable fame and have at the same time benefited the literature of the world. That one cannot do as well as another is no just nor sufficient reason for his neglect of the duties of life.

Some may argue that it is worse than nonsense for men to weary their bodies and wear out their minds in writing fiction, inasmuch as Sir Walter Scott is as yet unrivalled and is not likely to be hereafter eclipsed. That he is unrivalled—that he is uneclipsed, is true; but it does not follow from this that it is impossible for him yet to be surpassed. The beauties of fiction are, doubtless, not half exhausted. Such a land as ours has not yet any where else been discovered. Our mountains are as lofty and as grand—our valleys as rich and as beautiful as those of the “land of the melting lyre and conquering spear;” our battle-fields will gain in comparison with those of Marathon, Leuctra, Plataea and Mantinea; the legends, anecdotes, stories and real scenes of the dark days of '76 afford as good foundations for spirited and splendid romances as those of Knighterrantry did; our government is the model of the world; our Constitution is the admiration of all mankind; and here there is “freedom of speech, or of the press” and a constitutional provision against the abridgment of either. Cannot such a land, such thrilling scenes and proud recollections and such a government, awaken the latent genius of some gifted man, who can outstrip, far outstrip one who lived and wrote in an Eastern Monarchy?

Nor is this the only kind of composition which should be practiced, nor the only kind to which there are incentives. Rather it is the last kind. Many subjects of practical importance will occur to every one on which it will be easy and profitable for him to think and write. On all such subjects, he will continually find use for all the informa-

tion of every description which he has acquired. He will often illustrate some point by some occurrence with which he is familiar and for the truth of which he could vouch, and, when a man thus illustrates his views on any subject, he will always be clear, correct and impressive. Every time he writes an essay on an easy theme, he is strengthening his mind to grapple with more difficult ones. By pursuing such a plan, he may, before he has reached the prime of life, be capable of investigating ably and creditably some of the deep and abstruse truths of philosophy, natural, moral and mental, which have as yet presented insurmountable barriers to other philosophers. Some may think that the field of philosophical research is completely explored. 'Tis a very great mistake. I imagine the Poet did not mean to say, when he sung

“Nature and all her works lay hid in night  
God said, Let Newton be—and all was light,”

that all the sublime works of nature and the grand machinery of heaven were fully brought to light. Newton was

only the great pioneer in the philosophical field. If that were not the Poet's meaning, the splendid discoveries of other philosophers and mathematicians have given the lie to it.

Nor are these the only fields in which the emulous young man may run a high career. The field of oratory presents a bright and captivating prospect. Such laurels as were won by the silver-tongued Prentiss in the Southwest, the wizard-lipped Clay in the Far West, and the majestic Webster in the North may await some of the young men of the present day, if they exert their own talents and scorn the idea of wearing false honors. Such imperishable honors are not the offspring of plagiarism.—False colors will dazzle for a while, but as soon as they are discovered and recognized as belonging justly to another, then the shame is burning, is intolerable. If one is an ordinary, but original writer or speaker, his reputation will be more enviable, than that of another who is brilliant, but shining in the borrowed splendor of the plagiarist.

FRANCISCO.

## GOVERNMENT FOUNDED IN MAN'S MORAL NATURE.

THE remark that “man is a religious animal,” has been so often made that it has become trite, but it is none the less true because of its triteness. Religion is here taken in its widest sense;—

meaning a belief in the existence of some superior power and the dependence of the world upon such power. Such a sentiment or belief seems to have pervaded the minds of men in all

ages. In proof of this, we need only refer to the many religious systems which have made their appearance into the world. These systems have been nothing more than the embodiment of those principles within man which lead him to look up to some one superior to himself, upon whom he is dependent and in whom he "lives and moves and has his being."

In the Grecian and Roman mythology, we see these religious instincts of man's nature beautifully exemplified.—Here we see the struggle of reason unaided by Revelation to dissipate that moral gloom which overshadowed the destiny of man, and which made his pathway through life one of uncertainty and doubt. True, his reason was aided by the light of nature, but it only gave forth feeble and flickering glimmers, which, whilst they pointed to the end, discovered not the means by which such end was attained. Notwithstanding these difficulties, men greedily seized upon the materials which nature thus sparingly afforded them, and built for themselves a system beautiful in some of its parts, but in others highly distorted. They believed that the world was made and governed by some all-powerful being;—that after death there was a place of punishment for the wicked, and an abode for the happy spirits who had done well in this life. Around these doctrines were thrown such embellishments of fancy as almost to hide them from view. But without entering into a farther investigation of these systems of religion, let us see how they were made subservient to the formation of government and the carrying out of its objects. And that they were applied

to such purposes may be seen by looking into the code of every nation of antiquity. In the formation of every code of laws, the wise legislator must have some respect for the religious feelings and prejudices of the people; else they will be of no avail, but will produce all that disorder which it was his intention to avoid. Solon, after having performed the task imposed upon him, confessed that he had not given his countrymen the government best suited to their happiness, but most tolerable to their prejudices. Had he not availed himself of the religious prejudices of the people, it is highly probable that his constitution would never have been adopted. He knew, that before it could be adopted, it would be necessary for it to be recommended and sanctioned by some one, who, like Epimenedes, claimed from men little less than the veneration due to a superior being. Lycurgus also, before he could give laws to Sparta, was obliged to strengthen his authority with the sanction of the Delphic Oracle. In this way, by imposing upon the religious credulity of the people, were given to Athens and Sparta constitutions which rendered them happy and prosperous for a number of years. And, on the other hand, it is probable, even had these forms of government been adopted without recourse to such means, that they would not have lasted for any length of time.—The feeling of veneration was more deeply implanted within the bosoms of the turbulent Athenians and heroic Spartans, than the love of order.

It is because of this powerful support which religion renders government, that some of the wisest heathen writers

expressed themselves so strongly concerning the guilt of those who dared to ridicule the fabulous mythology of their times. They saw, that should the minds of men be divested of all ideas of future rewards and punishments, it would be impossible to preserve law and order among them. Cicero said that it was "on this account that the ancients invented those infernal punishments of the dead to keep the wicked under some awe in life, who, without them, would have no dread of death itself." Hence the fables of Tantalus, of Prometheus bound upon a rock, and others of like kind whose object was to inspire the people with dread of incurring the wrath of the gods. Nor was it dread of future punishments alone that restrained them from committing deeds of violence; for they were made to believe that the gods were the invisible witnesses of their actions, and that even in this life, they visited men with punishments on account of their crimes.—Hence, no doubt, arose the custom of sacrificing, whose object was to appease the gods, and to ward off those punishments which men felt they deserved.—Thus we see the powerful aids to social order which arise from the peculiar constitution of man, even in times of the greatest moral darkness. But when the light of christianity comes in, reveals to man his true destiny, and inspires him with the highest motives of action, these aids are rendered greatly more powerful. The object of christianity is to awaken within us a sentiment of universal benevolence, and to make us feel a relation to every part of the universe. And were it to have its true sway, untrammelled by the vices and passions of

men, there would be no need of government; there would be no greivances to redress, no crimes to punish; but everything would go on smoothly and quietly to the accomplishment of its destiny. But man has passions and appetites, and it is in part to keep these within their proper bounds, that government has been established. But what are the motives which religion presents to man to restrain these passions and appetites? It reveals to him that his greatest good consists, not in the mere gratification of his animal desires, but the subjection of these to some higher principles—that the end of man is happiness—and that this can be attained only by the satisfaction of his whole nature. And in so far as these motives prevail in making him live in obedience to this higher principle just so far do they overthrow the influence of his passions over his actions. He carries with him a constant monitor, whose office it is to sit in judgment over his actions, to approve of what is right, and to reprove what is wrong.

Religion also appeals to the hopes and fears of man. It represents to him that there is a world beyond the grave, where all shall be rewarded or punished as they deserve. In this light it is a kind of authoritative law enforced by the most awful sanctions of which the mind of man can conceive. And in this light alone does it possess any influence over those who are incapable of abstract speculations concerning morality and virtue. Were it not for the sanction of religion, it would be impossible for the civil magistrate to enforce his authority. He might denounce against the offender, the severest penal-

ty of the law—even death itself; but these would have no influence upon him, were he confident that it was “all of death to die.” But when religion opens to his view an eternity of misery after this life, he shudders at the thought of violating that law whose penalty is death. Could one be confident that he could escape justice, still would a sense of religion make him tremble in the commission of crime. Why is it that when the knife of the assassin pierces the heart of his victim, he shudders and turns pale? Because he knows that there is an invisible witness of his deeds, and that should he escape punishment in this life, he cannot in the life to come.

Let us for an instant, suppose a people in whom all sense of religion has been destroyed; and who are ruled according to the dictates of reason alone. How long would it be before reason would be dethroned, and the passions have supreme sway? We are certain that such would be the case from what we know of human nature. How often is it that a man, though influenced by a sense of religion, and reason, is overcome by his passions and led on to his own destruction.

Stewart says, “that those who have labored to loosen the bands of society have found it necessary to begin with perverting the natural sentiments of the mind with respect to a future retribution.” Nor have they in all cases been unsuccessful. We have seen memorable instance in the history of nations in which the natural sentiments of the people have been so far perverted as to induce them to inscribe upon the tombs of the departed that, “Death is an eter-

nal sleep.” What was the condition of this nation at that time? Never since the creation of the world have been seen such scenes of violence, anarchy and confusion. The passions of men ruled supreme. Endeavoring to impress themselves with the belief that there “was no God,” they committed deeds at the contemplation of which the heart sickens and turns away with disgust. Had they continued in this belief, they would have been blotted out from the list of nations; and that too by their own hands. In looking at this example, one cannot resist the conclusion, that God punished this people not only for their enormous crimes; but to show all how they were dependant upon him, not only as individuals, but even as nations.

If what has been said be true, what is our duty with regard to them, considered merely as members of society?—We should not only cultivate within us an habitual love and reverence towards the Supreme Being; but we should do all in our power to promote the same in others around us. Especially is this our duty, if we are so fortunate as to occupy high positions in society. The lower orders look up to their superiors, and if the former see the latter despising and rejecting religion, they themselves will soon be actuated by the same feelings; and we have already seen what will then be the consequence to society. The pious man is always a good citizen. Impressed with this fact, let us, if we wish to promote the interest of our country, continually exercise that love toward God, which as rational beings we ought.

W. D. L.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WAVELETS OF MEMORY;  
AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

BY A. P. SPERRY.

Why murmur at life's little trials!—They will soon pass and there will be nothing left of them, but a pleasant remembrance that we have stood them as the oak stands the winter's storm, and, though a leaf may fall now and then until its branches are bare, still a spring *will* come and bring them back again fresher and greener than ever for having been gone so long. Why mourn because some fountain of affection seems chilled and frozen! Wait a little while and a genial sun will shine upon it, and its waters will flow free and swift for having been bound up, yea, they will flow so swift that you will be nearly drowned beneath the bright sparkling tide.

Has Hope, the Siren, ever flitted past thee, waving her bright wings and stooping so low that you could almost grasp a golden feather as she passed, and then rose swiftly up—up—up into the blue

immensity of space and left you, with naught but the dying echo of her parting song! Sad and lonely, have you wept to lose so bright a thing! Why should you weep! For there is one hope that plumes not its wings nor flies away, but droops and as a guardian angel ever walks beside to cheer thee, and this is the hope of Heaven. And if thou wilt "Be just and fear not," but walk in the way of him who was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," thou shalt tread the golden streets of that happy land, and have a crown of stars, a robe as pure and white as the snow-flake, and a harp whose golden strings shall wake the praises of the lamb forever and forever. Such is life, a road rough and uneven, with here and there a green spot on which the pilgrim to another land may rest, and as he rests, may these little Wavelets of Memory lighten his load and smooth his path of life.

## THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD—FREDRIKA BREMER.

It is said to be a popular fallacy—and if a fallacy, it is certainly very popular. That when the hues of youth have passed away from the face of that woman, who hath not met her other part in the passage of life's pilgrimage; when the cheeks become furrowed and the lips pinched; and when the nose begins to partake rather of the "Antique Roman, than the Dane,"—that then the mind of such an one is apt to become the receptacle of trifles, and a mole hill is to her imaginary vision forthwith a mountain. The pinning of a collar, or the crumpling of a cuff, becomes a matter of momentous import, and the crushing of a worm, or the caging of a bird, a subject of elaborate dissertation and interminable homily.—An inveterate loquaciousness, insatiable curiosity, eternal prying, affectation and primness, are said,—by the best and most reliable authority upon the Natural History of the sex—to be infallible *indices* of the *species*.

Whoever reads the work, whose title heads this article, will agree with me—that no better illustration of the *species*, as described, could be produced than Fredrika Bremer, of Sweden, spinster. Do not, reader, understand me as blaming Fredrika, for being an old maid, because I have no doubt, from all accounts of her, and impressions formed from these accounts, that it was rather

her misfortune than her fault. I do not censure her for being an abolitionist in this country, for I attribute that charitably, as becomes a Southerner, to her innate defect of understanding, and the company she met with on first coming to our shores :—per example Hale, Seaward, Lucretia Mott, Douglass, Bryant and Lowel—besides the straight-laced Pharisees, who live in the Modern Athens, and lay claim to all the Philosophy, all the elegance, all the Greek, rhetoric, and intelligence among the modern barbarians. But I am constrained to laugh, despite my inclination to be fretted at the conceited and *ex cathedra* tone, in which this fantastic, little authoress of namby jamby "Tales," who was petted and made much of through southern hospitality, scolds at the institutions of the South, prophecies retribution at the judgment day, and lets us know how easy and how *nice* it would be, if we would only set free all our slaves. About one half of each one of the handsomely bound volumes which lie upon my table, is dedicated to the illumination of the poor southern mind on this important and interesting topic.

That the unfortunate little woman was on many occasions, most artfully quizzed by wags, masculine and feminine, black and white, every one who reads her account of the South will at

once perceive. To listen to her, not one slaveholder in all the South, could uphold the institution, and all argument on the subject, is sunk at once into abject and stammering humility before the shrill anathemas of the tiny Swede.

She sets out on her visit to *the Homes of the New World*, with much faith and hope for our country; but possesses no charity for us of the South. She has set her lips together; she has pressed her foot down; she has resolved "she will not say any good word of slavery; she will not!" She *has not*. So far from it, if it were not so farcial, if it were not so ludicrous,—coming from the source it does—we should think Miss Bremer's tirade against us to be a fit subject for the consideration of "the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

She will not believe any man or woman honest, who pretends to be consciously a slaveholder; and no one is either truthful or sensible, who disagrees with her in such an opinion. Listen to the manner in which the indomitable controversialist puts to shame a Southern antagonist:

*Southerner*.—"Report says, Miss Bremer, that you belong to the abolitionist party?"

*Miss Bremer*.—"Yes, certainly I do; but doubtless, so do we both, you as well as I."

*Southerner is silent.*

*Miss Bremer*.—"I am certain that you as well as I, wish freedom and happiness to the human race."

*Southerner*.—"Y-y-y-e-e-e-s! but, but—" and in such a style as this does our doughty Swede unhorse all gentleman advocates and apologists of slavery. To have been transfixed with a bodkin, to have been thus ridden down by a pigmy on a mouse! How painful it must have been to the southern knight! Notwithstanding its affectation, its vanities, its prolixities, its cant; notwithstanding a thousand passages, which have no business where they are; nor in fact any where; despite of much attempt at melo-dramatic pathos, at which even "My Uncle Toby" would smile, the book is sufficiently entertaining, and we would advise such as love to be entertained to purchase it. Over it the young ladies who dote on Tuppee may extacise at ease. Those who read it, however, should do so, having in mind the advice of the Spectator, that "authors have established it as a kind rule that a man ought to be dull sometimes" and not forgetting the deprecatory twitter of this little Swedish sparrow, in her dedication of this "new song" that she has "sung unto the Lord." When you read these letters, my friends, have patience, *if possible*, to the end.

A VIRGINIAN.

## SELF-ESTEEM.

MAN is by nature endowed with all the passions, faculties and principles necessary to the preservation and enjoyment of life. *Self esteem* is one of those fundamental principles or passions of man, and like all those implanted by nature, involves the happiness of his life, or is perhaps needful for its maintenance. The universality of the principle renders it evident that it is a characteristic attribute, without which, man would sink from the rank of a superior to the level of the brute. The idea of superiority—superiority, not only when compared to the brute creation, but superiority in comparison of man with man—is an inherent sentiment in the human breast. There lives not the man, who in the inmost recess of his mind conscientiously believes himself the lowest, meanest and most degraded of mankind. No man could maintain such an opinion and support reason. It matters not how low and debased, how lost to every principle of virtue and honesty he may be in the eyes of other men, there is always some hidden, secret, unseen virtue, which he possesses, or fancies he does, which he being judge, turns the balance in his favor, raises him a degree from the bottom.

This principle is exemplified in every stage of life, “from the cradle to the grave.” When first struggling with the deep mysteries of the spelling book,

the little urchin finds himself “*foot*,” and though he may maintain this position, he never will, to himself, acknowledge his inferiority, but will rather struggle on, hoping that some future fate may discover to astonished eyes the power he sees or hopes is his. And thus the passion grows with the youth and ripens in the man. The dullest boor that lives believes himself superior in some respects to the loftiest genius of the land. The murderer, condemned to life-penance, scorns to be classed with the common thief, yet feels his pride gratified in being named with notables of his own stamp. Why, and how is it thus?

There is in man an intuitive admiration or reverence for the high and exalted—some indefinable consciousness of a superior excellence, which claims, commands and receives his unmeasured admiration. Attendant upon, and inseparable from this admiration, is a desire or longing after it, and in this desire is implanted the germ of *self-esteem*. This dim-defined excellence—this ideal goodness is made the standard by which his own goodness or greatness is tested; as he approaches it, so is he content with himself, as he departs from it, so is he sinking in his own esteem.

Although it is contended that this ideal does exist in every mind, yet it is contended that it exist in the same de-

gree of perfection, or is of the same character, in every one. On the contrary, as a natural result from the diversities of judgment, taste, capacity and education, these ideal standards will differ widely. Their progress and growth depend entirely upon the circumstances by which the individuals are surrounded—cameleon like it takes the hues nearest—adapts itself to the light which surrounds its growth. But when once it has obtained its size, shape and colour, no after efforts can entirely obliterate it from the mind. Thus the circumstances of, perhaps, natural endowments, certainly, of education, have created in the minds of different men, the boon and genius for instance, widely different standards of excellence, and thus is explained the fancied superiority of the boon. With many this may be denied, perhaps condemned, yet it is so, and happily so. It seems to have been intended by a beneficent and all-wise Providence, that man being himself an image, and by nature an imitative being, should ever have existent within some standard model or guide whereby to direct his aspirations and point his hopes, and providentially too, it is decreed that this guide, be ideal and imaginary—"a creature of the brain," for thus, while the stimulus or desire is given by nature, while the germ is innate—the sprouting, growth and cultivation is given to him, he is responsible for its perfection. Thus it is, always, at all times and with all men in whatever grade or circle they may move. Though some may not at all times—others may never, acknowledge to themselves the existence of this ideal self. And many who acknowl-

edge it may affect to disregard, and may act seemingly contrary to it, yet upon a close inspection the main principles here briefly sketched will be found true, and these men one and all will be found not only to possess this *guide*—model, but at all times to shape their lives by it. Hence it is that we see men differing so widely in ability and talents in their own opinions, excelling each other in some particulars.

Thus it seems that judgment and taste are the architects of this model, whereby man guides his actions; it then becomes a matter of momentous importance to every individual that these faculties, upon which so much depends, should receive a proper cultivation. It becomes the urgent duty of those to whom is intrusted the education of youths, to inculcate into their minds, while yet their judgments, tastes and inclinations are forming, noble and refined ideas of the beauty and value of virtue; to instill into their sound and simple principles of honor and justice, as the ground-work of their judgments, with invitations and allurements to participate and delight in all that is good and great, just and noble in action.—With such precepts rightly taught, with such seeds early sown in the mind, and carefully cultivated, there will not fail to be erected a *guide*—*model* well worthy of imitation—a self-esteem, based upon some internal principles of truth and justice, giving to its possessor a native dignity which will enforce his claims to respect and support its own pretensions to superiority.

Such *self-esteem* is praise-worthy, whereas its illegitimate and degenerate offspring—vanity embraces only a little,

puny meagre sentiment, worthy only of our hearty contempt—vanity is always despicable, never possessing any nobility of purpose to elevate it into respectable importance. It springs from a diseased and morbid desire of *envy*, not of praise—as has been somewhere said, it displays itself in silly speeches, and a thousand little fooleries. Men who

really deserve to be admired need never hawk their own virtues in people's ears. Those whose admiration is desirable, can see for themselves, and they are all the better pleased from finding out your virtues. There is a kind of self-complacency remarkable in the feelings of men, who believe that they have discovered merit, which endears it to them.

MARCUS.

## JOAN OF ARC.

THE history of France is an interesting one. It presents to our view the lives of some of the most remarkable personages on record. For instance: the illustrious Charlemagne, who was wise in the counsel chamber, bold and intrepid in the field, and was one of the brightest characters of the Dark Ages. "He stands," says Hallam, "alone, like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean." Napoleon, also towered far above his cotemporaries, surpassing in many respects every conqueror the world has produced, and constituting by far the most powerful potentate that has appeared since the downfall of Rome. By his deeds he achieved for himself a place in history that will never grow dim, and stamped his name in characters bold and prominent on the annals of the age.

Some of the daughters of France too occupy interesting positions in her history.

We pity Maria Antoinette for her extreme suffering; Josephine we admire for superior sense, and love for an affectionate heart; and we now propose a short sketch of the character of one who, unassisted by birth or education, performed exploits that will never be forgotten. This was Joan of Arc. She was born in Domremi, a village of Lorraine, A. D., 1402, at a period when man was sunk in ignorance, and blinded by superstition. Time and distance have involved much of her history in obscurity, and imagination is left to speculate on causes that influenced her future career. Certainly there was something that operated most powerfully upon her mind, to raise it to such a pitch of enthusiasm, as to induce her to believe herself to be the agent of Heaven in restoring her king. To determine what that something was is not my object. It is left for others of more leisure, ability and imagination.

Joan sprang from humble but truly devout parents. In her infancy she was taught to reverence her God and love her country. But few years did she pass under her parental roof before she was removed to an inn, where she served as hostler—performing such drudgery as is here allotted to a negro man. Thus she lived in utter obscurity till she was nearly twenty-seven.

At this time the English were besieging Orleans. A pall of gloom overhung France, while clouds ominous of impending destruction lowered in the horizon. King Charles had fled. Many of his subjects in despair had ceased to resist; and some had given up all hopes of a happy issue. The affairs of Charles seemed desperate. At this gloomy and important crisis, Joan appeared.

She stood up before the nation and declared herself to be inspired from Heaven to restore her King, and deliver her oppressed country. The French, willing to catch at the least glimmer of hope, gave all credence to her words, and cheerfully submitted to her guidance. She clad herself in bright steel armor, mounted a snow-white charger, and placed herself at the head of the army, and immediately marched against the English. She rode in front bearing in her hand a small banner upon which the image of the Saviour was painted.

Thus were the French inspired with new zeal and better hopes, for they believed her to be sent from on high to their rescue. The English were dismayed, for they thought she came from the "nether pit" and that the evil one assisted her in fighting against them. Holy Jo in was invincible. Her enemies retreated, and dispersed before her. She

having driven back the English, conducted Charles to Rheimes where he was crowned King.

This is certainly one of the most marvellous transactions on the pages of authentic history. 'Tis passing strange to think that a girl raised as she was should overthrow the British power, and set at liberty her oppressed country from mere enthusiasm.

Yes enthusiasm, or as some have deemed it, fanaticism, was the foundation of her success. It was this that caused her to throw off the modesty of her sex, and don the warrior's armour. It was this that enabled her to govern a mad soldiery and conduct them to victory.

Having restored Charles to the throne she declared her divine commission at an end, and would feign have retired to the vale of private life from which she sprang; but the King felt her importance, and would not willingly give her up. Through his influence she continued at the head of the army.—Wreaths of victory decked her brow for a few months longer; but in the midst of a sharp engagement, Fortune, a fickle goddess, took to herself wings and deserted the brave maid. She, wounded and exhausted, fell captive to her most inveterate enemies. For months thereafter the pure breezes of Heaven visited her only through the iron grates of her prison windows. Barred out from all that on earth she held near and dear, she turned her thoughts within, and sought and found that tranquil happiness that arises from conscious purity of heart, and a sense of duty discharged. This was all she could call her own, but *this* was of more importance

to her than the gold of O<sub>1</sub>hir. Her enemies granted her a trial, but the *trial* was only a mockery of justice. They hated Joan, and her virtue proved but a poor shield against their enmity. She was sentenced to be burned for *sorcery*. She was prepared for the worst, and heard her doom without a shudder.—The God that had strengthened her hands against the enemies of her country, now, in this dark hour of adversity forsook her not, but enabled her to meet with composure, a fate calculated to make the stoutest heart quake and tremble.

Amid the array of martial hosts, the clangor of trumpets, and waving of banners, Joan was conducted from the prison to the stake. With a firm and unflinching step she walked forth, and submitted calmly to be bound like “a lamb dumb before its shearers.”

The English army looked on and rejoiced that one who had caused them so many defeats, was now so completely in their power.

The fagots blazed, and the flames whirled about her slender form; but hark! amid the roar of the flames her voice is heard calling most fervently on heaven to aid her in this last trying hour. Her voice grows weaker.—“Jesus,” “Jesus!” is heard at intervals. Now her lips move, but no words are heard! Now the soul of martyred Joan, borne on the smoke of the fire that consumed her, has ascended to heaven!

Thus, at the market place of old

Rouen, perished the gallant maid of Orleans, on the 20th of May, 1431, in the 29th year of her age.

Some have sought to brand her name with eternal infamy. But this could scarce be expected otherwise. The greatest and best have been defamed, and Joan could not escape. No, she could not have escaped the black hand of Calumny had she been as “chaste as ice or as pure as snow.” But this load of prejudice is fast lessening, and justice will yet be awarded to whom it is due. Joan is yet to have a bright and honorable page in the history of her country. She is there to assume the place—not of a queen, nor yet of an empress—but a higher a nobler place. Let this simple inscription be there written, “JOAN OF ARC—RESTORER OF HER KING—PRESERVER OF HER COUNTRY,” and her name will be handed down, while those of queens will sink to oblivion.

Let the skeptic go to her history, and there learn something of that “peace of mind and harmony within,” which can cheer the gloomiest dungeon, and buoy up the soul under the most dire distresses. Let him learn from Joan to subdue his own spirit, and humbly to trust in the “divinity that shapes our ends.” He may not be able to fight the battles of his country, and obtain for himself a patriot’s meed, but let him remember that he who conquers self, achieves the noblest triumph.

ALMON.

## AN EPISTLE FROM THE LITERARY WORLD.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In looking over the contents of the December number of your excellent Magazine, my attention was arrested by an article entitled "A NEW COMER IN THE LITERARY WORLD." Which, on examination, I found to be a criticism on my "Poems and Speeches." The article is too good to be lost, *too rare* to be allowed to "blush unseen" among the "chips and shavings" of the Literary realm. The writer, who for convenience, we will call "our critic," expresses himself, in the commencement of his article, "unwilling" to allow the "Brief Selection" to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," and with inimitable grace expressed the hope that "he would be borne with while he would endeavor to bring it before your readers in as favorable a light as the circumstances of the case would allow. Now "our critic" must know, that I feel highly complimented, and *very* thankful that he has so kindly interposed to save the "Brief Selection" from impending oblivion. As from "our critic's" language, I take it for granted that he "stands high" (if not in the public's) in his *own estimation*, and that whatever he deigns to notice *must* call forth the attention of "listening senates" and the admiration of the world.

After a few *glowing* preliminaries, "our critic" falls on the preface to the "*Brief Selection*" like a thousand of "brick." And having made a wonderful complaint about "rashness," "presumption," an "intelligent public," and a class of queer "philosophers," he gives us a sample of his *intelligence* and peculiar *critical* powers, which may be seen in the following part of a sentence, being "our critic's" *first blow* at the preface: "With the exception of one or two *grammatical* errors." Now, although the reader may think the orthography of the above quotation a *little* doubtful, he should neither "tell it in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askelon," as

it is "our critic's" *peculiar* mode of spelling, and is no doubt passable. But for his special benefit, I must say, that there is an excellent treatise on orthography by Webster to be had at the book stores, which he ought to procure, as it *might* be the means, if *closely* studied of teaching him how to *spell* the English language correctly. But to proceed with the sentence. "Our critic" thus concludes,—"and some very bungling sentences, his prefatory remarks are at least *passible*." Reader what think you? Isn't it rare, that a critic of the nineteenth century, a professed disciple of Kirkham and Smith, and a citizen of the Literary world, should thus

"Out strip the wind,  
And leave the world behind,"

in the art of spelling? Oh how rare! Were it possible, that old Walker and Webster could return to the literary world, and see how far "our critic" has left their production in the rear, would'nt they be glad in future

"To blush unseen,  
And waste *their* sweetness on the desert air?"

He next notices the first article in the "Selection," entitled, "A Valedictory Address." This he passed over as the "empty wind which we regard not," having found no other fault with it than its being mixed with poetry, which he says, is "better than some" he has seen in his time. No doubt of that. Stare not, gentle reader, for he must from his title be an old, if not the oldest, inhabitant of the literary world, where according to Pope,

"Those who cannot write, and those who can,  
All rhyme, and scribble and scabble to a man."

And as such no wonder he has "seen sights." But I must follow the train of circumstances. "Our critic" next, like a starving *fish hawk*, baffled in his efforts to find prey among the lone "mountains of despair," or fish in the "fount of knowledge," rises on heavy

wing, and looks with eager eye into an address on "State Pride," wherein he sees portrayed the fertile fields, spreading plains, and lofty mountains, of the "Old North State" together with her

Rivers bounded on each side  
By meadows wide and green,  
Than which, the far fam'd vale of Tempe,  
Affords no fairer scene.

Suddenly he poses himself for a moment as if to take breath, and then darts with vindictive rage into the last verse of a Poem on North Carolina; which he asserts, in a positive manner, to be, "somewhat inferior to Judge Gaston's poem on the same subject." It may be; I will not dispute it. Gaston has ever stood at the head of our State's Literature; and I am willing he should still rest "alone in his glory." But alas for our critic! he has been "biting a file," for if he thinks the verse *only somewhat* inferior to Gaston's as he quoted it, he would no doubt consider it *vastly* superior; had he seen the author's correction of a few *typographical* errors in that verse, published in the "Argus," and "Dew Drop," only a short time after the "Selection" was printed.

A poem, entitled "Old Year Adieu," seems to have won "our critic" completely over; for while he admires its parts, he still complains that it has "desperate neighbors." No wonder.—For when he, by its charms, is

"Dragged from his den  
The wond'ring neighborhood with glad surprise,  
Behold his shagged breast, his giant size,  
His mouth that flames no more, his languid eyes."

He does not, however, remain long in this tranquil state; suddenly he rises like a hungry lion, and leaps from the shoulders of "Old Year," setting himself full on one of its neighbors, entitled "An M. D., LL. D.," of whom I never expected to hear again, but so soon as "our critic" has passed over, I found it was simply "A mishap to an M. D., LL. D." The Doctor is, however, described as a man of "wonderful propensities." And has no doubt from his long practice acquired considerable medical skill; and if he has received any flesh wounds or bruises from "our

critic's" assault, I would simply say to him, "Physician heal thyself."\* As to what became of the Doctor's "lame blind horse," I have not been informed. It is however thought that "our critic" mounted him in the heat of excitement and *sloped* to parts unknown. It is true that he has spread false reports on the Doctor, saying he (the Dr.) usually left his horse "litched to the legal limb, while he *pillfered* the pockets of his patients." Now, through fear of the Doctor's bringing these reports to a "legal" issue, "our critic" is thought to have sloped. But I am very little inclined to credit the supposition, as I think it far more probable that he would have *eloped* with the Doctor's "own beloved Sue," as he speaks of her as a girl of great "firmness" and "good sense."

Now before I dismiss this *peculiar* genius, I must give the reader a sample of his poetical propensities. Speaking of a poem, entitled "A mishap to an M. D. LL. D.," which has a few Latin sentences intermixed, he says,

"Ergo he wrote 'alf  
An' 'alf."

On the above rhyme I have no comment to offer; further than to hope "our critic's" (y) ears may be long in the land, that he may enjoy the fruits of his *peculiar* genius:

And may be sire a goodly seed,  
Whose (y) ears may too be long  
And may often with him join  
To bray a deafning song.

In conclusion, I must say to our critic, that if he wishes me to notice him in future he must give his name in full, as I have set it down as a maxim, that I never would contend with any creature that cannot be twisted out of his den. I hope, should he see these few remarks, that he will take them in good part, as they were written in the best imaginable spirit. D. McNEILL.

\* In explanation of the above, I will here state, (as "our critic" seems ignorant of the fact,) that it is a custom among writers, when they introduce "characters," to vest them with traits peculiar to the circumstances. Hence, those blunders, found by "our critic" in the M. D.'s address to Sue, were intentionally made, so as to make the Doctor appear as ludicrous as possible.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

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WE come neither to remonstrate with you, readers, nor to speak much concerning ourselves. Perhaps, you think what has been said on former occasions savors of egotism; so for fear of being censured for a similar offence, we shall labor to be brief. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our heartfelt delight at the kind and general welcome with which our first number of the Third volume was received. Having met with such approbation, we commence our labors for the present issue with cheering prospects and brighter hopes; and despite the malevolent predictions of a speedy downfall, we are able to go to press with less difficulty than with any previous number. If we cannot cater for the tastes of literary *connoisseurs*, we hope to make our pages acceptable to our friends. Could the Magazine always prove to be like the gentle carrier-bird that catches friendly messages in its flight, and thus give pleasure for the moment, if it find not a place in memory, our wishes would be gratified. An eminent British essayist has prettily remarked:—"Magazines resemble those little angels, who, according to the pretty Rabbinical tradition, are generated every morning by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise,—whose life is a song,—who warble till sunset, and then sink back without regret into nothingness."—Is it enough for our Magazine thus to please and be forgotten? Now whether "Mag." shall taste the precious elixir of immortality or not, we shall not dare to predict; yet we hope her course will be like that of a smooth current gliding

harmlessly through future years with her surface unruffled by any of those agitations with which similar periodicals have been visited.

The Magazine will still continue to be a means through which literary productions of merit, long pent up in our college archive; can flow out to the public. And as each of our little articles are constituent drops in the great sea of literature, we hope they may be kindly received and prove to be pure and refreshing, like crystal drops from a summer's cloud.

The contents of the present issue give further proof of the disposition among the eminent of the State to aid us in adding the grace and elegance of composition to our pages. Thus we are enabled to give from time to time new and attractive features to the Magazine; and we are led to believe, that its increasing reputation and extensive circulation will secure for it a hearty reception from all those who properly appreciate that high order of mental culture, so essential to the advancement of youth.

We feel confident that this issue will compare favorably with the number for Feb. Our first number was not sent forth as a 'specimen copy.' We dislike such impositions. On the other hand, the matter for it was collected under rather inauspicious circumstances; for the majority of our *corps* was absent revelling with a proud jollity about their beloved homesteads.

OUR LEADER.—In pursuance of an announcement heretofore made, we present to our readers as the leading article of this

number, a contribution from one whose name, were we at liberty to give it, would impart an addition to the great interest which we are sure will be inspired by its intrinsic merits. With reference to its author, we may be permitted to intimate at present that few persons among us have attained such eminent distinction in walks so various and widely dissimilar, and that there are few living or dead to whom the State is more deeply indebted for important services in stations of high official trust.

WAVELET'S OF MEMORY.—Under this title, the reader will find in the present number of the Magazine the introduction to a series of extracts which will hereafter appear in our columns. The author is a young man of sprightly and agreeable manners, fine talents, good taste and rich imagination.

His subjects, as you will perceive from the caption, are of the past. Dreams of the unveiled future are for the most part exceedingly beautiful; but the thoughts and stories of the past are nearly always interesting. Nor is the past, like a mad woman, entirely "bereft of beauty."—Campbell, the sweet bard of Scotia has sung:—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Though not entirely, we believe it is in a great measure true,—we believe the sunshine that gilds the varied scenes of our youthful days, like that which the King of Day, as he is sinking behind the hills of the west, flings on the fleecy clouds that skirt the sky, grows brighter and brighter as we draw nearer and nearer to the gates of eternity.

Our young friend will no doubt, in his future productions, cause the wavelets of the past to flow over and break upon our minds not unfrequently, not unprofitably, and not unpleasantly.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE APPLICATION OF SCIENCE TO THE ARTS.—This department of the University was organized at the beginning of the present term, and is now in successful operation, under the general supervision of the Faculty, and the immediate direction of the able and energetic Professors, by whom the principal part of the instruction will be given.

The scheme adopted by the Trustees at their last annual meeting contemplates, we understand, no change in the established curriculum, until after the close of the first term of the Senior year, and then only at the option of the student. At the beginning of the second term, every Senior, who desires to do so, is permitted to enter the Scientific Department and graduate at the same time with those who pursue the regular Academic course, and at the end of one year thereafter, upon an approved examination on the studies of the Engineering and Chemical departments, will receive the degree of Master of Arts.

Those Seniors who do not desire to remain in the institution an additional year may avail themselves of the advantages of the school to a limited extent, by dispensing with three recitations in the department of Languages, and four in International and Constitutional Law,—one or both, and devoting as many at their election to the practical application of Science to the Arts. In other words, there are seven recitations which the Seniors may devote at their election, to the acquisition of the Languages, International and Constitutional Law, or to practical Science.

The present Senior Class consists of sixty members. Of these, eighteen have determined to make no change in the regular Academic course, and five have entered the department of Civil Engineering, with a view to the five years course. Thirty-seven receive instruction in the Department of Law, and eighteen in the French and Latin languages. Eighteen

take three, and nineteen take seven recitations in Agricultural Chemistry.

In relation to those who take an exclusively scientific course, the regulation will be to permit applicants, who are properly prepared in mathematics and chemistry, to enter the scientific department, they prefer and at the end of two and a half or three years, according to their proficiency graduate as Bachelors of Science.

The Professors in the new School are Charles Phillips and Benjamin S. Hedrick, the former of Civil Engineering, the latter of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry.

The annexed letter of Mr. Phillips to the President was read to the Trustees at their last annual meeting, and throws so much light on the nature and objects of this department that we gladly avail ourselves of permission to publish it.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, }  
January 2d, 1854. }

MY DEAR SIR: To comply with your request for suggestions concerning the objects and methods to be pursued in the School for the application of Science to the Arts, is a task of no ordinary magnitude, importance and difficulty. The Science of the day is at once the means and measure of the civilization of the day, and is the collective term by which we designate all that we know of the laws and operations of nature—their various relations and analogies—and the theories proposed for their causations and dependencies. The Arts are the processes by which the discoveries and theories of Science are made available to supply the infinitely diversified wants and tastes of mankind. The labors of the men of Science who have sounded the depths of the ocean, pierced the rock-ribbed mountains, followed the winds in their circuit, and observed the times of the heavenly bodies, find their true end and development in the advancement of the Arts which foster commerce, subdue the earth, combine machines, lay down railroads, erect telegraphs, build cities, and thus bind man to his fellow man in his wants, luxuries and destiny. It is thus that Science, showing us the riches of our inheritance as lords of this lower creation, and the arts enabling us to appropriate these riches, make more and more striking and permanent the distinction between

our civilized and uncivilized conditions. In view of these great truths, a diffidence in approaching the task of deciding what is Science, and of enumerating its actual and possible applications to the Arts, may well be excused as at once natural and becoming.

If the objects and methods of the new School at the University, are to be determined by the title in its most comprehensive extent, I should at once despair of suggesting a plan for its organization, nor would it be possible to conceive one which time and experience could not supplement or modify. But while the comprehensiveness of the title of the School may indicate the liberality of the views with which it was founded, and may assure the public that in time all its objects shall be attained, yet the titles and number of the only two departments as yet established will show what the Trustees consider best adapted to the present necessities of our community, and at the same time confess the incompleteness of our organization. The judgment evinced in not attempting too much at first, and in proposing a plan neither too dazzling to be realized, nor too complicated to be understood, can hardly be over-estimated. The department of chemistry—with the almost inseparable sciences of mineralogy and geology—revealing to us the most secret treasures of the earth, the inexhaustible source of all our material comforts, is not more important than that of Civil Engineering, which by suggesting and directing internal improvements, renders these treasures accessible and available. The School thus begins with but two Sciences, which nevertheless are fundamental to most of the Arts, and on a plan so expansive in its nature and connections, that it may in time embrace all the Sciences and nearly all their applications.

Although I can hardly be expected to exhibit, at present, all the details of the organization of our Scientific School, yet in arranging even temporarily the departments of civil engineering and analytical chemistry, we are met by difficulties, resembling in kind at least, those first noticed. The fundamental principles, the primary laws and facts, of both sciences are now, beyond doubt, well ascertained, and must always be taught in their schools. But the extent and particular application of each which are required in a given time and place, must be decided by the circumstances of the teacher and pupil. The chemical elements are well known, their atomic weights, and their various affinities. Still, observation of the wants of our community only, should determine whether

In North Carolina the attention of pupils will be most profitably directed to the chemistry of agriculture or that of manufactures. We do not as yet know what proportion of attention will be required by our Druggists, Miners, Assayists and Custom-house Inspectors. The phenomena of inertia and of motion—the sources of Force, and the laws that control its composition and resolution, have engaged the attention of our ablest Philosophers for successive generations, and by the aid of the higher Mathematics they have been pretty well reduced to available forms. Still, observation and experience only can decide what special applications of these principles in the various schemes of internal improvement, shall most engage our attention. Some of these points may be settled at once. In North Carolina we are now a farming people, and there are strong inducements for our fellow-citizens to engage largely in mines and manufactures. Hence, the analyses of soils, of minerals, and of metals—the economy of water power—the dyking of rivers—the draining of swamps—and increased facilities for intercommunication, must by no means be overlooked. Proper instruction in these few particulars will of itself necessitate progress and attention to many perhaps unsuspected, or now unprofitable applications of science. For it should not be forgotten that chemistry and natural philosophy are rapidly developing sciences, and thereby are creating daily new wants among mankind, and so may be themselves the means of introducing new arts into our community.—Some of the first teachers of chemical science are still alive, and even since I was under your care at College, its nomenclature has undergone a complete metamorphosis, a change indicating that its facts and theories have undergone a corresponding modification. Fifteen years ago, very few looked on Agriculture as a science, so few and isolated were its facts, so crude its theories, so impracticable its suggestions, but now throughout the civilized world, chemists and farmers, and machinists and printers, are equally interested in developing its stores of wealth, and exulting in the boundless prospect opening before them. Twenty years ago, years of study and seclusion were necessary to teach the pliant pencil of the artist to copy the beautiful forms and colors of nature—now he travels round with chemicals and a Daguerreotype-box. Locomotion at the rate of twelve miles an hour was deemed a visionary scheme thirty years since—now one mile a minute is too slow. In 1838, the station houses on the

London and Birmingham Railroad cost £700,000, when their builders expected £70,000 would be amply sufficient—now the Engineers, whose expenses exceed their estimates by one-tenth part, are pronounced unfit for their office.

Under these circumstances, it must be a matter of impossibility to detail, in advance, all that shall be taught in our University in either of the new departments.

So far I have dwelt rather upon the difficulties of the problem you have presented me—not in a spirit of despondancy, nor to enhance my own work—but to show cause why such plans as I may propose are so vague, and perhaps apparently disproportionate to the ends in view. In order that I might begin my labors here with all the information I could well obtain in this country, I have examined during the last six months, nearly all the Scientific schools in the United States. The time which the liberality of the Trustees put at my disposal, I spent mainly at Harvard College, engaged in such studies, as would be most necessary for me, in entering on my new duties. Nevertheless I made several excursions, for the purpose of inspecting the Scientific Schools at Troy and West Point, at Yale and Brown. I have obtained reports from schools in other States, and have besides enjoyed ample opportunities for consultation with many of the leading scientific men of our country. The schools that I have mentioned are all situated, as you will notice, in all the North-eastern part of the United States, amid the principal centres of commerce and manufacture. These circumstances secure them great uniformity of type. The applications of Science are very nearly the same in all. The diversities that exist, relate chiefly to the manner of teaching, and may be traced to the peculiarities and education of the teachers themselves. Some of them are graduates of West Point, and in their schools, we generally meet the same text-books, and the same methods of using them. They appear to drill their pupils carefully in the principles of each science, by means of recitations on definite portions of generally approved text-books. The special applications of these principles are taught to some extent, but the pupils are rather trained to make these applications for themselves in future life. In the schools presided over by the graduates of our Academic Institutions, lectures are used almost altogether. These are said to be equally effective with text-books in familiarising the minds of students, with the principles

to be inculcated, and besides afford very many opportunities for calling attention to the special applications of the principles referred to. Had I to choose between these two systems of instruction, I would unhesitatingly avow my preference for that of West Point. Its programme is not so brilliant, and it requires of both teacher and pupil, far more sustained and self-denying labor. But its results are more satisfactory to those immediately connected with it, and infinitely more advantageous to the public.— Happily, however, we are not restricted to a choice between the two systems, and I think it well worth the while to attempt a union of the best features of both. I would introduce the sciences by means of text-books, and familiarize the immature and inexperienced minds of our pupils to the definitions, demonstrations, theories and formulæ connected with them by unremitting, and daily recitations. But I would also use lectures as reviews of the subjects already somewhat familiar to the students, and to give them connected views of what their text-books might leave too much isolated, and also to impart information now lying scattered in periodicals, monographs and Transactions of Scientific Associations.

The young men who may avail themselves of the facilities for professional education, afforded by our new departments, I would for the sake of convenience, distinguish into University and Scientific Students. The Scientific Students are to be those who may resort here to join the Scientific school only—not having the time, the inclination, or the means to use the advantages of our Academic course. To enter on their course as Engineers, these students should be required to possess a competent knowledge of Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry. If they are to be chemists, they must have a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the objects, elements, and methods of Chemistry. In Engineering, the pupils shall have while here, a full course of Analytical Geometry, and of Differential and Integral Calculus—of descriptive Geometry and its applications in Perspective, Draughting, Shades and Shadows, and of theoretical and applied Mechanics—besides instruction in many particulars of practice connected with their profession. They shall be taught the various kinds of drawing, such as landscape, mechanical, isometrical, and topographical, together with the use of water-colors. The principal instruments to be used in the field should be at their service, that they be made practically acquainted with their con-

struction, adjustments and use, and with the reductions of the data they afford as applications of the principles presented in their text-books. Lectures shall be given as the necessities of the pupils require—to present in new lights subjects already dwelt upon in detail, or to furnish information demanded by the peculiar wants of our own citizens. All Engineering students will be required to spend a portion of their time in the Analytical Laboratory to learn some of its facts, and of its simpler and more common manipulations, and to receive instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

In Chemistry the Scientific Students will be engaged most of their time in the various practical operations connected with the analysis of compound bodies, and the synthesis of Chemical elements, under the immediate supervision of Prof. Hedrick. There will be to all the Students in Chemistry, a common course in quantitative and qualitative analysis. When this is completed, special instruction will be afforded to each pupil according as he wishes to devote his attention to Agriculture—Manufacture—Pharmacy—the Custom-house, or to Mining and Metallurgy. Mineralogy and Geology must also occupy of their time a portion proportionate to their great importance intrinsically, and in relation to the peculiar wants of North Carolina. Recitations in this department will be only occasional, their object being mainly to accustom pupils to the theories now used for the explanation of the phenomena presented by their crucibles and test-tubes, and to familiarize them with the nomenclature, and formulæ of the Science. Professional Students should be encouraged to attend the course of lectures on Chemistry delivered to the Academic Students, but they should also have lectures appropriated only to themselves to supplement the teachings of their text-books. Especial attention will be paid to Agricultural Chemistry, and the pupils kept advised of all novel and useful suggestions and discoveries, in that, to our community, most important branch of the Science. It is well worth consideration whether these lectures might not be delivered in such rapid succession, and be accompanied with such elementary instruction and experiments, as, on public notice being given, might attract from a distance gentlemen, who as amateurs are interested in the improvement of their gardens and plantations. Prof. Hedrick will also freely admit his pupils to inspect his own original analyses and investigations—that their curiosity may be still more successfully stimulated, and the field of their experience greatly enlarged.

The time that will be required of such Scientific Students as possess only the elementary knowledge described above, will be two years and a half, or three years. It is proposed that at the end of a full course either in Engineering or Chemistry, each worthy student shall receive from the University the degree of Bachelor in Science.

The University Students in the Scientific School, shall be taken from those of the Academic course, who, not sooner than the close of the first session of the Senior Year, desire to prepare themselves for a professional life either as Engineers, or as Chemists. They will be expected to spend eighteen months in the Scientific School, and the instruction afforded to them will be the same in all respects as that afforded to the Scientific Students, with the exception of those particulars already attended to in their Academic course. They might receive the degree of Bachelor in Arts, with their classmates, and in addition at the end of their Scientific course the degree of Master in Arts. Greater rewards are thus proposed for our University than for our Scientific pupils, because it is expected that they will be the more valuable class of Students. For it has been found that in Engineering and in Chemistry as in Medicine, Law, and Theology, they will make the most rapid, the largest, the most available acquisitions, who have previously educated and disciplined their faculties, by the training of the Academic course. There will be also a decided advantage to them in having attended a complete course of instruction and experiments in Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy—subjects of very great importance to every Chemist and Engineer.

To accomplish the scheme of instruction proposed above, within two years and a half, may require for each scientific student two recitations a day, and as there will be two classes in the school, (viz. a first year, and a second year class,) their teachers must at times hear four recitations a day, besides attending to the daily exercise in the drawing room, in the laboratory, and in the field. The limited time, and capacity of teacher and pupil in the scientific departments, seem to preclude them from giving or receiving instruction in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Natural History, and many other important branches of science, somewhat attended to in our Academic course. The lectures, if not the recitations on these subjects, may perhaps be enjoyed by our scientific stu-

dents without neglecting their own professional studies. Experience will doubtless suggest many instances where the close proximity and connection of the two courses may make them a mutual benefit. I may therefore be excused from considering such details.

It may be interesting to know to what extent the application of science to the arts may enter as a means of education into the general academic course. This is not the time nor the place to enter into a full discussion of a question now attracting almost universal attention. To me it appears that they can profitably enter, if at all, only to a very limited extent. Books on Machinery, and Analysis, although full of information very interesting to the curious, and of great importance to society in general, are to the Engineer and Chemist, what "Stephens on Pleading" is to the Lawyer, or "Watson on Fevers" is to the Physician—they are books for professional men, and when taught to one class of pupils should not be sold to their successors, as may be the fate of Geometries or Grammars, but must be preserved for constant use and reference in the practice of a profession. In attempting to teach the applications of Science to a class of merely academic students, the appeal must be made chiefly to the memory, and that faculty is easily overtaken in the young and immature. Candidates for a college diploma cannot as a general fact be induced so to master the minutiae of a science as to render its applications in any degree interesting or profitable to them. Their object should be more to secure an amount of mental discipline than to acquire general information.

There is an interesting class of students, for whose instruction, I would that we had time and teachers. I refer to those whom I would designate as Practical Students. These not having time or means to acquire the scientific principles of Engineering, still might learn much from the rules laid down for the use of instruments in the field, and from the exercises of the drawing room. So they might become very useful to their fellow-citizens as mechanics, county surveyors, or as judges in the location and repairs of our common roads, or to themselves in properly planning and executing internal improvements on their own farms and plantations. But at present it is not practicable, nor perhaps even advisable to admit "partial course" students to the privileges of the scientific school.

As to the probable cost of apparatus necessary for the practical part of instruction in the new departments, it may be considerable, especially if the school be successful. The apparatus should not be collected too rapidly. Books of reference, models and plates of carpentry and machinery—of mines and geological strata, and instruments for Engineers and Chemists are costly. It is necessary that they be at first of good quality, as they are constantly liable to injury. Many of these models and diagrams our pupils may learn to prepare for themselves and for the school. Nevertheless, we need at present for the Engineering department, besides the apparatus already at the University, a compass, a barometer, a theodolite and a transit, besides sight and levelling staves, drawing tables and boards, and plates of machinery and architecture.

In the Analytical Laboratory there will be needed a furnace with its facilities for sand-baths, evaporating chambers, and distilled waters, balances for considerable and for inconsiderable weights, a supply of retorts, test-tubes and crucibles, together with a stock of chemicals, and their necessary vessels.

A room should be provided for the Analytical Laboratory, and fitted up with its appropriate furniture which need not be at all expensive. Instruction in Engineering mathematics, can be given at such hours, that the recitation rooms of the Academic departments may be used for that purpose. A room also will be needed where the drawing tables of the pupils may stand unmolested, and free from dust. The centre of the University Library room, might be used for practice in drawing without interfering in any way with its other purposes.

As to the cost of education in this school, it may be presumptuous in me to offer suggestions. I believe it is usual in our country to charge higher for professional instruction than for Academic, because its returns are greater, and more immediate, and because the capital invested is generally much larger, and more liable to depreciation. The liberality with which instruction is afforded at the University of North Carolina is unexampled in our country. Whether this is to be continued in the new departments is a question for the Trustees to decide. The students will, of course, provide themselves with instruments for practice in drawing, and with many articles which they will consume in the Laboratory. It is also usual in other Scientific Schools to make a charge for the destruction of apparatus that inevitably attends the operations of the Laboratory.

The organization herein proposed will effect a more intimate connection between the teachers in our Academic and Scientific departments, than is usual in similar institutions, and may require that the new Professors take part in all matters connected with the discipline of the University. In other Scientific Schools it is customary to commit the elementary mathematics and chemical analysis to the more advanced pupils. According to the amount of service rendered, it is compensated by their own instruction being afforded gratis, and in addition a small salary, usually \$100, may be paid. While this plan is very advantageous to the pupils themselves, it affords the Professors more time to attend to the higher branches of their departments, and to make those large acquisitions necessary to every faithful and successful teacher of the applications of Science. Perhaps it would be well for us to have the liberty of making such appointments, if our necessities require, or the funds of the institution permit them. I would respectfully suggest that all the students of our Scientific school be subjected in all respects to the supervision of the whole Faculty of the University, and that attendance on Recitation, Prayers, and College Worship be as rigorously exacted from them as from the Academic students. I make this suggestion in order to obviate the objections which clear-minded and experienced men have made to the union of such distinct departments in an institution. Experience will in a great measure confirm their judgment that such intimate association as we must have between young men reciting to different teachers, on different subjects, in different methods and for different purposes, will be rather prejudicial than beneficial, if they be at the same time subjected to different oversight and discipline.

Such are the general features of the plan for the organization of the School of Science as applied to the Arts, which after much consultation, and reflection, I have decided to offer you. I much regret that under present circumstances I have not had an opportunity for personal consultation with Professor Hedrick. As he has, however, kindly offered to endorse whatever I may propose on his behalf, I may suppose that even were he here, he would not materially alter these suggestions. The nature of the subject discussed, or the amount of my own experience and information must be my apology for the vagueness of my decisions as to what applications of Science will be most beneficial to our fellow-citizens, and the general want of

definiteness as to the methods to be employed in teaching these applications.

In conclusion Sir, allow me to congratulate you on the general prosperity of our University. In this prosperity, and in its widely extending reputation you find the reward of your labors: so arduous, so long-continued, so self-denying. A new field of usefulness is now to be opened here, wherein the educated and disciplined energies of her sons may advance North Carolina to wealth and influence as yet undreamed of. Should such success attend the enterprize it will be owing in a very great degree to the vigor, economy and prudence which you will infuse into the new departments. As late pupils of your own, Prof. Hedrick and I will be recreant to the advantages we have enjoyed and to our own honor, should we fail in every honest endeavor to reward your exertions, and to realize the liberal intentions of the Trustees. That our plans and efforts may be successfully and harmoniously applied is our humble prayer to Him who alone giveth wisdom to the simple, and maketh those who dwell in one house to be of one mind.

With highest respect,  
CHARLES PHILLIPS.

HON. D. L. SWAIN, LL. D., }  
President of University of N. C. }

THE necessity of two additional Tutors in the department of Mathematics in the University, being made apparent at the last annual meeting of the Trustees, Mr. S. Pool, of Elizabeth City, and Mr. J. B. Lucas, of Chapel Hill, were appointed to discharge the duties of these offices.—The College Faculty now numbers sixteen; consisting of a President, nine Professors, five Tutors, and one Instructor.

THE young lady, who thought the Editor that wrote the last "Table" was either *corned* or *near-sighted* because he said that the graduating class of this year was better looking than that of the last, is informed, in the first place, he is a "Son," and in the next, that his not being *near-sighted* is his great fault, as *some near-sighted* people take very well with certain female friends of his acquaintance.

We think she was unhappy *very* in her

choice of an illustration to prove her point. The class generally, the Editors *particularly*, and if it were not for sheer modesty, *we* would add the one she alluded to *especially*, are all good looking, much more so, with due deference to her opinion, than any of the last class. For proof, *we* are willing to abide by the decision of any *other* lady's—glass. We do not retract, as can be inferred from this article, any thing stated in the former article.

We are glad all ladies are not of the same opinion with her. She has bad taste as is "given up," but as we said in a former number, *de gustibus nil disputandum*.

SALAD FOR THE CURIOUS.—We have ascertained from a reliable source, that there are in the possession of a gentleman in Edenton, N. C., three original manuscript letters of Gen. Washington, one from Hannah Washington and four short notes of Mrs. Washington,

The letters of Gen. Washington are addressed to the Rev. Charles Green, Fairfax county, Va.; the others to his wife.—The former bear the dates, as well as our informant remembers, respectively, 1757, 1761, and 1767, written, as will be perceived, during the General's Colonelship. In one, purporting to have been written from Warm Springs, Va., he describes very minutely the most accessible route to that place, and alludes incidentally to other local affairs, interesting not *per se*, but because they were commented upon by the "Father of his country." This comprises four pages of letter-paper. Another, communicating the state of his health to the Rev. Mr. Green, urges that gentleman to visit him immediately. The General leaves us to conjecture for what reason he desires so earnestly the presence of his reverend friend. This is the shortest of the three, comprising only twelve or fifteen lines. The last, consisting of two pages

of foolscap was written from Williamsburg, Va., and adverts very briefly to those political topics, which especially agitated at that time the public mind. The letters of Hannah and Mrs. Washington are of a private nature, discussing domestic matters, &c. &c.

The venerable gentleman who formerly owned these letters, and has since given them to his son, has attained the advanced age of eighty-three. He is therefore capable of subscribing to their authenticity, having in his boyhood, frequently seen the General's handwriting.

On Saturday, 21st of January, the College Officers for the approaching commencement, consisting of a marshal, four assistant marshals, and six ball-managers, were duly appointed. The marshalship was conferred on Mr. William H. Hall, who, in pursuance of his election, named Messrs. A. B. Hill, A. B. Irion, H. Nicholson and S. P. Watters, assistant marshals. Messrs. J. B. Gilliam, T. B. Graham, R. E. James, G. J. Pillow and R. A. Torrence, were chosen to discharge the duties of ball-managers. Preparations are now being made for commencement, by the several gentlemen on whom this duty devolves. We hope they may succeed in "getting up" every thing in a style not inferior to that of our last gala-day. An ex-ball manager, just at our elbow, looking with intense interest on our sheet, requests us to express his desire that the present officers may be as successful as himself in obtaining compliments and bewitching smiles for kind attentions to the ladies. Let your motto be:—*Carpe diem*.

It is generally believed that the ensuing commencement will be one of unusual interest. The gentlemen expected to deliver addresses are not unknown to fame.

A letter recently dropped into the office at this place bears the following precise superscription. We give it exactly:

to Molley Ann H——s  
Miss Polly H——s  
miss Ellin H——s  
to one or the other of  
these Names  
Comland County Fay.  
Ettvill poste office  
(with Hast)

It is inserted as a literary curiosity for those who find pleasure in odd things.—As it bears on its face a *miss*-direction so far as "Polly" and "Ellin" are concerned, there can be no doubt that "Molley Ann" must have been the recipient of all the *wealth* it might contain, for doubtless its contents were *rich*.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Lees has again made his appearance in our sanctum. There is evidently a decided improvement in his articles. From the style, and from the nature of his subjects, we are led to the conclusion, that Lees is youthful. We have no acquaintance with him, but in all candor, we must say that we consider him a youth of no ordinary capacity. We hope this frank expression of opinion will not make him blush, for it is said with an earnest conviction of his merits. We would recommend discretion and taste in the selection of subjects. Such topics as "Intellect," "Industry" and "Education" are hackneyed. Choose, therefore, themes that possess some novelty; for the proper choice of topics has much to do with giving an essay character.—Pharmacies is *no* poet; so we shall refrain from farther comment.—We were compelled to reject the article from Jonathan Coweeta. Entertaining for him high esteem, we wish him success; and recommend more purity of diction and the rejection of all cant phrases in future productions.

The contributions that have been flowing in from all quarters, show that we have many zealous friends. We beg the continuance of similar favors.

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1854.

No. 3.

RETREAT OF GENERAL HOWE FROM SAVANNAH,  
FROM MEMOIRS OF HOWE,

BY A. M. HOOPER.

THE troops of South Carolina and Georgia had not recovered from the consequences of the invasion of East Florida during the preceding summer, and were suffering from fatigue recently incurred, in repelling the incursions of Provost and Fuser, when Howe was called upon to redouble his efforts to induce the Governor to make preparations to resist the enemy.

A deserter, of the name of Haslan, from an English Transport, that had put into Tybee, brought accounts that a British fleet was off the coast. These accounts were confirmed by frequent firings of cannon at sea, which sounded to the ear, like signals given and answered, indicating the proximity of a considerable naval force. At length tidings came to realize the worst apprehensions.

On the 24th of December, 1778, the squadron under Sir Hyde Parker, arrived off Tybee Island, near the mouth of Savannah river. These were joined by the rest of the fleet on the 27th.—

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Colonel Campbell who commanded the land forces availed himself of this delay to procure information.

He landed a company on the banks of Wilmington creek, for the purpose of seizing and bringing off some intelligent individuals, from whom he could elicit accurate details. Two such were produced, who furnished the most satisfactory particulars, concerning Savannah and the surrounding country.— They stated that there were very few troops in town; that these few were much worn by exposure in recent service. That the batteries had all fallen into decay by neglect.

They also pointed out means of cutting off the retreat of two row galleys, that had been armed for the defence of the river; and they did not omit a fact of great moment, namely, that reinforcements were daily expected.

It cannot be doubted moreover that Col. Campbell received from these prisoners, very accurate descriptions of the landing places; and other useful

and interesting particulars, relative to the town and its vicinity.

Animated by accounts so favorable to his wishes, Col. Campbell proceeded to make arrangements for the disposition of a part of his forces.

At the same time, he determined to commence operations, without waiting for the arrival of Provost from Florida; prompt action under the circumstance being more likely to produce successful results than action deferred. A junction with Provost might be unavoidably delayed, and the opportunity for striking a blow lost.

While Campbell was thus planning the attack, Howe was incessantly occupied in preparing for the impending crisis.

Before I enter on details, it will be necessary to give the reader an idea of the situation of the town of Savannah, and of Girardeau's plantation, as they were in December, 1778, these places being the scenes of the operations I am about to describe.

\*Savannah, then the capital of Georgia, stands on a high sandy ridge which terminates in a bluff near a mile in extent on the river. The ridge or high ground runs backwards for upwards of two miles, nearly the same in breadth; and is a remarkably level open pine barren. On each side of the ridge a creek empties into the river, which occasions two swamps, both of which rather farther back than the town are cultivated. The uncultivated parts are thickly wooded. The swamp to the south-east of the town was passable in many

places. The other to the south-west was curv'y fit for travel except where the road passed through it. On the opposite side of the swamp, below the town is Girardeau's place, (or Brenton's Hill, as it is sometimes called) a bluff of 40 or 50 feet high, and a ridge similar to that on which the town stands with this difference, that the ridge terminates nearly three quarters of a mile from the river, leaving a swamp which is overflowed by every spring tide.\*

About half a mile south east of the town, Howe was encamped for its protection, with an army of 650 regulars, and 100 militia, making an aggregate of 750 rank and file. His attention was first occupied by the different landing places, for his course, he himself says, was to take its direction from the movements of the enemy in this most important point.† He reconnoitred all the landings with the Governor and all the principal officers of the army.

There are several landing places, both above and below Savannah. Above and by way of the back or south river, there are Rae's and McGilvery's landings, the former five and the latter two from the town, and five intermediate landings between them. Below the town are Girardeau's landing, Costin's bluff, Half-morn bluff, Thunderbolt and Mulbrynes, the latter called three and former five miles from town by land.— Those above the town were all of easy access to the enemy, by water. Of those below, Costin's was accessible two ways by water. Some of these were several miles in the rear of Howe's encamp-

\* Col. Elbert's testimony in Howe's trial.

\* Col. Elbert's testimony in Howe's trial.

† Same.

ment, and very near the road which he would be obliged to take, if he should be compelled to retreat; the road and river running parallel to each other.— All the landings, both above and below Savannah with the exception of Girardeau's are on high ground, with roads leading from them to the town.

The impossibility of ascertaining which of these landings the enemy would select, pressed upon Howe's mind as a subject of solicitude. Many advantages were calculated to attract the enemy to a landing place above the town. Howe believed almost to the last that the attempt to land would be made in that direction. He stationed the galleys at particular points, and by guard boats from them watched the enemy's movements closely.

From the 24th December to the morning of the 29th, it was a matter of earnest discussion among the officers, civil as well as military, which landing place would be ultimately fixed upon by the enemy. Howe and Houston were present at these discussions.

From the commencement of Howe's administration, as I have shown by his letters, 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 upon every opportunity to urge upon the Executive and Legislative departments of the State, the absolute necessity of taking immediate and energetic measures to fortify every vulnerable point. The Legislature rejected his advice with contempt. The Governor always lavish of promises was uniformly faithless in fulfilment of them.

At length Howe's prediction was ve-

rified. The enemy landed on the shores of Georgia. It was too late to attempt any fortifications. It was now the anxious desire of the American Commander to ascertain the landing place at which the enemy would disembark.— If it should prove to be one of those above Savannah he intended to order an immediate retreat. If below at Girardeau's he meditated an opposite course. The position which he occupied and which he deemed impregnable would enable him to repulse the enemy, at least until the arrival of reinforcements.

There are passages in the testimony given in Howe's trial, which refer to these matters, from which I will make extracts. This mode may not be so agreeable to the cultivated taste of the reader, as the distribution of the matter under different heads and connecting these by natural and easy transitions. But what I lose in dignity by this course, I gain in authenticity; besides, the obvious advantage of gratifying public curiosity in relation to the trial which is the basis of my narrative.

Colonel, afterwards General Elbert, states that the Executive as well as the Legislature authorities of the State of Georgia were applied to at different times by Gen. Howe, both personally and by letter, for the means of fortifying the country at different places, and other measures were strongly recommended by him for the general defence of the State. Some considerable time before the invasion of Georgia, Colonel Elbert saw a letter from Howe, very full on the subject, laid before the Assembly, which gave offence in conse-

quence of his "attempt to dictate to them." Howe represented to the Governor, that as many militia as could be collected, would be necessary. Laborers and entrenching tools were wanting;—but Elbert states that enough might have been obtained to throw up works, that would have been of service,\* &c., &c.

Colonel Walton states that he saw several letters from General Howe to the Legislature of Georgia, without being able to revert to their particular object, except *one* which was for the purpose of advising fortifications. He states further that applications were made by Howe to Gov. Houston for hands, tools, and materials, for fortifying the State.

With regard to the Governor's disputing the command with Howe, which he always did, except in great emergencies, Walton states as follows: "I was under the immediate command of the Governor of Georgia until the 24th December, when Gov. Houston relinquished the command to Gen. Howe. These orders (for the transfer,) however, were not carried into effect until the next day (the 25th.) As colonel commandant of militia, I did so, (that is, placed himself under the command of Howe) *although he Governor issued orders to the militia afterwards.*†

Mr. Wearat‡ the military storekeeper, another witness, goes even further. He says, "the Governor of Georgia, contested the command until General Howe took position near Tatnal's house,

or in other words, took his stand for resistance." The latter part of Walton's testimony which I have *italicised* no doubt refers to this.

I give Col. Ternant's testimony next. From the 24th December, when the British fleet entered the Savannah river, to the 29th, when the action took place, the General, with the Governor of Georgia, and several officers of the army, visited the several places where it was most probable the enemy would land. Ternant was present at these reconnoitering excursions. The landing at Girardeau's was generally looked upon as most likely to be chosen by the enemy, which occasioned discussion about the means most effectual to prevent them, and in general to counteract their operations. It was generally thought necessary, and as Ternant understood, agreed on, between the Governor and the General to erect a battery on the bank of the river so as to prevent the approach of the shipping to the causeway and consequently the enemy's landing and taking post on the bluff. The fort at Savannah was also to be repaired and enclosed. The high banks raised along the river from Savannah bluff to Girardeau's causeway for the purpose of draining the rice fields, were to be broken, so as to overflow those fields at high water and render the whole extent of them from Girardeau's causeway to the causeway in front of Fair Lawn as impassible as possible. These fields without prevention were then thought passible for infantry by files, though not without difficulty.

Some other field-works were likewise to be made in the vicinity of the place

\* Elbert's testimony.

† Walton's testimony.

‡ Wearat's testimony.

intended as a position for the troops, which then might amount to 650 regulars and 100 militia. The means necessary to make these field preparations being in the hands of the Executive of Georgia, such as laborers, tools of all kinds, horses and gear for transportation of artillery, &c., applications were made by the General several times to procure them. They were promised in the presence of Col. Ternant by Gov. Houston, but never furnished any further than by sending three negroes on the morning of the 26th, with *two tools*, and these went away on the evening of the same day and never appeared again. Col. Ternant heard the General several times, express his complaints about it and repeatedly send his ails, but to no purpose. The chief command was even disputed with him, which occasioned confusion and delay in every measure.\*

Colonel Marbury, another witness in the trial says he heard of frequent applications of Howe to the Executive and legislative authorities for means of defending it.

The testimony of all these witnesses is valuable, especially that of Walton, as he was the *avowed* and *implacable* foe of Howe and never did him justice except when he felt himself compelled to do so by the obligation of an oath.

As regards the supposed opinions of Howe on certain measures proposed for resisting the enemy, on their first landing and which are adverted to by Ternant, Elbert, Walton and others, it may not be improper in this place to repeat that Howe's course of action shows that they were mistaken in sup-

posing that he concurred with the others. Such expressions as the following—"It was generally thought necessary—it was understood to be agreed upon—understood to be (his) Howe's opinion," &c. &c. although at first sight they seem to intimate, something like certainty yet to the reflecting reader imply doubt in the speaker.

Of Howe's caution in conversation I will give an instance. Major Roberts was a gentleman who held a very high place in his estimation. During the interval of suspense between the arrival and the landing of the British troops, he asked Major Roberts' opinion whether it was eligible, to take measures for a capital opposition at Girardeau's.—Roberts expressed himself very strongly against it, "and though," says Howe in his defence, "I had reserved my own opinion at the time I asked his.—He gave me reasons very similar to my own and added, that he thought a smart guard, not so formidable as to make the enemy avert to the other landing places, nor to dishearten them from attempting the approach by the causeway to the house; and yet giving them a handsome check was all that was necessary at Brenton's\*.

Another instance occurs to me equally striking. During the discussion between the Governor and Howe's officers relative to the proposed removal of the army from its position at Fair Lawn down to Girardeau's, Howe remained profoundly silent, although it was a measure fraught in his opinion with destruction to the army.

In his defence before the Court Mar-

\* Col. Ternant's testimony.

\* Howe's defence before the Court Martial.

tial two years after, in referring to the several other causeways, on each side of the main one, which led from the river directly to Benton's hill; (r Garardeau's) he remarked that "had he adopted that measure, the enemy would have doubled his army on both flanks," and it may be added rendered certain the capture or the slaughter of the whole\*. Time was pressing and no reinforcements arrived. Prior to this time, North Carolina with a decision that did her credit embodied 2000 men†. These troops commanded by Generals Ashe and Rutherford, arrived in Charleston in time to have reached Howe at Savannah, before he was attacked, had they been immediately furnished with arms, but the Government of South Carolina refused to supply them, until it should be ascertained by the proceedings of the British that Georgia and not South Carolina was the object of the enterprise.

Thus unsupported by South Carolina, opposed by the Governor and legislature of Georgia, Howe was cast upon the resources of his own mind, and upon the labor skill and appliances of his brave little army, for whatever preparations, which the time, and their scanty means, might admit of, either for defence or retreat.

In the midst of his cares and embarrassments Howe was alive to every thing that had a claim to his attention. Even matters that ranged under the province of others, and were not within his immediate cognizance, did not escape his notice, and consideration. The

or of his conversation was so dexterously maintained, as to inspire the inhabitants of the town and animate them to exertion in its defence. At the same time he suggested to them the removal of their goods as a cautionary step.\* He recommended this course more than once to the Governor, whose duty it was to advise them on this head.†

Measures had been pursued for the removal of public stores, known only to the officers whose duty it was to provide vessels and carriages. These were the Quarter Master General, Col. Wily and his Deputy, Dr. Wadden. These gentlemen were directed by Howe, and no doubt did pursue every method in their power to obtain means for transportation. These efforts for the most part were in vain. The vessels then at Savannah, were either the property of private individuals or in their employ. On board of these the inhabitants were crowding their effects, and they could not be obtained by any measures within the power of the civil authority.— Howe's principles and sentiments on this subject were well known. He would not use military authority to effect a purpose in any except an extreme case. His avowal is on record that he never did any act by military coercion, that with safety to the service, could be done by the authority of a constable.‡ He had engaged in the revolutionary contest, to procure civil rights and he prided himself on the consciousness, that he had never violated them. On the 28th December, the enemy's vessels

\* Howe's defence.

† Stedman's history.

\* Mr. Wearat.

† Deputy Commissary Gen. Shefton.

‡ Howe's defence.

sailed up the Savannah river, considerably above the entrance of Augustine creek, which looked as if the landing was intended to be higher up, but during the afternoon the Vigilante, the Comet, and some other vessels, six in all, cast anchor opposite Girardeau's landing which operated as a general demonstration of their intention to land there.

Here I must remark the antagonist position of the two commanders. Howe was intensely anxious that Campbell should land at Girardeau's. He had taken his position at Fair Lawn, about a mile and a half from that place, to await the enemy. He was sanguine even to enthusiasm, that he could resist every effort to drive him from that position. He was apprehensive that Campbell *might* make a descent at one of the landing places *above* Savannah, hoping by that means to compel him to capitulate.

Campbell on the other hand saw that Howe was watching his movements closely and that on the slightest demonstration on his part of a determination to disembark at any of the *upper* landings, the American army would make a rapid retreat and escape altogether.

Howe had established a strict military police in every direction, particularly between his camp and the sea. Guards, videts, and sentinels were posted at different points, and patrols ordered out. Col. Marbury commanded a party of these last, and was directed to ascertain whether any of the enemy had landed below, and whether any of the country people appeared to be going to the British vessels.

A party of volunteer horse command-

ed by Col. McIntosh was posted in a wood near the swamp on the right of Howe's position.

Col. Walton was ordered to post his regiment on the flanks of the Georgia brigade, and to keep them under arms during the night, in order to act as a flank to that body in the event of a retreat.

Col. Elbert remained at Girardeau's 'til late at night; posted a piquet of 70 men, by Howe's order,—gave directions to Captain Smith who commanded it,—and told him to be prepared, as he would certainly be attacked by dawn of day. Two mounted militia men, who were considered trustworthy, were stationed with him, with orders to bring the commander-in-chief the earliest notice of an attack.

With the rising of the tide the British transports, which had been grounded, floated off, and moved up to their station.

Early in the morning of the 29th, Howe countermanded the orders given to Walton the preceding evening, (viz: to place the militia on the left of the Georgia brigade,) for this reason, that the balls from the enemy's vessels fell frequently on Elbert's left, and the militia would be exposed. • Walton was ordered to move them back to the common.

At day break, on the 29th December, the first division of the enemy's troops were landed on the river dam, in front of Girardeau's plantation, from whence a narrow causeway, of about six hundred yards in length, with a margin and ditch on each side, led through a rice swamp, directly to the house which stood upon a bluff forty or fifty feet

above the level of the field, called Brenton's Hill.

The light infantry under Capt. Cameron having first reached the shore, were formed and marched briskly forward to the bluff, where as before mentioned, Captain Smith was posted with a body of seventy men. From this party as soon as they approached near enough to the house they received a smart fire. Capt. Cameron and two highlanders were killed and five wounded. The highlanders indignant at the fall of their commander, rushed forward with great impetuosity, and allowed Capt. Smith no time to repeat his fire.\* The detachment not being supported retired.

The Inspector General of the army met this and another piquet about half way between Girardeau's and Howe's position. He had collected the whole together, when he was met by the General and ordered to take the command and remain where they were until further orders.† Howe shortly after came to the determination, not to waste his troops by attempts to check the enemy at this point, but to remand them to their respective corps at the main position.

Of the two mounted militia men who had been left with Capt. Smith to give intelligence of the enemy's movements, neither reported to the General, though they had full time for that purpose.— One of them had been despatched an hour before the firing, but he trusted the message to a third person, while he

rode five miles into the country to give notice of the landing of the British to a relation of his own. This is one out of many instances of insubordination which might be recorded in the history of our revolutionary war.

Soon after Smith was dislodged Campbell proceeded to reconnoitre Girardeau's plantation, and from an eminence saw Howe's army drawn up for battle. The British troops were put in motion before the last division was landed.

General Howe on the landing of the enemy at Girardeau's plantation, drew up his army half a mile south-east of the town of Savannah, across the main road, obliquely, or in some degree to flank it. The South Carolina brigade, commanded by Colonel Muger, on the right. The Georgia brigade, commanded by Colonel Elbert, on the left. The Artillery under Major Roberts, in the centre. His right was covered by a thick wooded swamp, and the houses of a plantation in which were placed some riflemen.\* On the right of the whole a party of militia, under Colonel Walton, were posted as if to secure the great road leading to Ogeechee, but in reality, to guard an obscure path which it was *suspected* might lead through the swamp into the rear of the army.

Howe's left was secured by the river, in addition to which it was strengthened by the fort on Savannah bluff, behind this wing, in the style of a second flank.

Along the whole extent of his front was a morass, which stretched to his right, and was believed by him, to be

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Col. Ternant.

\* Howe's Trial.

impassable for such a distance, as effectually to secure his wing.

This morass was not visible to persons approaching, until they came quite near. It was wide, and the descent sudden, and at a distance appeared like a plain. One of Howe's first preparations was a small work at this place called a Redan, where was posted, Capt. Keith, of South Carolina, with forty continentals. A bridge, over which the road led, was taken up, and a trench cut across the causeway, for the purpose of further embarrassing the enemy. The town of Savannah, round which were the remains of an old line of entrenchments, covered his rear. One piece of artillery was placed on his right, one on his left, and two occupied the *traverse* across the great road, in the centre of his line, in front of which, at the distance of about one hundred yards, where the high ground was narrowed, by the approximation of the two swamps a trench was cut across the main road, from one swamp to the other—and about one hundred yards, still further in front was a marshy rivulet, running parallel to the whole extent of the line. The nature of the ground in front of the camp was deep and almost impracticable, for troops to cross in order.

After the bridge was taken up there was difficulty in getting a horse over, though planks were laid for the purpose. The morass on each side of the creek, especially on the side next Fair Lawn, was very boggy. The road to the position from Girardeau's was broad.—During the night of the 28th, it was skilfully excavated in different places by a party of light infantry, under the immediate inspection of Howe, so effectually

as to be nearly impassable; yet done in such a manner as not to be observed by those in approach, until almost arrived at it.\* Such was Howe's position; and it must be acknowledged to have been a strong one; possessing such advantages, that notwithstanding his inferiority in numbers, he might, without being over sanguine, count on maintaining his ground for several days.

Having received the reports of the officers who had been ordered to ascertain the numbers of the enemy during the debarkation, found the estimate of these to vary from 2,000 to 3,500, thus—

Colonel Elber, 3,000 and upwards,  
Colonel Ternant, 2,000, at least,  
Colonel Watson, 2,000, at least,  
Major Moore, 3,000 and upwards,  
Lieut. Glascock, 3,000, about,  
Mr. Gibbon, 2,500 to 3,000 †

Of the march of the British army I cannot give a better account than is contained in the following extracts from Col. Campbell's official letter.

Extract from Col. Campbell's letter to Lord George Germain, dated, Savannah, Jan'y 16th, 1779.

“Upon reconnoitering the environs of Girardeau's plantation I discovered the rebel army under Major General Robert Howe drawn up about half a mile east of the town of Savannah, with

\* Maj. Porter.

† Colonel Stedman, of the British army, whose facilities for obtaining accurate information, cannot be doubted, and whose veracity will not be questioned, states in his history of the American war, that there were 2,000 landed at Girardeau's, and 1,400 remained in the fleet, making an aggregate of 3,500 men.

several pieces of cannon in their front.

The first division of troops, together with one company of the 71st, the first battalion of Delancy's; the Wellworth, and part of Wissenbach's regiment of Hessians being landed, I thought it expedient, having the day before me, to go in quest of the enemy rather than give them an opportunity of retiring unmolested. A company of the second battalion of Delancy's were accordingly left to cover the landing place, and the troops marched in the following order for the town of Savannah.

The light infantry throwing off their packs, formed the advance; the New York volunteers followed, to support the light infantry, the first battalion of the 71st, with two six-pounders, followed the New York volunteers, and the Wellworth battalion of Hessians, with two three-pounders, followed. The 71st and part of the Wissenbach battalion of Hessians closed the rear.

On the troops having entered the road leading to the town of Savannah, the division of Wissenbach's regiment was posted on the cross-road, to secure the rear of the army.

A thick impenetrable wooded swamp covered the left of the line of march and the light infantry with the flankers of each corps effectually scoured the plantations on the right.

The troops reached the open country near Tatual's plantation, before three o'clock in the afternoon, and halted in the great road about 200 yards short of the gate leading to Governor Wright's plantation; the light infantry excepted who were ordered to form, immediately upon our right of the road along the fence leading to Governor Wright's plantation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having accidentally met with a negro who knew a private path through the wooded swamp upon the enemy's right, I ordered the first battalion of the 71st to form on our right of the road, and move up to the rear of the light infantry while I drew off that corps to the right as if I meant to extend my front to that quarter where a happy fall in the ground, favored the concealment of this manœuvre and increased the jealousy of the enemy in regard to their left.

Sir James Baird had directions to convey the light infantry to the hollow ground quite to the rear, and to penetrate the wooded swamp upon our left with a view to get round by the new barracks into the rear of the enemy's right flank. The New York volunteers under Col. Trumbull were ordered to support him.

During the course of this manœuvre, our artillery were formed in a field, on our left, from the road, concealed from the enemy by a swell of ground in front, to which I meant to run them up for action, when the signal was made to engage, and from whence I could either bear advantageously on the right of the rebel line, as it was then formed, or command any body of troops in flank which they might detach into the woods to retard the progress of the light infantry.

The regiment of Wellworth was formed upon the right of the artillery."

Here then was a *halt* between two and three o'clock, which continued until Sir James Baird got round, through the swamp to the rear of the American army.

Having given Campbell's narrative as far as the halt of his army, I return to Howe.

All now was excitement in the American camp. The commander-in-chief was incessantly in motion, and was repeatedly seen riding along the margin of the swamp. A subject of vastly more importance than the numbers of the enemy's forces, occupied his mind; viz: a suspicion of one or more *passes* in that direction.

Col. Marbury on his return about day break from a patrol which he had been ordered to make with a party, on the evening of the 28th, between the sea and Savannah found that Girardeau's hill was in possession of the enemy.— About twelve o'clock he rode to head quarters with Gen. Elbert and Colonel Huger, who told him that the General had called a Council, and also that they had just returned from reconnoitering the swamp and found that it was passable.

Some time after this the General sent Marbury to take a view, and immediately report to him; he did so and reported in terms to the same effect as those used by Elbert and Huger. He then proposed to the General to send him with a company to the pass where it was apprehended the enemy would attempt our right. Howe sent him immediately to take the command desiring him at the same time to look out for a convenient place for a post, and he would order up the men. Soon after Major Gimkè was sent to inform him that Col. Walton would occupy the ground and that the General would not send up any regulars.

Marbury desirous to be employed on

some service went to Howe and signified to him that he did not wish to remain an idle spectator. Howe requested him to remain with him, as when the enemy advanced, he might be useful\*. The reader will see presently how this arrangement with Walton was brought about.

Howe from the first apprehended that he was vulnerable on the right and he had been diligent in his inquiries respecting the existence of paths through the swamp, that might enable the enemy to get into his rear. One path, supposed to be such, he had ascertained with sufficient exactness. It was at the beginning of the swamp, that is a little below Tatnal's fence.— There, in the principal gap he had caused a redan to be thrown up, as has been noticed, which occupied the whole breadth of the passage. At this place he posted a strong piquet of 40 regulars under Capt. Keith of South Carolina. He entertained apprehensions of other, and weaker points which required to be fortified, and he increased his exertions as the crisis approached.

He endeavored to ascertain this weak point by the instrumentality of some of the most intelligent and enterprising officers in his camp. About three hours after the enemy had landed he ordered Col. Ternant to return to the army with the advanced piquets who immediately joined their respective corps.— He then sent this officer with two militia men to reconnoitre the swamp in search of a pass. The first path suspected to be a pass defended by a redan was as I have just described it.—

\* Marbury's testimony.

Another was alleged to be a quarter of a mile further. Ternant attempted three different times to penetrate the swamp at this place, and upon his guides pronouncing it unpracticable discontinued his efforts and returned to the Camp\*.

The General afterwards sent Major Porter several times, and on one occasion he was accompanied by Maj. Dokeyser, for the especial purpose of examining the ground on the right. These officers made no discoveries. He sent as we have already mentioned, Elbert, Huger and Marbury. These officers reported what may be styled their *opinion* rather than the facts of the case.—Huger, Elbert and Marbury agreed in opinion, that there was a pass, a practicable pass on the right. Porter, Dokeyser and Ternant doubted the existence of such a pass. Here then the scales were even. Howe paused, as well he might, for more of these officers had penetrated the marsh and thickets from the entrance of the path at Milledge's old field, to the outlet on the common. None of them had affirmed the fact that the swamp was passable or pointed out the pass so that it could be found. They had merely drawn inferences from appearances.

While Howe was prosecuting these inquiries respecting the pass on the right, other cares were pressing on his mind. He reflected much on the possibility of making a successful resistance to the forces that might be brought against him, and on the reasons which urged him to make a stand, and he arrived at a confident conclusion, that a defence

was practicable and that duty required him to attempt it. He had taken a position from which he believed, the enemy could not dislodge him, and he had made every preparation in his power to maintain it to the last extremity.

He believed that the officers under his command, although differing from him in matters of detail, yet harmonized perfectly in the leading objects of his plan. It was, however, due to them, to call a council in order to obtain a formal expression of their opinions. A council of field officers accordingly met.\*

From the uncertainty of the information procured by General Howe of the numbers and designs of the enemy, and to gain as much time as possible for the removal of public and private property from the town it was unanimously agreed that the army ought to remain in its present position at Fair Lawn, until the views of the enemy could be known, and their superiority so ascertained as to urge and justify a retreat.

In consequence of that determination the following disposition was made and issued in general orders :

FAIR LAWN, 29 Dec. 1778.

*General orders and disposition of the troops.*

The South Carolina troops are to be toled off into sixteen platoons of eight files each, with the remaining files formed on the right, as light infantry; the whole to be commanded by Col. Huger.

The Georgia troops to be formed into eight platoons, of ten files each, with the remaining files, on their left as

\* Howe's trial.

\* Ternant's testimony.

light infantry. The whole to be commanded by Col. Elbert.

The officers to take part as usual by seniority in their respective lines.— Those who do not command platoons, to fall into the rear of them as *bringers up*, the better to preserve order and regularity in the line. Both corps to be formed into columns, those of the South Carolina by platoons on their right, and the others also by platoons, on their left. They are to remain that formation, with the light infantry at the head of each column until further orders.

The artillery to remain in its present position, and to be in the utmost readiness to move or act, as the occasion may require.

The General requests and expects that both officers and men will distinguish themselves by their firmness and perseverance, and by an exact observance of orders. Should they be obliged to retreat, it is to be in the following order. The troops will move off in columns in the order set forth. The light infantry of South Carolina to form the advance guard, and march rapidly by the shortest route to Spring Hill, defile, which they will possess on both sides, and endeavor to maintain.

The artillery, all but one field piece,

will follow the South Carolina brigade; and Captain Roberts, when he arrives at the defile, will post his pieces, so as best to cover the retreat of the Georgia brigade. Colonel Huger and his men will act so as most effectually to answer the same purpose, and to secure the artillery.

The Georgia troops will follow the artillery with a field piece, forming the rear of the line; and as soon as they reach the defile, this column, with the whole of artillery, will pass and form on the other side of it, in such manner as the commanding officer shall think best, to prevent insults from the enemy, and secure the interest of the troops from the head of the defile. Should a rout take place, the troops are to re-assemble beyond the defile at McGilvray's road.

Further orders are to be applied for or will be given, as circumstances shall require.\*

Still anxious on the subject of the pass, Howe requested Elbert and Huger to take the opinions of the officers who had composed the council that had just adjourned.

*To be Continued.*

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\* Ternant's testimony.

## RESPECT FOR OLD AGE.

It would seem at a glance, that as I have chosen an old subject, certainly, whatever may be said will be of that nature. Granting this inference to be true, yet, like many others who write on subjects "as old as the hills," for instance "Education," "Happiness," "Friendship." I trust, though the ideas be the same, to express them differently and perhaps with more force.

Some may object to discussing such a subject in the pages of a periodical, considering it better adapted to a weekly newspaper, and perhaps some would confine it to a professedly religious one, as inculcating a moral principle. I see not the impropriety of presenting to the public such a subject through any medium. Should not the didactic obtain a hearing as well as the argumentative, the pathetic, or the "agonizing?"

Let others sneer and ridicule, yet in all frankness I must confess there is one phase of this subject, which has struck me with peculiar force. And of this will be the burden of my remarks. But it may be not inappropriate, first to consider other views of the subject, by way of refreshing our minds as to its antiquity, its obligation and necessity.

We naturally turn ourselves to those most prominent in ancient times, to learn their views on important subjects. And though heathen, they may teach us many principles of morality, as well

as filial duty. Refer to renowned Sparta—though in many respects barbarous, yet, there old age met its due; even the laws required it. Parents must be respected, and children were yet the inferiors. In opulent and luxurious Athens they had not forgotten principles of gratitude to "time's honored sons." The young men gave place to the older, and rose up at their approach. Go back to the days of Troy and the Trojan war. When, in the midst of angry words and threatened blows, the hoary Nestor spoke, it was calm again, the fiery Achilles hushed, and bold Agamemnon knew his place. Not once was it, when this aged warrior dispelled the gathering storm. The young and the brave, the impetuous and the angry, strove to do him honor, first by silence, and then by doing his commands. So it was within the walls, where noble Priam once sat enthroned, though now nought else but life and arms were his, in the dread calamity of a ten years war. Though famine threatened and destruction hovered over the devoted city, still, Priam's silvery locks forbade the exercise of resentment, or the bestowal of justice, by the afflicted people, on the royal house for the perfidy of one of its members, which had brought this last woe upon their once proud city.

In the Roman history we find the

same degree of reverence attached to age, at least, in her exalted progress and continued supremacy. Men of years ruled the nation. Hence the phrase, "Conscript Fathers," which was applied to the members of the Senate, even after upstarts and inexperienced minds assumed the place of elders. If we consult also that most ancient of records, Holy Writ, we find there too, old age is honorable. In the law it is commanded, "to honor the face of the old man." This Book abounds in instances of the respect shown to this class of persons.

Egypt too has been, according to the accounts of Herodotus, and is still, by those more modern, no poor example, in this respect. It is often said, that a sure evidence of a nation's prosperity and advancement in civilization, refinement, religion and politics, is the attention paid to the female sex. As woman is degraded so is the nation. This too of which we speak is another, a most reliable test. We read of some of the tribes of Africa and also of the Tartars, that the old are considered as useless and therefore, deserving no further attention. Consequently, they frequently leave them to perish in the desert, either by hunger or wild beasts. Truly this is ingratitude of the deepest dye. But what is their condition as a people, degraded, infinitely lower than nature made them.

Cicero (if I mistake not) relates of himself, that on a certain occasion, he being a young man, all arose at his entrance and grey beards did him reverence.

This was certainly, arguing from the the old custom, a precursor, if not a

concomitant of the eve of decline. It was at least, a mark of great degeneracy. Mark the words of Juvenal on this subject.

"Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte pian-  
dum,  
Si juvenis vetulo non adsurvexerat."

From the very dawn of our existence as a people, we have been marked as one giving "honor to whom honor is due," as exalting the female character, and, especially, as respecting old age and giving it the highest rank, in all our councils and officers. In the wars that so soon engaged our forefathers, it was the first concern to provide for the safety of the old, the infant and the female. No one held life as dear, but, that in case of a sudden attack, by some savage band or cruel Frenchman, or British hirelings, it would be risked and even sacrificed, to protect the old man or tottering woman. To provide for his own escape was, perhaps, never in such a case the first impulse of a young American heart. Nor was it only when foes were present, threatening death and thus awakening the deepest feelings of affection, for the defenceless, in the heart of youth. No. When wars had ceased, and peace had spread its benign influence around, bringing comforts and prosperity, still, we witness, the aged and the young standing in the same relation to each other.— Age was honored. Nor was it mockery. I do not hesitate to say, that it was not only in the expression of it, but to show respect for gray hairs was an actuating principle, and had its place in the breast. By the fireside, around the festive board, or extraordin-

ary occasions and in daily occurrences whenever the aged were present, children knew their duty and were not slack in performing it. Privileges belonged to the old, and they were cheerfully allowed by youth. In the house of worship, constrained by the example and precepts of elders, they were alike respectful, obedient, reverent and sober. I remember an instance, on this point, related to me by an aged friend. He said, that in his youth it was customary for children, to sit together, attended by some older person, throughout worship. It was his business to keep them quiet and upon the least disturbance, the offender, if at a distance, might expect a crack from the long cane which their monitor kept for that purpose. How unlike, in this particular alone, is the conduct of youthful progenies of this day. In those times the old man was respectfully saluted as he passed along the street, or the play ground of children. Though a poor man it was the same, we would then witness either a polite bow or the familiar address, "Good evening uncle Jo," or something else of the same import. But though authority was many times exercised with severity, in enforcing obedience, though with stern look the old, whether parent or a friend, declared it must be done. Will any one deny the existence of strong affection even under these circumstances? It may be so considered, in accordance with the apparent philosophy of the present age, but not in truth. The reason is obvious. We need but refer to the old proverb, "spare the rod and spoil the child." Here I have somewhat digressed in considering the rela-

tion of parents to children, but I need not pursue it further. It has already been treated of with all justice, and in a manner befitting the subject by our friend, the author of "Childocracy," in a late number of the Magazine. It is my object to address those somewhat more advanced in years, especially, those who have arrived at the years of discretion. And still before a radical change can be effected, parents must instil into the minds of children, from childhood to proberly, a due respect for old age.

How often, of late, do we hear this styled "emphatically an age of progress." Though the phrase is completely threadbare, and would, no doubt, if power were given it, cry out against being so forcibly expressed, and so often. Let me, still, repeat it once more. Yes, "Emphatically an age of Progress." A downright, headlong progress. If the progress continues, in all ways and all things, what may we expect from the succeeding age? But in respect to some things, and especially my theme, this progress is not such an one, as is desirable. It is a downward progression, I might more properly say "emphatically an age of degeneracy."

The old of our day have a right to demand a better state of things. Justly do they complain; and well may say, with one of old, "Those that are younger than I have me in derision."—"Old," that venerable term, has latterly become attached to everything that one dislikes. The infant, soon has it on its lips. The schoolboy, really it seems his delight, to preface all his jabberings, and especially denunciations with "old Johnson," "old Bill," or "old Sim," as

the case may be. Yea, it seems his boast, how often, hether on the playground or elsewhere, he can cry out, "old" with as many other vilifying epithets, as his young brain can conceive, or has acquired. It matters not, whether, the object of his spite be a veteran, one middle aged or but a youth, as applied to him, the same is expressed, the same meant, and it is the same *old* term. But, undoubtedly, it adds force to his youthful crowing, if his preceptor be somewhat advanced in years.— This but makes him cry more lustily, "the old fellow."

Ah! here too is the collegian, we would have thought better things of him. But, no, it seems maturer years, sounder judgment and sober thoughts have no tendency to correct earlier habits, however slight their impression.

Let us, however, judge for ourselves. Enter that large building just in front. Stop here at the first door. Listen but for a moment. You need not to put your ear to the keyhole. The sound comes out full "old \*\*\*\* &c." Well go on. Perhaps you need not stop at the next one. You hear it as you pass, the same "old \*\*\*\*." Go to this building and that building, and still you hear the same *old* now with one suffix and then with another, just as the vociferator may have chanced to have recited that day, or have graded in the Report. These, however, are only two of the causes of the exclamations, so loud, so determined, so inveterate. But is it not one person they call old?— Some one unacquainted with our doings might ask. Neither is it one, nor two. Nor is it he whose hairs are most gray, and thus designated through respect.

No. We number here the ex-public man, the would be public man and the steward of the Invisible. Yes, and the verily gray-headed old man gets a double portion. Surely one might think there were no more old. But here let me remark, that this is a peculiar kind of oldness. It is more commonly acquired by one's situation, than by any number of winters one may have seen. I would only add to the list, that long and eager but hopeless expectant for promotion, he also gets his share, and so does he who has but just passed from the rank of fellow student. It's old from top to bottom. All are old. This is an exposition of the matter at a college. But does it go further?— There are many things that college boys do and say, that parents do not approve or will their brothers and sisters follow their example. Let us see, if this case is included here. We walk through a charming little village. Just ahead we notice a fine house, an extended lawn in front, and all connected seems comfortable and pleasing to the eye. Sure one would think happiness, love and respect for all that is sacred, reverend and venerable dwell in that house and about it.

Children, in the mean time, who before were unobserved, but which now adds a charm, attract my attention.— They are at play. I hear their voices. But stop,—what was it that boy said? I can't believe it. Yes, it's so. He repeats it: "Old dad says we must come there." Here, thought I, was the budding of disaffection, and perhaps the germ which would ultimately bring ruin. How remarkably true is it, that among the wealthy, there is frequently

an alienation and deterioration, in the affections, existing in the same family, and not unfrequently between parents and children. But in this particular of showing respect for old age, we do not find a great difference with the more humble. All join in substituting, for those endearing terms father and mother, the more modern and less affectionate "old man" and "old woman." This is the practice now-a-days with young men, and it is attended by a corresponding change in behavior towards superiors, from the custom of olden times. The order of the day is, for the old to give way to the young. I need not cite particular instances. It is obvious to all. The aged no doubt are aware of it. A friend of mine, middled aged, remarked recently, that at his former place of residence, he had not been in the habit of hearing *boys* speak to older persons without addressing them as *Mr.*, much less of hearing the opprobrious term *old* used instead. Now if there was nothing else amiss but this loose way of speaking, it would be enough to condemn us of disrespect.—Enough to call for a reform. No good has, no good will result from speaking in so light a manner of those who are above us in years, if not in any other respect, which none but the merest coxcomb, or the lowest profligate would dare assert. Respect, or disrespect for old age, is an evidence of the state of the affections. If uncultivated, they may sink far below the common level of humanity. While on the other

hand, we know nothing tends so much to the improvement of any faculty or endowment of the mind as its frequent use. This use strengthens it, enlarges it, confirms it. Respect is but one grade to love. And if this be wanting towards those who are properly and justly styled fathers, those who have cherished, educated and provided for us, who have watched with a jealous eye and preserved for us, the liberty of freemen, who have put forth all their energies in advancing our country's prosperity, if respect be withheld from these who will claim it? What will be the objects of our esteem? These only can justly claim our regard. They truly have a right to demand it. Yea, more, to these worthy patriarchs, we owe our deepest gratitude. They have consigned to us privileges which years of our own exertion might not obtain. They too have opened for us roads to prosperity and earthly happiness, leaving it to us to travel at our ease, while they have borne "the labor and heat of the day." Can we disregard such claims? If we deprive the aged of respect, it certainly must descend to none. Those of our own age cannot claim it. We owe them nothing. Respect must then, in time, be a thing unknown. Hence we observe, the affections are lessening in their susceptibility, sensibility and expansiveness. The day of eternal peace and love must then be yet far distant. And we are putting it apparently still farther off.

OTHER DAYS.

A. S. J.

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR APRIL.

We should like to set our readers guessing this month, not only the answer to the following Enigma, but its author. A gentleman well known in our State, and indeed we may add, to the University, might not have blushed some thirty-four years ago, to own the soft impeachment, whatever his opinion of such performances now. We hope he will have no objection to see it in print once more, nor be over curious as to know how we made the discovery, and obtained possession of it.

## PRIZE ENIGMA—1821.

Maids of that mount whose brow the clouds  
divides,

Where music's sacred majesty resides,  
Whom ancient poets did as patrons own;  
Though to the moderns totally unknown;  
Attend ye fair! the prostrate bard inspire,  
And wake to symphony the hallowed lyre.

Sages profound! whose penetrating eyes  
Can pierce the most mysterious disguise,  
I claim your audience while my hero tells  
An artless story to the lovely belles.

While some aspire to victory by arms,  
And some by wealth's more fascinating charms,  
By force or fraud, I never subjugate,  
But aim at empire in defenceless state.

My riches, worth; my symmetry, my might;  
My empire boundless; fetters, chaste delight;  
In regal pomp I lord it o'er the will,  
And tho' unrivalled, grasp at empire still.

Ye, who can trace your origin from earth,  
Say to what cause can ye ascribe my birth?  
For know, when earth was veiled in horrid  
night,

I dwelt in unextinguishable light.  
Unseen, immeasurable space I trod,  
The matchless emanation of a God.  
And when the world was formed, He bade me  
grace

The orbs that throng th' infinitude of space.  
Yet did not circumscribe me there alone,  
But through the world made my existence  
known.

In splendor clad, and with attractive mien,  
Through earth my all subduing power is seen;  
Still found ambitious of extended sway,  
Insatiate still, though more than all obey.  
Ye who oppose supremacy beware!  
Nor to the test my powers madly dare.

For I encountered gods, and gods o'ercame.  
Nor could such conquests my ambition tame;  
And thus elate, for victory still contend,  
Assured that my dominion ne'er shall end.  
When Paris, swayed by an unholy flame,  
To Dardan realms conveyed the Grecian dame,  
Trojans and Grecians I provoked to fight  
And many a youth consigned to endless night.  
Lo! the great chief whose arm knew no control,

When fell ambition ruled his haughty soul,  
E'en though he sought interminable sway,  
Yet that unbending man I taught ' obey:  
For all his toils I could alone requite,  
And soothe him with ineffable delight.  
Ye bards! renowned for visionary themes,  
Who woo the virtues of Castilian streams,  
How oft have I attuned the trembling strings,  
And borne your souls on fancy's giddy wings;  
Taught you to sing, while heaven with rapture  
fired,

At once the subject and its cause adm' red.  
Lo! when Opheus sought, by Love's control,  
In Stygian realms the mistress of his soul,  
Though urged by Love alone to that abode,  
To supplicate th' inexpressible god,  
Vain had his efforts been, and vain his wail,  
Could not my power with hell's grim chief pre-  
vail.

But I, an all commanding lovely queen  
My rule asserted in the world unseen,  
Silenced the monarch of that dreary den,  
And bade him give his captive life again.  
Yes! when he breathed, I quivered from his  
lute,

And all the scowling fiends of death were mute.  
Beware then bards! irrevocable doom,  
Nor rush unbidden to the darksome tomb,  
Lest lucklessly ye should incur my hate,  
And suffer worse than e'en Narcissus' fate.

I've killed, I've saved, dissolved the nuptial  
bands,

Cities destroyed and desolated lands;  
And yet are all submissive, all obey,  
All pleased with my illimitable sway.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than  
love—  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her high-born kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In the kingdom by the sea,)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love, it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright  
eyes.  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my  
bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

SAMUEL BROWN.

*A Parody on Poe's "Annabel Lee."*

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a dwelling down in town,  
That a fellow there lived whom you may know,  
By the name of Samuel Brown;  
And this fellow he lived with no other thought  
Than to our house to come down.

I was a child, and he was a child,  
In that dwelling down in town,  
But we loved with a love that was more than  
love,  
I and my Samuel Brown—  
With a love that the ladies coveted  
Me and Samuel Brown.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
To that dwelling down in town,  
A girl came out of her carriage, courting  
My beautiful Samuel Brown;  
So that her high-bred kinsmen came  
And bore away Samuel Brown,  
And shut him up in a dwelling-house,  
In a street quite up in town.

The ladies, not half so happy up there,  
Went envying me and Brown;  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this dwelling down in town)  
That the girl came out of the carriage by night,  
Coquetting and getting my Samuel Brown.

But our love is more artful by far than the love  
Of those who are older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the girls that are living above,  
Nor the girls that are down town,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Samuel Brown.

For the morn never shines without bringing  
me lines.  
From my beautiful Samuel Brown;  
And the night is ne'er dark, but I sit in the  
park  
With my beautiful Samuel Brown,  
And often by day, I walk down in Broadway,  
With my darling, my darling, my life, and my  
stay,  
To our dwelling down in town,  
To our house in the street down town.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WAVELETS OF MEMORY;  
AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME

BY A. P. SPERRY.

HOME.

"Home, sweet home!" Well may the poets sing thy praises and wake thy dearest memories in song, for if there is one spot on earth more sacred than another it is "my own, my native home." Linked with it are all the first pure guileless scenes of life, and those bright hours will never cease to fall upon the heart in its moments of meditation as long as memory dwells with man, or recollection stills her wings and walks beside him; for

Soft in her airy step like an eternal spring,  
That silent treads upon a thousand flowers,  
Steals memory by, and wafts her gilded wing  
Bright with the past o'er these sad hearts of  
ours,

bringing again to life each moment spent at our childhood's home, and oh! how sweet are they, how full of warm pure affection which childhood only knows and which flows from the heart like the waters from a bright and crystal fountain, free and joyous. Who cannot call its visions to him now and in them live over those old hours,

Bright as they were when by some rill he strayed,

When life seemed nothing but a dewy morn  
Sweet as when by his mother's knee he prayed  
Or gamboled o'er the fields of rich green corn.

"Home, sweet home!" Thy memory is like the dream of a starlight night calm and serene and tinged with a thousand spots of brightness. 'Tis like moonbeams on the waters, and to the soul it is the fragrance of an incense burning in the golden censer of memory. Well do I remember thee, my happy home, as thou wert long ago, when the grass sprang green on the sloping hill-sides around thee, and the waters of the little brook, that ran through the garden, danced merrily in the sun-shine of summer. Well too do I remember the sweetbriers that ran up thy rough rock-sides, filling the air with their perfumes and as an incense from Nature up to Nature's god. Their very sweets seem lingering round me yet, though long years are slumbering with the past since last I saw thee. How often have I sat beneath their shade and watched the blue bird build her nest among them or sat upon the steps and watched the sun go down at even; but now there are many miles between us, and the sweet rose clings no longer to thy walls, and strangers now pass in and out at thy threshold, and save in memory I return to thee no more forever. Forever, O forever! What a sad word it is. 'Tis like the last tone of a vesper bell when the evening star first looks forth silently

and the twilight dews fall gently, and the tired earth is sinking to the rest, which is a type of that last long rest that shall continue forever and forever.

"Home, sweet home?" It is pleasant to have Memory's Wavelets to billow up from the past and sing of thee. A bard has said: "Look not mournfully into the past, for it cometh not again." But what is sweeter in our moments of sadness than to have these little wavelets to cast though it be but the broken wrecks and the silken but tattered sails of our past hopes and joys before us. 'Tis sweet though it reminds us of things that can never be again, for it brings to us the remembrance—

Of happy days when youth's bright spring  
In buds and flowers was sleeping

When zephyrs light on perfumed wing  
Were through the wild wood sweeping.

When time stepped light with angel tread,  
And birds sang sweet at even  
When virtue slept and knew not dread,  
But sweetly dreamed of heaven.

When ev'ry tone that met the ear,  
Was like the harp-string's sounding,  
And our young hearts knew naught of care,  
But still with joy were bounding.

O, thus they come, my childhood's home,  
And youthful memories stealing  
Upon my heart, like spirits from  
A world of holier feeling.

And life's dull heavy load of care,  
They still are gently lightening  
Or brushing off dark sorrow's tear  
To tell a bow is brightening.

And like the bow of promise given  
To tell the storms were o'er,  
These memories point us home to heaven,  
Where we shall sigh no more.

## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

A story unenriched with strange events,  
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,  
Or for the summer shade.

WADSWORTH.

Lofty trees interwoven with deep-tangled shrubbery, a moaning group of willows, whose long branches give a cooling shadow as they rise and fall with the waves of a laughing streamlet. Naked trunks with their white limbs encircled by the clasping vine, here and there a flock of woodland flowers form a nook not less delightful than those vales in which Sicilian shepherds piped for "prize of oaten reed."

Within this nook appears a "straggling heap of unhewn stones" the relics of a cottage, erected long before our fathers uttered that Independence which caused the thrones of Europe,

unshaken by the floods of one thousand years, to totter to their foundations.

Grey twilight had thrown her soft mantle over Nature, the wild wood bird was warbling her last note as a youth was leisurely enjoying his accustomed walk. He was absorbed in thought; but his reverie was soon broken—a rustling among the bushes startled him. Fear, which the most valiant feel upon the sudden appearance of a stranger, possessed him. In a trembling tone he asked—“who is there?” No answer came. Soon the dwarfish form of an old grey-bearded man was moving beside the tall and vigorous youth. Bellenden—for so we shall call him—became curious to solve the character of this mysterious being: “You are a stranger to these regions, I presume?” asked the youth. The only response was a gasping groan and sepulchral laugh. After a short interval of silence, the old man began, “Many years have passed away since I came a stranger to this portion of the country. Several years I dwelt in this region—but my hopes and happiness were soon blasted. For the last few years I have been a wanderer, seeking what I can never obtain.”

“Young man,” said he, if you will follow me, I will show you the sweetest spot on earth. It is not far distant.” Bellenden, after some consideration, resolved to follow his strange guide. He was at one moment moved with compassion for this poor maniac—for such he seemed—and then an icy chill ran through his veins, his blood curdled. Fear had unnerved him, he was about to give up his resolution—but the friendly voice of the stranger lured him

on. Having passed over every variety of unlevel country, dark winding paths, deep black forests, stony descents and precipitous passes, the youth thought of retracing his steps. But he had advanced so far that he feared the attempt. The moon had for some hours been up, “going on her princely way”—and was shedding her light in silent brightness upon a spot just before them—at which the old man suddenly paused. “Here,” said he, “I was once happy.” To all the interrogations of the youth he was indifferent—he seemed not to hear—and as “better thoughts came crowding thickly up,” he stood fixed and unmoved. In a trembling tone Bellenden asked—“How much of this dismal wild lies between us and my father’s residence?”

The reply was, “I do not know.”—The old man then asked, “who is your father?” Bellenden informed him.—Then followed a sudden shriek a hollow laugh and the words, “so I thought.” “Let us go where he lives,” said the youth. The reply was, “come, I will conduct you, but above all things I do fear your father and hate him, oh! were it in my power I would”—. At the utterance of these words a wild fire glittered in Bellenden’s eye, his cheeks were flushed, the veins upon his high forehead swelled nigh to bursting. For a moment his face was convulsed, but soon with the calm expression of high resolve shining upon his features he said, “Hold! hold!! old man you may suffer in your rashness. Let my father’s name and honor stand.”—Without further exchange of words, they proceeded in haste.

Bellenden’s heart grew big with joy

as he saw in the distance what he expected to find his father's dwelling.— But the nearer the approach the more certain the delusion. At last it was disappointment. The hope had fled. He felt as a lost child in the wood.

His courage was about to fail him, he thought of giving over farther travel till morning, which he knew was near at hand. He observed the stars lessening in number, the twilight of mornin was appearing on "the misty mountain top." A few paces brought him within a short distance of home. Full of fear and joy he rushed to the house. The old man followed him to the door of the room, where he had so often slept in by-gone days. The massive door swung softly back on its hinges and Bellenden was alone. Overcome with fatigue, he dropped upon the bed. All was calm. Naught could be heard, save the breeze moaning through the branches of the aged elm, which overshadowed the cot. A few thoughts concerning his strange guide occupied him and he was asleep.

The following day had somewhat advanced, when he awoke finding the form of his mother bent over him, her water-standing eyes fixed upon him and his father impatiently pacing the room.

They had passed a goodly portion of the preceding night in eager search for their son, and at last gave him up in despair. Language cannot convey the feelings which agitated their bosoms.— He passed a portion of the day in relating to his parents the incidents, which had occurred with him and the strange old man. His father explained the mystery: "Years ago there came a por- tion of the British army through this

section insulting, plundering and murdering whomsoever they wished, till at length they were attacked by a little band of Americans who drove the assassins away. I was present at the skirmish. After which I found our sweet girl Ellenora by yonder brook, whose pebbly channel then ran red with blood. She was an infant. I took her as my foster child—but this you know. Long ago I saw the bonds of love closely binding your hearts. This gave me joy. That strange being who conducted you home last night came here some time ago, telling me wherever I met him, that I had a jewel, which I stole from him and that without it he could not live," &c. The mystery was unraveled. Bellenden sat for awhile silent in thought. Evening drew on.— The rays of the sun were shooting aslant the hills, the birds were hymning their vesper songs as he withdrew secretly from the house with the firm resolve "to beard the lion in his den."— Scarcely had the sun gone down when he returned with that self-same phantom, which had haunted him the preceding night, uttering kind and gentle words to him. He,

"Who had become a wreck at random driven Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven."

was conducted into the hall of that well fitted up and simply dressed house.— The father and mother were pierced with amazement to see the maniac enter their household. His eyes were restless, continually moving as if in quest of something he longed to see.— Bellenden repeated to him, that his jewel would soon arrive. That she had been for some months absent at school.

and that she was expected that evening. The father assured him, that he was his guest for life, and that he should enjoy the presence of her, whom he sought forever. All this failed to move him. He sat motionless as if in the "silent manliness of grief." A few moments passed. The sound of a silvery voice fell upon his ear. He sprang "as if a trumpet rang." Ellenora tripped into the hall and was before him. The delicately carved Grecian outline of her face, her flowing tresses hanging around her like "gold-hued cloud flakes," her form of faultless symmetry marked her as one of the loveliest of those who are made to remind us that there are angels in heaven. She was received with open arms by the family, and as she greeted, her dear Bellenden "a thousand blushing apparitions" swept o'er her cheeks,

"As light and shade upon a waving field  
Coursing each other."

Her courtesy to the hoary stranger was unheeded. His eye was fixed upon her. He gradually attracted her attention. Soon, feelings that never before had entered her bosom, stirred within.

She knew that "time had rooted out her parentage." She was about to withdraw—

"But something glowed upon her cheek  
And whispered in her ear, Go not till he  
speak."

The old man felt that his

"Dearest wife was like unto this maid and such  
an one,  
His daughter might have been—his wife's dark  
brows,  
Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight,  
As silver-voiced—her eyes as jewel-like  
And cased as richly."

Something startled him. He rushed to Ellenora. The trembling girl was taken in his arms. Floods of joyful tears that had long been frozen at his heart now like "rills let loose in spring times" gushed freely forth. But as language was strangled in tears, he could only say, "God bless thee! Oh my sweet daughter." This flood of joy had well nigh "drowned him with its sweetness."

Time rolled on. A few years after, the old man, who had lived to bless and make more happy his daughter, was grown into a "green old age."

He lived to see Bellenden and his daughter one—joined by Heaven, each interwoven with the other's fate, and with his last breathings asking the blessings of God to rest upon them, he calmly died—

"Night dews fall not more gentle to the  
ground,  
Or weary worn out winds expire so soft."

He was carried to his grave in a sequestered glen. Like an anthem the clouds fell with dull sounds upon his coffin. His children poured out their libation of tears upon the dust above him.

Years passed away. A soldier came and inquired for the grave of the old man. It was shown him. He seemed more than a soldier as he knelt above the grave and wept over it. The only audible words that he uttered were, "*My brave leader!*" This old man had led the sons of Carolina over many a blood-stained field and had enjoyed with them "the clang of steel and shout of victory." But deprived of part of his existence, he was soon lost to the

army and unknown, he now rests in his grave, naught sings his requiem save the moaning winds that stir the branches of the cypress that rears its fringed head above him.

“There sleep on true hero, for the battles are over,  
Rest, rest thou in peace in thy cold narrow grave,  
With the earth and the sod for thy pillow and cover,  
Slumber on, proud warrior, gallant chief of the brave.”

GAEL.

## TRINCULO'S ADVENTURE.

MESSERS. EDITORS: I had the pleasure of being present at a church situated in \_\_\_\_\_ county, where a very large audience was assembled, as it was the only church in that section of country.— Thinking that the following items connected with it, would be interesting to the readers of the Magazine, I have concluded to submit them.

The condition of the church, and the character of the audience, both strongly indicated the character of the Divine, whose arrival they were anxiously awaiting. The church topped a gently rising hill and was surrounded with tall and venerable oaks, which seemed to stand as sentinels upon the ramparts of its glory; it was built in the style of the Puritans, viz: of logs, which afterwards a spirit of *internal* improvement, prompted the people to seal inside with boards, while the outside was covered with the same material. Near by it,

there gushed from the cool vein of the a hill fountain sparkling and bright, which formed a prattling brook.

At a distance from each side of which extended delightful meadows, enamelled with flowers which presented an enchanting view.

The sacred edifice and tents in which they camped during their big meetings, showed marked signs of dilapidation, which indicated that same nature had been more profuse in her yearly gifts than the republican inhabitants could keep pace with. The individuals of this congregation formed a motley crew. To a refined stranger the appearance presented by them would seem a burlesque on the “*beau monde*.” Fancy any number of old men dressed in “long tailed blues” of the olden time, copperas pants, greasy vests, newly shaved faces, and mouths overflowing with the succulency of tobacco, and

dandies whose chins had not recently bowed to the majesty of a razor, pericraniums tipped with bell-crowned beavers, spotted handkerchiefs, hair brushes, and diminutive reflectors of humanity crammed in their pockets, hair redolent with *Bar's oil*, and beavers so slick that should a fly light thereon, it would be endangered of being cut off from its terrestrial sojourn, and land "on the other side of Jordan." Add to these another class not quite so elaborately attired, with shoes run down behind and run through at the toes, and hats of pliant brim, which sung "flip-peteflap as the wind whistled how do you do;" and you will have the outward characteristics of the male portion of this vast assembly. I must beg pardon of the fairer portion of this congregation whose manners and dress I could but partially scrutinize, but suffice it to say that every log in the vicinity of the church was covered with fair damsels. inasmuch as they were forced by their mamma's, to wear their every day shoes, *bare-legged*, while they carried in their reticules their Sunday shoes and stockings, in order that they might stop at some convenient place and exchange.

About an hour after my arrival I spied as far as the eye could reach a little gray palfry pacing leisurely along a meandering pig path, bearing as I thought a common man, but who to my great consternation turned out to be the preacher's, in confirmation of which I heard a fellow bawl out, the preacher *is arriv*; the news spread like cholera in watermelon season, and in a very short time the *never-to be forgotten* fact was generally known. He was immediately surrounded by men, women, and

children, who evinced great concern about the state of convalescence of Mrs. — and children.

I having of course some curiosity to see the personage whom the people seemed so much to idolize, precipitated myself to the sacred spot, but being unable to work my way through the immense crowd, withdrew sorely disappointed, and concluded to await his appearance in the pulpit, and to that effect I slipped into church and placed myself as near the stand as possible in order that I might feast my eyes upon him.

After every one except myself had seen the preacher and were perfectly satisfied that he had undoubtedly come, they began to pour into the weather-beaten church with sassafras bushes and *jinpson* weeds growing out of the chinks of the wall, like the ivy-clad battlements of some old baronial watch-tower of Feudal-times, which tumbled and cracked under this mighty weight as if it would fall, but Providence smiled upon it and it *didn't*. Shortly after the preacher was before me, and I had the opportunity of criticising his external appearance, which modesty and respect I entertain for the ministry, forbids me to insert, but will leave it to your own conjectures.

Before I leave him entirely in your hands, I would ask you in the name of justice and "*down-trodden humanity*," not to draw any hasty and unfounded inferences, but such as are altogether unwarped by prejudice and unbiassed by scruples, which will ever after be a source of gratification and pleasure. He commenced the service by reading the following hymn, which his manner and

tone indeilibly stamped upon the tablets of my memory, that time will never efface it, it ran thus,

*"Plunged into a gulf of dark despair  
As all ye guilty sinners is."*

After the congregation had finished the aforesaid hymn and he having prayed, commenced his sermon, the foundation of which you may find by referring—not knowing where, I am unable to narrate, for his appearance so dignified and so indicative of high as well as sacred position which he held among his fellow-beings, completely monopolized my attention. After reading his text, laying aside his overcoat, the waist of which struck him under the arms, and specks, adjusting his handkerchief across the top of the stand and shutting his Bible, he commenced telling his spiritual experience, the substance of which, time and space will only permit me to give, which is so ridiculous and so repugnant to reason, that I shall forbear to insert it. By the time he had finished telling his experience it was three o'clock, p. m., and he was forced to dismiss the congregation without adverting in the slightest degree to his text.

After retiring from the church, I stepped about in the grove rather large, not altogether unconscious that I was the only gentleman in the crowd whose habiliments had been purchased from the store, a silent specator of the vast assembly. I noticed that among other things, that I excited considerable interest, and that there were many conjectures as to who I was and from whence I hailed and especially one little tallow-faced, dirt eating fel-

low, who seemed to watch my motions as a cat watching a bird, until at last as if he had thought of something which he had long been unable to recall, he commenced approaching me with hurried steps, and when he came up to me, he says, "see here, Mister, do you tote a swapping knife about your clothes?" I very politely excused myself, saying that I was then in possession of a good metal knife and was unwilling to run the risk of getting another as good.

He then with a great deal of calmness and composure, remarked that I had the reputation of being a splendid *wrasler*, and that he would like to take a fall or two with me. Looking around and seeing no familiar faces, I told him that I was in the midst of strangers and had on my sunday clothes. By this time we were entirely surrounded, and several at once seeing that I was embarrassed, stepped forward, said that if I wished to wrestle, they would *stand to my back* and see that I had *fair play*, and that we could retire to an old field where there would be no danger of soiling our clothes. After having every objection which I had offered, refuted, I of course had to accept his offer, and so we retired to the old field. As we were repairing to the gymnasium, he seemed so very anxious to swap knives that I at last agreed to give him my knife and a phial of *cinnamon draps* for his knife and a pair of *gallas* buckles. After adopting some rules by which we should be guided, we entered the ring, and wrestled (if it might be called wrestling,) for we did nothing but jump up, about half an hour, and the Lord only knows how long we

would have wrestled, had it not been that I struck my foot against a stone and down I came, he on top, as I thought, but my enthusiastic friends bawled out *dog-fall*, it was a matter of little consequence to me whether *dog-fall* or what kind of a fall, since I had fallen hard enough to break my collar-bone. After having fabricated some tale to tell the congregation, and especially the preacher, how I had received the bodily injury, we commenced to retrace our steps, in a death-like silence, until the little fellow not able to contain himself any longer, said, "that *feller* thinks *becase* he has on *store clo'es* he can throw down anybody, he *haint* throwed this *yit*." About this time we espied the preacher making sacred strides towards us, the little vaunter was hushed by the more considerate of the party, lest perchance he might let the *cat out of the wallet*, approaching very near

and seeing that I was weeping he accosted me thus, "Why do you weep?" I told him I was walking along down yonder, not doing anything, stumped my toe, fell down and broke my collar-bone, bear it patiently my young friend said he, for the allwise Providence had some object in view, in inflicting that punishment upon you, he might have done it to show you how easily he might have broken your neck. But the more he tried to console me, the worse I hallooed, until he at last out of heart, started off and told me next time to mind how I walked. In a short time a little *one hoss* waggon was procured, I taken home, and a physician called in, who knowing my propensity to wrestle and supposing that I had been hurt in that way, asked me why I let that little fellow throw me, I told him he did not throw me for it was a *dog-fall*.

TRINCULO.

## DAVID COPPERFIELD.

To give anything like analysis of an intellect, at once so utilitarian, and so poetical, so versatile, and so gifted as that of Charles Dickens, is a difficult task. He is in fact a strange medley of a man. The singling out of his individualities, and the individualizing of his peculiarities and predominant traits as a writer, is much more easily felt and

recognized, than portrayed. He is provokingly mysterious. His resources as a novelist are unlimited, his imagination of the most poetic and lofty cast, his taste, elegant and refined, his soul is full of pathos and sentiment, and his knowledge of the human heart deep and subtle. His powers of analysis and discrimination are correct, his judgment

sound, and he always has a quiver, well stored with habits of ridicule, with blasts deeply steeped in cutting biting sarcasm. His sense and appreciation of the ridiculous is truly admirable, but, oh, in pathos, feeling, deep feeling he is inimitable. He portrays to life the blasted and blighted hopes of a broken heart, and as his artistic fingers sweep over the broken harp-strings of the past, he draws out such ravishing, Æolian strains of woe and plaintive grief, as will touch the hardest hearts.

There is scarcely any writer whose works have been more generally read and admired than his, and deservedly so, for all of them are good. The Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son, Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, &c., &c., each has its own peculiar merits. But, like a tasty gardener, who in arranging a bouquet, clips from this bush a red rose, from that a white, then a sprig of cedar, then a lowly, modest lilly, or like the immortal Raphael in the conception of his "Chief d'Omoro," the peerless Madoune borrowed the mouth and chin of his St. Cecilia, and the leg and ankle of his Galatea, so did Charles Dickens from his previous works, pluck here and there a fine embodiment of thought, a felicitous expression, and a fine scheme, and united them all in *his* master-piece—David Copperfield.

This is undoubtedly his very finest effort, the characters are in such perfect keeping and so life-like throughout.—The whole plot is so very natural and simple, though not at all approaching to anything common-place and loose, that your interest is at once excited and is on the stretch till its completion. It seems to me that there is a special

time to read certain books and a certain humor to be in, to enjoy them.—For instance the best time to read Lalla Rookh, is after eating a big dinner, just before you begin to feel sleepy; the best time to read Tupper is when you feel very prosaic and paradoxical; the time for Rob-Roy, Ivanhoe, the Talisman, &c., is when you have been drinking gun-powder-tea, feel very romantic and chivalrous, like you could out-stamp the noble Scot on his native heather, could thrash Salladin in a fist and skull fight and hitch Boz's-Gilbert off the tower for frightening the young Jewess Rebecca so badly.

But the time to read David Copperfield is at night in your room, the curtains drawn, a blazing fire on the hearth, and if you like—and *can*, a segar (?) and a hot bowl of Wilkins Micawber's punch, (alas! we Father Mathematics,) at your elbow. The very first chapter in which David tells us that he is born, (wonderful memory that) is written in such a natural cozy style that you immediately become familiar with all the characters.

You can plainly see the chagrin of his aunt Betsey Trotwood, when Betsey Trotwood, Jr., disappointed her, and you can almost hear and feel the sounding blow with her stiff sun bonnet which she laid so unmercifully on poor little Dr. Chillip's head, and which no doubt, caused him to carry more on one side after that than ever. The wind must be howling around the ears of the house, if you would really see and appreciate the snug little boat-house of Mr. Peggotty on a barren beach at Yarmouth. You must imagine a fishy smell, if you wish to get a peep at Da-

vid's little room, and look into the looking glass with its oyster shell frame, and to imagine him sitting on the locker with his arm around little Em'ly's waist, you ought to, have yours around —, but as that can't be, at least, until next vacation, you will have to think "powerful," and do without the reality. There is one character which I certainly would rather conceive of than have any thing to do with—Mrs. Grummudge, that "lone 'lorn one" weeping in the corner. You must get Mr. Peggotty to tell you some of his tales, and must hear Han's honest boisterous laughter, and to complete the picture, you must imagine yours the Crocodile book, and the camphene lamp, to be the work box with St. Paul on the lid, and, a piece of wax candle, with his faithful honest old nurse sitting by and you have Mr. Peggotty's household complete. And now as "Barke's is willin'" I'll go on. I would like very much to take a thorough review of this book and follow the admirable story out, but I fear, ere I got through I would find myself in regard to my readers like Burke did about his audience in the House of Lords, when after finishing his maiden speech full (as he thought) of eloquence, he found out that his audience had all left him, and that he was speaking to "painted boxes and red wool-sacks," —

The story of the childhood and youth of David Copperfield, is one of the most natural, and at the same time finished pieces of composition in the English language. The little fellow's sorrows and misfortunes after his mother married the man with the d—d black eyes, who, with his "murdering sister," (as his aunt Betsey called her,) ruled him

with such cruelty, and also the hardships he endured, at Mr. Creakle's school are truly affecting. The picture is finely drawn, of his associations at school, the position he afterwards acquired, and the acquaintances he formed, steer forth "the head boy in school," who bored Mr. Meakins's auger, and cut his name, "J. Steerforth," high above every body on the door-post, and Tommy Traddles, with the porcupine hair, who used to get flogged very often every day, and drew skeletons on his slate. Alas! how many black hearts under a fair exterior, and how often a noble heart throbs under a rough shell.—The days spent at Canterbury, with its antiquated, quiet streets, and the rooks flying round the domes of the Cathedral, under the pupilage of Dr. Strong, were as happy as his other school days were miserable. True there he saw and loved Agnes Wickfield, whom he afterwards married, and who is certainly one of the loveliest characters ever conceived of by an author.

Then following on the stage before us, each acting their respective parts, we see the detestable, sneaking, Uriah Heep, and his victim Mr. Wickfield the "ruined gentleman." I don't know of a more disgusting picture of humanity than Uriah Heep, treacherous, mean, deceitful, under the hypocritical cloak of 'umbleness, he practised some of the most diabolical designs, until tripped up and exposed by one he sought to make his tool, the egotistical, but good hearted punch-maker Wilkin Micawber. (Query—Hav'nt we got a Bourbon among us?) After a while he becomes a member of the Doctor's Commons, and falls in love with Dora Spen-

low. Then comes the era of tight boots (and corns,) kid gloves—and Bar's oil. He did in fact have to "wait until the bird flew away before he got the peach," because during Mr. Spenlow's life time he sued in vain for Dora, and if the old gentleman had not died as soon as he did, she would never have been Mrs. Copperfield. That portion of his history is beautiful, there is poetry pervading the whole of it. And as a "fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," all of us (young folks) can sympathise with David's feeling during his courtship, when "the sun shone Dora, and the birds sang Dora, the South wind blew Dora, and the wild flowers in the hedges were all Doras to a bud." Finally, the Canary birds, Dora's aunts and Tommy Traddles, (who is now in the Inner Temple, and, who is engaged to one of the loveliest girls, one of ten, daughter of the Rev. Horace,) having had an interview they are married.

After a while his little "Child wife" dies and in the description of her death, and also of the fate of little Emily, Dickens bursts forth in such wild, deep pathos, as only the pen of such a master can portray.

Then comes a black chapter, and a delicate subject is delicately handled. Steerforth the head-boy of Mr. Creakles' school, the early friend of David entered the little vessel—house of Mr. Peggotty, and eat of his salt, but when he left it, the locker was vacant where little Em'ly used to sit. Poor Ham, her affianced husband was crushed, the tendrills that wound themselves around his heart were cruelly snapt, and all that bound him to earth was (he said,) the hope of meeting him who took his

Emily across the sea to make her a lady. Poor old Mr. Peggotty took his oil cloth wallet and stick and went he knew not whither to seek his neice, and enjoined upon Mrs. Grummidge to put a candle at the window every night for Emily. Yes, the serpent with his glittering seals, entered the garden of Eden, where nothing but innocence and purity dwelt, and selecting out the fairest flowret that bloomed there, breathed his poisoned breath upon it, and it withered, and the sweet fragrance which embalmed the old days of her uncle was blighted, and borne away on the wings of the sighing zephyrs. Steerforth, poor wretch met his fate after a while, and perished in sight of the very home that he had deprived of its dearest jewel.

The panorama passes on, David marries Agnes Wickfield, and the scene closes, being upon the whole, one of the finest pieces of composition of the kind in the language.

Dickens is blamed by many as being two prolix, and having the powers of description almost too well developed, but I hard'y think that such is the case. For instance, in one character, Mr. Micawber, whom he individualizes oftener and gives longer dissertations than on any other, that complaint is often made. 'Tis true, that to a very superficial reader, there may appear to be much that is unnecessary, but by carefully reading every thing about him, one will become so perfectly familiar with all his little oddities and eccentricities that he can appreciate much more the remarks he makes and the letter he writes.

The introduction of several of his characters are looked upon as unnecessary, but they all seem to fill out the

scene. Like in Sophocles choruses, or coming down to modern theatricals, many of the fierce looking soldiers, dignified senators, and hardy Lackeys are seen and not heard, yet they all serve to give a more perfect contour to the play and give it a polish and finish which if taken away would greatly mar its beauty.

“W.”

## REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS.

REVIEWERS are increasing day by day—they keep apace, as might be expected, with the increase of books, and in no country have they increased more rapidly than in our own. No sooner does anything in the shape of writing, come forth, than it is greedily seized upon by reviewers, and every part and parcel of it thoroughly analyzed. If the author be a person of little or no reputation: or if it be his first effort, woe be unto him!—they are merciless, and to be able to stand his ground, requires some degree of courage.

The influence, which this class of persons exerts upon the reading portion of the community and also upon writers, is prodigious; and as they are just or unjust in the same proportion are they useful or hurtful. It is generally the case that we find reviews of books in magazines and periodicals, which are scattered by thousands throughout our land. By this means many are enabled to become acquainted with authors, of whom otherwise they never would have known a syllable. Highly beneficial is the effect of this, to which may be attributed, in no small degree, that general intelligence which pervades our people and which renders the American yeomanry superior to that of any other country. We could enumerate many advantageous results, which this diffusion of knowledge and consequent enlightenment of the people would have upon our institutions—this, however, is not our purpose. We design, in a few words, to take a review of reviews—to show what effect reviews are likely to have upon those who read them, and those who furnish matter for reviews.

On the supposition that reviewers do justice to their authors, the effect produced in these two particulars is beneficial in the highest degree. Giving praise where praise is due, we have before us a true picture of a book, which may not easily be had; and not only this, but the choicest flowers of the author are culled and placed in our hands with no trouble to ourselves.

The author, rewarded for long nights passed in study, is by merited praise,

stimulated to greater exertions ; and, if he be, as all authors should be, ready to receive advice and correct mistakes pointed out, even censures properly bestowed will be of service to him, since thereafter he will guard against committing like errors.

Again, condemning where condemnation is deserved, those scribblers, who, with no qualifications, aim at literary distinction, terrified at the attack made upon their papers pregnant with mighty thoughts, are consigned to an early but worthy oblivion, and the world, or the shelves of booksellers, is thereby saved from a *bore*. If reviews produced this result, and if properly conducted they would, their influence would be useful indeed, for there is much more trash in the world than there should be.

But the supposition above spoken of, namely, that reviewers do justice to their authors, is far from being true—where now you find one good review, you will find ten or more not worth reading. The fault consists not in the style, nor is it owing, in many cases, to a want of ability, but to a want of a proper knowledge of that which is reviewed. A reviewer, at the sacrifice of truth, will often sum up his opinion of an author in a short and pithy sentence. To give an example we call the attention of the reader to that sentence so expressive of the character of Elizabeth : “She was more than a man, and less than a woman.” It happens, in this case, that these words are extremely applicable to Elizabeth,—but only one in an hundred of such judgments are true. We thus learn to entertain wrong notions of writers, since, it being the universal desire of men at least, to ap-

pear to know, such expressions are ever at the ends of our tongues. If they were true, they would answer well enough ; but if false, as they generally are, they serve only to make us appear, as though we were acquainted with the author, whereas in reality, we know nothing about him, but upon an erroneous opinion base our own, which must, therefore, be erroneous.

It was said above that it is not from a want of ability, but from a want of another nature, that we have so many trifling reviews. I mean by this to say that ability cannot take the place of a proper knowledge of the subject,—not that he, who wants ability, can be a good reviewer, for reviewers should be persons of the highest order of talent—they should be able to see every beauty of an author and every defect, to do which requires much penetration and experience. Such men are Carlyle and Macaulay : and the latter, as a reviewer, is, in the humble opinion of the writer, much superior to the former.

One of the finest efforts of Macaulay is his Warren Hastings, which may be properly called a review of a review. The friends of Hastings, wishing to have his life written, employed Dr. Gleig, if I mistake not, to do it—they were to furnish the facts and the Doctor the praise. The consequence was that the virtues of Hastings, if he was possessed of any, were extolled to the skies, and his bad traits either smoothed over, or by a strange metamorphosis converted into virtue. Macaulay justly incensed at such a proceeding wrote his Warren Hastings, his ostensible object being to give us an accurate picture of this man, in doing which he

accomplished his main purpose by bestowing on Gleig as much censure as Gleig had bestowed praise on Hastings—the difference, however, between the two cases is this, in the former, censure was merited, in the latter, praise was not.

We have introduced these remarks concerning this essay of Macaulay, in order that we might give an example of at least one of the classes of reviewers, of which we are about to speak—we allude to Dr. Gleig.

There are two classes of reviewers, whose writings are altogether unworthy to be read; or if read, it should be to give them their deserved condemnation. The first are those who everywhere are lavish of approbation, of whom the above-mentioned Doctor is a representation—the second are those who everywhere are finding fault—and this latter class greatly exceeds the former.

Friendship or pecuniary motives may cause a reviewer to give unmerited praise, but where these two influences are wanting, we will generally find him censuring from beginning to end. The world is apt to suspect of insincerity, him, who is profuse of commendation—but a fault-finder is usually supposed to base his remarks upon an accurate knowledge of the person with whom fault is found, supposing no animosity to exist between the parties. Reviewers seem to be aware of this. It appears to us that they sit down to write with the determination to find faults, and not to do justice to the author under review. They do not take into consideration that we are all mortal and cannot, therefore, be perfect—they make no allowances for human nature, but every little

fault, magnified into a great one, they consign an author to oblivion, whose fate, after a fair and candid examination, would have been far different.

For these reasons critics and reviewers, as a general thing, stand very low in our estimation, and the following lines, descriptive of such persons, are but too true:

“A man must serve his time to ev’ry trade  
Save censure—critics all are ready made.  
Take hackney’d jokes from Miller, got by rote,  
With just enough of learning to misquote;  
A mind well skill’d to find or forge a fault;  
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;  
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet;  
Fear not to lie, ’twill seem a sharper hit;  
Shrink not from blasphemy, ’twill pass for wit;  
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,  
And stand a critic, hated yet caress’d.”

Another common defect in reviewers is that they take their own taste as the standard of what is right and wrong with regard to things literary, whereas principles ought to guide them. Conceiving all persons to be constituted as they are, they take it for granted that what they condemn others must condemn—that what they praise, others must praise. So much for the fact and the reason why—now for the consequences.

Persons differently constituted are affected in different ways by the same thing. Byron, when unjustly criticised by the reviewers of Scotland and England, was roused to anger, which caused him to write his celebrated satire on “English bards and Scotch reviewers,” the effect of which was to silence completely his opponents—it is said after the publication of this poem those who had been most hostile to him, were

never heard to mention a word concerning the "Young Lord." But this effect does not always follow unmerited criticism—would that it did. I believe it was Jeffrey who on one occasion was so severe in his censures upon a young and promising writer, that he died of sheer mortification and we know of another instance more lamentable than this.

There lived in England some years ago a young man, whose name dwells not in my memory, possessed of the highest order of talent. Born of a family obscure and in destitute circumstances, he contrived to make enough to live on in London, while engaged in writing a work, from the publication of which he expected to reap the richest rewards. The book was finished and no sooner was it published, than it was severely condemned by the London critics, which affected the author to such a degree that he committed suicide by throwing himself into the Thames. This work, which, I believe, is now lost to the world, showed marks of a great genius, and had the writer lived a month longer he would have found himself placed on the highest pinnacle of fame. These effects are sometimes produced, though we grant they are rare.

Another highly injurious consequence resulting from reviewing books in a

careless indifferent manner is that, on account of this, good writers are deterred from writing while the inferior are influenced to write. Between a good and an indifferent writer there is often no difference in the eye of the reviewer. It seems natural, therefore, that those who write well should feel no inclination to compose works, which are as liable to the censure as those of other persons, who are below them in every respect. The one expecting praise, the other disapprobation, where a writer is ridiculed or satirized, in the one case it cuts to the quick, while in the other it has no effect whatever, since it was looked for—a man of worth is afraid of ridicule, but the impudence of a pedant can face it with boldness. This may be considered as a far-fetched view of the subject, but I believe such consequences often follow unjust reviewing. At present our country is overstocked with writings of this nature, a large majority of which are not worth the time that would be consumed in reading them.

If there were more reviews of reviewers, we would see more justice done; since reviewers, from fear of that which they bestow so lavishly on others, would be on their guard not to give unmerited praise or censure.

THEON.

“SO, YOU HAVE TA'EN UP YOUR BONNY BRIDEGROOM.”

“So you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom,” the wild, delirious and exulting exclamation of Lucy Ashton, the lovely and beautiful Bride of Lammermoor, as borne from the bridal chamber, she cast a dreadful look of abhorrence and contempt upon the shed blood of Hayston of Bucklow into whose breast she had plunged her brother Henry's short poinard, is significant, instructive and impressive. 'Tis the sad sequel of a natural and “ower true” story which cannot well fail to deeply interest and highly instruct every one who reads it, for there runs through it a lesson of parental duty and moral sublimity scarcely surpassed in the varied history of Romance. There may be seen the workings of pure, deep and disinterested womanly-love—there, the pride, faithfulness and independence of a slighted and despised young nobleman—there, the cruel obstinacy and implacable resentment of a hollow-hearted and wealth-elated mother—and there, the dullness, pusillanimity and stubbornness of a fortune-and-royalty-seeking suitor. Hear me, while I briefly recount the main facts in this tragic story and deduce from them some of the many truths which they so evidently teach.

Sir William Ashton, an eminent and learned English lawyer, according to Sir Walter, had, by his legal shrewd-

ness and manœuvring, so grievously wronged and so hardly oppressed the proud and high-minded Lord Allen Ravenswood that his days were few and troublous, and his death premature and miserable. The brave and haughty Edgar, popularly called Master of Ravenswood, Lord Allan's son and the slighted and despised young nobleman like Hannibal against Rome, swore eternal enmity against Sir William. In the language of burning indignation, he loudly exclaimed at the sepulchre of his father: “It was only he that dug the grave who could have the mean cruelty to disturb the obsequies: and Heaven do as much to me and more, if I requite not to this man and his house the ruin and disgrace he has brought on me and mine.” Nor was he slow or inactive in plotting the utter destruction of his inveterate, cunning and unprincipled enemy.

Amid the wild shrubbery and rank undergrowth of the Baronial possession of his deceased sire, he clandestinely sought Sir William's life-blood. Every feeling of his enraged and infuriated heart was so stirred and steeled against him, that one would imagine that nothing,—not even the strange and exquisite beauty of the Lord Kuper's sweet daughter could have quieted and softened it. Spell-bound however, by her lovelines and irresistible charms,

where he had determined, ay, sworn to be the destroyer, he became the defender and preserver of both Sir William and Lucy from the cruel and fatal go-rings of a mad bull which was pitching furiously toward them when he first came in sight of them. Then and there he won the sincere and lasting affection of both, and there the charming Lucy entrapped his proud young heart.— Soon, to cut our story short, their unexpected acquaintance waxed intimate and their happiness for the time being was consummated by the plighting of their young hearts at the enchanted Mermaiden's Fountain.

"All" now "went merry as a marriage bell," until Lady Ashton, the hard-hearted mother of Lucy, who was then at the royal court, hearing of the betrothal, hurried homeward to place upon it her unqualified and unchangeable veto. For the gratification of her insatiable passion for wealth, power and magnificence, she meanly crossed her daughter in her first love and bargained her to Hayston of Bucklow, a man who was eminently unworthy of her strong and deep affection and who was incapable of winning even her admiration.

"Wrecked and wrecked, lost and lonely  
Crushed by grief's oppressive weight,"

and with a fervent prayer for Edgar, who had been driven from her presence, she resigned herself to her hard and cruel fate.

Anon, the unwelcome period for her union with this unloved and unadmired suitor had come. Of Edgar she had seen naught, nor did she hope ever more to look upon him. Fortunately, in the interim, the news reached the

Master of Ravenswood that she had broken off her engagement with him and had cheerfully consented to marry the hateful Bucklow. He returned to the Barony of Sir William to learn the truth of this unexpected faithlessness, and after a short interview with Lucy at which her tyrannical mother was present, he, having exchanged pledges and crushed under his feet the blue ribbon, which, in Lucy's own sweet words, was the "link that bound her to life," took his final departure in the belief that her love was feeble as the film of the gossamer and transient as the shadow cast by a summer cloud—

"Love me!—No.—She never loved me!  
Else she'd sooner die than stain  
One so fond as she has proved me,  
With the hollow world's disdain:  
False one, go—my doom is spoken,  
And the spell that bound me broken!"

A few moments after his departure she, or rather *her body*, was married to Bucklow. If the union of willing hearts alone is sealed and recorded in the high chancery of heaven, as truly wedded, this unnatural union was not sealed and recorded. Could we believe it possible that such an union could be sanctioned there, we would fain believe the tears of the Recording Angel would blot it out forever. Not many minutes after Bucklow retired to the bridal chamber, where Lucy was, there was heard a dreadful shriek as of one in the very agonies of death. The company burst into the room, and there found Bucklow weltering in his blood, and up in the chimney they found poor Lucy in a state of wild delirium and proud despair; and as they carried her from this bloody chamber she cast that dreadful

look and uttered that terrible exclamation which we spoke of in the beginning of the story. So soon, however, as she discovered that the blue ribbon that bound her to life was severed and gone, she expired without a tear, without a sigh, or without a murmur. Just as the fading symptom of this lucid interval passed from her pale face the beholder might have read on it the sentiment of these lines to the giver of that highly prized pledge of his affection—

“Love’s golden chain and burning vow,  
Are broken—but I love thee still.”

Nor did the Master long survive her; for as he went forth to the field of single combat in which he was to meet Col. Ashton, Lucy’s mean and contemptible brother, he suddenly and strangely disappeared in a deep quicksand.—Thus the damned tragedy went on and thus it wound up. Them, who might have lived long and happily, Sir Walter, to paint his tale with a moral, made, through the instrumentality of a mean, vain and proud mother, to die early and wretchedly.

The moral of the story the reader has no doubt anticipated. The Novelist would have it understood, as we take it, that the opposition of Lucy’s mother arose not from a fear that Edgar Ravenswood would not make a good, kind, worthy and respectable husband, but because *she* thought that *her* daughter ought to marry some one of *higher rank* and *larger estate* than the son of a penniless and heart-broken lord. Edgar, ’tis true, had nothing but his own noble and proud self to offer to Lucy—and this in the estima-

tion of her mother, was worthless and disgraceful to such a lordly family as Sir William’s. The inference, which we draw from the story, is that the opposition of parents on such grounds is wrong, cruel, shameful and inexcusable in the sight of man and of heaven. If the young man, who would wed your daughter, is idle, moneyless through extravagance and bad management, destitute of self-respect, integrity and honor, or addicted to all manner of dissipation, then you are not to be blamed because you show violent and stubborn opposition; for then you show the right kind of respect for yourselves and the right kind of parental affection for your child. But if she set her affection on a poor but respectable and industrious man, cross her not, trifle not with her affections, lest, in quenching the fires of love, you put out forever the lamp of her existence.

Every one, who has studied the history of woman’s affection through out the past ages of mankind, has found that her heart, for the most part, is precisely like the lithographer’s stone, and that as Thackery has said, “what is once written upon it, can’t be rubbed out.” Let a woman, who has a million, once fix her affections upon a plough boy and all the persuasion and scolding, which the ingenuity, spleen and pride of a mother can bring to bear, will not elevate her thoughts above hay-rakes and weeding-hoes, meadows and cornfields, gardens and rural scenes. ’Twill rather inflame her love. Indeed

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou would’st as soon go kindle fire with snow  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

If a girl, thus circumstanced, did not run off, her parents might force her to give up her loved suitor and to tie herself to a man of their own liking, but they could not bring back her heart from the bosom of the poor and simple hearted swain, and, in tearing him from her innocent and devoted bosom, they might so mutilate her affections that the bloom of life on her cheek would fade and the bright intelligence of her mind be obscured. To such parents as would force a daughter from the marriage of a respectable but indigent man to a cold, indiferent and undesired, ay, hated union with a man of letters, or a man of pleasure, for no better reasons than could be assigned in this case, we would say, beware lest there should one day fall upon your ears the terrible exclamation, "So, you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom."

Then again parents, who as to their standing and wealth are at about an honorable betweenity—say half-poor and half-rich—not seldom take up the notion that their daughters must not marry their equals in rank and fortune but must look up to something higher and better—to rich, lettered, or titled men. Should one of these damsels chance to become enamored of some one who is on equal-footing in every respect with herself, they would be shocked at the thought of such a trifling marriage. Suppose, by preventing her from marrying, time after time, simply because *they* do not think the man rich enough and because *they* wish her to do better, they cause her *day of grace* to glide by. To such parents we would say, that though no such fearful exclamation as "so you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom," may fall upon your ears, yet you will be

continually and justly mortified by the unamiable presence of an old, lean, cross, heartless, sour, hapless and hopeless maid, who is fit to be in company with no others than sour and sullen Xanthippes.

Parents, who are proud of their high and noble extraction and who are puffed up by reason of the wealth that surrounds them, not unfrequently bargain their daughter to some rich and lordly suitor before she has reached the age of discretion, and whom she afterwards finds she cannot love; and though she may afterwards innocently, affectionately and fondly give her heart to another of humbler pretensions but of more enticing manners and equal promise in the race of honorable ambition, they tell her flatly and imperatively that *they will not suffer her thus to degrade herself and also to bring stains and reproaches upon their own time-honored reputation.* Though she, like the faithful mistress of the patriotic Emmet, tell this young man, who is the choice of her parents, that her heart is another's and that she can never love him, though she tell her parents that they are throwing a damper upon her brightest prospects in life and bringing a blight upon her fondest hopes of happiness on earth, yet both parents and suitor press the matter on with the stupidity of donkies and with the coldness of stoics, until the heartless and almost lifeless *body* of this tender child and daughter is united to that of this unloved man by the most lasting of all earthly ties. To such parents, we would say, beware lest there should one day fall upon your ears the dreadful exclamation, "SO YOU HAVE TA'EN UP YOUR BONNY BRIDEGROOM."

HAWK-EYE.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said  
 This is my own, my native land?      SCOTT.

Hail, Carolina! native land,  
 Land of the brave and free,  
 Where first a bold and patriot band  
 Cradled young Liberty.

I love thee still—those mighty hills  
 I never may see more;  
 Thy rolling rivers, rocky rills  
 And sandy, sea-girt shore.

I love thy broad Savannas green  
 Gem'd o'er with myriad flow'rs  
 Like starlight beauties sweetly seen  
 Amidst Spring's laughing hours.

I love thy waving forest pines,  
 Where weird wind-spirits dwell,  
 And blend their notes of wild sublime  
 With Ocean's murmur'ring shell.

For 't was amidst such scenes as these  
 My infant home was nurst;  
 I sported 'neath those old pine trees  
 And heard their music first.

What though in sunnier climes I roam,  
 By Mississippi's tide,  
 And find a nobler, prouder home  
 Than by Pamlico's side.

Yet not so dear those orange bow'rs  
 These prairies, broad and grand,  
 These snowy white magnolia flow'rs  
 That scent the breezes bland:

Not half so dear these fertile fields  
 Upheld by Africs toil,  
 Nor half so sweet a joy this yields,  
 As thy unyielding soil.

Thy very faults are dearer far  
 Than all these boasted lands;  
 Thy sterile sod beside the *Tar!*  
 Thy *Buncombe's* very sands!

Thy Dismal Swamp—Mat'muskeet Lakes,  
 Broad Pungo's stormy tides;  
 And Chowan which 'neath tangled brakes,  
 And piney forests, glides.

There's not of thy dear soil, one foot,  
 Though glittering sands there be,  
 But my fond heart lifts strongly up,  
 And proudly beats for thee.

Aye, Ignorance my set her seal,  
 Upon thy manhood's brow;  
 But some are stupid still I feel,  
 And ignorant as thou.

And gifted too thy sons as well  
 As many boasting more;

Ah! *thou* wouldst blush thy deeds to tell,  
 In egotistic lore.

Lo! Honor! with thy burnished spear,  
 Triumphant still preside;  
 Be thine no *broken faith* I ween  
 To mar thy modest pride.

And thy escutcheon, Honor hail!  
 Still be thy heraldry;  
 And 'till yon orient star shall fail,  
 Then fail the truth in thee.

Ah! what would I not give to roam,  
 Amidst thy sylvan scenes;  
 To see once more my childhood's home,  
 And dream those childhood dreams.

And old companions once more press  
 To this wild, panting heart,  
 And once again those old pines bless,  
 Ere we forever part.

Where e'er I roam, whatever seas  
 I plant my flag upon,  
 Still fluttering in the friendly breeze  
 It kindly points to Home.

Home, home! that treasured word  
 Let me again retrace,  
 And each familiar scene record,  
 And greet each smiling face.

For 'twas upon thy sacred sod,  
 Beneath the moaning pines,  
 My infant heart first bowed to God,  
 And hymn'd her tuneful lines.

True, many press the witty jest,  
 As round the board they stand,  
 And vaunting boast a nobler crest  
 For their own fatherland.

Then let them weave the mirthful song,  
 And lift the wine cup high;  
 And laughed tales 'gainst thee prolong,  
 Till every cup is dry.

Fill high! fill high! my chalice mate  
 In rich old scuppernong;  
 I'll drain it to the Old North State,  
 Carolina! right or wrong.

Then—here is to my native hill,  
 Home of the brave and free;  
 And be my very pulses still,  
 Ere they beat not for thee.

Jackson, Mississippi.      E.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

CONVERSATION ENRICHES THE MIND.—The custom of opening our editorials with a detailed account of the present condition, future prospects, and manifest destiny of our little Magazine has become so prevalent that it seems almost a second nature with us. Since our fears about its success and our anxieties concerning its continuance have become somewhat calmed, pardon us reader, if we *dare* occasionally to depart from the time-honored and much-persecuted custom, and endeavor to force upon your “auricular appendages,” the quaint but true remark: “Variety is the spice of life,” and also of *opening* editorials. We flatter ourselves that we can innovate with impunity this sacred and hereditary custom, and that it is not essentially necessary for the continuance of our Magazine that we should *goad* your memories with monthly repetitions of the fact that there is such an *insignificant* periodical as ours living, and, we hope, prospering, in the State of North Carolina, and to inform you of the *appalling* truth that it is *bound* to die unless you support it by both pecuniary and *material* aid. No. We trust that it occupies so firm a place in the hearts of our people though the tongue of the slanderer defame it, it cannot uproot it; though the machinations of the envious encircle it they cannot subvert it. Let it be one of the most *spotless spots*, if a spot, on the *unspotted* escutcheon of the Old North State.

Judge not, reader, that it is our purpose to wage a holy crusade against the conversation of College, and that we will

invoke the inspiration divine to assist us in effecting our object. We intend merely to glance hastily at the present mode of conversing among us. Man is so constituted that companions are almost essentially necessary for his very existence—that is, he must have some person to talk with—and young men especially are peculiarly fond of having persons to talk with, particularly of the feminine gender. But here we are not profusely blessed with *fair young* ladies to lend their smiles in rendering more enchanting and fascinating the *natural* beauties of this place, so we have to content ourselves in a degree by conversing among ourselves—this rather disagreeable, but “All’s well that ends well.”

Among a large collection of young men and *boys*, where woman’s radiant countenance is not present to place a bridle upon the tongue, the morality of conversation is very apt to be held in a very low estimation—boys are prone to descend to vulgarity. Now, this is a lamentable fact and ought to be guarded against. It is a well known truth, that not only here, but everywhere, when boys assemble to converse, the confab invariably closes with *something* by no means becoming. There is a Chinese proverb, and a very true one, which says, a single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years mere study of books. Since conversation is of such momentous value, let your’s be wise, elevated, chaste, and refined.

"Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing  
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy which it may bring  
Eternity shall tell."

There is, not only among the students but among *some others* connected with College, a mania for making puns and what are called *keen remarks*. It is said that puns are 'the lowest kind of wit (except when made by Mr. Saxe and *ourselves*) and as for keen remarks, we have heard some that had not edge enough to cut a rot-pumpkin. We are very fond of hearing good puns and keen-remarks, but we have of late heard such miserable ones that we despair of ever having our desire again gratified. A person ought to practice in privacy before appearing in public. So punsters and makers of keen remarks take advice.

THE article with which we introduce this number is from the pen of the late Mr. Hooper. Reverance and admiration for the distinguished dead are sufficient incentives to induce a perusal.

REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT—BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK.—The First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia on the 5th September, 1774, and on the 20th October adopted *The Articles of Association*, which formed the bond of union among the colonies, until they were superceded by the *Articles of Confederation*. Congress entered upon the consideration of the latter form of government on the 11th June, 1776, the articles were agreed upon on the 15th November, 1777, but so great was the difficulty of harmonizing the discordant views of the thirteen colonies that the confederacy was not completed until the first of March, 1781, when Maryland yielded her scruples, and became a member of the imperfect union, which existed during the eight succeeding years, and until the organization of the government under the constitution of the United States on the 4th March, 1789.

The Revolution may be regarded as having regularly commenced with the assembly of the First Continental Congress, and as having been substantially effected under the *Articles of Association*, which formed the constitution of the Revolutionary Government, and were in force from the 20th October, 1774, to the 1st March, 1781, a period of six years and more than four months. The Articles of Association adopted by the Continental Congress led to the adoption of subordinate Associations in all the provinces, and the establishment in North Carolina of District, County, and Town Committees to enforce them.

The earliest Association formed in this State of which the records have come down to our times, was at Wilmington on the 23d November, 1774, where "at a meeting of the Freeholders in the Court House, for the purpose of choosing a Committee for said town, to carry more effectually into execution the Resolves of the late Congress held at Philadelphia, the following names were proposed and universally assented to: Cornelius Harnett, John Quince, Frs. Clayton, William Hooper, Robert Hogg, John Ancrum, Archibald McLain, John Robinson, James Walker." This was probably the earliest Association organized in the province, but the example was specially followed by the appointment of similar Committees in New-Berne, Edenton, Cumberland, Rowan, Mecklenburg, Tryon, Surry and elsewhere. Of all these Revolutionary Committees, the records of the Wilmington, Rowan, and Surry Committees only are accessible to us, and no others we suppose to be extant. The records of the Committee of Mecklenburg were destroyed in the fire which consumed the house of the Clerk, John McNitt Alexander, on the first April, 1800, and hence the obscurity in which the Mecklenburg Declaration, was so long involved. No form of government has ever existed in

North Carolina which received such universal, cheerful and ardent support as the Articles of Association and no portion of our history is more interesting than the period which existed between their adoption and the formation of our State Constitution on the 18th December, 1776.

William Hooper, Joseph Hewes and Richard Caswell, were the delegates from North Carolina to the first Continental Congress, and their names were subscribed to the *Articles of Association*. They were members of the second Congress which met on the 10th May, 1775. Caswell, having been appointed Treasurer of the Southern Division, resigned his seat and was succeeded in the month of September, by John Penn. These four gentlemen were the only delegates to Congress previous to the organization of our State Government. They maintained a regular correspondence, with the provincial authorities, and some very interesting letters, which have never been printed, may now be found among the public archives.

The following letter from Hooper, Hewes and Penn, to the Council of Safety, contains a clearer and fuller account of the preparations made by the British Government, for the first invasion of North Carolina, than we have met with in any other single contemporaneous account. It was written just a fortnight before the plan of the campaign, so skillfully arranged by Governor Martin, was so entirely frustrated by the Battle of Moore's Creek.

PHILADELPHIA, February 13, 1776.

HON'BLE GENTLEMEN:—We received information from General Washington, about ten days ago, that the Mercury Ship of War and several transports with Governor Clinton and a number of soldiers on board have sailed out of Boston harbor, and that he was informed they were bound to New-York. In consequence of this intelligence, he had sent off General Lee to take the command of such forces as could be immediately marched into the city for its de-

fence. General Clinton arrived before the town in the man of war, on the same day that General Lee marched into it. We are this day informed that one of the transports full of soldiers has got into the harbour. It seems to be doubtful whether Clinton intended to land in New York, had he arrived there in time. Some think he is to proceed to the Southward. His going there has occasioned much speculation. It is generally believed by those who get the best information, and we have not the least doubt about the fact, that he is on his way to North Carolina, and that he called at New York, to confer and advise with Governor Tryon, respecting the situation of our colony, the number and temper of the people, and in what manner he might attack them with a probability of success. The particulars as far as we have been able to obtain information of them, are these. That seven regiments were to embark from Great Britain about the first of December and proceed to Hampton Roads in Virginia, there to wait till General Clinton joins them with the troops from Boston, with the plan of operations with Lord Dunmore and proceed to make incursions into North Carolina and the adjacent colonies in such places and manner as best suit their purposes by dividing their forces. We thought it absolutely necessary that you should be informed of these matters, that your best efforts may be exerted to defeat the purposes of them. Should Governor Martin, supported by a body of these troops, introduce himself amongst the Highlanders and Regulators, the consequences might prove fatal to our colony.

We recommend it to your consideration whether it will not be prudent to call a meeting of your Congress, early in April, or sooner if it can be done with propriety; will it not be proper to appoint several general officers to command the militia in case large bodies should be called forth? Seven Regiments of 680 men each, with the accession of Tories and perhaps negroes, will be a formidable force, and will require your greatest abilities to oppose it. You will see by Lord North's motion in Parliament on the 20th November, what the colonies have to expect from that quarter. We earnestly hope our colony will stand firm and oppose the tyranny of that corrupt Parliament to the last extremity.

We wrote to you three days ago when we expected to have sent off the wagon, but meeting with a disappointment in the powder (that in the Magazine being all common powder, very coarse and ordinary) we judged it improper to

send any till the best kind can be got. We are obliged to detain the wagon a few days till a vessel, arrived in the river (with sixty tons of Saltpetre, thirteen tons of powder and 1,800 arms) gets up to town. A copy of that letter with sundry papers therein referred to, are now enclosed. We should be glad to know the time you fix upon for the meeting of your Congress, and are with the utmost respect,

Honorable gentlemen,

Your most obedient and  
Very humble servants,

WILL. HOOPER,  
JOSEPH HEWES,  
JOHN PENN.

The Hon'ble Cornelius Harnett, Esq., and other members of the Council of Safety of North Carolina.

WE are ever glad to receive letters from the ladies, if of no other kind than those of *friendship*; we would most assuredly prefer them to be of a *different* nature, but are rather afraid they would produce the same effect as the apple thrown by Discord did, in olden times, and we would have to settle it in the modern manner by ordering *coffee, &c.*, for *six* at six in the morning. We are rejoiced that the ladies have finally formed a favorable opinion of us (although *one young lady* said some *mighty hard words* about *one* of us) for we no longer entertain fears of the premature death of our Magazine. We have laid it down as a maxim with *us*, as the ladies are, so are, or eventually will be, the men; they use such gentle, persuasive means that they lead men unconsciously wherever they please as easily as the wind bends the fragile reed. We know some, and perhaps all, the *married* ladies will say this isn't so; but we say it is, and if they want proof we can bring it up.

To our fair correspondent we say, although we have not seen you, yet we like *you*—that is, we like your letter, and if we were to have the honor of seeing you there is no telling what we wouldn't do. So let us insist on your attending our

next Commencement—we promise you a plenty of fun and a ———, if you will choose one of us; if not, there are about three hundred *almost* as *acceptable* as we, but we would rather you would be more *limited* in the number from which you select the fortunate, &c. Don't understand us as expressing any doubts of our *superiority*. Do come. Don't neglect to compliment us again soon by a letter or *something else*.

For ladies one and all we have a word: The Magazine was established equally as much for the cultivation of Literature among the ladies as among the men, and nothing conceivable would honor more both the State and the Magazine than articles from the pens of the fair and gifted daughters of Old North Carolina.

DEAR MESSRS. EDITORS: I like you. At least I like your Magazine which comes to the same thing. You don't know anything about me.—No I won't I say that either; some of you *may have seen* me, but if you have, I don't intend you shall recognize me, for I have a whim to write under a fictitious name, so that not even my own family shall be in the secret, much less you who have only ——— will, you who know nothing about me except what I choose to tell you. I'm not much of a writer. My correspondents might contradict this assertion, for I usually write unconscionably long letters, so my friends tell me, all except those who read them, and whether they mean to flatter me or not I don't know, but they *always* say their only fault is that there is not enough of them, "interesting but too short," &c., be that as it may, when I just now said I was not much of a writer. I meant to inform you that I am altogether unaccustomed to writing for Magazines and such like—this being to confess the truth, my maiden effort, I've been thinking for sometime I'd like to write for the University Magazine, because I believe in encouraging home talent, and I wouldn't for any consideration, that the brilliant *illuminations* of my budding genius should *illuminate* the pages of any periodical out of "my own, my native State;" but I'm sadly afraid I shan't be able to make out anything worthy of publication after all. Well I'll do my best at any rate, and if you don't think my productions deserve a corner in your

paper you can just throw them under the table, having sustained only the slight loss of the few minutes it will take to glance over them.

A late writer in Harper's Magazine says: "If you put down on paper what you think, and as you think it, somebody if not most folks will agree with you, and wonder why they hadn't thought about writing themselves—when after all there's no writing about it." Now that's exactly what I want to do. I want to put down on paper just whatever I think on any subject, which may happen to strike me particularly—to be a little bit of Fanny Fern in my way (oh the vanity of woman!) Not that I intend to ape that lady's style, expressions and various other prettinesses, as Ellen Louise of "The Illustrated Family Friend" did; for I do assure you if I had any idea I should make myself as intensely ridiculous as that same Ellen Louise—bah! the very name is enough to sicken one—I would scatter the ashes of this sheet of paper (having first burnt it) to the four winds of heaven, and throw inkstand, ink and pen into—their accustomed places in my desk. I do hope however I shan't ever arrive at that pitch of absurdity—*nous verrons!*

Now gentlemen *don't* you want to know something about me—my age, height, color of my eyes and hair, whereabouts I live, &c.? If you don't, it don't make any diff—that is—well I hope you do.

My age first. I'm a little more than 12, and a little less than 24 years old. I might say a little less than 20, and 't would be the truth too, but then I know you would shake your wise heads and say, "This won't do at all, that girl is entirely too young to write for the *North Carolina University Magazine!*" But dear Messrs. Editors *could* you be so ungenerous as to throw up a lady's age, or rather youth, at her in that fashion? I couldn't be made to believe it—or that you would allow so trivial a circumstance to influence your decision of the merit or demerit of my poor contributions, so I tell you candidly it will thunder a good many times between this and my 20th birthday. So much for my age, and that important matter exactly settled, I proceed I don't know exactly how many feet and inches would give you the right idea of my height, but I very often say to myself and sometimes to my friends in reference to my size, "In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness hideth." I know gentlemen of your penetration can easily understand from this, that I am as the novels have it, "a little below the medium size."

I shan't tell you what color my eyes and hair are, only it has been said to me of the former, "Mild as heaven's own *blue* it beameth," &c., and of the latter, "In his heart he preferred the least ringlet that curled," &c., but that's not telling the *color* however.

Now about my place of residence. I live in a quiet village, where but little more than "the softened echo of the world" reaches us. My own home, if you remem— if you could see it I mean, would remind you of the "cot in the valley I love," "humble but happy." Our little village is secluded, and partakes a little of the Rip Van Winkle spirit which has been laid to the charge of our dear old State, ("Heaven's blessings attend her!") but I think our quiet folks are rousing up a little and are coming up in a measure with the "goaheadiveness" of the age.

I am quite appalled on looking back upon what I have written, to see how much of my sheet has been devoted to "ma petite moi-même," especially as I candidly detest the "egotist" style in conversation, letters, books and—*magazines*. However, it is always hard to make a start at any thing: "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute" you know, and I may improve. "Happy in this I am not yet so old but I may learn; and happier than this"—I won't go any farther.

I think I have chatted enough, considering it is the first time I ever had the honor of addressing you, and must begin to think about taking my leave for the present. If I like the reception I meet with on this my first visit to you I may probably repeat the experiment. I should like to borrow the *coiffure* which made Jack the Giant-killer invisible, and pay you a visit *in propria persona* while you are reading what I have written—however if you should criticise very mercilessly I might repeat my ill-advised wish. I think I must be a *brave* girl to risk submitting my green attempts to the eyes of six seniors—oh, I musn't think about it or my courage will certainly fail me, and I've just got it screwed up to the sticking point. With a desperate effort I say good-bye!

M. I.—

COL. PICKETT, THE HISTORIAN AND NACTIVE NORTH CAROLINIAN.—In looking over the Advertiser and Gazette, published in Montgomery, Ala., we observed the following just and complimentary notice of Col. Albert J. Pickett's History of Alabama:

PICKETT'S HISTORY OF ALABAMA ABROAD.—Mr. Walsh, the Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, says that the "History of Alabama," is very favorably noticed in the French *Atheneum*, of [the 7th inst. This announcement, by so distinguished a writer as Mr. Walsh, giving the opinion of a periodical so excellent for its taste and extensive circulation in Europe, should be very gratifying, not only to Col. Pickett, our townsman, but to every citizen of Alabama.

If the first book of an author has received an approval so universal, not only from our whole Southern community, but at the North and in several parts of Europe, we can look forward with confidence to the success of his new work, the 'HISTORY OF THE SOUTH WEST,' which, we understand, is in a state of preparation."

Col. Pickett was born in the county of Anson in this State. He is a son of the late Hon. William Raiford Pickett, and a brother of the late Hon. W. Dixon Pickett, formerly a Judge of Alabama and a graduate of this Institution. He is just in the very prime of life, being only forty-three years of age, and, as was stated above, is now engaged in writing a history of the South West, a portion of our Union rich in scenes and events of thrilling interest and momentous importance. His fellow-citizens, at one time, earnestly solicited him to enter the political arena; but his taste, his inclination and private business led him to reject political promotion and to turn aside into the field of polite and elegant literature, and he is now employing his time and talents in a branch of literature, which will win him a desirable and permanent fame, and which will interest the intelligent people of his adopted State, and of the whole world more highly than any humorous stories of border-life, or splendid tales of fiction; for

"The classic days, those mothers of romance,  
That roused a nation for a woman's glance,  
The age of mystery with its hoarded power,  
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,  
Have past and faded like a dream of youth,  
And riper eras ask for HISTORY'S TRUTH."

In the announcement of College officers in our last issue, we regret the *faux pas* occasioned by the omission of Mr. E. H. Plummer's name as Ball-Manager. We sincerely hope the gentleman will pardon us, as it was an unintentional over-sight.

MARRIED in the city of Raleigh, on the 7th of March, by Rev. Dr. Mason, Wm. W. Holden, Editor of the North Carolina Standard, to Miss Louisa V. daughter of the late Robert Harrison.

We, or at least one of us, were present on the above occasion, and never spent a more pleasant evening. The Editor of the Standard really looked *handsome*, but was excused, as this was a particular occasion. We have been informed since that he could have looked better if *he had tried*, but *he did not try*.

The ceremonies passed off very pleasantly indeed. There was a large collection of ladies; very pleasant ones too, judging from the manner in which the gentlemen appeared to be entertained. And what seemed to be (will the ladies excuse?) equally entertaining was the richly laden table, which was a *perfect star* in a dietetic point of view, and other *et ceteras*.

May happiness attend Mr. Holden and his happy bride, and may the Standard meet with the success its *new form* merits.

It is with pleasure we have heard of the election of our friend and class-mate, Joseph P. Jones, as Colonel Commandant of the 53d Regiment of North Carolina Militia.

#### OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

A KISS FROM A LADY IS REJECTED.—We are *so modest* as never to accept a *kiss* unless delivered *in persona* and *individually*.

LECS is again welcomed to our *sanctum*, but we are sorry the *Magazine* will not as yet consent to acknowledge his visit.

Lecs, 'tis strange, yes passing strange, that in this age of progress, this age of "go-aheadiveness," a *man* of your unquestioned talent and strong judgment should select subjects, which went out of date almost before the flood, upon which to place the impress of your genius. Remember it requires a master-pen to adorn hackneyed subjects in new and attractive garbs, and even then, it is almost an impossibility. You have the ability but not the experience and *age*. You say, "As for ourself, when we would settle down for life, we ask an educated, refined and intellectual young lady as a companion; one whom we might with safety consult on every business, one who would be a companion and a teacher that we might

tread with life's thorny paths in happiness and peace." Now we are afraid that, by publishing your article, we might injure your prospects of getting even an *old lady* with whom "to tread life's thorny paths," and that, you know, might be a *thorn* in your side which would *perhaps* carry you to a premature grave. So Lec's take a more "progressive" subject and we will always be glad to hear from you.

Our contributions have of late been more numerous than usual. A writing *mania* has seized the *Juniors*, why we know not—*something* undoubtedly is rapidly approaching and will soon happen. We'll be glad to hear from any and all, the ladies *especially*.

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

MAY, 1854.

No. 4.

RETREAT OF GENERAL HOWE FROM SAVANNAH,  
FROM MEMOIRS OF HOWE.

BY A. M. HOOPER.

From the 24th to the 29th December, a period of great excitement and earnest discussion on all points relating to the invasion, this subject, (the suspected passes) had its full share. During the whole of these five days, Col. Walton, voluble and diffuse on every other topic, maintained on this alone, an unaccountable reserve.

At length the spell was broken—a communication was made although at “the eleventh hour.”

I will give it in his own words as quoted from his testimony :

“Being ignorant of what was really intended to be done, and tired of the suspense in which I had so long remained,—some time in the forenoon, I took Colonels Preston and Martin who had engaged to act with me that day, down upon the bluff, upon the left of the army, with a view to observe the motions of the enemy, who began to make some little parade on the rice field, as though an attempt was designed upon our left, by way of the fort.—

I instantly formed the conjecture that it was a deception, and that they would attempt our right, by the way of the pass at Milledges old field, and I immediately determined to order the militia that way, and mentioned it to them and said I would then go to Gen. Howe, let him know what I had done and my fears of the designs of the enemy. I presently found the General at the right of the army and immediately asked him if he was not afraid that the light troops of the enemy would get round upon our right. He told he was not, for that he had fortified the only pass below Tatnal’s house. I asked him where the work was, and he pointed to the place. I told him that the enemy would not attempt to cross the swamp there; that there was a very easy dry pass lower down and more convenient to the enemy.

He said I was surely mistaken, and desired me to look at the work he had caused to be thrown up. I rode down, examined it and returned to the Gene-

ral and repeated what I had first said; and seeing that he was confident that the work had been thrown up at the proper place, the more certainly to convince him, I made use of the following expressions, or words to the like purpose—General, in order that you may be convinced that what I say to you is true, I assert to you upon my honor, that before the war I have frequently crossed the pass—I mean in a chair with young ladies picking jessamines. This had the deserved effect. He appeared convinced, and asked me where my regiment was; I told him I had moved it to the right. He thanked me and told me to go and reconnoitre the pass I had mentioned. I instantly went off and as I entered the swamp along the pass, I perceived the British light infantry stepping over the little difficulties in their way with great facility. I was perceived, but not fired at. Foreseeing that the enemy would soon be round, I rode full speed round with the intelligence to the ground, where the militia and horse were stationed, and sent word to Gen. Howe, and followed immediately myself and reported the enemy were in force, on our right. I was ordered to the militia in front of which at the distance of 70 or 80 yards, the enemy formed the line of two deep in numbers as appeared about 350.”\*

Thus it is evident that Walton failed in the object for which Howe ordered him to the pass, namely, to give notice by resistance at the outlet, that the enemy were succeeding in the right.

If it be asked why Howe who disappeared of Walton should appoint him to the command which had previously been assigned to Marbury, who enjoyed his respect. I answer, that Walton was the only person acquainted with the pass. Policy therefore, dictated, and necessity enforced the measure, and a like policy, and a like necessity pointed out, immediately after the course of stationing an officer to overlook Walton. It was with such views that when the enemy appeared in sight he requested Marbury to go up and remain *on the right between*, and to have an eye on the breast-work and the *militia*.

The intention was, not that Marbury should supersede Walton, but that he should counsel and persuade him to do his duty, and if he could not effect this purpose to urge him to retreat immediately.

Marbury was well fitted for this duty. He went up to Walton's command and found him with about 90 militia and a field piece, posted at the back of the new barracks.

About 3 o'clock, the enemy emerged from the swamp, and shortly after formed on an eminence that the militia had occupied a little before and which Walton made an effort to regain, but was too late.

When Marbury was first sent to counsel Walton the militia were posted on this eminence which was near a branch, and at some distance from the barracks. When he went the second time they were between the eminence and the barracks. The branch mentioned was that nearest the town and which the enemy were crossing when

\* Col. Walton's testimony in Howe's trial.

Col. McIntosh gave the alarm. The place they crossed was some little distance below the path-way; probably 100 or 150 yards.

The militia seemed to be in confusion when Marbury arrived, and could not be reduced to order. Although Walton prevailed on them to advance and give three cheers, they were still in confusion. Walton then requested Marbury to ride to Gen. Howe and inform him of his situation and apply for support, which he agreed to do.

The occasion now created a secondary object in the mind of Howe, that of skirmishing with the light infantry for the purpose of covering the retreat.—With this view he ordered Ternant to join the militia intended as a security to his right, and post them in such manner as best to answer that object. Ternant hastened to the pass;—just such a man as should be selected to overrule Walton. He could not from his position as Inspector General of the army have been spared sooner. There was, it would seem, a sternness in his deportment that indicated inflexibility and an hauteur not inappropriate, in a soldier of rank, that might have been traced to a consciousness of professional merit. Intent upon his duty, he took the command of the militia, without exchanging a word with Walton, nor did he converse at all with him during the military operations at the pass. In brief, then he attempted every thing that skill and bravery could hope to accomplish, but it was too late, when he reached the pass, to avert the consequences of Walton's inaction at the critical moment, when the enemy were first discovered making their way by

irregular approaches (for they could do so by no other mode) towards the outlet from the swamp. The militia fled a few of them turned and fired in their flight.

Had this inaction of Walton's been designed which certainly was not the case—the time could not have been calculated with more nice precision to bring about the conjuncture which eventuated in the dispersion of the militia.

Ternant having spiked the field piece galloped off to the retreating continentals, and, Marbury having returned with orders from Howe, finding the field in possession of the British went off at full speed to overtake and rally the flying militia.

Howe for the last hour had been preparing for this crisis:—the enemy's getting his rear. Yet the blow when it fell, came with unmitigated force.

Disappointed of a rapid and brilliant campaign in Florida by the tardiness of the State authorities of South Carolina in furnishing supplies—and the obstinate stand taken against him by the faction which at that time ruled and distracted Georgia, and which exhibits to the attentive reader a striking contrast to the public spirit and independence which at the late portentous period so eminently distinguished that great "Empire State of the South"—factions I emphatically repeat, that were utterly incapable of appreciating his zeal in urging them to fortify their shores against invasion—disappointed now of a well devised plan which promised them a triumphant repulse of the enemy at Fair Lawn, and the preservation of the State of Georgia and

her metropolis from British domination, and the yet higher glory of resisting at least until the arrival of re-inforcements an army of picked veterans which more than quadrupled his own troops\*—by an accident, the British commanders meeting a negro who knew of a pathway through a dense swamp apparently impervious and generally under water which let into the rear of the American army—and lastly, exasperated by the malconduct of Walton in concealing his knowledge of this pass, and his disobedience when ordered to take post at the outlet—instead of which, he took post eighty yards from it—and did not fire until Howe had commenced his retreat, and the British infantry were forming on the pine barren. What must have been his feelings when his last measure, his last hope—a retreat without loss—became a dubious issue.

All these reflections must have crowded on his mind when Major Porter communicated to him the appalling fact, of which no signal had forewarned him—that the enemy had crossed the swamp. And yet perfect composure and firmness were manifest in his countenance and manner on this occasion. Even the bitterness of enmity and ingratitude has recorded no angry nor impatient expression as having dropped from his lips. "As soon," says Major Porter, "as he heard the information that the enemy had gained our right, he order a retreat, and sent me to take off a piquet, which was posted on our right and to direct the officer

to take the nearest route on the flanks of our army to Spring Hill.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th December, the army was ordered to retire in the following order :

The South Carolina troops to retreat to Spring Hill, and there form and cover the retreat of the artillery and Georgia troops ; the latter to form somewhere about McGilroy's Path, and there remain until joined by the former (the artillery.)

The army was formed across the road leading from Savannah to Girardeau's, near half a mile from the town under the hill of easy ascent, in an open field with a ravine in front, Tatnal's buildings being more than 100 yards in the right of Gov. Wright's barn.—About the same distance on the left was a traverse across the road in the centre, with two field pieces on it, and a field piece advanced in front of each wing.

On the right was a swamp some distance up, which, at the back of Tatnal's buildings a path led from Milledges to town. On this path a work was thrown up in which was posted a detachment of continental soldiers, and up the same swamp, the militia were posted. The left was in some degree covered by a battery, which commanded part of a low ricefield not very accessible\*

The retreat which had now become extremely difficult,† was ordered immediately. The South Carolina troops forming the advance guard were dis-

\* Stedman says the British army amounted 3,500 men.

\* Elbert's testimony.  
† Elbert.

posed into 16 platoons of 8 files each, was commanded by Col. Huger.

The artillery under Major Roberts followed in the rear and occupied the centre. The Georgia troops were disposed into 8 platoons of 10 files each were commanded by Col. Elbert. The Georgia brigade was formed into close column by sections, by the left with the left in front.

As soon as the artillery moved off, Elbert faced the column to the right about and retreated in that order. A field piece commanded by Capt. DeFoe, 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 in the countenance of their officers†.

The enemy were actively availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by the commencement of the retreat to attack Howe on the right. They opened a brisk fire from their artillery on the Georgia brigade.

The battalions of the 71st and of the Wellworth regiment of Hessians immediately advanced and discharged showers of musquetry on the right flank of the same brigade. The efficiency of Howe's precaution of flanking the brigade, was here strikingly manifested‡. The light infantry gave the British parties so warm a reception that the march of the brigade was not impeded.

Howe's first act at the head of the retreating army was an order, written on horseback with a pencil, directing

Major Lane to evacuate the fort at Sunbury, which he despatched by Captain Mosely\*.

Marbury going to the General with an application from Walton, met him at the head of the South Carolinians, about half-way between Tatnal's and the town. Howe sent him back with orders to Walton† to retreat immediately. Major Porter‡ who had been sent to take off a piquet, on the right, joined the army on the plain near the burying ground. They were marching in column and were in perfectly good order. Howe was on the flanks of the South Carolina brigade, and was attentive to the troops.

He rode down towards the rear of the Georgia troops, and ordered two platoons to be taken out of this brigade, as it was moving, in columns, to act as infantry on the flanks. As they crossed the road the enemy's artillery which were 600 or 700 yards from their rear struck the centre column of the brigade and did some damage; notwithstanding which it preserved perfect order. Just as they gained the summit of a hill 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 at a gallop.

The brigade moved on as quickly as they could, without getting into disorder. Again the flankers repelled their assailants.

Captain Turner and Major Grimki, aids to Gen. Howe in riding ahead of

\* Lieutenant Glasscock.

† Howe's defence.

‡ Major Lucas.

\* Captain Mosely.

† Colonel Marbury.

‡ Major Porter.

him, fell in with Col. Walton, who told them that the part of the militia that had been with him, had retreated towards Spring Hill defile and Skeftall's tan-yard.

Col. Walton had his thigh broken, by a shot from the enemy, and being faint was helped from his horse, but recovered almost immediately from his swoon. Howe came up soon after.—Walton was then lying on the ground.

The musket balls beginning to reach the place where he lay, he took the resolution to go into town. Being lifted on his horse, he crossed the retreating columns and went to Yamacran.

Howe as he passed from his station in the van down to the rear of the army bestowed commendations on all the troops, but in relation to the Georgia brigade he expressed himself with unusual warmth.

It was not that their services were greater, nor that they had endured their privations and sufferings with more exemplary fortitude than their comrades of South Carolina, nor was it the fact, that in the recent exposure, they bore the brunt of the enemy's artillery and musquetry. It was a yet deeper feeling of sympathy and solicitude, which arose from an apprehension that a severer destiny hung over them than that which awaited their fellow-soldiers.

In passing up from the rear, he had witnessed their extraordinary firmness under the assaults of the enemy, and the perfect order they maintained. He tells us, that choosing a favorable point he reined up his horse and fixed his eyes upon the line until the whole had passed; and adds, with evident satisfaction that "better organized columns than

these two brigades he had seldom or never seen, even on parade\*.

Praise is always acceptable, but that praise is most delightful, which flows from the lips of a superior, and the truth of which is attested by the responses of the hearts of the soldiers themselves. Such praise is not only gratifying, but is often productive of results that are signally advantageous.

Howe had learned from experience and still more from reading, what trivial circumstances in war sometimes decide the fate of armies, and how unavailing often, are all the expedients and precautions of the most able commanders in averting calamities.

Such, we may naturally suppose, was the vein of thought from which he was suddenly roused by intelligence that a party of British were seen coming down the Ogeechee road a considerable distance beyond the barracks. On receiving this information he rode at full speed, up the line, to Col. Huger, who was at the head of the South Carolinians, and observing that the body of British, though still at some distance, seemed to be pushing forward to occupy Spring Hill defile; desired him to hasten to that post, to ascertain in what manner Major Wise—who had been ordered to defend the pass to the last man—had posted his party; and if he (Huger) thought it requisite to re-inforce him and take the command.†

In the mean time the artillery and the Georgia brigade which had thus far kept together, proceeded on their march. About 100 yards before they

\* Howe's defence.

† Howe's defence.

reached the southeastern extremity of the town, a body of the enemy advanced to the east of the new barracks and commenced a heavy fire on the left flank of the brigade.

The artillery and the Georgia brigade being in contiguity, the enemy's musquetry swept ever 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 surprise that it was not in sight. This was inexplicable to him at the time and as he could not obtain support for the piece he was compelled to abandon it. The cause of the disappearance of the Georgia brigade, as afterwards ascertained was as follows: The commander Col. Elbert,† observing the South Carolina brigade, beyond the southwest end of the town in some disorder, pushing for Spring Hill, and a body of the enemy near that place keeping up a brisk fire on them; judged it too late in the evening for him to attempt that defence, as the enemy must be in full possession, before he could possibly reach it. In this situation with the enemy in front, flank and rear, he formed the resolution of fighting his the Ogeechee road, where he observed the enemy's line to be weakest.

In order to facilitate the execution of this design he resolved to reduce the columns to files; but aware of the ax-

iomatic principle which prohibits a commander from attempting "to make a change in the formation of his troops during actual combat, resorted to such precautions as he hoped would prevent miscarriage. With this view, he ordered the flanking light infantry to advance and attack the enemy, who were near the column, in order to draw their fire, while he reduced the brigade, and to divert their attention from his main design.

Immediately after the order to the light infantry, as the line advanced, he ordered an open column, as soon as he saw there was a proper distance between the sections; which happened, just as the brigade reached the back of the burying ground.

No more time was lost than was necessary for the following words of command. Halt. Sections, to the left, face, by files to the right wheel, march!

This halt and the movements which succeeded it, threw the brigade from 3 to 400 paces behind the artillery.\* Before he got the rear quite clear of the burying ground, the lines which in *column* had hitherto continued unshaken by the assaults of the enemy—in *files* shrunk under these attacks were 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, and were butchered in their flight.

I will not imitate those historians who on entering upon this passage of

\* Captain Budd.

† Elbert's testimony.

\* Major Lucas' testimony.

the retreat, shrink from the painful facts, that challenge their scrutiny, and averting their eyes, engage the attention of the reader by the display of trivial points, while they leave the main subject in obscurity, though at the head of these writers is the great Edmund Burke.

I will commence with the official letter of the British commander and confine myself to his description of the proceedings on the plain which immediately followed upon the breaking of the Georgia line. It is in these words: "When the scattered troops of Carolina and Georgia ran across the plain, this officer (Sir James Baird) with his usual *gallantry*, dashed his light infantry upon their flanks and terminated the with brilliant success. \* \* \* \* eighty-three men were found dead upon the common and three wounded."\*

There is an important error in this statement, which has misled all our historians; it is confounding the *Carolina* troops, with the *Georgia* brigade, when, in fact, the former were at this time, far ahead and out of sight of the latter.—This error has led historians into another still more gross; that of representing a *partial* rout of the Georgia brigade, as a *total* rout of the whole of Howe's army. Even Marshall has fallen in this mistake. My narration, based principally on facts elicited in the course of Howe's trial, places the subject in its proper light.

The next item to be noticed in the official letter is this sentence: "When the scattered troops, &c., ran across the plain, Sir James Baird with his usual

*gallantry* dashed the light infantry upon their *flanks* and terminated the day with brilliant success." Here the reader may remember that Sir James had under his command 700 men, and we are gravely informed that with this force he attacked and destroyed 94 scattered fugitives, who were running across the plain. Was there ever a more ridiculous gasconade—leaving out of sight the atrocity of the massacre—or a more shameless profanation of the word "*gallantry*?" As to the expression, dashed on their flanks, the idea is absurd.—*Flank* in a military sense, as is well known, applies to the *side* of a battalion or other division, and cannot be applied to scattered fugitives.

Now, with regard to the warm commendation bestowed by Campbell on Sir James Baird, I am astonished at the effrontery with which he sanctions by this approbation, these murderous deeds and attempts to veil them under the usages of war. From this commendation it is evident that Sir James must have acted up to the letter and spirit of his orders, and those orders must have amounted substantially to this: "Accept no surrender! Give no quarter!"

The day, says Campbell, was terminated with brilliant success. I assert that it was terminated on the part of Campbell, with a cold-blooded massacre, executed by seven hundred men on ninety-four unresisting fugitives! and on the part of Howe with a retreat, which would have reflected credit on the name of any commander of the revolutionary war—Washington excepted.

As already stated the greater part of the Georgia brigade fell up one of the streets of Savannah. Some followed

\* Gentleman's Magazine for 1779.

Elbert, who led them through a square the buildings on which had been lately burned down, and halted before the door of the Court House. Calling to Col. Harris who was second in command—he asked him if he could recommend any place through which he could effect a retreat. The Colonel replied that they might get over Musgroves Creek. Elbert observed that it was full tide, and that the creek could not be passable. Harris rejoined that there was a log which he had gone over fifty times. Elbert exclaimed lead me to it. It is a happy circumstance, we will save our men. He then called out, follow me soldiers, and I will lead you to a safe retreat. Hearing the words, "follow the commander!" frequently repeated and apprehending that they might not know what he intended he continued to move slowly on with the few that yet preserved order, waving his sword over his head; and sent Harris back to the rear with orders to push them on, and join him before he got to the creek.

This Harris did, but when they got there, they could not find the log, owing, Elbert supposed, to the high tide. As the only alternative, Elbert ordered the soldiers to swim the creek. A few obeyed. Others alleged that they could not swim. Some of the enemy who had been at Spring Hill moved down, and kept up a smart fire on Elbert and his party, rather than be taken prisoner, Elbert saved himself by swimming across the creek, as did Col. Harris and Major Grimki\*.

Major Lucas with eighty men of the first column of the brigade arrived at the mouth of McGilroy's creek, where from the words used by Elbert, he inferred he intended to direct his march. Having no orders to go further, he halted and staid there some time, when Major Haberisham, a superior officer arrived.

This officer hoisted a flag and surrendered the party to the enemy's forces who had by this time reached the place. The greater part of the brigade who went into Savannah, having reached the creek were included in the surrender\*.

The events just related of the overthrow of the Georgia brigade, and their subsequent misfortunes following each other in quick succession, were crowded into a brief space of time. While Howe was carrying into effect his arrangements for re-inforcing the party at the defile, and some other measures for protecting his army, in their retreat, all their calamities befell this ill-fated brigade. Howe incurred as little delay as possible, for so soon as he had satisfied himself that every expedient had been adopted for the security of the army he rode down towards the rear of the line, but coming to the artillery, he found to his great surprise that the Georgia brigade was not in view. None of the officers of the corps could give him any information of the time or cause of the separation.

Alarmed at the mysterious disappearance of these troops, he sent orders to the South Carolina brigade who were

\* Elbert's testimony.

\* Howe's defence.

in front, to hasten their march for the defile, and urged Major Roberts to press on the artillery, as he was anxious for its safety also.

The scene of terror and confusion which ensued upon the rout of the Georgia troops is depicted in a few striking particulars by an eye witness.

"Georgia citizens and Georgia troops, scattered every where, some on foot running and others on horseback riding at full speed; all in affright and disorder and all aiming at the same point, the Spring Hill, defile and straining every nerve to reach it."\*

About this time there was a scene being enacted in the distance, which, could Howe have beheld it, would have reanimated and inspired him with fresh ardor. It was the attempt of a British party to dislodge Huger from his post at the defile, and his gallant stand which compelled them to retire. His party was the one mentioned by Elbert as moving down from the defile to the mouth of the creek, and pouring their volleys of vengeance on the fragments of the Georgia brigade who had retreated there.

The General now took his station at the head of the South Carolina brigade, about one hundred yards west of the barracks. Col. Ternant who had made some attempts to join the retreating continentals joined him. They were retreating in tolerably good order although annoyed by the fire of the enemy\*. Parties of the British soldiery were continually sallying from the town to attack the retreating divisions, and

the light infantry on Howe's flanks, as often advancing to meet and to drive them back, in which they always succeed. These conflicts between the British assailants and the American flankers continued until Howe reached the southwest 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 repelled 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 of the skirmishes or slaughter which preceded it.

When Howe got near the defile, he was met by Col. Marbury. That indefatigable officer had followed the flying militia from the pass on the right, to some distance beyond the defile in expectation of rallying them, and was now returning without having succeeded in his object. Howe urged him to make another attempt, and he again set out in pursuit of them. At this time the troops were in great disorder. The army at length reached the defile, and Howe took possession of the houses on each side of it. Here Ternant reported to him his efforts in executing the commission on which he had been sent, to supersede Col. Walton, at his post. It was in words to this effect. General, I take this opportunity to report to you,

\* Ternant.

\* M'Call's Annals of Georgia.

† Marbury's testimony.

the result of the commission with which you honored me, in ordering me to join the militia at the pass, intended as a further protection of the right flank.— You were pleased to direct me to post them in such a manner as would best answer the object, which was to cover the retreat. I rode to the post with a celerity due to the importance of the exigency. I found them drawn up in one rank, to the number of ninety-three, with a field-piece, nearly opposite the pass. The British light infantry were formed on an eminence near the swamp and amounted to about three hundred and fifty men. The field piece was directed to fire into the thickest of the enemy, and the militia encouraged to keep their ground until the enemy by approaching nearer could be fired upon and skirmished with, so as to cover the retreat of the troops from Fair Lawn.

On more reflection, however, I thought it best to advance the militia, who were at too great a distance from the swamp (70 or 80 yards) closer to it; but before the necessary movements could be performed with this irregular body—to my surprise another division of the British light infantry, about three hundred and fifty in number, came out of the swamp—filing off to the right and left, so as to come on the flank of the militia who from that moment could not be prevailed upon to make the smallest alteration in their actual position. As soon as the light infantry had performed their angular evolutions out of the reach of the musketry, and had arrived at the wings of the militia, they marched briskly, or rather rushed on with great shouts.

Struck by the immense superiority of the enemy by the recent accession from the swamp, which augmented their force to seven hundred men, the militia broke and fled towards Spring Hill causeway.\* (Some of them who were inhabitants of Savannah fled thither and were bayoneted by the British Light Infantry†)

A few of the militia fired their guns as they were retiring, upon which the enemy poured in a heavy fire.

As soon as the field piece was spiked up I rode off and attempted to join the Continental troops, but could not succeed until I met them to the westward of the barracks.

“The body of *militia* here spoken of, must not be confounded with the Georgia *brigade* who were *regulars*, a part of whom—nearly coincident in number with the militia—by the ill-judged deviation of Elbert from the orders of Howe, and his subsequent fatal attempt to change the formation of the column, were cut off shortly afterwards, from the main body of the retreating army, and thrown into the power of the same enemy—Sir James Baird.

This body of militia under Col. Walton had been posted at the pass with orders to resist the enemy at the outlet, and thereby give notice of their passage through the swamp. How Walton performed this duty has been seen by the testimony of Marbury and the report of Ternant.

The troops, with the artillery, except one field piece which was abandoned, were got over the causeway and passed

\* Ternant's Testimony.

† McCall's Annals.

through the defile as far as the Red house, called McGilorays, near the upper end of the defile, where they halted.

By this time Col. Marbury returned and reported that he had again overtaken the militia beyond the upper end of the defile, but that this last attempt had been as ineffectual as the former.

When all hope of the Georgia brigade arriving seemed to be extinguished, Howe thought it best to march on as the enemy were pressing on him. He halted again at the upper end of the defile. The General now sent Marbury with orders to Col. White who commanded the galleys, lying at Race Hall, 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; but at the same time, with orders not to remain in any place so long as to endanger the force under his command.

It is said by McCall that Howe was desirous to maintain his stand at this place some time longer, but the impetuosity of the enemy compelled him to retire. Howe's account is more probable.

"We staid here," says he, (at the upper end of the defile) "some time longer, hoping that the missing troops or some part of them, might arrive; but being informed by a person coming out of the town that he saw them going towards Yamacran—and the South Carolina brigade with the artillery, having passed through the defile and reached some distance on the retreat, and the enemy still keeping up a smart fire upon us,

the motives for remaining here ceased."\*

He therefore continued his march until he arrived at Cherokee Hill, eight miles from Savannah, late at night. At this place his first step was to send Lt. Fennill, with orders to Lieut. Smith, who had command at Ogeechee Ferry, to evacuate his post—to retreat and join the army at Two Sisters' Ferry.—Becoming apprehensive that his first order written in the act of retreating—to evacuate the fort at Sunbury, was not received, he on this halt wrote one, more explicit in its contents, respecting the order for evacuation, and directing that if the stores could not be removed, they should be destroyed and the cannon spiked. This letter he sent by Capt. Wood. Another to the same effect, was sent by a different officer in less than an hour afterwards, with orders to Major Lane, the officer commanding, to retreat across the country and join the General at the Two Sisters' Ferry.†

Some, if not all of these orders were received, but the officer delayed obeying them, until he heard from the General again, in consequence of which the party fell into the enemy's hands a few days afterwards. Major Lane, had recently been second in command at that post, when an attack upon it had been gallantly repulsed. The magistrates and citizens of the town (Sunbury) hoping for the same favorable issue again, beset and implored him to continue in the fort. The importunity of his fellow citizens prevailed on him to defer the execution of his orders, and

\* Howe's defence.

† Ibid.

hence the result noticed above. He was subsequently tried by a Court-martial, and dismissed for disobedience of orders.

On the night of the 30th December, Howe reached Trentlan's plantation, about forty-five miles from Savannah. He halted that night at a plantation a mile from Trentlan's, and the next morning sent Major De Keyser to Augusta, with orders for the troops stationed there, to cross the river and join the continental army wherever they might be.\*

Howe, in his retreat, nowhere destroyed or took up the bridges; assigning as a reason that he would not put it out of the power of the inhabitants to remove their effects. There was a great deal of property and some lives saved by this precaution.†

He also sent a party of horse to Ebenezer bridge to guard the pass and to give notice of the approach of the enemy.‡

The reader will remember that when Howe arrived at Cherokee Hill though it was late at night he did several important acts, and that among these was that of sending Lieut. Fennell to Lieut. Smith, who commanded at Ogeechee Ferry, with orders to evacuate his post, and join the army at the Two Sisters. It appears, at the halt, that such was the celerity of these two officers, that Lieut. Smith succeeded in joining a detachment of the rear guard at Ebenezer, after a march of thirty-six hours through a country of swamps and covered with water.

On the 31st of December, Howe arrived at the Two Sisters ferry and commenced sending over the baggage. The army crossed the river the same day in boats. The few he could not get over at that time, he left under the command of Col. Hunger, at the Two Sisters, with orders to join the army at Puryburg. Thus, after two days of fatigue and anxiety, Howe accomplished his purpose of placing his army beyond the reach of immediate vicinity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gen. Howe having resigned his command to Gen. Lincoln at Puryburgh, set off on the 4th of January, 1779, for the head quarters of Gen. Washington.

\* \* \* \* \*

The loss of the Americans in the unfortunate affair at Savannah, according to the official accounts of the British commander was as follows:

“Thirty-eight officers of different distinctions.

Four hundred and fifteen non-commissioned and privates.

One stand of colors.

Forty-eight pieces of cannon, (belonging to Savannah.)

Twenty-three mortars.

Ninety barrels of gunpowder. In short, (Campbell adds,) the Capitol of Georgia, a large quantity of provisions, &c., &c., all fell into our possession 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.”\*

My account of the retreat, as I have more than once mentioned, is based on

\* Howe's defence.

† Mr. John Wearat's testimony.

‡ Howe's defence.

\* Gentleman's Magazine for 1779.

the testimony adduced at the trial of Howe.

To exhibit the contrast between Campbell's statement and mine, I will once more revert to his official. "On this occasion," (conjuncture it should be) says Campbell, "*I commanded the line of march* briskly forward. The well directed artillery of the line, the rapid advance of the 71st regiment, and the forward countenance of the Hessian regiment of Wellworth, *instantly* dispersed the enemy,"\* &c., &c.

"If the statements of Campbell be true, those of numerous witnesses of unimpeachable veracity, and American officers of the highest honor—are false.—If Campbell's statement be true, there was no retreat, on the part of Howe. He was vanquished at a single blow; and the same blow that destroyed Howe at his position at Fair Lawn, annihilating time and distance, demolished ninety four of the Georgia brigade on the plain at a distance of a mile and a half and at this plain, according to Campbell terminated the whole action of the day—"with brilliant success!"

If Campbell's account be true, the relation on oath of Gen. Elbert of the progress of Howe's retreat from his position at Fair Lawn, to a point within a hundred yards of the southeastern extremity of the town—where he deviated and attempted to change the formation of the troops—must also be a fable though attested by several other witnesses of high respectability, and by Howe himself. If on the contrary, the statements of these witnesses be

true, as I have no doubt they are, I have convicted Campbell of the grossest falsehood, and moreover of a criminal suppression of facts with regard to that part of the retreat which extended from the southeastern extremity of the town to the Spring Hill defile; as none but the commander could have detached parties in pursuit of the retreating army, with orders to hang on their flanks, nearly the whole of that stage of the retreat.

It is true that Howe's army was sadly reduced; but does that fact lessen the difficulties or the glory of the retreat? In my opinion it in an extraordinary degree enhances both.

Having in my narrative of the retreat, referred to Edmund Burke, I feel that it involves me in an obligation to speak of him more fully in regard to this affair.

Placed on a lofty eminence as the annalist of the British Isles, of continental Europe, of India and of America his vast abilities and his exalted character would naturally inspire the hope, that he would open a new era in historical literature; that truth and justice—severe truth, and rigid justice, would be the main objects of his researches. But so far as my limited investigations have presented his character as a historian to my view—I have been woefully disappointed.

He has indeed diffused inimitable splendors over these immense and diversified fields. He has introduced occasionally, philosophical views which are deeply interesting. He has embellished history with all the graces of rhetoric—but he has formed no new era—he has made no moral improve-

\* Gentleman's Magazine for 1779.

ment in the science—he has not imparted to history the terrors of her “awful face.” He has not always separated truth from falsehood; nor does he appear desirous to do so. He seems to have received the statements of the Gazettes with sanguine and implicit confidence.

In his notice of the tragedy of which I have given my readers a glimpse, he has certainly been misled by these publications. Nay more, he has decorated the official letter of Campbell with the felicities of his own peculiar diction, and spread over the picture the tints of his own brilliant imagination and thus sanctioned falsehood under the semblance of truth. Far less penetration than Burke possessed and a very small share of his critical acumen would have sufficed to separate the crimes which Campbell landed, from the high sounding appellatives, with which he attempted to disguise them and expose the actors more fully than can be done after the lapse of 70 years. \* \* \* \*

One who has been detected in gross falsehood is naturally suspected whenever a case occurs in which his interest would lead him to exaggerate or misrepresent. I find it impossible to credit Campbell's statement of the numbers of prisoners taken. Thirty-eight officers and four hundred and fifteen non-commissioned and privates could not have been taken of the Georgia brigade in addition to eighty-three killed, and several officers and privates, who, it is certain, made their escape, and gave their testimony on the trial. Of the South Carolina brigade or the artillery, not one was taken. Campbell adds that he learns from some of the prisoners that

thirty were drowned in the swamps in attempting to escape, which increases the amount to five hundred and sixty-six men, lost to Howe's army, leaving only *one hundred and eighty-four men*, for the South Carolina brigade, and the artillery, beside some light horse who accompanied Howe. Can it be believed that these two bodies of troops, consisted of no more than this number? and is it credible that with such a handful of men, Howe could have made an orderly retreat, in the face of an attacking and pursuing force of from seven hundred to fourteen hundred men, who annoyed him until he passed the upper Spring Hill defile, a distance of five miles, according to the best information I can obtain!

#### DEATH OF HOWE.

Howe, after he got among his friends in North Carolina, was induced to become a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons of the Legislature of North Carolina, to represent the county of Brunswick that year, (1785.)

He canvassed the county during the hottest part of the summer. In his journey he was frequently obliged to swim his horse over water-courses where there was no bridges, and underwent all the hardships of traveling through a thinly settled country. He succeeded in his election. The exposure I have mentioned, although trifling when compared with those he endured in his campaign against Florida, and from which he experienced no injury, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever. I saw him after he recovered. He came to Wilmington on business. He landed from his boat at

Orange street dock, near to which my father then resided. I descried him at a distance and ran to meet him. He ascended the hill, much more precipitous than it is at present, without apparent fatigue, though I thought he looked feeble.

On hearing that my father was not at home he gave me a note for him, and desired me to be careful of it, as it contained money, and then look leave. While I went to deposit it in a place of safety, he left the spot, and I saw him no more.

How slight seems the link that connects the patriot of the eighteenth, with the septuagenarian of the nineteenth century, and yet how enduring it is!—Howe little dreamed, that the boy whose hand he then pressed, would, more than sixty years afterwards, be collecting materials to become the compiler of his memoirs, and the vindicator of his fame.

A day or two after I saw him in Wilmington, Howe set off for the seat of the Legislature, which, I think, was Fayetteville. This was about the latter end of October.

On the evening of the first day's ride, he reached Point Repose, the residence of his brother officer, Brigadier General Thomas Clark. He probably con-

templated a visit of some days to his compatriot. There were many revolutionary reminiscences to be touched on, and there was much in the era through which the country was then passing, of "State politics, and unreasonable jealousies"\* to afford a wide range for free conversation and anxious discussion, among the friends of an "efficacious union";† and in the cause of such an union, Howe was preparing to become a conspicuous and energetic actor. But vain are the plans and expectations of mortals! Howe, shortly after he reached Point Repose, was again attacked by the fever from which he had but partially recovered. This relapse was marked by alternations of delirium and stupor, which continued for two weeks. On the morning of the last day the stupor left him. He rose and dressed himself, but soon becoming exhausted, he threw himself on the bed, and in the course of an hour he expired.

His remains were conveyed to Kendal, his plantation in Brunswick county, and interred in the family burying ground.

\* Letter of Washington to Hamilton—Sparks, vol. 8, page 109—110.

† Ibid.,

## RORY SIMMONS, OR THE UGLY MAN.

Not many years since, there existed in the far-famed county of Sampson, an individual, who, for the singularity of his shape, the incidents connected with his life, and above all, his tragical birth, is well deserving of the study of every naturalist and the notice of every historian. But it seems that he shares the fate of many of our illustrious men of the Revolution, and his deeds have been suffered to moulder in the dusty archives of oblivion till scarcely a vestige of his true character has been left behind, and we had just as well attempt to straddle a streak of lightning, "to bind the unicorn," or discover the sources of the Nile, as to collect the incidents of his life into the form of a biography. No record has been left behind to tell of his illustrious achievements, and the fruits of his prowess rest only in tradition.

Like every great man, he came into the world under adverse circumstances. With an olfactory organ whose longitudinal dimension was so great, that it invariably stirred up the sugar in his coffee before his lips touched the rim of the cup, with lips that looked like two huge waffle-irons bedaubed with dough swung to a steel-trap kind of a mouth; and ears that resembled the auricular appendages of the *genus mulus*, he was an object of terror to all around him, and tradition avers that, at his birth, his

mother was so terrified at the appearance of the being she had brought into existence, like Milton's Sin at the birth of Death, that she shrunk back from him in the agonies of horror, and uttering a harsh shrill shriek, gave up the ghost, thus leaving him at the very entrance into life, without a mother's smiles and encouragements to stimulate him to noble efforts, and above all, without that maternal oversight, which is so essential to "traming up a child in the way he should go."

But the ways of the Almighty are mysterious, and who can tell the good he brings about by misfortune. He has so ordained it, that true greatness will always manifest itself, and though it may for awhile be trampled down by the iron-heel of despotism, or obscured from public view by the dark clouds of prejudice and obscurity of birth, the day-star of glory will eventually shine upon it, and the goddess fortune will expel, as if by magic, all the mists of ignorance that are hanging over the popular mind. 'Tis circumstances that bring to light the powers that lie within, and circumstances that make known to the individual the hidden treasures of his own genius.

Rory Simmons (for such was the name of the subject of this memoir,) soon grew up and waxed fat; for he lived

"In this, our happy and 'progressive' age,  
When all alike ambitious cares engage;  
When beardless boys to sudden sages grow,  
And 'Miss' her nurse abandons for a beau;"

and being fully impressed with the spirit of the times, managed by plentiful feeding and little exercise, to induce his "middle part" to progress so rapidly that in a short time his eyes were almost unable to see his toes. His father could not fail to see the progress his son was making toward "honorable manhood," and desirous that he should not be cast upon the cold uncharitable world without knowing "how to make a living for himself," resolved to take him out to a neighboring pond and teach him all the minutiae of "Huckleberry picking," the favorite employment of his countrymen; and at the age of fourteen, with a pick-basket on his arm and a sheep-bell girt about his neck, he sauntered out from the retirement of his father's log cabin, to make his first appearance in public. I will not do him the injustice to attempt a minute description of the excitement that prevailed among the "huckleberry women" when he made his entrance into the pond, on account of the supernatural power he seemed to have over the habits of the animals around him. Suffice it to say, that cows, that were never known to raise their heads before, went scampering off, like herds of deer, at sight of him, making the surrounding hills reverberate with their mournful bellowings; hogs dropped their tails and rushed off through the bushes as precipitately as if they had been decoyed into a hornets nest; the dogs, owned by the "huckleberry pickers," curled their tails under them and scampered

away in a greater hurry, than their representative in the fable when the lion turned upon him and roared; and even the feathered songsters of the forest, as they stretched over their necks from behind the thick foliage of the trees, commenced a terrible "chit chatting," as if to say they had never seen the like before.

"*Huckleberries*" and red dirt (of which he consumed no small amount) had conspired to give him a rotundity of abdomen and palidness of cheek not much unlike those of the celebrated Rousy Sniffle in the Georgia Scenes.— His hair, being unencumbered by the useless weight of a hat and unchecked in its progress by the intervention of the shears, soon grew to the size of a common brush-heap, and from the intense redness of its color, was not unfrequently mistaken for the Aurora Borealis. As for his eyes, like the terrible Cyclops, he had but one,

"But that was a whopper—a terrible one—  
'As large (Virgil says) as the disk of the sun!'  
A brilliant, but rather extravagant figure,  
Which means, I suppose, that his eye was much  
bigger

Than yours—or even the orb of your sly  
Old bachelor-friend who's 'a wife in his eye.'

His feet stuck out like shovels, and it was a custom with him to wear his pants short enough to display their most extraordinary dimensions. His broad palm-leaf hands, he invariably carried spread out like a strutting peacock's tail, beneath slim long wrists, which were covered by short frazzled calico sleeves, and his elbows stuck up like "grasshoppers." In fine, he united all the species of deformity, and stood forth pre-eminently the prince of ugly fel-

lows, in as much as nature seems to have intended him as a burlesque upon the *genus homo*.

Like too many youths of our land at the present day, he was reared up in comparative ignorance of his unparalleled charms, for, although the cattle always fled at his approach and his father's dog would invariably conceal himself under the house when he passed through the yard, he thought it was only in their nature, in as much as they had always done so, and never once entertained the opinion that his looks could create such foolish movements.

But "a change soon came over the spirit of his dreams," and soon portrayed in unmistakable language the high repute in which his looks were held.

Wishing to obtain a more thorough geographical knowledge of the surrounding country, and also, as the saying is, "to set up shop for himself," he went to his father and announced his intention of leaving his native county, and seeking a more propitious home among the low grounds of Wayne. In vain the old man expatiated on the superiority of the "big blues of Sampson," over any other "huckleberries" in the world, and cautioned him against the folly of leaving the old homestead. In vain he talked of the recklessness of youth and the follies of building air-castles. Rory swore he had been told everybody could get a plenty of tobacco in Wayne, (a great *desideratum* among the blue-lipped Sampsonians, especially after "huckleberry" season is over) and he meant to go there too; he knew he could pick as many "huckleberries" as any body, and as for carrying them to the railroad he didn't ask

any body any odds. As for old Sampson he wished he may be landed in hell if he intended to stick right down in the same spot all his life; none of the "galls" cared anything about him, and he was now twenty-three years old and without a wife; he must be doing something for his country, or else the name would die out. The old man might say what he pleased, but he'd be hanged if he won't going to Wayne.

He accordingly stole off one midnight when everything was hushed in sleep, having first laid in his knapsack all the tobacco the old man had about the house, and a corn-cake, he scratched out of the ashes in the fire-place, where he had put it before bed time expressly for the purpose, and having tied his brand new yellow cotton handkerchief around his neck, as the safest way of carrying it, and having swung his Sunday-go-to meeting shoes over one arm, he started out with bright hopes and a merry heart at having "come it over the old man so nicely." He soon crossed over the county line into that portion of Wayne, familiarly known as "Little Texas," and day breaking upon him just as he was on the border of the turbulent Goshen, he saw the extensive "huckleberry" ponds in that region spreading out before him as if inviting him to *take hold*. He halted and gazed a moment in utter astonishment. Said he to himself "now you see how much sense I had in leaving that confounded old Sampson. I wish the old man was here. I'd show him whether I have been building air *cassels* or not. He wouldn't believe me if I tell him all about this here, but I'll be hanged if I don't intend to try some

of these huckleberries"; and he then proceeded to a large bush that was so full that its branches were almost bent double, and commenced eating with one hand and filling his knapsack with the other. He had put in only a few hand-fuls of the berries, when his ears were assailed by the noise of splashing waters and turning suddenly around beheld a couple of cows swimming the creek as fast as if they had been frightened almost to death. The cows no sooner saw his visage as he whirled around than they commenced bellowing, and the water rushing into their mouths, strangled them to death. Rorry thought the quicker he left this spot the better it would be for him; so he hastened on to his uncle's house about the interior of the "huckleberry region," and making known his intentions of living with him during the season, and carefully suppressing an account of the drowned cattle, was kindly received and entertained. He soon ingratiated himself into the affections of his cousin, a buxom lass of about eighteen, and had bright prospects of obtaining her hand; but misfortune, which seems to have been his most faithful companion, did not scruple to follow him here. A report had been circulated in the neighborhood that two of Mr. Crow's cows had been found dead in the Goshen, and it was the prevalent opinion, from the knots in their tails, that they had been drowned while witches were riding them; and his "jularkee," taking a walk with him one evening to the "huckleberry pond," and seeing the confusion created in the movements of the surrounding cattle, especially cows, declared he was a witch

and she would have nothing more to do with him. To add to his already almost insupportable burden of cares, before the first season was over poor Rorry Simmons was summoned to appear before the county court and answer to the enormous charge of making faces at his neighbors cattle and running them all out of the county.

Not caring to encounter the jeers of men whom he expected his fame for ugliness would attract to the roadside, he started off long before day to Waynesboro' to stand his trial; but bad luck attended him here, and, instead of hiding him from view as he had anticipated, darkness only served to render him the more conspicuous. His head was so red that it woke up all the chickens by the roadside, making them think it was day, and at many places the hardy yeomen, hearing their 'crowing and cackling and thinking thieves were amongst them, came rushing out to defend their feathered dependants; but as soon as they caught sight of the offender, slammed too their doors muttering something about judgment day and the world coming to an end, and left our hero alone, terrified out of his senses at the disturbance his own looks was creating.

He arrived at Waynesboro', a little village on one of the "silvery windings of the Neuse," just before day break; and circumstances having by this time made him fully conscious of the extraordinary powers of his charms, he secreted himself behind the benches in the court house gallery till the time for the meeting of court, not wishing to be discovered by any of the impudent villagers who he thought would be

seeking him out in every crowd to make sport of him like the naughty Philistines did of Samson.

Court convened at 12 o'clock, and when his name was called out by the constable for him to appear as defendant, he raised up his huge head and muttered out something in such an unearthly tone as to frighten all in the court-room almost out of their senses. The presiding magistrate leaped out of the window swearing he had seen the "old boy himself," and fell with such vehemence to the ground as to sprain his ankle; the sheriff looked up and seeing his large red head peering above the benches in the gallery, declared the house was on fire, and rushed out of the door in a tremendous hurry, leaving the tail of his coat behind on the door-knob, and the whole court were soon crowding and tumbling out of the windows and doors, bruising, mashing and suffocating each other as they went.

Rory Simmons, hearing the "weeping and wailing," and smashing of toes from without, and his sensitive heart being moved with compassion, scrambled down the steps as his ponderous body would allow him, without waiting to *ponder* on the consequences of the act, and seeing a little squint-eyed brat lying flat of his back in the court-yard, writhing and cursing under the pain of a mashed foot, picked him up in his arms and began to soothe him with tender words as he stroked down the bruised limb with his hand. But the lad, looking up into his face and seeing his nasal extremity jobbed out at him like a "ten-foot pole," only squallied out the louder, and the attention of those around him being attracted by his death-like cries, some began to run

through the village bawling and squalling the judgment day had come; old Satan had got into the court house and run every body out, had sprained 'Squire Tibble's leg—tore off the Constable's coat-tail in trying to catch him, and now had Billy Barnum in his arms squeezing and burning him to death.

An old lady in the suburbs of Waynesboro', as she heard the tale, declared "she had always told 'em something would happen to 'em yet for all that boy's cussing so yisterday," and away she bounded. The militia of the place were now drawn together to defend the inhabitants against something they knew not what; but as soon as the militia saw the head of the intruder they dropped their arms and fled like sheep before a wolf, thinking it useless to contend with "the great enemy of mankind" with weapons of steel. The before quiet village of W—— was now all turmoil and confusion, and our hero, knowing too well the cause of this uproar, and fearing for his own safety, made his escape from the village, started in the direction of a vast "huckleberry pond" on the Neuse, and has never been seen by mortal eye since.

Some suppose to this very day that Rory Simmons was gifted with supernatural powers, and it is reported by the fishermen of a certain seine-hole on the Neuse, that on dark rainy nights as they were drawing in their seine they have frequently heard his ghost walking on the loose sand on the beach up and down the river, and whenever they hear his footsteps they invariably hang up the seine and start off for their homes, thinking it utterly useless to make hauls when the seine is bewitched.

The Sampsonians, however, assert that there is a certain "huckleberry pond" on the border of their county, to which or by which, it is utterly impossible to drive a hog, cow, or any other animal, and even all the birds have left it. There is no other way of accounting for this curious phenomenon except that Rory Simmons, tired of the vain world and fearing for his life, has taken up his residence in it.

ABRAHAM BEESWAX.

## MY TEARS.

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

What though they burn, I'll let them flow,  
 In scalding torrents down my cheek ;  
 Cutting wide channels as they go,  
 That must through time grow still more deep.  
 For there is an angel tendeth—  
 Along my path to guide my feet,  
 And in sorrow she befriendeth—  
 Bottling up the tears I weep !  
 Courage, my heart, they prove a treasure,  
 In a brighter world than this ;  
 Then why strive to stint their measure  
 For a momentary bliss.

Nay, let them flow, if they're gathered,  
 Up by angels as they fall  
 From my cheeks, all pale and withered,  
 'Till grief has given to them all.  
 Then my body racked and wasted,  
 With the trials it hath borne,  
 And the sorrows heart hath tasted,  
 Shall grow cold unto its core,  
 And in the grave lie down to rot,  
 Undisturbed by any tears,  
 'Till I'm called up to be blest  
 And rejoice o'er all my tears.

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR MAY.

Mrs. Thrale, for so many years the friend and companion of Doctor Johnson, is understood to have been the authoress of the following beautiful little poem, though it is so decidedly superior to the ordinary effusions of her Muse, that some persons have indulged the ungallant suspicion that it may have received a finishing touch from the hand of the Literary Giant.—Eds. UNIV. MAG.

## THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found,  
Least willing still to quit the ground;  
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years,  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,  
Death called aside the joeund groom  
With him into another room,  
And looking grave—"you must" said he,  
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me!"  
With you! and quit my Susan's side?  
"With you?" the hapless husband cried;  
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;  
My thoughts on other matters go;  
This is my wedding day, you know?"

What more he urged I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger;  
So death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.  
Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
"Neighbor," he, said "farewell! no more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:  
And farther, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have,  
Before you're summoned to the grave;  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve;  
In hopes you'll have no more to say—  
But, when I call again this way,  
Well pleased the world will leave!"

To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe and stroked his horse,  
The willing muse shall tell:  
He chattered, then he bought and sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of death as near;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,

He passed his hours in peace,  
But while he viewed his wealth increase,  
While thus along life's dusty road,  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.  
And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,  
The unwelcome messenger of Fate  
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,  
'So soon returned!' old Dodson cries.  
'So soon d'ye call it?' Death replies:  
'Surely my friend, you're but in jest!  
Since I was here before  
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore?

'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined;  
'To spare the aged would be kind:  
However, see your search be legal;  
And your authority—is't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand  
With but a secretary's warrant.  
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings  
But for that loss of time and ease,  
I can recover damages?

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,  
I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But don't be captious, friend, at least;  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable:  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, though of your strength!'

'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!  
I have been lame this four years past.  
'And no great wonder,' Death replies:  
'However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would made amends.'

'Perhaps,' says Dodson, so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight.'

'This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;  
But still there's comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news.'

'There's none,' cries he: 'and if there were,  
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'

'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,  
These are unjustifiable yearnings;

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
You've had your Three sufficient Warn-  
ings;

So come along, no more we'll part;  
He said and touched him with his dart.  
And now Old Dodson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

#### A FRAGMENT FOUND IN A SKELETON CASE.

Behold this Ruin! 't was a skull,  
Once of etherial spirit full!  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat:  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat!  
What beauteous picture fill'd this spot—  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?  
Nor Love, nor Joy, nor Hope, nor Fear,  
Has left one trace of record here!

Beneath this mould'ring canopy,  
Once shone the bright and busy eye—  
But start not at the dismal void!—  
If social love that eye employ'd,  
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,  
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,  
That eye shall be forever bright,  
When stars and suns have lost their light!

Here, in this silent cavern, hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:  
If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,  
And where it could not praise, was chain'd;  
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle Concord never broke;

That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,  
When death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them:  
But if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that waits on wealth or fame!

Avails it, whether bare or shod  
These feet the path of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of Joy they fled,  
To soothe Affliction's humble bed;  
If Grandeur's guilty tribe they spurn'd,  
And home to Virtue's lap return'd;  
These feet with Angel's wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

#### THE MODEST RETORT.

A supercilious nabob of the east,  
Haughty, being great, and purse-proud, being  
rich,

A governor or general at the least,  
I have forgotten which,  
Had in his family an humble youth,  
Who went from England in his patron's suit,  
A lad of decent parts and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;  
But yet with all his sense,  
Excessive diffidence  
Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flushed with pride and wine,  
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,  
Conceiv'd it would be vastly fine  
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft or  
trade,

Did your good father gain his livelihood?"  
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,  
"And in his line was reckon'd good."

"A saddler, eh! and learnt you Greek,  
"Instead of learning you to sew;  
"Pray, why did not your father make,  
A Saddler, sir, of you?"  
Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,  
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,  
Said, (craving pardon, if too free he made,)  
"Sir, by your leave, fain would I know  
"Your father's trade?"

"My father's *trade!*—by Heav'n, that's too bad!

"My father's *trade!* why blockhead, art thou mad?

"My father, sir, did never stoop so low,

"He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"

"Excuse the liberty I take,"

(Modestus said with archness on his brow,)

"Pray, why did not your father make

"A gentleman of *you?*"

## WHO CLAIMS ORIGINALITY?

In taking a view of past ages, in recalling what has been done, and comparing all with our own works and possessions; we must confess that we enjoy peculiar advantages. Among the many blessings, which are ours, it is no small one, to have the fruits of literature and science handed down from bygone ages, together with our own efforts. We may lament, that ever there was an age of darkness, when man's genius was in thralldom, bound by the chains of ignorance and superstition; when also much of that previous sunlight of literature was absorbed, and brilliant emanations of many a rising and setting star buried in oblivion and lost to all succeeding ages.

Though such was man's condition for a time, while reason was obscured, but not consumed or assimilated in the then dominant powers, a glorious renovation has succeeded, in a later period in which we now live. Though much has been blotted out from learning's scroll and

buried by each successive wave of time, yet, there is enough remaining. Enough for the most erudite, enough for the hollow-eyed book worm.

It is our privilege to unlock the archives of the Past. And there to read and re-read the accumulated tomes, bequeathed by great and honest minds. From this huge pile, each may have his choice. One may delight to trace the stream of poesy to its purest and lofty fount. Another may take the full sweeping tide, bearing him in any direction from the deep bosom of the ocean, and go back to the very source of history. By turns, he may ascend each mighty river, fathom its depth, or skim lightly over the surface. If fancy pleases he may leave the main stream, and follow every tributary to its bubbling spout. After numerous meanderings, and encountering various obstacles, he may at last stand by the side of Father Herodotus. Yes, and what a wonderful tale, he could tell this noble sire.—

What delights he had experienced; how on the other hand, he had waded through swamps and quagmires, prolific in bogs and holes; again that he had scarce wet his feet in the shallow streams of Prolixity and Obscurity. "And these," quoth he, "are your worthy descendants, most noble Sire." Another may choose to climb the delectable mount of Theology. Collecting as he ascends all the rude specimens and charming deposits of former ages.— Those he meets with too burdensome and unwieldy for his own mastering, he rolls down to the plain below, for his less learned friends to snatch and grab for, who may devour with no hope of digestion. Some after years spent in be-seiging, scale the walls of the cheerless and trite old city, known in these later times by the attractive name of Philology. This city is of a most ancient origin. It is not certainly known when it was founded. There is no doubt, however, that its dimensions were greatly enlarged, immediately, after the confusion of tongues at the building of the great tower of Babel. It is well known that it is chiefly built of the materials and in the style of Greece and Rome. There is also interspersed, here and there, a little of the Hebrew and the very ancient manuscript. These latter are less noticed, because not so common and so beautiful as the former.

In these various fields for research there is an opening for all. Nor do men leave these opportunities unimproved. Thousands are actively engaged in exploring, and then, of course, giving us an account of their labors. Some of course, penetrate further than others; while all, both young and old

are fond of entering this broad field, if but to advance a few steps. Here, gray-heads tower aloft. Sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, pale visages and frowning brows, are the peculiar features of the most zealous. Attenuated frames, the asthmatic cough, the horrors of dyspepsia, and the pains of consumption are no unfrequent attendants of these devoted men.

But for what end is this constant untiring research? Is it pleasure or hopes of wealth to be acquired? Is it happiness, or pedantry, or ambition, or emulation, that prompts these great efforts, in which men of great minds and many of humble capacities live over in their own minds, scenes of past and distant ages never to be recalled into real existence? It may be that each and all of these motives have their weight, besides many others not mentioned.— Education, in many cases, may be affirmed as the promoting and dictating principle. It is in all, primarily, the acknowledged ostensible one. And with good reason is it urged, at least in accordance with modern philosophy. We grant it is one means, and a great one for the pursuit of education. But we deny it to the extent it is carried. It will be understood, that we speak, especially, of those who are and expect to become writers; for few make such exertions without in the end giving us a touch of their pen. And as we have asked the question, we answer it, by declaring this to be the main object of so much labor; that they may become authors and thus transmit their names to posterity. It has become necessary or apparently so, that one, in order to write anything, for the public

or even to be an orator, must read more or less, must search the pages of antiquity as well as store the mind with more modern literature. Why it is, or what is our view of it, may be learned in the sequel.

But is this reading and studying, so vast in some cases, the best means of qualifying the mind to unburden itself, for the good of the world? Who are those, that have filled this vast reservoir of literature? It has indeed been filling for ages, from the remotest period of time. Are we to believe, that the minds of men of primitive times were inferior to those of the present age? Is there a reciprocal relation in the genius of those authors compared with ours? Evidently not, if we but consider the estimation, in which they are now held and the avidity with which they are sought after and their contents devoured. No, such is not the case, far otherwise; for test it with mathematical precision and we must frankly own, it would be rather a decreasing progression from them to us. Now, whence did they draw their immense resources, a proof of which their works declare to us? Who had filled coffers for them, or laid open inexhaustible treasures, with which they could deck their genius still in embryo? There were no stores of bright gems of thought heaped up for them. In the earliest times certainly none, and for many ages, doubtless, but few. Yet, wisdom was not wanting nor was knowledge scant. The mind held within itself the chief power of expansion. Nature was its text-book. Surrounding objects were its counsellors and instructors. Human nature was its manual. Kindred minds

gave to one another their little store.— Such were the means afforded those who lived compared with ours, in the incipient stage of literature.

We asked above the efficacy of these legacies of poets, historians, theologians, philosophers, scholiasts and other various literary characters, in forming the minds of those who now assume their places, and who are now producing myriads of volumes, apparently, of pure originality, touching the scientific, the erudite literary, or the more humble ludicrous and high wrought imaginative. No doubt, great benefit has been derived and superior advantages acquired in this way, by those who have made it not the foundation of mind but the accessory. By ransacking antique records, and assuming or reviving the spirits of long departed shades, it is true, beyond a doubt, that many have added to the vast resources of their own minds. This class of readers who become writers, by holding converse with the great men of yore who speak mightily in unuttered words, have not made the thoughts of those their reliance. They have used them but for the sleepers as it were, while their own form the foundation, and compose the whole superstructure. In this way, whatever is extraneous, is entirely concealed from sight.

Others, and not a few, have unceremoniously and with little gratitude fed upon and digested the fruits of ancient lore. By this rude set, many an ancient bard has been robbed of his richest jewels, and both his inner and outer dress torn from him, which now gracelessly adorns some fame's aspirant of the present age. Or if we

may express it more vividly, such an one, who has left a rich legacy, may be even drawn and quartered and his parts distributed here and there over the land. The worthy sons of the histrionic Muse have met but a less grievous fate, because their treasures are of so peculiar a kind, as not to be extracted stealthily. Owing to their nature it is not possible to alter their appearance, so that they will not be detected, or at least smell of their origin. But bold, ethereal Imagination's sons and daughters, and fair Fancy's noble progeny, have all met a hard fate; for, these modern candidates for posterity's admiration, not content with beholding and admiring their splendour, have snatched with ruthless hands and cruel heart various relics of their devotion to the expansion of mind, by which many lost their lives in the fresh bloom of youth. Some have borne away a curling lock; some a polished dental and some a left costal. With these, it is their object, to set off their own productions. Never do they think of giving credit to the real author.—These thoughts thus extracted from the page of antiquity, it is their custom to place in the foreground, while with ardent skill, like true rhetoricians and with real good policy, their own meagre and shallow arguments, or vapid and puerile emanations, appear in the background, which naturally enough seek obscurity and fear discovery, considering their character and source. For if conscious, they could but feel that others, primitively, no better than themselves, have usurped their places, depriving them of the fine polish of reason, as capable of hearing and then refining as rich ore from its own mine as could be

dug elsewhere, which the author has brought to be recoined, making it as it were a mint. Reason is in reality the mine which yields only gold or silver. But to pursue the analogy, we must confess that in connection with the other faculties, it is a mint, but from its location and the peculiar dies and stamps, better adapted to coin its own native metal.

It is seldom enquired whence came this flow of thought and rich imagery and these bold metaphors; fortunate for the speaker or writer that it is not. And yet, should you attempt to entrap him, you will in most cases fail. He is safe, for the most are cunning enough, to clothe their purloinings in a new dress, or perhaps slightly enlarge the substance, so that with all, it would be difficult to recognize their counterparts should you ever meet with them.

Some are so bold as to give you real "dried specimens" without acknowledging the author. Of such I envy not the glory. Others will frankly own their non-originality, by placing the inverted commas. This method, by which the most brief essay becomes thick set with the upturned and the doubled marks, not to say anything of the bad appearance it presents, is unwise. It is too honest, and such a production commands less attention. The reader preferring to go to the books whence these interpolations were brought, and there read them as they stand in their own context, unwrested and ungarbled.

It may seem unjust and a misrepresentation thus to charge our writers and speakers with downright or least comparative plagiarism. Perhaps, I have

exaggerated the case. But it is, I dare affirm, true in a degree. That I may not be misunderstood, let me say it plainly. It is the too great use of books that we wish to condemn. Reading to the exclusion of thinking abstractedly. It is impossible to read a book without gaining some ideas from it; for otherwise reading is good for nothing. But we are apt to read too much, to get too many ideas extraneously. To what an extent they are dependent on others for their ideas, many are altogether unconscious. Having read much, they must treasure up some. Time passes on and authors are forgotten, but, their sentiments remain, deeply imbedded in the new soil. Whence, they are gathered when occasion requires, without thinking whether they are native or exotic.

The not yet fully grown youth, when first he begins, perchance, to enlighten his fellows, by words of wisdom; or when reluctantly he writes a composition for his inexorable pedagogue, not unfrequently is utterly amazed, at his own performance and no little delighted, with his rich thoughts and noble sentiments, his bold figures and striking similes. How many, think you, are purely original and how many derived from his former reading though not extensive? And he too will acknowledge it to himself, in maturer years, and laugh at his deception. It is then, he finds, he is not that prodigy of originality, he once thought he was.

Originality in thought, often seems very doubtful; but seems rather a vague generality, a chimera in mind, a name without an existence. Apply the case to yourself Friend. How many times

have you exercised that mind of yours, thinking and thinking deeply? Then, perhaps, fully confident of the inward nativity of your deductions, you rest assured no other person has such thoughts. But alas! you go to some public meeting, or hear some discussion on that particular subject with which you were occupied, or perchance you open the leaves of some book, new or old, when to your surprise and chagrin, you hear or see, your own thoughts vividly portrayed. Let me then, in sympathy with you, cry as the Wise man of old: "There is nothing new under the sun." Let us carry the idea farther. It is not uncommon, that two men have claimed the same invention, when it was impossible for the one to have gotten the idea from the other. In philosophy, there are cases of disputed priority of claims, to discovery of some important fact.

We have said there were those who are not conscious of purloining. On the other hand there are those who must be fully conscious of it, but who claim originality. It is said that modern infidelity, which has apparently undergone a change, is the very same with that of a previous age. Irving gives us a sketch on the "art of book-making," in which he relates an instance coming under his own observation.—This fully exemplifies our position, and it may not be amiss to repeat it here briefly. In his rambles, he found himself in a room occupied by quite a number of men pale and haggard. Here, perfect silence reigned throughout, save the incessant scratching of the plying pen, or that now and then one rang the bell, when a familiar appeared to whom he would deliver a scrap of paper with

something written upon it. Taking it the servant would go out, but soon return with an armful of books. Such was the character of the scene, and so mysterious, that our narrator, was wonderfully excited in curiosity. Upon inquiring of one of the familiars, he learned that this was none other than the great the British Library, and these men, so busily engaged, veritable authors and were now in the very process of book-making. So extensive a business is probably rare, but there are many such places in miniature. Every writer's sanctum sustains an atmosphere more or less impregnated with unnatural and foreign ingredients, emitting a peculiar effluvia arising from ancient and modern compounds, adulterated by a small precipitate of his own brain.

Verily the minds of men are becoming more and more conservatories for the preservation and farther growth of the already full grown transplantings from the fields of reason and ideal gardens of their more industrious predecessors. O Times, to what hast thou brought us! O Age of Progress, to what art thou advancing! Is mind no longer true? Is it thus soon exhausted? We thought it was for eternity. Lament, ye Muses, the sad desolation which pervades the nature of the offspring of thy immortal sons! Canope inspire anew thy bards, and thou also, Thalia. Clio give thy devoted sons truth and moderation, and re-train their number, or give them ability to write as becomes historians. Many of them run wild, and think to write of what has been, but to express what might be or what ought to have been.

We are not willing to believe that the Creator has in these latter days, stunted the genius of man. No, the evil lies in himself. Our own resources are ample if only brought into action. Nor does nature leave us without witness of her great gifts, her capabilities and grand displays. Now and then one will yet arise, who, spurning the habitual hot-bed process, stands on his own resources, and reaps abundantly an almost spontaneous harvest; rich and full ripe. These open their own veins and pour forth from the inmost recess of the heart, glowing crimson and living streams. Eloquence flows apace. Penetration guides their steps. Reflection, deep not dull, intense not slack, is always ready with a bountiful supply and might with ease overflow each stream and brook and rivulet, which finds a source within.

Education, we are told, means literally and by derivation not the drawing out, but rather the putting in. So one would think, but from a glance from the University to the Common School. We do not say that this is false, for then the world of Professors and pedagogues would be down upon us. But we dare to say, that men follow in practice too closely, what a mere word expresses.

We hold that there is in man a latent energy, a hidden power, implanted, by his Creator, which was intended to be, and must be the true engine of expansion of the mind, though, I grant there are aids to the full development of it. And these, if wisely and moderately employed give an impetus to the native force. Besides those which are furnished directly by the Creator, man has sur-

nished some himself. We refer to the writings of men. But here we would caution the reader. Dr. Sprague, an eminent divine of the present age, says "the legitimate design of reading is not to supercede, but to assist reflection; not to put the faculties to sleep, but to brighten them." Need we remark, that from the practice of very many, such seems their belief, or at least the result shows in their case, the full accomplishment of all that is deprecated by the reverend gentleman.

Perhaps, we cannot close this article better than by giving an extract from an unpublished manuscript or rather a letter in our possession. It provides a plain and simple remedy for this growing evil of which we have been treating. Our reasons for quoting are, that it is exactly to the purpose at which we aim, and further more, the original seems far better than we could give it in substance. The writer, we may state is a man of at least some reputation. Of his sound good sense we will let his words speak for him.

"It is not from books only that the mind is strengthened and knowledge is gained. Books are useful, but books are rather the guides and the helps than the substitute for thought. Books may furnish facts they may serve as guides to thoughts, and as helps, but it is from its own exercises that the mind is to gain its highest qualifications for usefulness. Eminent men have been made so more by what they have wrought out for themselves than by what they have gained by reading. By reading we gather up what others have said and done. By training the mind to reflection, we have a fountain within ourselves

from which we can draw at pleasure.—It is said of Webster that a large share of his preparations even in the most important cases were made, while walking or recreating himself. Samuel Dexter, one of the most eminent lawyers in Massachusetts rarely consulted books much in framing his arguments. He dug out from the resources of his own mind. The mind should be taught to lean upon itself, the forge out and arrange its own thoughts. Books may be used as helps, but the stamina of matter should come from within the mind itself. Let the mind be active, always busy, trained habitually to be gathering or preparing something for present or future use. Not that it should be always on the stretch of a mathematical proposition, but a coiner of thoughts such as circumstances may direct."

These suggestions of a friend, which, since I began to write this article, recurred to my mind, seem to us sound and cogent, and well worthy attention. We hope also that we have ourselves said something to the point. If so, kind reader, we trust you may profit thereby, and if, perchance, you become an author or orator, may the laurels that deck your brow be wholly your own. And may all that read or hear, acknowledge with one consent "here is an original mind."

SIMON PURE.

## A SONG.

BY PETER PEPPER POD, ESQ.

<p>My thoughts are ever wandering to one loved spot of earth.          For on it, in a moment's time, my sweetest hopes had birth;          And there all my soul's affections now centre in one form,          And grow, with every breath of life, more ardent and more warm.          For the dear object of my love hath a bosom warm and true,          And moves, as moves a ray of light, an angel to my view;          All fashioned out so beautiful, and with a form so light,          To see her is to see at once all that can give delight.</p> <p>Her image now rests on my heart, and there will ever stay,          For here her life is to my life what to the year is May;  <i>Her smiles are life's May blossoms,</i> and her breath is their perfume,          E'er yielding joys that cheer the most in darkness and in gloom.          And, oh, my heart has been in tune since first I saw her face,          And sings as sings a Canary caged in some sweet lovely place;          And tho' her absence gives me pain, there's sunshine in my heart,          The memory of her loveliness will never let depart.</p>	<p>Her very being seems to be a portion of my own,          And she has won so much of mine, the balance none would own;          I'm hers, abroad, at home, in thought, in body, heart and soul,          And she is mine, I'm sure she is, beyond this world's control;          For happy visions of the past, 'round our mutual spirits twine,          And bind us fast as one to kneel forever at love's shrine.          So e'en in broken slumbers, bright thoughts to each are given,          Of the other, as on we roam to meet at last in heaven.</p> <p>Nay,—I never shall forget her, this lovely child of earth,          Whose heart is full of tenderness, as are her eyes of mirth,          And glow with that intelligence that gives a suasive power,          To draw and bind all hearts to hers, thro' every changing hour,          'Till they cower down as supplicants and worship at her feet,          The beauty of her graceful charms where e'er they chance to meet,          Acknowledging she's queen o'er them with a loyalty sublime,          A star to guide them on their way while pilgrims here through time.</p>
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## THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE, ORAL AND WRITTEN

Oral language is the utterance of articulated sounds made significant by usage, for the expression and communication of sentiment and feeling. With the *sermo corporis* of Cicero, as applied to man, or *natural* language, as applied to irrational creatures, we have now nothing to do. We mean by language, *articulated speech*, and restrict it to intelligent beings. But whence comes this mysterious vehicle of intercourse between man and man? Was it the invention of man, originating in his necessities? Was it the spontaneous result of man's organization, just as reason is? Or was it given directly to Adam, by the living voice of God? We think the last is the true theory. We believe that God not only gave Adam the organs of articulation, but actually taught him the use of those organs, and we base our faith on the teachings of both Physiology, and the Bible.

Man is an imitative being. The disposition to imitate is peculiarly observable in little children. The child walks erect because it sees others walk; it exercises the complex muscles of articulation in speaking, because it hears its *voma* or mother speak. Hence we affirm that language is wholly imitative. No one ever spoke who did not hear another speak. We see this clearly demonstrated in the congenitally deaf, who are always dumb no matter how

perfect may be all their organs of speech. The history of a few wild men, who have been domesticated, also illustrates this physiological fact. They emit naturally the sounds of pleasure or pain, but they never articulate one word, till taught with great care. Herodotus narrates that Psamitichus, King of Egypt, in a contest with the Phrygians concerning the original language, ordered two infants to be so reared, that they should never hear the human voice.—While thus isolated, the only sound these little unfortunates ever uttered was *bee-k*, the natural language of the goat, that gave them nourishment. And this we doubt not would be the result of every such experiment. Children never originate articulate sounds; they but imitate them, and, a colony of a thousand infants, would never invent a language. They could not while children, from a want of intellectual development, and if it were not invented while they were children it never could be, because of the rigidity their muscles would assume. Moreover, Moses records that Adam had a language, nay an articulate language, from the first. Of whom did he learn this language? He had no *voma*. He had no companion but God, and the inference is direct, that God taught him to speak. The Bible tells us God talked with Adam, Eve, Cain and Abel. How did he talk with

them? Was it in the thunder, by the whirlwind, or in the ocean's roar?—Through none of his creations did he converse with man, but with an audible voice, as man talks to man, with a voice adapted to the sense of the hearers, as the Holy Spirit spoke at Christ's baptism. Language, then, is clearly not the invention of man, and if our reasoning be legitimate the second hypothesis, i. e., that language is the result of man's organization, is also disproved of. But let us examine this second hypothesis farther. The argument in support of it, is thus forcibly presented by Prof. Fowler. "The soul is adapted to any part of the body, to the tongue as well as to the hand. In thus creating the soul to act in and through the body, the Deity conferred on man, from the first, the power of speech, so that language is the result of his constitution. Hence human nature and human speech are inseparable." We confess this is a very plausible hypothesis and more beautifully scientific than the one we advocate. But do the facts sustain this position? If human nature and human speech be inseparable, why is it that the wild man of the woods does not speak; and yet he must have a soul, and that soul is adapted to his body. Why is it that the deaf, though their minds may be highly cultivated, even where there is most emotion in the soul, and it seems that language would spontaneously burst forth, never utter a syllable? The facts do not sustain the hypothesis, and we return to our original premise that language is the direct gift of God.

Having thus disposed of oral, we proceed to written language. This has gen-

erally been reckoned, by both ancients and moderns, the invention of man.—Many of the oriental nations suppose Seth, the third son of Adam, to have been the inventor of written language—the Greeks and Romans ascribed it to the Phœnicians, while the Egyptians zealously contested that honor with the people of Phœnicia. Modern philosophers suppose the invention to have been progressive.

Perhaps the first method of representing thought to the eye, was by monumental structures, pillars, or even piles of rough stones. A superior and later mode was that of rude and simple picturing, similar to the paintings and carvings of the North American Indians, next from abbreviated pictures came naturally hieroglyphics, then allegorical symbols, and these last signs became arbitrary characters, representing ideas or words. These last characters are considered in two senses, and are supposed to have formed the direct basis of alphabetic writing. In one kind of character, the sign was merely that of sound, and its combinations, the signs of sounds; in the other the character was considered the sign of an idea and its combinations did not correspond with any combinations of oral language, but were representatives of combinations of ideas. Such is the received theory of progression, as well as we can comprehend it. This series of gradations appears natural, from the rude picture, perhaps to the allegorical symbol, but we most certainly think, the connection between allegorical symbols and arbitrary characters representing both ideas and sounds, is a *hiatus*, difficult to be supplied. Moreover, there are other

arguments against this progressive theory of human invention. In the first place, we have no authentic account of an independent discovery of alphabetic writing, but we have no instance of a nation in perfect ignorance of it, and employing a system of writing, which wholly incapacitates them, from ever adopting the alphabetic system. We allude to the Chinese. And yet the Chinese system originated in hieroglyphics, and progressed from the simple picture to the arbitrary mark. The next objection arises from the very great difficulty of the invention. We must suppose the inventors to have decomposed the sounds of words not only into syllables, but letters, observing at the same time the division of syllables and directing the inflections by appropriate marks. To accomplish these and other things as intrinsically difficult connected with language, requires a degree of patient experiment, examination and generalization, which we cannot ascribe to the human intellect in a rude state of Society. But, perhaps, the strongest argument against the human origin of written language, is that all the known alphabets of the world seem to have had one common origin. Taking all these objections into consideration, we cannot receive this progressive theory with a great degree of credence, and will adduce another, which perhaps is more reasonable.

'Tis very probable, that the first five books of the Old Testament are prior in antiquity to any other known productions, the claims of the orientals to the contrary notwithstanding. The Vedas of the Brahmins, have been thought by some to have been written before the Pentateuch, but there is no historical proof in support of the opinion. It was the decided opinion of that very erudite man, Sir William Jones, who certainly was a good judge in oriental literature, that the writings of Moses were the oldest in the world. The first authentic mention of the art of writing is in the xvii chapter of Exodus where Moses is commanded to write a certain event in a book, and soon afterwards we read that the law was written on two tablets of stone, by the hand of Jehovah himself. It is hence probable that written language was about this time, a subject of revelation to Moses. The proof for the divine origin of written language, we don't think, however, so conclusive as that for oral language.

We know Messrs. Editors, we may not claim the interest of novelty for the speculations advanced in this article, nor would we have troubled you with them, had it not been for a peculiar circumstance, and a disposition to respond to the very courteous invitation extended to this institution last term.

T. H. P.

Wake Forest College, March 18, 1854.

## DEATH COMES.

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Death comes in the golden prime of youth,  
When hopes of coming years,  
Float round the heart like lovely truth  
And runle away those fears.

That sometimes waked within his breast,  
Them now he bids depart,  
For hope is now the chosen guest,  
That lingers round his heart;  
But Death cares not for his gilded hopes,  
He lays him low ere its first blossom opens,

Death comes in the strength of manhood's day,  
When full of cares and toils,

And sweeps him with ruthless hand away,  
From his treasured goods and spoils.

Though the gentle wife, and children dear,  
May weep for the loved and lost,  
He heedeth not the briny tear,  
"This is transgression's cost."

'Tis mine to darken the world's sad path,  
And speak to man of his Maker's wrath.

Death comes when the locks are turning white,  
When the step grows sad and slow,

When the world so glorious, fair and bright,  
Seems but an idle show.

O death comes then but we look for him,  
For the heart is growing cold,

And we think as we hear the worldly din,  
Our heart for the strife is bold.

Thus Death who brings so much of grief,  
Will give to the suffering sure relief.

Death comes when the babe smiles lovingly,  
Upon his mother's breast,

And he steals its soft breath stealthily,  
In its sweet, quiet rest.

We look on its fair, its polished brow,  
Pure from its Maker's hand,

And we inwardly feel, O! Death not now,  
Break not our household band.

But the "King of Terrors" sees unmoved,  
The tear-drops fall from our best beloved.

Death comes when the fair and lovely bride,  
First wears her orange bloom,  
And tears away her fond hearts pride,  
And lays him in the tomb.

How very soon are the joys of time,  
Snatched from our eager hands,  
They withering point to the heavenly climes,  
Of the holy sainted bands,

O! death thou messenger stern, severe,  
Thou often bringest us words of cheer.

Death comes when the children kneel at prayer,  
Beside the mother's knee,

There the blossoms of love are blooming fair,  
'Tis a saddening sight to see

That mother's dear cheek grow pale and wan,  
Her eye grow deep and bright,  
And feel that her work is well nigh done,  
By her dark eyes dreamy light.

But 'twas vain, for she gently fell asleep,  
Tho' her cherished fond ones round her weep.

Death comes when the weary long for rest,  
When all the world looks dark,

When suffering heaves the troubled breast,  
And tossing is the bark.

But he seems not like a monster, then,  
Nor gloomy is the grave,

For death was robbed of his triumph when,  
The Saviour died to save.

Thus we enter through the darksome gate,  
To the city where saints and pilgrims wait.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

COLLEGE LIONS.—College, it has truly been said, is a world in miniature. In this small sphere, we have our several gradations, as definitely and distinctly marked out as in the busy world around us. Nor is it to be wondered at. Coming from different parts of the country, representing divers opinions and various characters, we meet as strangers. Similar pursuits and duties, each undergoing the same mental discipline, will to a degree caste our characters into a common mould. Circumstances will form character. Like pursuits will bring like results. Minds, however, naturally constituted or impressed by tuition, will conform to circumstances acting continually and directly upon them, and ere long a character will be formed, temporary or lasting, the immediate result of the existing circumstances, bearing the impress of the mould in which they have been formed.

We cannot say that the student character is marked by any peculiar trait, differing materially from the world at large, but rather to a great degree, he *apes* the man of the world, wishing thus no doubt to appear *manish*, even while in his *teens*.—We have here our book-worms, our politicians, both of society and college at large, whose skill at “log-rolling,” would do honor to a member of Congress. We have also our dandy and ladies man, our literary braggadocio, who prates greatly of “mind and matter,” and shows a scarcity of both. He always reasons according to Whately and brings some antiquated author to prove his assertions. Then there is our foppish braggadocio, who thinks rather more of matter than

mind, and spends more mind on *self* than on his studies; indeed Harper seems rather to have “took-off” this portion of our little community, when representing the youth who had turned his *whole mind* to the particular tie of his cravat. Then we have our wits—College wits, what interminable bores. Perhaps all our readers have never been compelled to listen for hours to a College wit, and therefore are not able *fully* to sympathize with us.—To have the worn out expressions of Dow Jr. and ajor Jones, and what is worse occasionally an original anecdote, to be continually recited to you by a companion, who flatters himself that either you have not read or heard them or that you are pleased by the peculiar manner of telling them, is Procrustean in the extreme. Then we have our musicians.—Any student who can scrape “Days of Absence” on a violin, or whose lungs are sufficiently strong to enable him to make more noise than *one* pig under a gate, on a flute, or who can imagine by any hallucination whatever that he possesses a musical voice, thinks himself a prodigy, shortly to rival the best operatic performers. He subscribes to the “Musical World” and inflicts on College his “food of love,” causing us to exclaim with Saxe:

What suffering harp is this we hear?  
 What jarring sounds invade the wounded ear?  
 Who o'er the lyre a hand spasmodic flings,  
 And grinds harsh discord from the tortured strings?  
 The Sacred Muses at the sound dismayed,  
 Retreat disordered to their native shade,  
 And Phoebus hastens to his high abode,  
 And Orpheus frowns to hear an “Orphic Ode!”

And similar to society at large, which we closely intimate, each of the several spheres of student life, has its leaders, or in common parlance, its *lions*. To rise to the enviable position of a leader in some of the different gradations seems to be the grand desideratum, the *ultima thule* of all collegians of sufficient brains to give them a decent share of self-pride. The means employed and the manner of procedure, are as different as the ends to be accomplished are various.

And to carry the comparison of student life still farther with that of the world, and to illustrate how exactly we ape our seniors, we will add that the college-lion, like that of the world-lion, is generally undeserving of the position, placed there and sustained by worshipping sycophants, who suppose they have found in their particular favorite something half divine, a modern demi-god. But perhaps this point may be shown by illustrating the *modus operandi* of some of these college lions.

The lion of the recitation room, is not as a matter of course the best scholar or the hardest student, but one who obtains the reputation for the *former*, and not accused of the *latter*. And nothing is more easy. He has only to get his friends to talk of him out of the room, and the Professor to praise him in it, and he becomes at once a jewel of the first water. He is heralded to his fellow-students as a mental prodigy, a *living* grammar of the ancient languages, *modestly* bound to be sure, but rich in—reputation.

And here we might add that in this speaking season, nothing is wanted to acquire a college reputation but a little patience to enable you to hunt out some literary production of a great deal of merit and by a few interpolations of your own reduce it to a very good graduating speech, and soon it will be reported about college that you have the best speech of the kind that has been written here for years. It

needs but the approving commendation of the faculty, to make you a college lion, nay, a student hero. You appear on the stage and receive the kind smiles of the ladies and the loud applause of the men, for the rehearsal of an extract, changed to suit the occasion and for the sake of concealment, of a speech that drew forth the plaudits in the House of Lords, or perhaps taken from the writings of some man, whose name is immortalized by the work from which it is extracted. Yet the truly deserving student, who writes his own speech, as if he had for *four years* been a member of the College, leaves the stage "unhonored and unsung."

Our politicians and dandies have no traits differing from those of the world. The former profess one thing and do another, or profess every thing and do nothing, their only object is to obtain votes for an office they have been *compelled* to run for at the *earnest* solicitations of friends. The latter dress very finely and owe their tailor. They make it convenient to occupy the conspicuous seats in the Chapel at public gatherings, where they can be seen by the ladies, and if the exhibition is free they will always gallant a lady to it.

But perhaps the most self-important lion among us is the literary braggadocio. He has an air of haughtiness about him that strikes terror, intermingled with reverence for cultivated genius, among those who *only* hear him *talk* of what he has read and written. He generally sustains his opinions on all subjects by a remark, he remembers from some author whose name is only not impossible to pronounce, and of whose work he has not the remotest idea. The literary lion always hints to members of a different Society from which he belongs, of a great essay or eloquent speech, which he has lately recited before his Hall, or throws out vague insinuations of what he has done in his club room, or smiles very knowingly when accused of

writing some article in the Magazine, which takes very well. In this manner he soon gets the reputation of being a walking encyclopædia.

Of the foppish braggadocio, we have but little to say, and indeed, much cannot be said, for *little* encompasses the whole subject. He is fond of and makes it a point to declaim, in every crowd, his session's expenses, and especially the amount foolishly squandered. The more he spends and the oftener he speaks about it, the greater lion he becomes among the recipients of his favors. He is handed down to future collegians, the only name he will ever leave, as one of the finest fellows that ever was at the institution.

The wits of College, are perhaps the most *gaseous* persons imaginable. They are found in every crowd with a great deal of foreign wit and a superabundance of original nonsense, attempting to amuse their fellows.

We do not wish to be understood as implying there are not good wits in College, and their humor and comicalness are fully appreciated by their friends, but we have reference to those who place themselves up as the wits of College, lions in the art. Nothing is more easily obtained than a high reputation in this particular branch of College character, as qualifications are not taken into consideration, the most unqualified are those who generally consider themselves modern Sheridans.— You have only to get some *influential* friends to be present in all public gatherings and collected groups of the students and to loudly applaud every sentence you utter, and the "lesser lights" will take it for granted that what you said was very witty, and as a matter of course you are a great wit. Protect us from the *devouring* jaws of such lions.

All we think necessary to mention concerning the musical lions, is to give notice to the young ladies, that they are very fine fellows to invite to an evening

tea party, they will *amuse* you and your musical taste also.

There is one other *race* of lions in our little community whom we came near slighting, perhaps it occurred from the desire that we wish they would always slight us. This species of the *animal* is more numerous and deservedly so, though this *lionship* is less desired than any other. We refer to the *College bore*. We would give a description of this *abundant* species, but one has just entered our room, and writing must be suspended.— Such is student life and College ambition.

COLLEGE POETRY.—Glancing through the pages of our *protege*, we have gathered many valuable hints which we should like to present to our reader, but the limits of our "table" will not permit, so we must be contented with a few desultory remarks on College Poetry or rather our Magazine poetry, for we refer to such only as has been honored with a place in its columns.

The first feature which attracts our attention is the exceeding abundance of *love* which seems to fill the hearts, heads and tongues of the young poets, for four-fifths at least of the poetry which has appeared in the Magazine consists of love-sick *songs*, but we must sadly there is but little song among them. This may speak well for the good nature of the youths, but at the same time it says but little for their heads. Love, it cannot be denied, is in the hands of a *real poet* a most fruitful theme, yet in the hands of some of the Magazine poets it has dwindled down to the *very sorriest rhyme*. Many of them seem never to have read, or at least, never to have appreciated and taken to heart these truthful lines of some sage bird whose name has at present escaped our memory :

"To be seized with the *mania* and not with the *Muse*

Is quite as bad as to be without shoes."

The only manner in which we can account for it, is that they are mostly *young men* and revelling for the first time in that feeling which "*makes fools of wise men, and poets of fools.*"

The first piece we noticed was the first *lines* in the first number of the first volume, addressed to Miss —, by *Claude* we quote one verse as a sample:

*At early dawn we've often strayed,  
Along the meadows green,  
At summer's eve, beneath the shades,  
The lovely flowers to glean.*

Smart couplet that! We would like to know if *Claude* ever '*snapped*' prayers. But we leave him to "glean flowers" and scribble rhymes, and pass on to other sighing swains.

The next we shall notice is a rich treasure, "a gem of the first water." It, too, is an amatory address and one verse reads thus:

"When the east with *silver* hue,  
Is crimsoned by the rising sun;  
In fancy then thy charms I view,  
And think of thee, O dearest one!"

Mark how like the fluttering and flapping of sheets on a clothes line in the wind, the nimble numbers prance along. Was there ever an exclamation more natural than "O, dearest one!" since the days of that immortal bard who wrote—

Oh Luna, thou art the moon and thou Sol, the sun,  
The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled,  
The cows *kicked* up their heels and run.

We should like to make many other extracts and remarks upon a number of *poems*, which can upon their intrinsic merits claim the rank and name, but the Magazine poetry upon the whole belongs to that school by *Poe* called Frog-pond-ians, of which, in his day *Bobby Button* was the leader.

Well may each of our College poetlings in earnest exclaim, what in jest the noble *Burns* has written:

I am nae poet, in a sense,  
But just a rhymmer, like, by chance  
And hae to learping no pretense.

As an admonition to future supplicants at the shrine of the muses, we recommend to each before they attempt to show their devotion in verse to read and take to heart the beautiful lines from a well-known nursery volume:

"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!"

THE following lines were handed to us by a friend who says that they were written by a lady. The lines are good, but the descriptions are most too brief and rapid, there is too hasty change of the elements, but read:

Warm and sultry is the night,  
No gentle breeze is passing near:  
Nature reposes mournfully, and  
All is dark and still—  
But listen! What is that?  
Did you not hear a sound?  
Is it thunder? Is it the voice of  
God's wrath borne o'er the earth  
Bidding sinful man to repent?  
Listen! Again I hear that low murmuring sound!  
Fly to your nests ye birds, to your dens ye beasts,  
And thou man be still,—  
The storm-king is abroad  
Traversing the earth on his mighty steed.  
And now, the scene is changed,  
The moon, "bright queen of the night,"  
Smiles majestically,—and she seems bidding  
The storm depart.  
The earth rejoices and gladly sings.

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#### AN ANCIENT NORTH CAROLINA BOOK.

We have been shown a rare folio volume, in Latin printed at Frankfort, in Germany, A. D. 1590, containing a history of

the first and second expeditions, fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh to the coast of North Carolina in 1584 and 1586. It contains two curious maps of the coast, and about twenty other very beautiful engravings of the Indians, their costumes, customs, and plans of their towns. It would be difficult at the present day to find artists who could excel these engravings. The Book is Hariot's Account of Virginia, and a copy of one of the charts of the volume can be seen in Wheeler's History. It contains such curious information with regard to the manners and customs of the Indians, the products of the soil, and condition of the country.

We were struck, on glancing over this book, to ascertain the high state of cultivation to which the Indians had attained. Before the advent of the white discoverers, their's must have been happy lives—undisturbed by foes, in the enjoyment of their wild pleasures, favored with a genial climate, a productive soil, and waters abounding in fish. It was a Paradise to the savage.

The expedition arrived off the coast in the year 1585, more than thirty years before the settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and more than twenty years before the advent at Jamestown. The expedition landed at Roanoke Island now in Currituck county:

**ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH IN VIRGINIA—(NORTH CAROLINA.)**—The coast of Virginia abounds in islands which render the approach to that country very difficult; for although they are separated from each other by wide and frequent channels, which seem to promise a convenient ingress, yet to our serious injury, we found them to be full of shoals, and dangerous by reason of the scantiness of the water. Nor were we ever able to penetrate within, until we had lessened the danger to the ships (by examining the channels) in many and various places. We at length found a passage through an opening which had been thoroughly sounded by our sailors. Having entered here, and sailed along for some considerable time, we observed a considerable stream, which discharged itself opposite to the island above mentioned. We could not enter it however on account of a sand bar which filled its mouth. Proceeding on further, therefore, we came to a large island, the inhabitants of which, on seeing us, set up a frightful yell, as if they had never be-

fore seen such a race of men as we were, and scampered away like madmen or wild beasts. But, being invited back by our friendly signals, and by the toys we exhibited to them, such as looking-glasses, little knives, dolls, and other trifles which we thought would please them, they stopped, and observing our good intentions and friendly dispositions, dismissed their apprehensions and welcomed our arrival. From thence they led us to their city called ROANOAC, and also to their WEROWANS or chief, who received us quite courteously, though greatly astonished at our appearance.

Such was our arrival in that part of the new world, which we call Virginia: of the stature of whose inhabitants—costumes, food, manners, social and religious festivals, I shall severally treat. 1585

It is very curious in examining the charts of this volume, to see the great changes that have taken place in the form of the coast. There were originally deep inlets, through one of which the vessels of the expedition passed into Albermarle Sound; these are now all closed. Places appear to have become transposed: Hatteras, called Hatorask, is not that fearful cape running far out into the sea as at the present time; while Look Out is represented on the map as a far more dangerous point.

The Indians had a curious method of preserving the dead bodies of their chiefs for sepulture, and we append a description of the *modus operandi*:

**SEPULCHRES OF THEIR CHIEFS.**—They build a sort of scaffolding, nine or ten feet high, in the manner illustrated in this engraving, as a place of sepulture for their WEROWANS or chiefs. The floor is covered with a mat, and the dead bodies of their chiefs are placed upon it in the following manner: First, they disembowel the body, then the skin is taken off, and afterwards, whatever flesh there is, even to the bones, are dried in the sun, and when thoroughly dried are rolled up in a mat, and placed at the feet of the body; afterwards, the bones (still clinging together by their ligaments, unbroken and undecayed) are wrapped in a hide, and the body is so arranged as if the flesh had not been taken away. Upon this body thus prepared, they fit the natural skin again, and then place it with the bodies of their chiefs in its order. Near to these, the Idol Kivasa—of which we have made

mention in a preceding chapter—is placed to protect them. At a little distance below this scaffold, some one of their prophets or sacred men has his habitation, who murmurs prayers by night and day, and has the care of the bodies. He has two skins of wild beasts stretched out for a bed. If he is cold, a fire is kindled by which he can be made warm.

So this miserable people are taught by nature to venerate the persons of their chiefs, even in death.

We gave but a hasty examination to this rare old work, over whose pages 264 years had passed; but we could not help thinking of the changes time had made since that little band of adventurers landed on Roanoke Island. Then a native wild the home of the savage; now the proudest of the Governments of the earth.

The book is the property of a gentleman of antiquarian taste, formerly a resident of this town, but now of Boston.—There are but few copies extant, and we wish that one could be purchased for the State Library at Raleigh. Every State should possess the materials for its own history. There should be a *history* of each State. Alas! when shall the history of North Carolina be written?

*Wilmington Herald.*

We have before us, by the kindness of a literary friend, a fine copy of the book referred to in the foregoing article. It belongs to the valuable and extensive collection of Peter Force, Esq., (of Washington City,) of works relating to American History. It seems to have been published simultaneously in English and Latin, and, subsequently in French and German. In Rich's Catalogue of books relating to America, published in 1832, (No. 71, p. 10.) we have the following item:

1590.

A BRIEF AND TRUE REPORT of the new found land of VIRGINIA, of the commodities, and of the nature and manners of the natural inhabitants, Discovered by the English colony there seated by Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, knight, in the year 1585, which remained under the government of twelve months, at the special charge and direction of the Honorable Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. This fore booke is made in English by Thomas Hariot, servant to the above named

Sir Walter, a member of the colony, and there employed in discovering.

Folio £21.

*Frankofurti.*

"Some of the Plates are supplied from the Latin Edition of De Bry. The only perfect copies known have brought £100. The Latin edition forms the first part of De Bry's *Great Voyages*, and was published also in French and German, both which editions are also extremely rare."

The title of the Latin Edition is as follows:

ADMIRANDA NARRATIO FIDA TAMEN, DE COMMODIS ET INCOLARVM RITIBVS VIRGINÆ, NVPER ADMODVM AB ANGLIS, QVI A DN RICHARDO GREINVILLE, EQVESTRIS ORDINIS VIRO EO IN COLONIAM ANNO M. D. LXXV, DEDVCTI SVNT INVENTÆ, SVMTVS FACIENTE DN WALTERO RALEIGH, EQVESTRIS ORDINIS VIRO FODINARII STANNI PRÆFECTO EX AVCTORITATE SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ ANGLIÆ.

ANGLICO SCRIPTA SERMONE, A THOMA HARIOT, EJVSDEM WALTERI DOMESTICO, IN EA.ª COLONIAM MISSE VT REGIONIS SITVM DILIGENTER OBSERVARET.

NVNC AVTEM PRIMVM LATIO DONATA A C. C. A.

CVM GRATIA ET PRIVILEGIO CÆS MATIS SPECI AD QVADRIENNIVM. FRANCOFORTI AD MOENVM. TYPIS JOANNIS WEHELL, SVMTIBVS VERO THEODORI DE BRY ANNO MD LXX.

VENALES REPERIVNTUR IN OFFICINA SIGISMVNDI FEIRABENDII.

The *Admiranda Narratio* constitutes as we have seen above, the first part of the magnificent collection of DEBRY, published at Frankfort, in nine parts, 2 volumes, folio in 1590. The English text of Hariot, without the embellishments, was reproduced in 1599, in the 3rd vol. of Hakluyt. A Bancroft's references are to the latter edition. He states that the expedition of 1585, was composed of seven vessels, and carried 108 colonists to the shores of Carolina. "Ralph Lane, a man of considerable distinction, and so

much esteemed for his services as a soldier, that he was afterwards knighted by Queen Elizabeth, was willing to act for Raleigh, as Governor of the colony. Sir Richard Grenville, the next ablest and most celebrated of Raleigh's associates, distinguished for bravery among the gallant spirits of a gallant age, assumed the command of the fleet. It sailed from Plymouth, accompanied by several men of merit, whom the world remembers: by Cavendish, who soon after circumnavigated the globe; Hariot, the inventor of the system of notation in modern Algebra, the historian of the expedition, and With, an ingenious painter, whose sketches of the natives, their habits and modes of life were taken with beauty and exactness, and were the means of encouraging an interest in Virginia, by diffusing a knowledge of its production."

Of all the explorers connected with this expedition, Bancroft characterizes Hariot as "the keenest observer."—"He carefully examined the productions of the country, that which would furnish commodities for commerce, and those which were in esteem among the natives. He observed the culture of tobacco; accustomed himself to its use, and was a firm believer in its healing virtues. The culture of maize and the extraordinary productiveness of that grain, especially attracted his admiration; and the tuberos roots of the potato when boiled, were found to be very good food. The inhabitants are described as so feeble to inspire terror; clothed in mantles and aprons of deer-skins, having no weapons but wooden swords and bows of witch hazel, with arrows of reeds; no armour but targets of bark and sticks, wickered together with thread."—His U. S. vol. 1, page 95.

It is painful to reflect upon the keen curiosity, the intense delight, with which this interesting volume would have been scanned, by the late Judge Murphey

while engaged in projecting his great scheme of Internal Improvement, nearly forty years ago. Diligent enquiries and extensive examinations, in this country and in England, resulted in discovering no trace of the hiding place of Hariot's manuscripts and publications. In his Memoir on Internal Improvements, published in 1819, he remarks, (p. 26,) "Two questions of late have been agitated in this State, one whether any of the vessels of Sir Walter Raleigh crossed the Bar: The other, through what inlet his men entered when they came to Roanoke Island. No satisfactory information has been procured upon these points, nor is it probable that any such information can now be had, without access to the Maps and papers of Dr. Hariot, the astronomer who accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh, and made charts of that part of our coast, and wrote an account of the expedition." These charts and papers, were at that time understood to have been bequeathed to the University of Oxford, and the late Peter Browne, Esq. then on a visit to his native country, was requested by the Board of Internal Improvements, to obtain copies. In the following year (1820) the Board reports to the General Assembly that it is not known, what has become of the papers of Hariot, or why the University of Oxford to which it is understood they were bequeathed has never published them. That Mr. Browne had made application to the University of Oxford, and to the Earl of Egremont, in whose library they were at one time supposed to have been, that the application was politely received in both instances, and search made, but no papers discovered; and that the Board entertained no hope of ever being able to get a copy of the first chart, which was ever made of our coast, a chart which would probably show the position of the Inlets then on the coast, and the depth of water at each.

Hamilton Fulton, Esq. State Engineer, in a report made to the General Assembly, at the same session, "on the practicability of opening a communication from Albermarle Sound to the Atlantic Ocean," discusses the questions proposed by Judge Murphey with ability, and examines all the authorities upon the subject at his command. These were a reprint of Capt. John Smith's Virginia, Stith's Virginia, Williamson's North Carolina, and Wimple's chart (of 1738) of the coast of North Carolina. Mr. Fulton arrives at the conclusion, that there have never been more good inlets on the coast than those existing at present, that Sir Walter Raleigh never visited North Carolina, and that neither his fleet, nor the fleet of any other adventurer ever entered Roanoke Inlet.

Upon the examination of these two last questions, the first of mere, but deep historical interest, the second of great practical importance, we do not propose to enter further at present, than to bring down the evidence to the present time.

Hariot's chart affords satisfactory evidence that one vessel at least of Sir Richard Grenville's fleet did cross the bar, but whether at Roanoke, or as Bancroft supposes, at Ocracock inlet, we will not at present undertake to determine.

Upon the former inquiry in relation to the visit of Sir Walter Raleigh to the ancient city on the borders of the State, whose modern capital perpetuates his name, we content ourselves with a citation from the first volume of Forces' Historical Tracts, and a brief extract from the narrative of Hariot, in the volume under consideration.

"Extract of a letter from the South Carolina Gazette, dated at Charles-Town, 22nd March, 1732.

Mr. Oglethorpe has with him Sir Walter Raleigh's written Journal, and by the Latitude of the Place, the Marks and Traditions of the *Indians*, it is the very first Place, where he first went on shore, and talked with the *Indians*, and was the first

*Englishman* they ever saw; and about half a mile from Savannah, is a high Mount of Earth under which lies their Chief King: And the *Indians* informed Mr. Oglethorpe that their King desired before he died, that he might be Buried on the Spot, where he talked with that great good Man.—Tract V. Index, Number 2, p. 37. See also McCall's History of Georgia, vol. 1, p. 3.

The Brevis et fida Narratio of Hariot concludes as follows:

"De natura porro et ritibus indigenarum Virginiae, de numero nostrorum peregrinationum et earum singularibus, de illorum actionibus qui Generosum D. WALTERUM RALEIGH in eam regionem comitati sunt, et aliquod munus habuerunt, quorum sane plerique digni ut eorum celebretur memoria, tamquam qui primi investigatores sunt ejus provinciae; de nostro tum temporis Imperatore D. RICHARDO GRENVILLE, et de nostro, ab ejus discipulo, Praefecto RAFO LANE, aliisque pluribus qui sub eorum imperio munere aliquo functi sunt; de centurionibus, et Naucleis earum peregrinationum, quae postea institutae sunt transvehendi supplementi gratia: de Praefecto et assessoribus eorum, qui jam ante eo traducti fuerant, de plerisque praeterea accidentibus et aliis rebus, narrationem conscripsi Historiae insar, additis temporum momentis, quem publicam lucem videre permittam, cum commodum esse judicabo. Itaque meam Narrationem benevolo vestro judicio permittens, et actionis prosperum eventum expectans, ab eo quem novimus authorem, et gubernatorem non modo hujus actionis, sed etiam omnium aliarum rerum; vobis valedico, hoc mense Februario anni 1588.

We unite mostly earnestly in the desire expressed by the Wilmington Herald to see a copy of Hariot's History in the State Library, or what might be still better among the collections of the Historical Society of the University. For a book of greatly inferior interest and value, and of comparatively modern date, Lawson's History of North Carolina, the Library Committee of the General Assembly, at the sale of the library of the late Gen. Robt. Williams of Raleigh, in 1821, paid \$60. The book might have been obtained at

time from various sources, for about a 5th part of the sum, and may probably be procured at this late day on much better terms, than it was bought then. The existence of Harriot's narrative, was then not suspected, and Lawson's was regarded as the oldest work upon the subject. This copy of Lawson was part of the library destroyed in the conflagration of the State House in 1831. The copy at present in the State library was transmitted to the Governor, by the late President Madison, immediately on receiving intelligence of the destruction of the former.

MYRA IVRING\*.—Have you read the beautiful article from our highly favored and truly gifted correspondent, Myra Irving. We wish to call the attention of our female readers, generally to the article, and having read it, we desire them to "go and do likewise." If the ladies wish to win our—highest esteem, just write us such pieces and we will marry the one—*we love best, if we can.*

To Myra we can say that the best remedy we can prescribe for the *azure demons*, is to visit our approaching Commencement, and she will find that she is held in such high ad-myra-tion, by the "dear Messrs. Editors," that she will go home without her *heart*—sickness.

She is informed that her article has played the duce with some of our "Editorial breasts." One of the corps has become very love-sick and is in a rapid decline, and two others have had a quarrel as to who shall gallant Myra to the Chapel, on Commencement day. One concludes he has *More* right to that honor, another thinks he *Merits* the distinction, and yet another holds she is too much of a *Belle* for either and the rest a—a—*remain silent*

For the benefit of our readers, we will say that, we have several articles from Myra, which will appear in due season.

REV. DR. BAIRD.—The Rev. Dr. Baird, of New York, delivered a course of lectures on Europe, in the Chapel, during the last month. To say that they were extremely interesting and highly instructive would be but meagre praise. They were listened to with great attention by a large number of citizens and students, and at the close of the lectures, by motion of Pres. Swain, the unanimous vote of thanks was returned to Dr. Baird for his highly valuable and instructive lectures.

COLLEGE SPREES.—It may be wrong to even intimate that we have engaged in some "sprees" in our younger college day to which now we can refer back with a *slight* degree of pleasure. Notwithstanding, such is the case, and yet we may be forgiven for the fact that we were *only* Fresh. or Soph. And we even suspect that we are now forgiven by the Professors upon whom the "sprees," more directly bore. We *have our doubts* as to the first to which we will refer, but as to the second, we think we have been pardoned.

Then when we say that there is connected with the burning of Analytics many pleasant recollections, we hope the transaction may be over-looked by our readers on the ground that at the time we were only silly, headstrong Sophomores, considering it of much more *eclat* to "devil the Faculty" than to recite a good lesson.—But we were struck or perhaps better to say *stung* with the remark of the teacher at the following recitation, who was truly "devised," and of course we were satisfied, (does this not prove that human desires are not insatiable, or do you pretend to say that a Soph. is not human) when he told us that a *child* (particularly galling to a *Soph.*) could place a stick of wood upon a railroad track, and the consequences might be the loss of hundreds of lives.—It required no sense, skill or *ingenuity* to place it there, but the consequences were

\* Crowded out for want of room.—PUB.

disastrous. He might have added another metaphor, very popular with a certain member of the faculty, with equal propriety and applicability, that a fool, who could not build a hovel can destroy a palace.

But this is looking upon the dark side of the picture. It is yet pleasant to remember with what earnestness and secrecy we engaged in the affair; how often we met, and each time making a careful statement in regard to the number of books collected, and how many yet remained. And when all were collected into a basket, we marched in solemn procession to the funeral pile, at dead of night.

"O treacherous night! Thou lendest thy ready veil  
To every teeming mischief."

Yes, *we thought*, a plot was formed and carried into execution (*rather modest for Sophs.*) which would have made Arnold blush, or had Cataline even possessed the plan, Rome would have been a pile of blackened ruins.

Well do we remember with what eagerness every one pressed around the burning pile, each stirring it up with a long *pole*, wishing we suppose to transform it to ashes by means of *polar co-ordinates*, (we have not forgotten all our Analytices, yet,) and the exulting shouts seem yet to ring in our ears, as one by one the books vanished into "airy nothing" and we thought to *ourselves* that this was the first "*determinate problem*" of the book that most of them had ever solved, and which they thought was *very* problematical, viz: whether fire could have any effect on such a *hard* work.

The following lines by our friend, Tully Veolan, we insert as appropriate. He must acknowledge, if he is an admirer of the Muses, that Miss Ann A. Lytics possessed some very fine traits, for she commenced *very early* in life to "*construct lines*," the beauty and depth of which we have had *standing* proofs.

#### DESTRUCTION OF MISS ANN A. LYTICS.

'Twas midnight, and the "witching hour,"  
When, in the dark deep woods assembling,  
The banded Sophomores, armed with power  
Together gathered without trembling.

The "pocket editions" together were piled,  
No more to be used in "pasing"—  
They burnt those books in the dark woods wild,  
When others were quietly sleeping.

They piled those books with glee and joy,  
Nor thought they of the morrow—  
And with their mirth was no alloy  
For naught knew they of sorrow.

They fired that pile with savage glee  
And watched the bright flames burning—  
Of all the books the Earth could see  
The hardest yet in learning.

While speaking of early college "sprees," we might as well make a clean breast of it at once, as we are soon to depart. There are but few, *we* may say but *one* among the many students at the University now, who was engaged in "The Spree" described in the lines below. It was rather a dangerous and foolish affair, but we thought innocent, and as before stated that it has been forgiven by the good natured Professor, who was *particularly* "deviled" at the time. About the *worse* thing connected with the whole affair was the perpetration of the following, by one of the Faculty, for which he has not been pardoned. When speaking of "The Spree" in our hearing, he remarked if there was a standard for *agility* in college, the young men who were engaged in it would certainly deserve "*first*," but, he immediately added, he expected they had a *gill-o'tea* aboard.—  
But read

#### THE SPREE.

'T was on December's wintry night,  
When Cynthia's face was shining bright,  
Some students tried with all their might,  
To raise a little jollity—  
Each hearty threw aside his card  
And leaped into the College yard,  
Turning his back on Michael's guard  
With true heroic bravery.

Hark! some lad with courage full,  
Gives the bell an awful pull,  
Regardless of the threat'ning—

That issued from the Laboratory.  
And now the rattling of a wheel  
Bids all the gents, for woe or weal  
To join the Devil's fancy reel  
With becoming loyalty.

The rolling of the woodman's cart  
Soon seemed to be a paltry art,  
And each resolved to act a part  
Worthy the fraternity.  
The Nestor of the crowd does speak—  
"Courage, lads, be not so weak—  
Let us on this wagon wreak—  
Our vengeance with impunity."

He tells his deeds of former wars,  
And shows, with pride, his ugly scars,  
And begs Bellona, dreadful Mars,  
To animate their votaries—  
"Come, I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus I,  
Who never learned to turn and fly,  
But rather on the field to die  
Than disgrace my ancestry."

"Let's place this waggon on the peak  
Of yon proud building, ere we sleep,  
Thus every single one shall reap  
A sheaf of immortality.  
Let's place a table on its base,  
And let a jug its centre grace  
Which none shall ever dare displace,  
With show of much grand company."

"A flag shall o'er the relics wave,  
The proud mementoes of the brave,  
Till Death shall call us to the grave  
Where sleepeth frail humanity.  
And he who does this flag displace  
Shall meet Bombastes face to face,  
For never will we see disgrace  
Come upon our blazonry."

The work was done as soon as said,  
The heroes moved to seek their bed,  
When from the ground the Devil's head  
Popped in its majesty—  
"Begone, you dogs, hegone I say,  
Why will you linger here 'till day?  
You cannot in my favor stay  
By such trifling flattery."

(*Exeunt Heroes.*)

(*Devil aside,*)

"The golden days of man are gone  
And I shall see my kingdom torn.  
These *flashy* youths were never made  
To be my trust soldiery.

I'll hie me home and fit a place  
Where I may keep this pigmy race,  
For never, never, shall it disgrace  
The flower of my chivalry."

Aurora now with rosy hands,  
Had flung bright light all o'er the land,  
But 'neath the flag no gallant band  
Stood firm for battlery.  
But gallant Wait at early dawn  
Had snuffed the brewing of the storm  
And boldly marched with weapon drawn  
To win a crown of victory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brave Nestor's cheeks with fury glow  
His honeyed words with speed do flow  
As he bids his warriors go  
And shield the proud emblazonry.

Come gallant Mississippi, come,  
The land of Quitman, Quitteburn,  
Remember still the glorious sun  
That rose on bloody Monterey.  
Awake, brave Tennessee renowned,  
The name of Hickory—Pillow sound.  
Awake! Awake! The hills resound  
With rampant war's dread revelry.  
Come Alabama! Bagby's pride,  
The note of war sound far and wide,  
Remember Tallapoosa's tide  
Has seen your dreadful yeomanry.  
Come Rip Van Winkle, red with gore  
When slaughter stalked abroad of yore,  
Remember Guilford if no more  
The theme of all posterity.

But the curling smoke has cleared away,  
Furious chargers have ceased to neigh,  
And veteran Wait has gained the day,  
Indeed a bloodless victory—  
I never shall again relate  
The firm decrees of Madame Fate  
Since *now*, I've robbed my scanty pate  
Reducing it to beggary.

COMMENCEMENT.—Though the announce-  
ment that commencement will soon be  
here, makes us feel very large, we cannot  
refrain from telling our readers it is near  
at hand, and that great preparations are  
being made by the Marshals and Managers  
to accommodate a large crowd, which  
they know will come to see *such* a class  
graduate. We, in the name of the class,  
extend a cordial invitation to all to come  
to our "feast of reason."

To fathers, mothers and friends of the graduating class, we say, come and see your sons and friends receive their degree, and hear their

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.”

And to the younger portions of the community, we can add still further inducements; especially to the young ladies. Besides listening to the *speeches* of their—friends and enjoying the grand festivals in the “Assembly Room,” for which, we are happy to state, the corps of Managers have procured the best band of music in the South, we can say that sixty of the finest looking *men* graduate, that have ever left *our* Alma Mater.

Then there are half-dozen Editors to graduate, some of them will speak *publicly*, and desire to speak *privately*, and we will add for the *benefit* of the ladies that none of them are *engaged*, but wish to—see you at Commencement. We advise our citizens to prepare for a very large number of ladies, for they *can't* stay away after this announcement.

The gentlemen who address us this Commencement are all of the first order of talent, and not unknown to fame, and we have no doubt that every thing will pass off in the finest style.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—I is informed that his verses are rejected, he *can't* write poetry.

Mehl has been received, but we don't think he can have a showing. We rather guess he is an old friend in disguise. He argues his point well, but the outward garb is too rough. If Mehl would pay more attention to style, he could gain admission into the Magazine. He is very much addicted to tautology, indeed, this is his greatest fault. Try again.

We are glad to receive a contribution from Wake Forest. It appears in our columns of this month. We hope that like favors will be continued, it will increase the intercourse between the two institutions, and promote a friendly feeling among the students. We will be glad to see T. H. P. at our Commencement and as many more of his fellow-students as he can persuade to come.

Our contributors for the last month show a falling off, both in quality and quantity. It can be accounted for on the ground that the struggle in the Junior Class is over, and before we make our appearance, the Editors for the ensuing year will have been elected, and they are saving their thunder for that time. In our next we will be able to state who they are and then give them our parting advice.

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

JUNE, 1854.

No. 5.

MEMOIR OF CAPT. JOHN TEMPLER SHUBRICK, U. S. A.

BY JOSEPH JOHNSON, M. D., OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

THIS gentleman was descended from a very old, wealthy and respectable family in South Carolina. His father, Col. Thomas Shubrick, distinguished himself on different occasions in the American Revolution, particularly as Aid of Gen. Greene in the battle of Eutaw. The mother of Col. Shubrick was a Miss Motte, related to some of the most distinguished men in that State. Col. Shubrick was born in 1755, and married in 1778 to Miss Branford, whose mother's maiden name was Bullein, a family tracing its lineage to that of Anne Bullein, the unfortunate Queen of Henry the 8th. They had a large family, not surpassed if equaled for beauty, grace and honor by any other in South Carolina. Of this family six were commissioned by the United States Government, and served in the war of 1812, against Great Britain. Thomas and Richard were in the army; John Templer, William Branford, Edward Rutledge, and Irvine in the Navy. The two attached to the army died during that war, without having an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. John

Templer Shubrick, the seventh child and fifth son, was born on Bull's Island, a valuable sea island, owned by Col. Shubrick, on the 12th September, 1788; received the best education that the State afforded, and was then sent to the care of the Rev. Thomas Thatcher of Dedham, Massachusetts. Here he remained three years with his brother, the present (1854) Commodore, Wm. B. Shubrick, and was qualified for commencing the study of law. With this view he entered the office of the Hon. William Drayton, who was for many years one of the most distinguished members of the South Carolina Bar.— Here he persevered two years, diligently studying the laws of his country and the practice of its Courts. At the end of that time he told his father that he could no longer restrain his disposition to engage in more exciting scenes, and requested that he might obtain an appointment in the navy. His brother William also came forward with the same request, and warrants were sent on to them dated 20th of June, 1806, Templer being 18 and William between 16 and 17 years of age.

Templer now entered into active service and was attached to the Chesapeake—a 36 gun frigate, then fitting at Washington for the Mediterranean station\*. They dropped down to Norfolk, and when proceeding to sea were attacked by the Leopard—a British 50 gun ship, who fired on them about fifteen minutes, while they from the lumbered state of the deck, were unable to return but one gun. That was fired from Shubrick's division under Lieut. Allen,† by means of a coal of fire taken from the Cook's Galley. The Chesapeake had three killed, eight badly and ten slightly wounded. This was an exciting scene to one who had never been at sea before in an armed vessel, and had not been in this more than a few weeks.

In 1808, Templer Shubrick was transferred to the brig Argus, and continued actively cruising on the American coast, under different commanders about twenty months. He was then ordered on board of the "United States," a forty-four gun frigate under

\* See Niles' register, vol. 1, p. 949, September 28th, 1811.

† William Henry Allen had seen much service and was with Commodore Bainbridge in the Washington frigate which first displayed the national flag at Constantinople. He distinguished himself in the capture of the Macdonian, and was accordingly promoted to the command of the brig Argus. In her he took out Mr. Crawford our minister to France, and then cruised in the Irish Channel, destroying merchandise to the estimated value of \$2,000,000. There he awaited the attack of the Poitiers, a much heavier brig than the Argus, and was killed in the action when she was captured. Distinguished as Capt. Allen was for bravery, he was yet more remarkable for his urbanity and generosity.

Commodore Decatur. Here he became engaged in a duel with one of the officers—Decatur heard of it, and put a stop to the proceedings. But wanting them to promise that it should end there, Shubrick refused to make any such promise, without an apology, and was removed to a small vessel the Viper. This removal was an apparent punishment, but actually a promotion, as he became an acting Lieutenant of the Viper, officiating in a higher command and more responsible duties, than in the "United States." Indeed Decatur could not find it in his heart to punish a young officer, for acting as he himself would have done, but the discipline of his ship must be preserved.

In the Viper, Shubrick had also the gratification of being under the command of his own townsman, Lt. Com. Charles Gadsden. They cruised southward, touched at Charleston, and passed on to New Orleans, where Lt. Joseph Bainbridge took the command.—In 1811, Templer Shubrick was transferred to the Siren, of 16 guns, which had seen so much service at Tripoli, commanded by Capt. Gordon. Before they left New Orleans, while looking after some cordage, an Englishman who was foreman of the rope-walk, abused the men under Shubrick, and on taking their part, he was insulted also, by the Englishman. Shubrick having a stick in his hand, thrashed the Englishman with it, but he drew a pistol and fired it at Shubrick, wounding both of his thumbs, in consequence of which they were amputated; this was the only wound he ever received.

Early in 1812, Templer Shubrick was commissioned lieutenant, and joined

the frigate *Constitution*, under Capt. Hull at Annapolis. She was exceedingly well officered, Morris, Wadsworth, Read, Hoffman, and Morgan being brother officers with Shubrick. To this circumstance may be ascribed her wonderful escape from a British squadron of five frigates into the port of Boston. In this long continued chase, the *Constitution* was hurried forward during a calm by means of Kedge Anchors, in addition to the usual towing by boats; this was an excellent school for young Shubrick.

On the 2d of August they put to sea again, and on the 19th fell in with the British frigate, *Guerrier*, Capt. Dacres, who had gone out of his prescribed course, for the purpose of catching a Yankee and he caught a Tartar. The particulars of the action resulting in the capture and destruction of the *Guerrier*, may be seen in the histories of the American Navy, and of that war, and in periodicals of the day, as in Niles' Register for September 12th, 1812, p. 28. The capture of the *Guerrier* commenced a new era in the history of England and of America. From a want of confidence in the discipline and experience of the American Navy, the administration had determined to withhold their orders to our ships in future. Capt. Hull had received no order to sail from Boston, but put to sea as a continuation of his cruise. He was providentially brought in contact with a single frigate, one of the finest in the British Navy, and as providentially crowned with victory. From this time all our vessels were sent to sea as fast as they could be equipped, and liberally supplied with all that could be wanted.

In Great Britain the news had just been published of Gen. Hull's whole army having been captured at Detroit with the whole of Michigan Territory. In the midst of the national rejoicing at this achievement, the news was published of the *Guerrier* having been captured by a single frigate of her own class, under the command of Capt. Hull. The complexion of every thing was immediately changed, and when some spoke of the American army having been captured, they were rebuffed with the exclamation, "but a British frigate has been captured by a single Yankee frigate." Provinces, towns, and armies had often been captured by his Majesties armies, but when was it ever known that a King's ship had been taken by an enemy of about the same force? If half a dozen armies had been captured from their enemy, it would not have compensated for this loss of character and confidence in the invincibility of the British navy. In America it was then, and has ever since been considered one of the most glorious victories achieved by the American arms, and the recorded particulars of the action form one of the brightest pages in the history of our navy and nation.

On the return of the *Constitution*, Bainbridge took command of her, Morris and Wadsworth left her and Parker succeeded as first Lieutenant, Hoffman as the second, and Shubrick as the third. They sailed on the 26th October, 1812, in company with the *Hornet*, commanded by Capt. Lawrence. They cruised together off the coast of Brazil, but there separated for a time and did not meet again until after the capture of the *Java*.

\*On the 29th December the Constitution captured the British frigate "Java," after a bloody battle of nearly two hours duration, off the coast of St. Salvador. In the affair of the Guerrier, her loss was excused by some on the plea of her having a smaller compliment of men, but in that of the Java, there was no such excuse to be made. She had a surplus of men and officers, both of the British army and navy, going as passengers to the East Indies. They all fought bravely and obstinately, but the destruction of their ship became more certain, because of their obstinacy. Many alleged that the loss of the Guerrier was accidental from her masts having been shot away, when coming to close quarters with the Constitution.—The Java therefore having the wind, kept a long shot from her enemy, but this made no difference, the Americans could not use their caronades, but fired their long guns with more skill and accuracy than the British. The victory was delayed, but equally complete. During the action all the masts of the Java were shot away as in the Guerrier, and she also was destroyed.

The Hornet rejoined the Constitution soon after this victory; and Capt. Bainbridge having concluded to return to port; Shubrick proposed to exchange places with Ballard one of the Hornet's Lieutenants, that his cruise might be extended. This being agreed to by all parties Shubrick shipped as first Lieutenant in the Hornet of eighteen guns. On the 24th February, 1813, they fell

in with, engaged, captured, and sunk the British sloop of war Peacock\*.—The engagement only lasted fifteen minutes, such was the precision and rapidity of the American fire that the Peacock was literally cut to pieces, her Captain, William Peak killed, and the vessel in a sinking state.† She went down soon after her surrender, taking with her the bodies of her brave Captain and other defenders, with several of the Hornet's crew, who had been sent to take possession of the Prize.—

"So deadly is the contest where gallant foemen meet,  
Their death-bell is the cannon's roar,  
The wave their winding sheet!"—CRAFTS.

Shubrick sailed again in the Hornet, when commanded by Capt. Biddle, in Commodore Decatur's squadron. The whole of them were met off Long Island Sound, chased into New London, and there blockaded by Admiral Hardy's fleet. Leaving these vessels in the river at New London, Decatur repaired to New York, with Shubrick and others selected for the occasion, and went to sea in the fine frigate the President.—They sailed from New York on the 14th January, 1815, and on the same night fell in with a British squadron of the Majestic a Razee, and three British frigates‡. Of these the Endymion a heavy frigate was the fastest sailer, and came

\* See Niles' Weekly Register April 3d, 1813, p. 84, vol. 4.

† The brig Peacock was one of the finest vessels of her class in the British Navy; of the same tonnage with the Hornet—she had greater breadth of beam but was not quite so long.

‡ See Niles' Weekly Register for February 4th, 1815, pp. 364, 365, Vol. VII.

\* See Niles' Register, Vol. 3, p. 410, February 7th, 1813.

so near to Decatur that he determined to run her aboard, capture her if possible, leave his crippled ship to the enemy, and sail away in the prize *Endymion*. He accordingly attacked and silenced her, but the British Captain as if aware of his intention sheered off as the *President* approached, and tried to draw his enemy down to the guns of his associates. The rigging of the *President* being much cut by the British shot, she could not take the desired position, but stood off again under the fire of the whole squadron, now within the range of their cannon. A heavy firing was kept up by them on the *President*, who lost many brave men in this disproportioned conflict and finally surrendered to the squadron.

During the most active and exciting scenes of this action, Lieutenant Shubrick's foot slipped in some of the clotted blood, and he fell upon the deck.—His youngest brother Irvine—a midshipman on board of the *President*, and this his first cruise, saw his brother Templer fall, and under the impulse of fraternal affection, left his station and ran to aid and support him. Who can judge of his feelings and emotions on seeing his brother, and such a brother too, rise unhurt from the deck and resume his duties in his division. He still bore a charmed life; from all the bloody battles in which he was engaged in the service of his country, he escaped unscathed, he never received a wound in battle.

It is common enough for victors to boast! When these British vessels returned to England, one of the *Endymion's* officers was saying in a coffee house, that his vessel had captured the

frigate *President*. An old officer of the same squadron was present and said "not the *Endymion* alone, for you know we mobbed the *President*." This fine ship was a very fast sailer, but on this occasion did not equal the expectations of her crew. When going out from New York, she had been run aground, and thumped heavily sometime, but as she did not leak, they kept on their course. When carried to England, she was examined in a Dry Dock, and a portion of her keel found to have been torn loose and turned aside, so as to have obstructed her sailing.—This had doubtless been caused by her thumping on the shoal.

Lieut. Shubrick was sent to Bermuda a prisoner of war, but soon released by the treaty of peace. On his return to New York, it was ascertained that the Barbary powers were committing depredations on the American Commerce. The American government therefore determined to punish them, and offered the command of the expedition to Com. Decatur. He of course accepted it, and hoisted his pennant in the *Guerrier*—a new frigate built after the capture and destruction of the English vessel by Com. Hull. He selected Shubrick for his first lieutenant. They sailed on the 21st May, in the squadron of three frigates and seven sloops of war, brigs and schooners. The *Guerrier* reached Tangier on 15th June, and Decatur having learned from the American Consul, that the Algerine Admiral had just gone into the Mediterranean towards Carthage, hurried on in pursuit. On the 17th the American squadron overtook the Algerines, their Admiral Rais Hammi-da being in his fine frigate the *Mesada*,

of forty-six guns and five hundred men, in company with a large brig, the *Estedio* of twenty-two guns and one hundred and eighty men.\* A battle immediately ensued off the Spanish Port Carthage-na, into which the Algerine brig tried to escape, but ran aground. During this engagement with the Admiral, one of the Guerrier's guns burst, killing and wounding about thirty of her own crew. A fragment of the gun flew so near to Shubrick as to strike his hat, but missed his head. Shortly after this accident the Admiral Rais Hammida being killed, great havoc made of his men and the masts shot away, the frigate was surrendered to Com. Decatur and sent into Carthage-na; she had one hundred and sixty men killed and wounded. During this engagement, the other American vessels had in their boats, boarded the Algerine brig while grounded, killing and wounding many of her crew, twenty-three of whom were found dead on her deck; they then succeeded in getting her off the shoal, and sent her also into Carthage-na.

Decatur did not go into port with his prizes, nor pause to refit or refresh, but hurried on to Algiers. Here he arrived on the 28th and dictated his own terms of peace to the Dey and Regency. The treaty was signed by both parties on the 30th of June, just forty days after the squadron left America.—The Dey having submitted to the terms imposed by the American Commodore, he begged of Decatur that his captured vessels might be returned to him, saying that without them his subjects

would revolt and decapitate him. Decatur magnanimously gave them as a compliment, not as a right. This liberality left an impression in Europe, as among the Turks, that the Americans did not regard their naval power, but would if again molested, return and sweep their cruisers from the Ocean and Sea.

Decatur next proceeded to Tunis, demanding payment for two prizes of the American privateer *Abelino*, which the Bey had given up to the British Consul. For these Decatur demanded and received in payment \$46,000. He then proceeded to Tripoli, and enforced from that Regency the payment of \$25,000 for similar violations of American rights. In these negotiations at the cannons' mouth, he reversed the usage which had existed some hundreds of years, between Christian nations and the Barbary powers. He also obtained the release of the American and other Christian captives, without ransom, and a stipulation for peace and neutral rights thereafter, without tribute.

This rapid succession of victory and triumph enabled Decatur to confer on Shubrick a compliment expressive of his high respect, and of the confidence reposed in his character and abilities. He was selected to be the bearer of the treaties and of the Commodore's despatches. The command of the *Epervier* was given to him for this purpose, and he hastened to return into the bosom of his family, crowned with honorable distinction. Not long before the sailing of the frigate *President*, Shubrick had married Miss Ludlow of New York, and had been very little at home, after that joyful crisis in the life of all

\* See Niles' Register, Vol. VIII, August 19th, 1815, and Vol. IX.

who are virtuous and honorable. Capt. Lewis of the *Guerrier*, and Lieut. B. J. Neale of the *Constellation*, had also been very recently married and to two sisters. These two gentlemen got leave of absence as soon as the treaties were signed, in consideration of their domestic relations, and sailed with Shubrick in the fondest hopes of enjoying thereafter, surrounded by their families, the honors they had bravely won. Lieutenants Yarnal, Drury, Barnwell, Wright, Coulter and Hunter, with several American citizens who had been released from captivity in Algiers, were passengers in the *Epervier*. She was known to have passed the straits of Gibraltar on the 10th of July, but after that nothing certain was ever known of her. She was said to have been seen but not spoken, in a tremendous gale of wind in the month of August, not far from the American coast, but she never arrived. Not one of all her gallant crew and passengers ever reached the land! The flower of the American Navy is said to have perished in the loss of the *Epervier*.

Shubrick was but nine years in the Navy, and few or none of his brother officers ever saw as much service or engaged in as many battles, bravely fought and honorably won. He lost his life by one of those disasters which so often close the career of seamen; as if Providence had designed for him the enjoyment of a life of glory, unscathed by wounds, and a death suited to the dangers of his profession. One child, a son, was the issue of Shubrick's marriage, this gentleman Edmund Templer Shubrick, is now a Lieutenant in the navy and was a volunteer in the American army when invading Mexico.

Among other commendable qualities and habits, Shubrick was very attentive to personal neatness, with gentlemanly language and deportment on all occasions. Without affectation or foppery, he respected the office which he filled, and thus commanded the deference and respect of his men and brother officers. On one occasion when expecting every moment to be wrecked on a lee shore, he and Commodore Parker were overhauling a cable to anchor the vessel as a last resort, when they agreed to go and put on their uniform coats, that if drowned they might even in death be known and respected as officers. The cable and anchor fortunately saved them all.

The war with the Barbary Powers and the summary mode of punishing their aggressions, made an impression on the minds, not only of the parties themselves, but of the Turks and of every nation in Europe, very favorable to the American name. Within a few weeks after the honorable termination of their bloody war with Great Britain, they sent out an efficient squadron against the Barbary Powers, which not only beat them in battle, but humbled them, enforced the prompt payment for their aggressions, and a release of their Christian Captives without ransom.— These were eight Neapolitans, all the Americans of whom many were prisoners in consequence of the war with Great Britain, and a Danish family of nine persons.

Although Shubrick was subordinate in rank, he was as the first Lieutenant of Decatur, one of the most efficient agents in these transactions. An English gentleman asked the Dey of Al-

giers, why he submitted so readily to the Americans. The Dey asked in reply how he could help it? Had they not captured British men of war in fair fight, and then sent those very vessels captured from the British out here to take his vessels? The English gentleman also answered "they could not help it."

The Bey of Tunis became very angry with the English resident at his court, for having induced him to give to the English the American prizes which had taken shelter in his neutral port. "Did you not say, said the Bey, that the American vessels would soon be swept from the ocean by the British navy, and that we would never again see an American cruiser? Here, on the contrary, they attack me with a large squadron, chiefly composed of vessels captured from the British navy, and strengthened by defeating you." The vessels in Decatur's squadron, thus referred to, were the *Guerrier* and *Macedonian*, frigates, the *Epervier*, the *Boxer* and the *Alert*, all captured from the British in separate actions.

This squadron, however efficient, was soon followed by another under Com. Bainbridge, consisting of the *Independence*, seventy-four, the *United States* and *Congress* frigates, with sloops of war, brigs, &c., in admirable discipline and equipment, amounting to fourteen or fifteen sails. This arrival satisfied even those disposed to sneer, that the American navy was not annihilated in their war with Great Britain, as had been predicted, nor laid up in dry docks, or inefficient, as they now amounted to twenty-four vessels of war on one station, before the eyes of all Europe.—

They rendezvoused at Gibraltar and came to anchor in admirable style. A British officer who was present inquired of a gentleman standing near him, the names of the different vessels. The gentleman did not know, but answered promptly,—"that Sir, is the *Guerrier*, that the *Macedonian*, that the *Java*, that the *Epervier*, that the *Boxer*, that the *Frolic*, and that the *Cyanne*," the English officer having heard more than he liked, cut short the conversation, saying, "good bye to you sir."

By the above it appears that J. Templer Shubrick, was present and partook in the following actions.

The Chesapeake	attacked by the	Leopard.
The escape of the	Constitution from a	British Squadron.
The <i>Guerrier</i>	captured by the	Constitution.
The <i>Java</i>	" "	" "
The <i>Peacock</i>	" "	" Hornet.
The <i>President</i>	" "	" a British squadron.
The <i>Algerine</i>	} "	" the <i>Guerrier</i> .
frigate <i>Mesada</i> .		

Major A. Garden in lamenting the untimely fate of this distinguished officer says: "Of Capt. John Templer Shubrick, how shall I speak? How in terms sufficiently energetic, express my admiration of his exalted worth? The brave, the heroic youth, who thrice in the space of twelve months, saw the flag of Britain floating beneath the basilisk glance of the triumphant Eagle! His merits are beyond the reach of encomium. Imagination may lead us to conceive of what might have been expected from him, but alas!

"He is gone and idolatrous fancy must sanctify his relics.

GARDENS' 2d SERIES.

## JOHN B. ASHE.

CHAPEL HILL, Feb. 29, 1844.

DEAR SIR: Gov. Swain called on me, on the 16th inst. with a letter addressed to him, by R. H. Cowan, Esq. of Wilmington, requesting his aid, in bringing forward and establishing the claims of Gen. John Ashe, on the government of the United States, for revolutionary services. The destitute condition of Mrs. Laspeyre, the daughter of that distinguished patriot, is represented as imperatively demanding relief. Gov. Swain espouses the interests of that lady, with as much zeal and kindness, as I could have anticipated. His official duties, and the situation of his family, at this time, preclude him from undertaking a task, which I have no doubt, he would, under favorable circumstances, have performed with the greatest pleasure. But he has done, what is equivalent. He has chalked out the course, which should be pursued to obtain justice; and assigned me the pleasing task, of assisting him in accomplishing that object. In such a cause, it is impossible, that I should not engage with ardor, as in subserving the benevolent purpose of Gov. Swain, I shall be gratifying my respect for the memory of Gen. Ashe; and shall moreover, be fulfilling a duty of gratitude, for that friendship with which Mrs. Laspeyre has honored me for nearly fifty years.

In pursuance of the plan suggested by Gov. Swain, I will now proceed to give a sketch of the civil and military career of Gen. Ashe, in opposing the arbitrary measures of the British government.

General, then Col. Ashe, was speaker of the Lower House of Assembly, from 1762 to 1765; and it was, in this high and commanding station, as speaker, that he opposed the Stamp Act, in 1765; and pledged himself to resist its operation. He announced to Gov. Tryon, openly and fearlessly, his determination in this respect.

As soon as Col. Ashe, who was supported in his efforts by Gen. Waddell, received intelligence of the approach of the ship, bringing the stamps and the stamp-officer, he embodied a company of the militia of New Hanover; and prepared for a conflict. When the proclamation of Gov. Tryon, on Jan. 6, 1766, announced the arrival of the stamp-ship, he collected a number of persons, and demanded an interview with James Houston, the stamp-master, who was the guest of Gov. Tryon. Upon the Governor's refusal, Col. Ashe threatened to burn the house; and proceeded to the execution of his threat. Tryon yielded; and Houston was conducted to the market house; and there made a solemn oath, never to perform the duties of his office.

There was no pause in the action of Col. Ashe. He continued his opposition to Gov. Tryon, during the year 1766. While he bearded his Excellency in his palace, Judge Maurice Moore harassed him, in the courts of law, with exceptions to his commissions of Oyer and Terminer.

In 1770 and 1771, Col. Ashe was elected a member of the Lower House.

In 1773, he was in the Lower House; and was elected with Harvey, Howe, Harnett, Hooper, Caswell, Vail, Hewes and Johnston, a committee of correspondence, to keep up and maintain a communication with the sister colonies, relative to the proceedings of the British parliament.

In 1774, he was in the Lower House, and was elected with Hooper, Samuel Johnston, Caswell, Howe, Harnett, Edwards, Allen, Jones and Hewes, a committee to prepare the answer of the House, to the conciliatory speech of Gov. Martin, which they did and rejected it.

The Assembly of March, 1774, was first prorogued to May 25; and afterwards dissolved (March 30th, 1774,) by proclamation. In this year, 1774, Col. Ashe entered into an Association, with Cornelius Harnett, George Moore, Maurice Moore, James Moore, Samuel Ashe, William Hooper, Archibald Mac-laine, Richard Quince, Alexander Lillington, and a number of other distinguished individuals, by which they bound themselves by every tie of religion and honor and nature, to be ready, and to go forth, and sacrifice their lives and fortunes, resisting force by force, to secure freedom and safety to their country.

When it was ascertained that Gov. Martin did not intend to convene another assembly, Col. Ashe, with John Harvey, Wm. Hooper, Willie Jones, Samuel Johnston and James Iredell, projected a provincial congress, and succeeded in causing delegates to be elected.

Gov. Martin issued a proclamation on the 13th August, 1774, in which he condemned all assemblies and elections of the people and warned all officers of the King, both civil and military, to exert themselves to the utmost of their power, to prevent such illegal meetings, and more particularly the meeting of certain deputies at Newbern, on the 25th instant.

Notwithstanding this proclamation, the provincial congress met at the time and place designated, and Col. Ashe and Wm. Hooper, having been elected to seats in said congress, duly attended.

In January, 1775, Col. Ashe was elected a member of the Committee of Safety, at Wilmington.

In the same year he resigned his commission of Colonel of Militia of New Hanover county, which he held under the royal government, and accepted the same rank, at the election of the people; this being the first instance of the acceptance of a military commission under the authority of the people.

Apprehending that Gov. Martin was meditating plans for extending the fortifications of Fort Johnston, Col. Ashe undertook to dismantle and disarm that fortress. On the 17th July, 1775, he attacked it with a force of 500 men, and reduced it to ashes, and all the houses and buildings within it.

Col. Ashe was denounced for this act,

in the proclamation of Gov. Martin, dated August 8th, 1775, in terms of the severest reprobation, and also, for influencing and conducting a body of armed men of the county of New Hanover, and of other counties adjacent, to "the most treasonable outrages." In the same proclamation, the intended provincial congress to be held at Hillsborough, on the 20th instant, is also denounced, as a meditated and insidious attempt, to erect, among his Majesty's faithful subjects, the standard of rebellion.

On the 20th August, 1775, Col. Ashe with Cornelius Harnett, Alexander Lillington, James Moore, Samuel Ashe, Archibald Maclaine and Wm. Hooper, attended the provincial congress at Hillsborough, which met in defiance of the proclamation.

In this congress, the military forces of the province were organized, and Col. Ashe and Col. Moore were nominated as candidates for the Colonelcy of the first regiment. The latter was elected.

From this provincial congress, Col. Ashe returned to his home in New Hanover, animated by an extraordinary zeal. He immediately commenced the undertaking of raising a regiment, this he effected at his own expense, on the pledge of his estate, and the faith in his character. So unbounded was the confidence in his probity, that the recruits unhesitatingly received his promissory notes in lieu of pay.

The passions which agitated that day have been long hushed in the grave, but it is not irrelevant to the subject, nor will it be uninteresting to you, to peruse the observations of an eye-witness of the scene that occurred after

Col. Ashe's return to New Hanover. It will be sketched from a conversation between my father the late Mr. George Hooper and myself, which took place in the latter end of the year 1819, or about the beginning of 1820.

He remarked that he could never forget Gen. Ashe's return from the convention at Hillsborough, in Sept. 1775.— He was in a state of prodigious excitement. The boast of Pompey, "In whatever part of Italy I stamp my foot, legions will rise up," if we may compare small things with great, Ashe may be said to have realized, without the gasconade of the Roman. His object was, to raise a regiment, and he accomplished it. You cannot imagine what a commotion he stirred up. He kindled an enthusiasm in New Hanover, and the adjacent counties, of which there is no parallel in the traditions of the State. In less than two weeks after his return from the convention, persons were seen moving in every direction on the high ways in the country, and on the streets in the towns, with cockades in their hats inscribed, "Who will not follow when Ashe leads the way?"

I observed, he must have been a great speaker. Not in all respects, was the reply. I heard him, he continued, in the Assembly. He was a fluent, but not a skillful debater. Indeed, he was too much under the dominion of his imagination and his passions, to make a skilful debater. The former, bore him away from the question, in lofty, and sometimes in eccentric flight; and the latter, fused his argumentation into torrents of invective. When he appealed to the heart, he was more effective. He struck the chords of passion with a mas-

ter hand. His words roused the soul, like the roll of the drum, or the roar of the artillery, at the commencement of the action. Every breast heaved as if with the sentiment of the Athenian orator, "Let us away! Let us arm! Let us march against Philip!"

The testimony of Mr. George Hooper as to facts, will not be objected to by those who were acquainted with him.— He was however, at the time of the scene, he describes, a young man about 28 years old, and few young men at that age are competent to form a correct estimate of the abilities of older men, engaged in political or in professional pursuits. Another gentleman, whom I shall cite, rather as authority than as testimony will lead us to the conclusion that Mr. Hooper was not alone in his estimate of the powers of Gen. Ashe's mind. Mr. Samuel Strudwick, a member of his Majesty's council, resided in the neighborhood of Gen. Ashe. Mr. Strudwick had arrived at an age when the judgment is mature, and when experience sheds a light on its decisions. He had mingled in the fashionable and political circles of the great metropolis of England, and had enjoyed abundant opportunities of measuring talents, and graduating merit with more than ordinary precision. Speaking of Gen. Ashe on some occasion, which for aught I know, might have been the very one, which I have noted as the subject of Mr. Hooper's observations, he declared emphatically that there were not, in the city of London, superior in intellect to John Ashe. Pardon this unnecessary digression.

The provincial council which was elected by the provincial congress, at

their session of August, 1775, held its first session at the Court house, in Johnston county, on the 18th Oct. 1775.

On the 22d October, intelligence of serious discontents among the people being received by this council, and that the people had assembled and protested against the proceedings of the late congress, Col. Ashe was appointed, with Samuel Ashe and Cornelius Harnett, to explain the proceedings of the congress, to the people.

The provincial congress assembled at Halifax, on April 4th, 1776. At this congress, Col. Ashe was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Wilmington District, and took the immediate command of the detachments ordered for Gen. Moore.

On June 5th, 1776, the fourth provincial council met at Wilmington.

Gen. Ashe appears to have been on the alert, and active at this time, by his report to the council.

Here, there *seems* to be a chasm, which I have no means of filling up. That Gen. Ashe was actively employed, I nevertheless entertain no doubt.

On February 24th, 1779, Gen. Ashe arrived at Brier Creek, with 2,300 men.

He was surprised and defeated there, March 3d, 1779.

A court martial was held March 9th, 1779, by order of Gen. Lincoln, and at the particular desire of Col. Ashe to examine into the affair at Brier Creek.

The following facts were set forth at the trial:

1. Gen. Ashe had been too short a time at his position, to be acquainted with the country about it.

2. His men were exhausted by a

long and fatiguing march, from which they had not had time to recover.

3. They had suffered many days from a scarcity of provisions.

4. There was an utter destitution of all necessary accoutrements. The men were unprovided with pouches, or cartouche boxes, to hold their ammunition; and if they had been supplied with powder before the action, could not have been prevented from wasting it.

5. The men had no trenching tools.

6. The enemy had full and accurate information of all that passed in the Whig camp, through the activity of disaffected persons, while Gen. Ashe, on the contrary, received no correct accounts, but was unavoidably misled.

7. Gen. Ashe's force, by fatigue parties, baggage parties, baggage guard, and absentees, was reduced to 600 men.

8. The cavalry were worn out with fatigue. Nevertheless, two bodies of horse, were sent out on the morning of the action, to reconnoitre and report.— One of these, saw that a considerable corps of the enemy had moved; but did not return to give notice. Another body under Col. Marberry, saw the enemy cross the creek, exchanged fires with them, and sent a messenger with information, but the messenger, was either taken or killed.

9. The enemy was greatly superior in force.

10. Gen. Ashe, under these accumulated disadvantages, prepared for action, so soon as he heard of the approach of the enemy. In fifteen minutes he advanced with his forces in two lines to meet them.

11. The first line stood about five minutes.

12. The second line, which was the first to break, was engaged for a moment on the right.

13. While the Georgians were engaged, Gen. Ashe left the field in order to rally the fugitives.

With this array of well sustained facts before them, the court martial decided "that Gen. Ashe did not take all the necessary precautions, which he ought to have done to secure his camp; and to obtain timely intelligence of the movements and approach of the enemy; but they entirely acquitted him of every imputation of a want of personal courage; and think that he remained on the field as long as prudence and duty required."

For the characters of the officers, who composed this court martial, I entertain a high and unqualified respect. I cannot impute to such men any unworthy bias; yet I must protest against that part of their sentence which sets forth, "that Gen. Ashe did not take all the necessary precautions to secure his camp, and to obtain timely intelligence of the movements and approach of the enemy."

That judicious veteran, Gov. Moultrie, says nothing that can warrant us in believing, that he coincided with the court martial. On the contrary, his note at the beginning of the trial, appears to be dictated by a spirit of kindness, and by an intention to invite us to just reflections. It is in these words: "The evidence on this court of inquiry, shows how wretchedly the militia armies were provided with arms and accoutrements." In one of his letters he speaks of the *misfortunes* of General Howe and Ashe; not imputing *mistakes* to either of them.

The reflections of that sensible historian, Dr. Ramsay, on this affair at Brier Creek, are comprised in the following passage :

“Inexperienced in the art of war, the Americans were subject to those reverses of fortune, which usually attend young soldiers. Unacquainted with military stratagems, deficient in discipline, and not broken to habits of implicit obedience, they were often surprised; and had to learn by repeated misfortunes, the necessity of subordination, and the advantages of watchfulness and discipline.”

There is nothing in this quotation, which looks like accordance with the decision of the court martial, in that part of their sentence which censures Gen. Ashe. It refers to that destitution and insubordination, which prevailed in all the militia camps of the Whigs, in the early stages of the revolution; and its evident tendency is, to exonerate Gen. Ashe, from the hasty condemnation which follows military disaster; and from that unjust obloquy, which augments the gloom of a public calamity.

On a careful examination of the defence and the testimony, I think every unprejudiced mind, will adopt the conclusion of Gen. Bryant, one of the witnesses on the trial, “that every thing was done, that the circumstances admitted of.”

I have entered more deeply into this affair at Brier Creek, than may seem to you proper. But to mention it was necessary; and to leave it without examination, would argue a most culpable indifference to the reputation of a brave officer and a disinterested patriot. In

holding the scales which are to weigh the services and the compensation of such a man, a single disaster, though the consequence of mistaken measures, or precipitate movements, cannot be admitted as a just or as a legitimate weight, and if it could, it would not be a feather against the manifold and efficient public services of this distinguished patriot. War, even systematic, well organized, well appointed war, is subject to numerous accidents, is liable to a thousand contingencies, is exposed to various casualties. If then, we judge with severity, the leader of an army of raw and inexperienced recruits, unprovided with every thing that an army ought to have, either for attack or for defence, with what rigor shall we visit the misfortunes of the veteran commander of well-trained and well-disciplined battalions?

After the defeat at Brier Creek, I cannot for some time trace Gen. Ashe's progress. His letter to Gen. Lincoln on the evening of the action, if it cannot serve as a clew, may at least furnish an inference. In that letter he says: “Gen. Bryant and Rutherford are of opinion that it is better to retreat to your quarters; therefore I am inclined to march to-night, when we get all our fugitives over.” He, no doubt, continued to exert himself in rendering services to the cause in which he was engaged.

It is known that in 1781, he returned to North Carolina. Wilmington, at that time, was a British garrison, commanded by Major Craig. There, two of his sons, were confined in a prison ship; and sentenced to be shot. One of them was Samuel Ashe, a Captain in

the continental line, afterwards well-known as Major Samuel Ashe; the other, his youngest son William. A day was fixed for their execution, and it would certainly have taken place if Major Craig had not received authentic information from the Whig camp, that a dreadful retaliation was in their power, and would be the consequence of such an act of inhumanity.

To one worn down by sickness and exposure and anguish of heart, every accession of misery comes with double force. The pleasure of seeing his family was embittered by anxiety, about these unfortunate youths. He was obliged too, to conceal himself, and to visit his family occasionally, and with many precautions. He had a shelter provided for himself in a swamp, near the Neck plantation, which belonged to his brother Samuel Ashe, and whither his wife had removed from the family residence, in order to be more out of the way of annoyance, from the excursions of the enemy. But no prudence, no vigilance, can avail aught against treachery. Gen. Ashe soon discovered that his confidential servant had betrayed him; and that Major Craig, was taking steps to capture him. He resolved immediately to remove to a more safe retreat. To this, he was on his way, with a faithful partizan, a man named Leguin, when they suddenly came in view of a squadron of horse, in British uniform, posted on a sand-ridge. Turning to Leguin, he said, "I see that I must be sacrificed, make your escape." Leguin followed his advice and succeeded. Gen. Ashe was infirm, and therefore easily taken; but he was treated, for a while at least, with more consid-

eration than he expected from the captors. They provided a carriage for him—a stick chair it was called, much used on Cape Fear in those days; and for some years after the end of the war.

In this way he was conveyed to Wilmington. During his confinement there, he took the small pox. What he suffered and how long, I cannot tell, and probably none of his family, now living, can relate. He was at length paroled, and died of a broken heart, in October, 1781, in the upper part of Duplin county, on his way to the back country, whither he was removing his family.

I have thus stated the facts which form the basis of General Ashe's claims on the government of the United States. These facts are strong, and are supported by the public records of the State, and by historical and traditional evidence. I might have enlarged upon some of them, but to an enlightened committee of the House of Representatives, amplification would be superfluous, and declamation puerile. If, to appeal to the passions of such a committee were necessary or decorous, there are incidents in the life of Gen. Ashe, which noted in brief and simple language would thrill every breast with emotion. But such appeals are neither necessary nor decorous.

We ask not remuneration for the sufferings of a lofty patriotism and a keen sensibility. We ask a reasonable compensation for services rendered.—We do not implore charity. We solicit justice for the indigent daughter of a lamented statesman, soldier and patriot, whose pecuniary losses were ruinous, whose *voluntary* sacrifices were greater than those of any other leader

of the revolution in North Carolina, whose services were various and efficient, and whose health was destroyed, and whose life was shortened by the energy and perseverance of his exertions

in the cause of liberty and independence.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

A. M. HOOPER.

The Hon. John B. Ashe, Representative in Congress, Washington City.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WAVELETS OF MEMORY;  
AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

BY A. P. SPERRY.

L I F E.

There is a calm on earth, a holy hush of worldly sounds; the zephyrs have stilled their wings to sleep, and the sunbeams and shadows lie nestled close together on the ground.— And thus it is sometimes with the human heart. It has its moments of blissful sience when peace, the white-winged angel, reigns in it supreme, and although there may be clouds above it, yet some sun-rays steal between, and the shadow sleeps with the sunbeam in holy quietness upon the soul. In such hours as these the heart loves to roam far above the blue arched sky and dream of that time when the peace of heaven shall rest-upon it and the sun of Righteousness shall shine upon it; but the cloud and shadow shall never come near. And it is in such hours as these that the mind loves to wander back on

memory's wing to the past and brush the ashes of forgetfulness from the dying embers of the scenes of other years, or to turn and meditate on the unknown future.

Hark! a stage-horn sounds in the distance and the echo dies away far over the green hills. O, what is life? It is but the echo of a horn, or the last dying note of a mournful strain. The sound ceases and the echo dies—the finger touches not the string and the strain is silent, silent forever, and life-like that echo and that strain, ceases to sound forever.

I wandered by a streamlet and on its bosom a bubble danced. The sun shone on it and it reflected a thousand rays of brightness and looked fair enough to live forever; but the winds blew upon it, and its brightness vanished and it burst to air. O, what is life

but a bubble on the stream of time and death but a wind that touches it and it is gone forever.

I looked upon a flower in the morning, and it was tinged with a hue as soft and rosy as the blush on a virgin's cheek. I saw it again at noon and it was drooped and sorrowful like the head of a mourner whose fountain of tears is dried. I touched it again at twilight but the canker was there and the sweetness had left it, like a soul when life is gone, and the rosy hue had left it for it was dead. And I thought as I gazed upon it: O, what is life but a flower, bright in the morning, withered at noon, robbed of its sweetness and dead at night.

I touched my harp-string and there came from it a sound clear and sweet, and upon the strain my soul went out and seemed carried to the pearly gates of its heavenly home; but by one rude touch the string was broken and the strain was silenced for aye. And I thought what is life but a golden harp-string which, when lightly touched, wakes a sound that man could worship and angels might still their wings to hear, but touch it roughly and the "silver cord will be loosened" and life's only strain is hushed forever.

I went forth at twilight and looked upon the evening star as it trembled far above the world like a gleam of glory from a better land, and I left it shining in its brightness. I looked upon it again at midnight, but a cloud had covered it. Yet I knew that behind the cloud it still shone on and that some could see its light though I could not. I went in the morning and looked again and lo! it was gone; but it had spoken

a lesson to me mute, eloquent and divine—it had told me of that brighter day that is coming when our light of life shall be no longer needed and as the star had been hid in the bosom of the deep blue sky, so shall we soon pass from the sight of men and rest sweetly and silently in the breast of the green, green earth. It spoke with that silent and divine voice that thrills the soul with its depth and its sweetness and points us instinctively to the grave—Heaven—and Eternity. Ah! what is life that we should prize it so—an echo, a bubble or a flower, a birth-song and a dirge.

Life's a dream and life's a vapor,  
Soon it passes and is done;  
Life's a vision, life's a taper,  
Yea and but a single one,  
Always trimmed and always burning,  
Soon, too soon, forever gone.

Life's an echo, life's a sigh,  
Or a summer evening's blast;  
Life's a beam that soon must die,  
Or a flower that cannot last,  
Twine it softly, touch it lightly,  
Soon, too soon it will be past.

Life's a shadow, life's a sunbeam,  
Or a dew-drop of the morn;  
Life's a bubble on time's swift stream,  
Bursting e'en as soon as born,  
Touch it not for soon it passeth  
As the echo of a horn.

Life's a span, an evening vesper,  
Life's a harp-string made of gold,  
Life's an angel's softest whisper,  
Or a tale that must be told,  
Tell it sweetly, tell it slowly,  
Ne'er again will it unfold.

## (STRAY LEAVES FROM MY HEART-BOOK.)

Can't you tell me, dear Messrs Editors a remedy for—*azure demons*? or are you ever troubled with visits from such ugly guests? I don't know whether a description of the sufferings other unfortunate mortals undergo, when undergo when under the influence of these cerule and evil-spirits would strike a responsive chord in your Editorial breasts, or not; but I am anxious to hear what is your resource for relief in such visitations, and I hope to read some prescription for this *heart-sickness*, or whatever you call it in your next "table."

Well Messrs, Editors I didn't have an idea of honoring—myself by giving you a thought to-night, but an adverse circumstance which happened soon after supper, caused me, *volens volens*, to change my plan of operations. You know last Tuesday was St. Valentine's day. Well, there's a dear bad boy, (how scornfully his lip would curl, if he could know this was meant for him!) I suppose I ought to say a young gentleman, for he is my senior by at least half-a-dozen years, but he is so full of fun, and frolic, and mischief, *sometimes*, that he seems almost like a boy—but what's the use of all this, when you know him as well or better than I do—at least I think it is probable you do. To return.

He lives—I won't tell you where, a good distance, or rather a *bad* distance, I think, from here. I like him very

much, and I don't think he dislikes me. It has been some time, if time is to be "counted by heart-throbs," since I last saw him, and I *did think* Valentine time would bring me a message of—that is, a little complimentary note or some foolish verses or something of the kind, as an evidence that my existence had not entirely slipped his memory.

Doesn't Byron say, "The infinity of wishes leads but to disappointment?" I had looked in vain among the two or three Valentines which had reached me during the last few days, "turning from all they brought to all they *could not bring*," for the clear, firm decided handwriting which should tell me—something nonsensical I suppose I expected—and just a few minutes before the final blow was given to my hopes, I had been saying to myself, "Now, Myra, my dear, I would'nt advise you to expect anything particular by to-night's mail, because I think it would have come before this, if it had been coming." But

"Who may say 'be still,'  
To the fond heart that beats not at our will?"

I listened intently for the step of the messenger I had despatched to the P. O., met him at the door, and found—not what I wished. I did not show my disappointment, however, but broke open some of the papers, laughed at Mrs. Partington's last perpetration, read

aloud and *exquisite* "Fern-leaf," "made a *Myra*-tion" at some of the most astonishing news, read a letter which might have been at the bottom of Pamlico Sound, for anything I cared to the contrary, and tried to settle down to a quiet night of work and reading, but I couldn't possibly. I went to the piano three several times, but the waltzes were tame, the polkas spiritless, the quicksteps a drag, the songs—I had no heart to sing. I tried to play with my little brother, that wouldn't do either. I attempted to read the last "Home Journal"—no better. (I didn't have a new number of the University Magazine, or the result might have been different.) So, in utter despair, I lit a candle and stole off to be alone.

*Et quid nunc?* Shall I sit down and indulge myself with a hearty cry?—Pride decidedly vetoes any such display of wounded feeling, and still I know it must inevitably end in that unless I go heartily to work at something.—A "brilliant idea" strikes me. Shan't I try to write a few lines for that *dear* Magazine? No sooner thought of than acted upon, and behold me, "*Myra herself* again," "sitting in my quiet room," (I hope, however, there are no spirits of former occupants present, not even "angel" ones—if I thought so, it would sadly mar its quietness,) confessing for the benefit of the readers of the Magazine.

And this must be the cure I was wishing for; for already this "careless *abandon*, this hearty self-out pouring," (Vide "My Novel,") has been quite a relief to me, and I do believe I could go down stairs and play, "Were I but his own wife," with great zest, if it

wouldn't be foolish. But dear reader, was it distressing? "A wounded spirit, *who* can bear?" I wouldn't have him to think, however, if this should ever meet his eye, that I am so very much troubled about it. I'm half ashamed of writing as I have done, and would hate most of all, that he should even suspect my disappointment, for

"Why should I for others weep  
When none will sigh for me?"

I *won't* care, I'm determined—

"I cares for nobody, not I; and nobody cares for I."

But he never will suspect that *Myra* Iving is — there now, I'd like to have told a name he *would know*—and so I can write to my heart's content, in perfect security. My! how he would be surprised, if he could know that the shy demure little girl he has seen trembling like an aspen leaf, and hardly able to walk to the piano when asked to play, yet wanting courage to refuse, and constantly guilty of all such follies, was deliberately writing for the "Univ. Mag.," and absolutely counting on seeing her prattle in print!

Oh that I had the art of easy writing  
What should be easy reading.

Horace says: "Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons"—or something "sorter" like that. I quote from memory. Well, I suppose Horace is right, at least I should be afraid to contradict him, but oh dear! what *will* become of *Myra*? I don't think the poles are farther apart than two ideas, "*Myra*" and "*sapere*"—if it was *sappy* now—but I mustn't suggest such notions, and I hadn't ought to be quoting

Horace against myself, but I beg you will remember—attention, if you please, Messrs. Editors! it's you I'm speaking to—remember, Horace was talking of the "ars poetica" about that time, and that's a thing altogether unheard of in the philosophy of my writing—and you know

"A little nonsense now and then  
Will benefit the wisest men."

Won't what I write do for the non-sensical ingredient in the composition of the Magazine? A young gentleman of my acquaintance sagely remarked to me the other day, that we should never talk foolishly, with the expectation of having our foolishness forgiven, not even if we were *quite certain* it would be pardoned. I suppose, though he didn't say so, he thought he was charitably bestowing his ideas on the subject, where they were most needed.—However I disregarded his advice *for once*, as the reader has no doubt perceived.

I want to do a heap of things I can't do. I want to be a good girl, and a *smart* girl, and a sweet girl, and a nice, lady-like girl, and a modest, retiring girl, and an active independent girl, and a good housekeeper, a "fine girl for business," as one of our old servants says—and I can't be a single one of them. I don't know what's to be done about it. May-be if I was all I want to be, *that* Valentine might have been "gaily filled and sent." I am a "poor, lone, lorn creetur" too, like Mrs. Gummiidge of tearful memory, at least so far as the inner life is concerned. I never was *understood*. Those who know me best, don't know me at all.—

I know in society I seem very different from what I really am, and it isn't because I mean to be deceitful either, for I am better than I seem. I am half provoked with myself sometimes that I don't *show better*, and half pleased in the proud consciousness that I am better than they deem me. I try to "learn

To make my heart suffice itself and seek  
Support and sympathy in its own depths."

But it is a hard, a *bitter* lesson. I have not learnt it yet—shall I ever learn it? Sometimes there comes such a passionate longing for human sympathy—such a yearning to be understood and appreciated—such a failing from the intense desire for a "kindred nature to mingle with my own."

I think it is to Douglas Jerrold I am indebted for the words which spring to my memory, expressing so well what I have so often experienced. "There are moments when some stormy impulse will force the heart to declare the long-buried thoughts of years—perhaps some secret instinct tells us that we are near to those who can sympathize and feel for us."

I have sometimes fancied I had met with those who could be to me "all that I sought and all I seek." The sudden lighting up of the eye, the quick flush of the cheek, the ready answering smile, when I have with fear and trembling given utterance to "that which is most within me," have told me that I had "touch'd the electric cord where-with we are darkly bound"—oh, *so darkly!*—but the restraints of the monster, Etiquette, the trammels of custom interfere to prevent the free interchange

which might be so charming, and with a sigh I retreat into myself,

"I check my thoughts like curbed steeds  
That struggle with the rein,  
And bid my feelings sleep."

But I talk freely and without restraint to the trees and flowers, and breathe my sorrows to the stars—the stars!—what sweet comforters they are. I put aside the curtain from the window just by me, and as I gaze upon their pure steady serene lustre,

The star of the unconquered will,  
Arises in my breast;  
Serene, and resolute and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

I breathe a silent prayer that I may be one of the blest who shall "shine as the stars of the firmament forever," and I turn away refreshed, and strengthened for the Battle of Life, by the sweet lesson I have drawn from the stars.

That accomplished, glorious creature, Beatrice di Negra told Audley Egerton (ah, she was a true woman after all, "her head only *another heart*")—"We, women have no public life, and we do idly sit down and dream." No "public life" it is true, but *private life* all may have, and I humbly conceive if the Countess di Negra had been, as I am, a young housekeeper, the sole dependence and support, as all housekeepers are, of all around them, she would probably have found less time to "sit down idly and dream," and she might have been a happier as well as a more useful woman. Well, I try not to dream—when I can possibly help it, because I know it isn't good for me. It is very delightful,

"A thousand times more dear  
Than any actual happiness  
That ever brightened here."

But then the difficulty is, that

"I have loathed reality  
That chased such dream away,"

and after all, the real world is the world we all have to live in, and surely nothing which unfits us to cope with the world as it is, can be salutary, or ought to be encouraged, so as I said before I *try* not to dream. I cook and I garden—I sew and knit—I study and read—I talk to my father and play with the children—I walk untiringly—and still there exists the same indefinable *want*, always present. Bulwer tells us when Violante met Harley L'Estrange, "Life had no more a want, nor her heart a void"—Violante found her "own peculiar mate" then. I wonder if a Harley would satisfy me. Other people feel the same way, I've heard them say so. I don't know why I write so freely, (for generally I have an invincible repugnance to speaking of these, the *penetralia* of my nature, a nature too which is anything but communicative,) unless it is with the secret hope that some one who reads, may feel with me, and pity and love me, though I may never know it. Our greatest poet says—

"No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto its own."

Is it so?

It may be that I do, as Mrs. Hemans so beautifully expresses it—"pine

For communings more full and high  
Than aught to mortals known."

And perhaps mine will be the fate  
spoken so feelingly by the most bril-  
liant and gifted daughter of Genius,  
L. E. L.

Human heart this history  
Is thy fated lot  
Even such thy watching  
For what cometh not.  
Till with anxious waiting dull,  
Round thee fades the beautiful,  
Stull thou seekest on, though weary  
Seeking still *in vain*.

But my heart, in its young hope and  
trust, would fain believe that Longfel-  
low is right. I only wish to learn from  
him the beautiful lessons "to be up  
and doing, with a heart for any fate"—

"To live that each to-morrow,  
Finds me farther than to-day."

To learn to labour and to—*wait*.

The night is far spent. The dying  
embers on the hearth, the candle almost  
ready to expire in its socket, and the  
"solemn stillness" which pervades all  
things within and without, warn me

that the witching hour, when fairies and  
elves come forth from their hiding-places  
and walk abroad over our beautiful  
earth, is on the wing.

I have written with a "pen dipped in  
*heart*," and I am resolved to adhere to  
my original intention of sending what  
I have written to be published in the  
*Universal Magazine*, if you think proper.  
Don't sneer and criticize, dear *confiden-  
tial friends*, if you please. Those who  
are at Rome needn't always "do as  
Rome does," and Myra is such a ten-  
der-hearted little thing—you don't  
know—she would almost cry herself to  
death if you were to snub her much.—  
But she trusts to your kind hearts, and  
submits her heart-book cheerfully to  
your tender mercies. Hoping you may  
be interested in the perusal of it, she  
bows and disappears, with the promise  
that she will return at the slightest ex-  
pression of a wish to that effect, in less  
time than you can say

MYRA IVRING.

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## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR JUNE.

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THE following poem was originally published in the New Monthly Magazine. "It is a felici-  
tous compound of fact, humor, and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed."

### ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZO- NI'S EXHIBITION.

—  
BY HORACE SMITH.  
—

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a  
story!)

In Thebe's streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dumb;  
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its  
tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,  
mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.  
Not like their ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and  
features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's  
fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Ho-  
mer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to  
glass;  
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and kunkled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have  
seen,  
How the world looked when it was fresh and  
young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green;  
Or was it then so old, that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself;  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slum-  
bered,  
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures  
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some strange  
mutations;  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen—we have lost old na-  
tions,  
And countless kings have into dust been hum-  
bled.  
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Camby-  
ses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering  
tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
And shook the pyramids with fear and won-  
der,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell assunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold;  
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern  
breast,  
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll-  
ed:  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed  
that face?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morn-  
ing,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its  
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

#### AN ODE—IN IMITATION OF KOOD- RUT.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Ambition's voice was in my ear, she whisper'd  
yesterday,  
"How goodly is the land of Room, how wide  
the Russian sway!  
How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell  
through life to come,  
Lull'd by the harp's melodious string, cheer'd by  
the northern drum!"  
But Wisdom heard; "O youth," she said, "in  
passion's fetter tied,  
O come and see a sight with me shall cure thee  
of thy pride!"  
She led me to a lonely dell, a sad and shady  
ground,  
Where many an ancient sepulchre gleamed in  
the moonshine round.

And "Here Secunder sleeps," she cried ;—"this  
is his rival's stone ;  
And here the mighty chief reclines who rear'd  
the Median throne.  
Inquire of these, doth aught of all their ancient  
pomp remain,  
Save late regret, and bitter tears forever, and  
in vain ?  
Return, return, and in thy heart engraven keep  
my lore ;  
The lesser wealth, the lighter load—small blame  
betides the poor."

—  
A SONG.

—  
BY BISHOP HEBER.  
—

If thou wert by my side, my love !  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengola's palmy grove  
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love ! wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gaily would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind approving eye,  
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry mead,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor wild Malwah detain,  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,  
Across the dark blue sea,  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee.

---

CHARLIE O'CONNELL ;

OR, THE MANIAC AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MOTHER.

—  
I am rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

---

How peculiarly sad is it for one of life's lone wanderers, after a season of uncalled-for and unnecessary absence, to return to the once loved home of his childhood and to the now green graves of his ancestors ! Especially is it sad, especially is it overwhelmingly painful, when a once idolized mother, in consequence of that absence, is not seen in her wonted seat in the old oaken parlor, but has long since gone down to the "house of the great departed !"

Charlie O'Connell was one of these lone wanderers. Nor is there a sadder and more instructive chapter in all the history of human misfortune than his. Contrary to his mother's will, he left her house, and in the golden prime of his youth, went to fling away his life with the tawny Mexican on the field of carnage and death. Led on by an insatiable thirst for marshal renown, he left not the American army, nor ceased his busy toils in the cause of his country, until the gallant Scott had made his grand and imposing entrance into the proud and magnificent city of Montazuma a triumphant conqueror.

During the progress of the war, in consequence of the death of the Captain of the company in which he was a common soldier, Charlie O'Connell was promoted to the captaincy. His company of troops had unbounded confidence in his ability and courage, and his generosity and gentleness of disposition won him their warmest affection and highest admiration. So soon, however, as the war was terminated—so soon as further military *eclat* was hopeless, he, flinging away his ambition and unbridling his wild passions, went a thoughtless and aimless wanderer in the late conquered land. Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, year after year, sped by, and her lost, her erring ungrateful boy came not to his mother's home. As she sat in her lone cottage, or as she roamed over her charmless pastures, meadows and fields, she often asked herself with a deep, heart-drawn sigh: "Where can my Charlie be? Will he not come again? Will he not return to cheer the gloom and depression of my spirits and to brighten the pale afternoon of my life?"

Poor boy! Thoughtless, thankless son! But still I love you, still I remember you, still I pray for you. Nor can I forget you while my pulse continues to beat and my reason is unthroned. Oh! how he tarries! He wearies me! And the beautiful days of my womanhood cannot grow more cheerful and more delightful as my life draws nearer and nearer the dread gates of Death and the bright portals of Heaven, unless he comes to dispel the gloom that now overhangs them. Oh! no; not unless he comes! Already my days, which were in his childhood and younger boyhood, dreamlike and blissful, are thickly over clouded, soon, very soon, too soon "the last of earth" will have come and my dear boy will not have returned." Thus she sorely, bitterly, grievously, wept herself away.

Three years ago, a little group of mourners was seen wending its way slowly and sorrowfully towards the venerable old church, whither Charlie O'Connell had often gone, in days past on each recurring Sabbath to hear the simple but mournful and pathetic story of the Cross. 'Twas the funeral procession of his poor, widowed, childless, broken-hearted mother. *NUPER OBIT*. Still, he staid. Her grave was growing beautifully green; yet he had not come to shed over it the tear of sorrow and of repentance. Even those, who had dearly loved her while living and who now fondly cherished a lively and grateful remembrance of her when dead, had laid aside the habiliments of mourning; yet he had not come to clothe himself in sackcloth and to mourn the irreparable loss which all had sustained.

Anon, while he was afar off, wasting

his time in thoughtless gayety and drunken revelry, there reached him, not the sweet prayer of his mother,—‘Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does’—but the sad news of her deep affliction and premature death. He had returned to his native land, and he was then in a low, dark and filthy hovel situated on one of the back-streets of the Crescent City and was at the card-table with a jolly crowd of half-intoxicated gamblers. While he was perusing the short letter that brought him this unexpected and painful news, the tear of deep sorrow and keen regret started from his yet beautiful and brilliant black eye. He evidently strove to repress it. He folded the letter up slowly and thoughtfully and sat for a minute as mute as a statue of stone.—He was still wrestling with his better feelings and nobler faculties. At length, having gained a partial victory over them, he cried out with a horried oath: “On with the game—old Nick himself never held a better hand.”

For a few minutes, the game went on as briskly as ever, and such oaths were uttered as would have made the damned in the dismal regions of Hell quake and tremble. At every pause, the words—“*your mother died broken-hearted*”—would ring in his ear, and his hell-black heart would almost break. Still he tried to suppress his feelings.—He thought with the Archfiend in Milton’s *Paradise Lost* that—

“To be weak is miserable,  
Doing or suffering.”

And the game went on. When, however, it came his turn to pay out his hand, his comrades noticed that his hand hung

down so low as to expose every card—an unusual thing to be permitted by a skilful and practised player—and that his face looked pale, wild, expressionless, death-like. The game instantly stopped and every one sat aghast. No one knew the cause of his apparent trouble—no one could account for this sudden change in their boon companion, Charlie O’Connell. Suddenly he arose, took his hat, bowed lowly and was out of the door before they could speak to him, so intense was their surprise. His heart was too full for utterance. His grief was a grief that cannot speak. Weep he could not, but his heart bled. Straightway, he bent his course homeward, resolved, if his reason and life were spared him, to make as many amends as possible for his unspeakably wicked and ungrateful conduct. He felt that his mother’s blood, innocent blood, was on his skirts—a guilt almost too deep for redemption—an unpardonable sin.

Over a month of almost insupportable torture and self-condemnation had passed away, when weary, heart-sick and dejected, he entered the now deserted and overgrown yard of his childish gambols and boyish pranks. How changed the spot, how changed! Once it was busy with life, rich in beauty, endeared by love, and decorated with the trappings of wealth. Now, how wonderfully changed! Life had fled, beauty had faded, love had perished, and wealth had vanished. Every door was closed, no smoke curled up majestically from the chimneys, and not a sound of human voice was heard. “The watch-dog’s honest bark, bay deep-mouthed, welcomed” him not to his

native home. Nor was there any eye to mark his coming and look brighter when he came. No. All that could have made him happy—all—all was gone, forever gone! Terrible thought! Still more terrible reality! All gone, forever gone! He now sorrowfully cast his eyes over the wide-spread plantation. What a spectacle did he now behold! 'Twas one wide scene of desolation and ruin. The inclosures were down here and there, fields where the golden wheat and yellow corn were wont to grow were covered with exuberant weeds, and unknown flocks of cattle and of sheep were grazing lazily upon them. The fallen greatness and mouldering beauty and grandeur of once proud and conquering Rome would not be more humiliating and distressing to the eloquent Tully, or the patriotic Cato, could their spirits return to that once classic land, than were the departed beauty, richness and comfort of his maternal patrimony to the wild and thoughtless Charlie O'Connell. All these circumstances opened anew the deep gashes in his already bleeding bosom; and he verily wished from the bottom of his heart that he had not been born, or that the bud of his being, like that of his angel-sister, had been nipped and destroyed in the dewy morning of life.

Still, the worst had not come. Walking heavily and tardily towards the door he opened it and entered the deserted old hall. Oh! how desolate! how like a chamber of death it looked! Silent, gloomy, deserted! Near the large, old-fashioned, cheery-looking fire-place sat his mother's old arm-chair, which brought with the speed of lightning the

thought to his mind—how often, when wearied with play and childish labor, have I come in and thrown myself on her lap, while she was sitting in that chair, and listened to her kind words and gentle teachings, which availed so little in keeping me from straying from the path of virtue and rectitude. Yet again. Hard by on a mahogany stand lay the sacred old Family Bible out of which, so soon as he had learned to read, she used to make him read a chapter before he retired to rest at night; and then, on bended knee, she taught him the simple but touchingly beautiful prayer: "Our father, who art in Heaven." And there, too, were her green spectacles—which, in mock sport, he had often placed before his own bright black eyes—apparently as if she had just laid them down at night to take them up in the morning when she rose to go to the duties of day. On seeing them, he exclaimed for the first time and in all the bitterness of bereavement and in all the eloquence of woe, "My Mother! My Mother!!" More, he could not speak. Every thing tended to increase his madness and distraction.—Even every foot-fall in that sonorous old chamber echoed back not merely the beautiful story of his childhood spent in innocence, tenderness and love, but alas! the sad story of his wayward, wicked boyhood, and even reproached him, as it were, with the cold-blooded murder of his tender and affectionate mother—the utter destruction of the single remnant of that once blithesome and happy little family. He stood still as if he hoped by that means to stop these severe lashings of conscience; but the silence was, if possible, even more

dreadful and more soul-harrowing.— Every thing seemed to chime to the awful and increasingly sad state of his heart; for a little bird, that just then perched on the hanging bough of a gnarled old oak, which stood by the window, out of which, with his mother at his side, he had often admiringly watched the nimble sports of the lambkins on the green, sung a song as plaintive and as mournful as the heart-piercing fall of clods on the coffin of one we love. The sting of death, keen as it is, would have been naught compared with the silent, secret twitchings of his disturbed conscience. But hark! What did he fancy that he heard? Out of the cedar-grove just fronting the window came a sullenly murmuring wind, which bore on its wings his own wild, sportive, childish laugh by which he was wont to give vent to his delighted feelings while frolicing with the little darkies and listening to their curious brogue and watching their odd capers. Nay, he could, in his fervid and vivid imaginings, see his tall, graceful and beautiful mother standing in the shaded veranda, her face all radiant with smiles of approbation and of affection. Nor were these half. A thousand, thousand little and once apparently trivial circumstances, which such an occasion would naturally call up, were piercing his heart like so many merciless daggers. How can a poor frail mortal bear such sharp compunctions of conscience, such keen remorse? Though we cannot tell *how*, yet he *must* bear them, until he is partially relieved by human sympathy, or more effectually by death. To whom could Charlie O'Connell fly for relief, or sympathy? There is ONE to whom all, from the

poorest peasant to the most lordly prince, may go and from whom none need return empty and unblessed; but Charlie had wandered so long and so far in the crooked path of sin that the name, even of that pure and holy being had almost passed from his mind. To our mothers, in our affliction and distress, we seldom, however, forget, or are ashamed to go. Nor did Charlie now forget his mother; but his too full and too greatly oppressed heart had none into whose tender and pure bosom it might pour its distress. No; she was gone. Every thing mysteriously, yet plainly admonished him that her spirit had fled the earth and that her body was consigned to the narrow and silent tomb. And why? Brief, but awful question! His own pale writhing face and his own trembling and emaciated body were the still more awful answer. Oh! how readily, how willingly would he have blotted out the past, had it been possible! He would have given ten thousand worlds, had he possessed them, could Hugo's remark to his father Azo in Lord Byron's *Parasina* have been true that—

“The past is nothing—and at last  
The future can but be the past.”

But his own experience taught him that this is a mere poetic fiction; and like the mad inebriate who rushes from one cup to another and still another to dissipate his bitter remembrances—to make the past as much a blank as possible—this undutiful son, in the wildness and madness of his despair, turned his eye from one thing to another in the hope of meeting with some object which, if it did not erase the past,

would at least give temporary relief; yet every thing served only to heighten the certainty and enormity of his guilt and ingratitude. Over his face was a cloud of sorrow and "in his eye was a deep, settled night of anguish."— And with drops of blood, as it were, trickling from his black guilty heart, he turned to go to all that remained of that dear, beloved, dead mother.

A few hours brought him to the old church. He approached the graveyard, and opening the gate, entered.— Suddenly he stopped and cast his eyes about him. This city of the dead was so thickly peopled—this spectacle was so truly mournful! There lay side by side fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, citizens and strangers, all silent as the mute marble that tells their births, their deaths and their virtues. Like the flowers of the field, some were nipped in the bud, some when in full bloom, and others when faded and withered. And now,

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built  
shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly  
bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall  
burn,

Or busy house-wife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

He walked slowly on; but ere long he again stopped and gazed in mute abstraction. Bright visions of the past rose up to his view, and streams of tender thoughts, like cool purling brooks in a desert-land, passed rapidly through his fevered, disturbed and distracted mind, which was now almost barren of

pleasant remembrances. Before him stood a snow-white marble pillar, which pointed out the final resting place of one who, in life, possessed so much of beauty, sweetness, loveliness and dignity, that to see her was to love her.— Thoughts of her, who had a few years before died so calmly, so gently and so happily, were sweet and agreeable compared with those which the death of his mother forced upon him. Emma Carelton, the beautiful and accomplished mistress of his proud young heart, had been long gone from his gaze; but

"Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot  
Which first-love traced;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste!"

Sinking again into the depths of dry sorrow and deep despair, he passed on still farther in the yard. He had scarcely raised his head from his breast, when he came in full view of another snow-white but larger marble pillar, bearing this brief but significant and touching inscription:

Alice O'CONNELL

IS GONE TO HEAVEN.

WILL YOU FOLLOW HER?

A thousand mill-stones, or the hugest mountain could not have crushed him to the earth sooner than this silent yet significant inscription. The question—*WILL YOU FOLLOW HER?*—seemed to be put directly and purposely to himself. The sad news, which he would gladly have before believed untrue, was now made doubly sure, and, as he lay prostrate on the green mound that hid the coffin of his mother from him, he wept as son alone could weep and bath-

ed and moistened the rich verdure with his warm and copious tears. Now, for the first time in many a long season, a thought of his good and beloved father, who breathed his last in the magnificent city of Paris, while on a business tour to France, came into his mind.— But this only added to the cup of his grief and misery by reminding him that he was, after his father's death, the sole stay and support of his family. Still this cup was not full and could not yet pass. The image of one, whose bright face and lovely form were daguerreotyped in his very heart and who had been before his mind's eye ever since she expired on his mother's bosom in the old oaken hall, came up, as was its wont, to woo his heart from the vain pleasures and enticing evils of earth to the beauties, comforts and glories of a blissful and perpetual Paradise. He well remembered her final resting-place. 'Twas near at hand. There, just at his right was the short grave of little Lizzie O'Connell, at the head of which stood a small, slender, polished marble column, the top of which was broken off as indicative of the frailty of life.— He read the sweet inscription, which he and his mother had chosen for the grave-stone of this lovely little child—angel :

LIZZIE O'CONNELL.

"Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew  
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,  
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,  
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world."

What a sorrowful panorama were these all ! There were continually pass-

ing before his mind the manly and dignified form of his noble father, who perished while increasing the fortune which might have made his mother and himself happy during a long life, had he done his duty as a wise son, the image of his sweet little sister Lizzie whom he last saw as she lay on his mother's lap, her little head nestled in her mother's bosom and her dark rich curls falling loosely and carelessly around her angelic face and snowy neck, waiting the summons of the Redeemer of mankind : "Come unto me ; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and more dreadful still, the form of a grief-stricken and heart-broken mother, the victim of his own sinful and damning conduct, which form was to him a tormentor as "fierce as ten furies and terrible as Hell." Man's stout and stubborn heart can bear up against much ; but such a burden of grief as this was enough to have crushed the stoutest and the most stubborn. Poor Charlie !—so great was the mental suffering, which he had experienced, that the light of his reason was well nigh extinguished. With a wild and horrid shriek of anguish and despair, he arose from the grave of his mother and going out of the church-yard, he passed into a thick and interminable woodland hard by the church a complete and hopeless maniac.

The news of his long and anxiously expected return was scattered abroad and brought joy to every heart in the wide circle of his acquaintance. Many days passed, still no one had as yet seen the lost son. Some visited his cottage-home, but could not find him there.— All were anxious to meet up with him in order to speak words of cheer, conso-

lation and hope to him; but it was now too late as was soon proved. One of his worthy, venerable and much esteemed neighbors, with whom he once delighted to converse, chanced to meet him near his cottage-home one day and began a conversation with him; but the only response he received was a ghastly demoniacal grin more disagreeable and horrific than the unendurable sardonicus risus produced by eating the herba sardonica. He looked so terribly frantic and so dreadfully mad that the old man left him with an aching heart and tearful eye. He was truly an object of pity and tears.

"Weep not pale moralist o'er desert plains,  
Strewed with the wreck of grandeur's mouldering  
fanés,

Arches of triumph long with weeds o'er grown,  
And regal cities—now the serpent's own;  
Earth has more dreadful ruins—*one lost mind*,  
Whose star is quenched, has lessons for man-  
kind

Of deeper import than each prostrate dome  
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome."

Before many days sped and were numbered with the past, the wild ravings of the unfortunate Charlie O'Connell, which from the first were alarming to his neighbors, so much increased that it was absolutely necessary that he should be confined. Though it was so essential to peace and security, yet his confinement was a circumstance much to be regretted, lest the darkness and loneliness of the prison-house should render still less hopeful the restoration of his wrecked and lost intellect. Now, he no longer madly roams the fields of his childish and boyish sports, no longer is he seen walking around the loved and enchanted old cottage of his mother, no longer, sitting on her grave does he sigh

and weep and rave and curse; but, like the prisoned wild beast of the forest, he looks through the iron door of his lonely, narrow and dismal cell and wildly shrieks, loudly screams and piteously howls. His face is the picture of deep and settled despair and his action that of an unfortunate madman; and every day but deepens this look of despair, and every moment but increases this hopelessness of the restoration of his right reason. The morning of his existence is past—the hope of his life is gone, the anticipation of future glory and eminence is disappointed, his reason is dethroned, his rich patrimony is as valueless as self-righteousness, his condition is indiscribly miserable and his soul is eternally damned. He has, however, lucid intervals when his madness seems to be entirely gone, and then, gentle, docile and amiable, he talks of the sweet little maid whose affections clustered around his own stout and proud heart in childhood's sunny days like the tender vine around the tall and stalwart oak. But ere he would talk long on this mournfully beautiful theme, his eyes would begin to grow wild and terrible and the maniac smile and expression to settle down on his whole face, and he would shrink back and scream as if legions of devils were appearing before him. 'Twas the ghost of his murdered mother more dreadful an horrid than that of Banquo before Macbeth. The Tantalus of his being, the dethroner of his reason, it came to torment and torture him so that when he has passed through the gloomy valley of life and the still gloomier valley of death, he may not be unable to work out the awful penalty of his unparallel-

ed guilt. So it seems that he is destined to dream that dream which knows no waking, and finally to welter through endless ages on the burning marl of the infernal regions with no other companions than the devils and the damned.

Young reader, think of Charlie O'Connell and steer your bark over the untried and trackless sea of your opening manhood so as to avoid the fatal rock on which was split the vessel of all his hopes of happiness on earth and of bliss in Heaven. You cannot be more highly favored by fortune, nor, perhaps, more eminently endowed by nature.—He was born and cradled in wealth, had a superior mind and a brilliant imagination, had a pious mother to lead his tender young feet in the path of truth, holliness and happiness, had an excellent father, whom had he taken as his model, he might have been good, useful, great and distinguished, and, above all, he had a dear angel-sister, who died years before, apparently that she might teach him how calmly and how sweetly a pure and devoted christian can die—that she might ever be to him a memorial of the shortness of life and of the certainty of death—that she might be a golden chain drawing him nearer and nearer the mercy seat of the Eternal God.

Call up the beautiful story of GEORGE WASHINGTON, "the purest of the pure and the brightest of the bright," and contrast it with that of CHARLIE O'CONNELL. How unlike, how vastly different they are! The great and good Washington was perhaps, not so highly favored in many respects as was the wicked and wild Charlie O'Connell; but he was always dutiful, always con-

siderate, always affectionate. There was, however, in *his* young bosom a craving desire for the "bubble reputation." Once on a time, his young ambition led him to think of leaving his home and of forgetting his mother, that he might gratify this desire, but, so soon as he learned from her that it was contrary to her wishes, he cheerfully gave up all his fondest anticipations and ruthlessly tore down all the gilded castles of ocean renown and naval glory which his lively imagination had reared up heaven-high and willingly submitted to the counsels of his great and good mother.

Charlie O'Connell had been all that Washington was before his ambition began to press and urge him to the field of blood and martial glory. No doubt he wished to be a Washington, but, like Napoleon, he took a wrong step. A very different one from the great Corsician, but nevertheless a wrong step. He chose to climb the ladder of honor at the cost of the tears, broken-heartedness and life of his mother, and at the close of the war, feeling that he had ungraciously insulted his mother's wishes and counsels, he was ashamed to return to her; and, that he might dissipate the bitterness of his remorse, he suffered dissipation to seduce his ambition which before was not so chaste as lofty.

Young, ambitious reader, this is no idle story. 'Tis acted over day after day. Then profit by it. And so live, "that when the evening of life comes, you may sink to rest with the clouds that close in your departure gold-tipped with the glorious effulgence of a well-spent life."

## “MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.”

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THIS is the significant title of a pamphlet written by one Mark Lemon, and first performed Saturday, April 24th, 1852. It has seldom been our good-fortune to have perused a dramatic piece with so much pleasure and general satisfaction as this. The author is, no doubt, a true philanthropist, and wrote this interesting drama for the benefit of his fellow-man, to instruct them in the right ways, and to warn man from “error’s path.” This world is one vast stage where every one plays his own part, and “mind your own business” may be regarded as a faithful daguerreotype of it. *There* is truthfully portrayed the many conflicting emotions that agitate different classes of men. *There* may be met the various characters with whom we associate every day of our lives. *There* we find exemplified the want and necessity of contentment.

The character of Mr. Odiman, the man who wished to mind his own business, but couldn’t, because he had within him an unfortunate desire to be always meddling with what concerned him not, is admirably sketched. Kind reader, if you feel that you have a propensity like unto poor Odiman,—if the cap fits, let me recommend this little book to your diligent attention. Read, and inwardly digest it.

God never implanted in the generous

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heart of man such a disposition that it cannot refrain from interfering in the affairs of other men if it would. He never gave His similitude such propensities,—but meddlers may be justly considered as living in a world of their own creating, a world not made by the Almighty, but the work of their own productive imaginations.

Man is a sociable being naturally, but, in certain communities of our beloved State, the people are at daggers’ points because of this detestable habit of slandering one another. We were placed here to be a comfort and a blessing to our fellows, and *not* to be continually making turmoil and strife, as some seem to suppose.

Trust not, dear reader, to appearances,—they deceive. Before you form your associations, be certain you *know* your man. Persons may *appear* to be your sincere friends, but, after your back is turned, you are slandered most outrageously, and called a fool because you seemed to swallow all the flattery and non-sense they had a mind to throw into your dish. A Roman priest once compared a hazel-nut to all other denominations, the nut itself being his own church. When the nut was broken open it was found to be rotten.—Every one is sincere in himself alone, but on the entrance of a second person, he feels he is insecure,—then it is hy-

pocrisy begins,—then it is he feels he is to be made a dupe; and is not this natural, when he sees around him so much deceit, so many false pretensions? Can one feel otherwise when he sees others so misled, so deluded! It is a very easy matter to cast the gaudy and glittering mantle of friendship on the broad shoulders of the foulest hypocrisy,—to imitate the lion in sheep's clothing. 'Tis a very easy thing to make high-sounding pretences under the humble garb of devotion, but listen to the words of the great Shakspeare, the analyzer of the human feelings and passions, in short, humanity's personification:

"'Tis too much proved, that with devotion's visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself."

Reader, you may make human nature your study, you may search creation through, and scrutinize the actions of mankind, and you will see those who make the greatest pretensions and perform them least, to be those who are always interfering in other men's business. 'Tis *there* the baser feelings of man's nature dwell. 'Tis *this* class of people who are always in a ferment and keep society so. 'Tis *here* the hawk dwells which feels he is not able to contain himself in the bounds allotted to him by his Creator, but is *obliged* to soar beyond them for the sake of prey.

If every one would be generous enough to own his faults we could the more readily forgive them; but *this* one will say, "*I* don't meddle in other people's affairs," when he does,—*he* is beyond forgiveness. Would it not be better to exclaim as poor Odiman in the

play: "I really wish I could mind my own business: I am constitutionally meddling." You, reader, may be unconscious of any fault in yourself, but you can see it in others, or, perhaps, you know it but won't confess it; if the latter, why persevere? why not endeavor to work a change? why do a thing you are ashamed to confess? why "know the wrong, and still the wrong pursue?"

There are others who see faults in others which they themselves possess, but, perhaps, know it not. Pope has said, "know thyself," and any one who observes in others the infirmities of his own mind, and does not endeavor to correct them, has an ill-regulated mind, to say the least.

"Physician, heal thyself," is an old adage and contains the best advice. If you think yourself above doing a mean act, why note your own weaknesses in your fellows? You cannot blame *him* for doing what you do.

There are men who will berate their neighbours from time to time, and if asked, shortly afterwards, if they ever do the like, they answer, "No," and why do they thus unhesitatingly return you this answer? Either because they do not consider what they say of enough importance to be remembered, or because they have become so habituated to select the weak points of others to criticise that it has become a second nature, and is forgotten as soon as said.

If any one can tell us what benefit is derived from slander we would be glad to hear. It has been said, "All things are for the best," but the proverb is falsified in a case of this character. If

any good has ever been accomplished in this way, or any benefit accrued to the human race, it has not been handed down to posterity among the miracles, and we are to suppose that if no advantage has ever been derived, none ever will.

There is another class of men who will take its best friends for enemies.— One can be pardoned for wishing to have as little to do with such people as possible; one can be excused for believing “this world is all a fleeting show.” ’Tis natural to feel the truth of the saying, “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” It is a very great pleasure to pay a social visit to a friend if one can feel that he is welcome, but if he knows his entertainer is a serpent who will plunge his fangs into his character when he is gone, he feels uneasy all the time. Let us all be as open-hearted and candid as Smythe in the play :

“*Mrs. S. Smythe.* How can you proceed in this way before my friends?”

*Smythe.* Because I won’t say anything behind their backs I won’t say to their faces.”

If a gentleman chooses to dye his whiskers, what business is it of yours, reader? What right have you to go to your neighbor and say such-and-such a man is getting to be exceedingly proud? What is the use of making so much ado about a matter of such little importance to you? If it is any of your business, it is everybody’s business, and what’s everybody’s business is *nobody’s* business. Instead of gaining for yourself an honorable name, as you expect, by such procedure, you are exposing yourself most egregiously. People will

say it all arises from the very things all Christians are continually praying against, such as envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, hypocrisy, and discontent, selfishness, jealousy, and the like. If it is your desire really to injure your neighbour, you go to work in a very unwise and unpolitic manner. Why not do as Arbaces did in the last days of Pompeii, when he wished to ruin his rival in the eyes of his beautiful mistress: “But Arbaces was no less cautious not to recur to a subject which he felt it was the most politic to treat as of the lightest importance. He knew that by dwelling much upon the faults of a rival, you only give him dignity in the eyes of your mistress. The wisest plan is neither loudly to hate, nor bitterly to condemn, but to lower him by an indifference of tone. Your safety is in concealing the wound to your own pride.” This is the manner of acting if you wish to degrade your fellow in the eyes of a third person. Some of us display very little tact when engaged in this loathsome business.

He who engages in such sport is not probably aware of the terrible denunciations against him in the Bible. Take heed unto the sayings of Holy Writ: “Whoso keepeth his mouth and tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles. “A good name is rather to be chosen than much riches.” “He that goeth about as a tale-bearer, revealeth secrets.” “He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander against his neighbor is a fool.” “In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise.” “It is as sport to a fool to do mischief.” “A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth

his neighbour." "He that is void of wisdom despiseth his neighbour." "A man of understanding holdeth his peace." "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein," &c.

Reader, let us strive henceforth to refrain from this hateful practice, and use our endeavors for promoting the welfare and harmony of all men. Let us endeavor to do our fellow-man as much service as we can, and if we see any one going down hill, let us refrain from giving him an extra kick. One would be led to believe, from the way things are carried on in certain communities of our State, that there is an irresistible impulse in all to do as much mischief as possible. Let not such things be; it would be much more pleasant to all mankind if everybody would attend to his own business, and let that of others alone, if every one would look into his own heart and make the necessary corrections there. Attend to the words of the poet:

"Judge not, frail man, thy fellow-man,  
Lest thou thyself be weighed,  
And wanting be in those dread scales,  
Th' Eternal God has made."

Let no such sentiment as, "Stand back, I am holier than thou," pervade our so-called social circles, but "dwell together in harmony, and illustrate by our deeds how sweet it is for men to dwell together in unity." This world was made for the enjoyment of all, and one has as much right to enjoy it as

another, and why seek to deprive him of that inestimable boon? Why endeavor to embitter his cup of life with wormwood? What is the use of seeking to destroy the little comfort allotted to man here? A spirit like this is the greatest curse the devil ever implanted in man. In conclusion, let us draw your attention to the words of M. W. Beck:

The world is not as bad a world  
As some would like to make it;  
Though whether good or whether bad  
Depends on how we take it;  
For if we fret and scold all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
This world will ne'er afford to man  
A foretaste here of Heaven.

The world's in truth as good a world  
As e'er was known to any  
Who have not seen another yet—  
And these are very many;  
And if the men and women too,  
Have plenty of employment,  
Those surely must be hard to please  
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,  
In rain or pleasant weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together;  
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond  
By love and peace cemented,  
And learn the best of lessons yet,  
To always be contented.

They were the world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folks were in it,  
The day would pass most pleasantly  
To those who thus begin it,  
And all the nameless grievances,  
Brought on by borrowed troubles,  
Would prove, as certainly they are  
A mass of empty bubbles.

A. S. B.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

THE BEST OPENING FOR A NEWSPAPER AND PRINTING-ESTABLISHMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Four years ago, at the wish of our fathers and friends, or at our own suggestion and inclination, we came to this place to acquire an education. During our temporary residence here we have not been wholly unobservant, but have seen much to interest and instruct us.—Among other things, we have noticed with delight the steady and rapid growth of this pleasant and classic village. A more beautiful and healthful locality for a literary institution could not have been found within the bounds of the State. Nor can we refrain from expressing our admiration of the taste of those excellent men who allowed themselves to be so much enamored of its beauties, when they were taking refreshment under that aged old poplar which a student has immortalized in song, as to select it for the permanent location of the State University. That persons, at a distance, who know but little and care less about this retreat of learning, this student-home of Southern young men, may have some better idea of its pleasantness and interest, we will simply add to what has been said in previous numbers of the Magazine, that there are here eight stores, three tailor shops, several bakeries, a drug-store, two public houses, eight boarding houses, three handsome churches and one in the act of being built, a number of new and very elegant private residences and as intelligent and refined society as can be found anywhere. And every year families of intelligence and distinction are coming

hither to reside, and in a few years, we believe that this place will be the resort of many who have made their fortunes, are tired of the bustle of the world and wish to enjoy learned and elegant leisure. But although this place has improved much and is now in a very thriving condition, yet some of the very best opportunities to make a fortune are unoccupied, are open to the industrious and enterprising man. In the belief that these are unknown to the public generally, if not universally, we have been induced to make these remarks and those which follow.

Almost every little village, or town, that dots the hills and vallies of the State, has its printing-press and puny or thriving newspaper, and yet Chapel Hill has none. Some places have two, three, four and even as high as nine newspapers.—Salisbury has two; Greensborough has three and *three more in embryo*; Fayetteville three; Raleigh nine; and Wilmington and a host of other places have—we don't know how many. Can they all be liberally patronized? Can they all make their meat and bread, and support and educate the little ones with whom their proprietors may and have been blessed? Can any of them get rich? We confidently and unhesitatingly answer, no. Instead of putting up a printing-press where there are others and begging the good people who are taking papers printed in that same place to subscribe to theirs, why do they not inquire for a place in which there is no newspaper, lots of job-printing and numbers of people who want a paper of their own? We don't know.—

Suppose they were to turn their eyespr on this place—on Chapel Hill. What are the inducements for an experienced Editor to come here, establish a printing-office and publish a large and handsome newspaper? And are they the same that they are in all places of the same size or even larger in or out of the State? No—they are not the same—they are vastly superior. If an experienced and talented editor would come here and purchase new and very fine type, he might issue a literary, or political paper which would receive the patronage of at least *one thousand individuals*. The job-printing of the villagers, an intelligent merchant has told us, would be not less than *three hundred dollars*.—The Faculty, who are anxious that there should be a printer here, have a College catalogue printed every year, which is a job worth *one hundred dollars*, not to mention a great deal of other minor job-printing. There is generally an Address before the Alumni Association which is published, and if it could be neatly done here would be very convenient and desirable. The two Literary Societies have no inconsiderable amount of job-printing, and one of them has the Address before the two Societies at Commencement published, which is worth *one hundred dollars*. Each has a Society catalogue published every ten years, but which, if it could be published more conveniently, would doubtless be done oftener—and this job is worth *one hundred and fifty dollars each*. Besides the Ball-managers have tickets struck off annually, which costs them not less than *seventy-five dollars*. And in addition to all these, there is the publication of the North Carolina University Magazine, which is not dead and does not intend to die, until the last spark of generous and enlightened patriotism is extinguished, until there is not one jot or tittle of State-pride in our young men. Hitherto the

the Magazine has cost \$750 a volume, a very fair price for the labor bestowed; but let us not be misunderstood. We are not at all disposed to grumble at the price paid for its publication, not at all; but we think a printing establishment here, all things considered, would be more conducive to the interest, appearance and correctness of the Magazine. Though it has reached a healthy and vigorous manhood and has been able to raise its character as a literary periodical to a height that is not to be despised or sneered at, yet in reaching this position it has had much, very much to contend with and against. There has never been a number issued as yet that did not contain a great many typographical errors, which were mortifying to the authors of the articles and to the Editors of the Magazine. But they were unavoidable, as the public must know; for the Magazine has, ever since its *debut* in the literary world, been published in Raleigh, and, consequently, the proofs could not all be corrected without great inconvenience to the publisher and without delaying its issue greatly beyond the proper time.

Are there no Editors in or out of the State that would better their condition? If the hints in their papers to their subscribers *for a little money* are sincerely made, we imagine there are a few. Would they have health? Here is the place.—Would they enjoy good and refined society? Here is the place. Would they make a fortune easily and quickly? Here is the place. Would they give their children a good academic and collegiate education? Here is the place. Rouse up, then, rouse up, ye sleepy, stupid, moneyless, children-blessed, desponding and hopeless Editors, come to the University at next Commencement or very soon afterwards and see the chance there is to make a fortune and at the same time have a home in one of the choicest spots under heaven.

SENIOR-SPEAKING.—Being of the number of those who figured on this occasion, modesty forbids us to say much or anything complimentary on this subject. Nor need we say much, were it proper; for one, whose province it is and who knows far better, has said all that is necessary. The distinguished President of the University remarked at the close of the exercise that he had been here eighteen and a half years and had witnessed nineteen senior-speakings and that he was prepared to say that the speeches of no previous class would on an average compare favorably with those of the present one. For the pleasure of each member of the class and of those whom it may concern, we give the subject of each gentleman's speech and in the order in which it was spoken.

## ORATIONS.

- JOSEPH HILL WRIGHT, Wilmington.  
Novel writing.
- JOHN KIRKLAND RUFFIN, Alamance.  
The Press and Politicians.
- JOHN GRAY BLOUNT GRIMES, Raleigh.  
Commerce.
- BRYAN WHITFIELD, Tallahassee, Fla.  
Pacific Railroad.
- JOHN NEAL, Louisburg.  
Intrinsic Worth.
- JOHN SAMUEL CHAMBERS, Montgomery.  
Can America excel in fine Literature.
- JAMES ALLAN WRIGHT, Wilmington.  
"Beings of mind are not of Clay."
- DANIEL IVERSON BROOKS, Forsythe.  
Day-dreaming, or the Real versus the Imaginary.
- OSCAR RIPLEY RAND, Raleigh.  
The growth of English Liberty.
- JOSEPH MASTERS BELL, Jackson, Ark.  
"I am his Highness' dog at Kew;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"
- WILLIAM HENRY SPENCER, Hyde.  
Our Fanaticisms.
- THEOPHILUS PERRY, Harrison, Texas.  
Abuse of Public Men.
- ROBERT MODERWELL SLOAN, Greensboro'.  
National Ingratitude.
- WILLIAM ROBARDS WETMORE, Fayetteville.  
The Valley of Wyoming.
- JAS. ARCHIBALD MONTGOMERY, Abbeville, S. C.  
The Spring-time of Life.
- JOHN MURDOCK MORRISON, Richmond.  
Love of Fame as a Principle of Action.
- JOHN MARION GALLAWAY, Rockingham.  
What will Mrs. Grundy say?
- DELANO WHITING HUSTED, Raleigh.  
English Operatives and African Slaves.

WILLIAM LEE ALEXANDER, McDowell.  
Women's Rights.

JOHN HENRY BULLOCK, Person.  
The Educated Man.

JOHN HAMPDEN HILL, Wilmington.  
"Where shall we find their like again?"

HAYNE ELNATHEN DAVIS, Iredell.  
Mutability of human glory.

EDWARD BRADFORD, Tallahassee, Fla.  
Religious Fanaticism.

JOSHUA COCHRAN WALKER, Wilmington.  
Wallace.

JULIUS FRANKLIN ALLISON, Orange.  
Pierre Soule.

JAMES WILLIAM JACOBS, Northampton.  
Napoleon and Washington—a contrast.

JOHN WILLIAM SANDFORD, Jr., Fayetteville.  
Andrew Jackson.

RICHARD BRADFORD, Tallahassee, Fla.  
The French Revolution.

WILLIAM CHARLES NICHOLS, New Berne, Ala.  
Influence of society upon Individual character.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON FAISON, Sampson.  
"Big Blues" of Sampson.

WILLIAM HENRY THOMSON, Sampson.  
The War of 1812.

ALBERT KIMBROUGH GRAHAM, Memphis, Tenn.  
Sergeant S. Prentiss.

IVEY FOREMAN LEWIS, Pitt.  
Modern Discoveries.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE SAUNDERS, Chapel Hill.  
Popular Education.

THOMAS COLEGATE DENNIS, Sumter Dis., S. C.  
Freedom of Thought.

JOHN CAMPBELL MCKETHAN, Cumberland.  
Robert Emmet.

WILLIAM BADHAM, Jr., Edenton.  
National Monuments.

WILLIAM HENRY BUNN, Nash.  
National Monuments.

RICHARD HENRY BATTLE, Jr., Chapel Hill.  
Australia.

ROBERT BRUCE JOHNSTON, Haywood Co.,  
Farming Interest of North Carolina.

WILLIAM LEAK LEDBETTER, Anson.  
Then and Now—What next?

SAMUEL SPENCER JACKSON, Jr., Pittsboro'.  
Are all men born with equal minds?

WILLIAM STEPHENS LONG, Yanceyville.  
Necessity, the Mother of Invention.

JOHN PROBERT COBB, Wayne.  
Rip Van Winkle.

RICHARD BENBURY SAUNDERS, Chapel Hill.  
American Literature.

NEEDHAM BRYAN COBB, Wayne.  
Corruption of Public Men.

WILLIAM LAFAYETTE SCOTT, Guilford.  
The Elements of True Greatness.

RUFUS SCOTT, Greensborough.  
The Past—its Echo.

JOHN DUNCAN SHAW, Richmond.  
Future Prospects of the Union.

JOHN WILLIAMS GRAVES, Caswell.  
Ambition not a passion of mean men.

DAVID GILLESPIE ROBESON, Bladen.  
Be true to Thyself.

LEONIDAS JOHN MERRITT, Chatham.  
Practical Improvement.

ENOCH JASPER VANN, Madison, Fla.  
Injudicious haste in the study of the Law.

JOHN BARR ANDREWS, Greensborough.  
Small fish, how they flounder.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, Edenton.  
American Poetry.

JOSEPH PICKETT JONES, Anson.  
The Lawyer.

CHARLES W. PHIFER, Coffeeville, Miss.  
Influence of the physical upon the national character.

JOSEPH ADOLPHUS ENGELHARD, Jackson, Miss.  
"Dust to dust."

JAMES CAMERON MOORE, Jackson, Miss.  
Political corruption.

THEODORE WHITFIELD, Hinds, Miss.  
Whilst we live, let us live.

SHAKESPERIAN PARODY.—We are obliged to our friend Joetbu Sandyside for the ingenious and felicitous parodic soliloquy of his and "our acquaintance," as he phrases it. We willingly give it a place in our Table:

MESSRS. EDITORS: A young man of our acquaintance, having been frequently importuned by his "lady love" to cut off his whiskers, he determined to take the matter into serious consideration. Retiring to his room, he seated himself in a huge arm-chair, threw his feet upon the fender and thus soliloquized:

"To shave, or not to shave! that's the question;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The beard to grow upon the face divine,  
Or to take arms against a world of hair  
And by the az end t. To clip, to cut  
No more,—but by a shave to say we end  
The burthen and the inconvenient load  
The face is heir to. 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished.—To clip, to cut:—  
To cut! perchance to gash;—ay! there's the  
rub;

For in that gash, what blood there may be  
spilled

When we have shorn the face of all its beard  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes it such a dangerous thing to shave.  
But who would bear the hootings of shaved  
men,

The shaveling scorn, the smooth man's irony,  
The pangs of love dispised, since women will

Not marry men who on their face have hair?  
Who will then suffer all these bitter taunts,  
When he might easily escape them all  
With a bare razor? Who would whiskers  
wear,

To grunt and sweat under a heavy beard?  
But there's the dread of taking a bad cold,  
Or the consumption, from whose dread em-  
brace

No patient recovers. This puzzles the will  
And makes me rather wear the beard I have  
Than run the risk attendant on a shave.  
Thus prudence does make hairy men of us;  
And thus the native color of our faces  
Is darkened over with a full-grown beard:—  
And men who else would be like maidens fair  
Have all their faces covered o'er with hair  
And lose the love of women."

ANOTHER PARODY.—In looking over the Greensborough Patriot, our eyes were arrested by this fine effusion of our old acquaintance and contributor, St. Clare Vesper. So much genius and poetic fire run through it that, if we can help it, we will not willingly let it die. If you have not read it, read it—if you have, read it again:

#### PARODY

*On Tom Moore's "Farewell; but when-  
ever you welcome the hour."*

BY ST. CLARE VESPER.

Farewell; but if ever I welcome the hour  
When the "Maine Liquor Law" shall throw  
o'er me its power,  
I will think of the glad hours my spirits once  
knew,  
When it lost its deep grief, sparkling brimmer,  
in you;  
My griefs may return, not a drop may remain  
Of the spirits that threw their sweet beams on  
my brain,  
But I ne'er will forget the bright visions that  
flew  
O'er my loved sparkling brimmer, while linger-  
ing with you.

And oft at the time when joy should fill up  
"To the highest top sparkle each heart and  
each cup"

I'll be dry as a bone, and, while in that sad  
plight,  
My love shall then dream with what savage de-  
light

*Old Gorman* has tried all our liquor to "spill,"  
And banished the cause of so many a smile;

Ah, I'll bless him, and tell him, with hearty  
good cheer,  
If there's a still warmer climate, I wish he were  
there.

Let Deems do his worst; tho' the cup of our  
joy

He may dash from our hands and the spirits  
destroy,

Yet O, 'twill be sweet, in that moment of pain,  
To know that John Trainer can fill it again,  
O long be my jug with such good spirits filled  
As we get from Nick Williams, just freshly dis-  
tilled;

You may break, you may shatter, the jug, if  
you will,

But I'll buy me another and larger one still.

Greensboro', April 16, 1854.

NORTH CAROLINA IN 1854.—In our last  
number some account was given of a rare  
volume, containing Hariot's account of the  
results of the first English Expedition to  
Carolina, under the auspices of Sir Walter  
Raleigh. We have thought that a brief de-  
scription of the contents of that volume  
would be not unacceptable to our readers.  
We ought, perhaps, to premise that the  
relation of Hariot was written in English, of  
which the volume before us was the first  
translation into Latin, and that the Latin  
version was dedicated to his most serene  
Highness Maximilian, King of Poland,  
&c., &c. The information it contains  
about the newly-found regions is in some  
respects less than might have been expect-  
ed, as it seems to have been prepared quite  
as much to stop the mouths of gainsay-  
ers as to encourage the adventurers. The  
work is divided into three principal parts:  
the first relating to the advantages for  
commerce in Virginia, the second to the  
means of subsistence there, and the last  
mainly to the manners, condition, &c., of  
the natives. Among the indigenous pro-  
ductions are Herba Sericea (cotton?) silk  
worms, flax and hemp, pitch, tar and tur-  
pentine of course, a species of medicinal  
chalk, called Wapeih by the natives, two  
species of vines, one very fine, two sorts

of nuts, and three of berries producing  
oil, and bears in the same way serviceable.  
Otters, deer, bears and grey squirrels are  
the principal animals. The natives are  
said to hunt and eat LIONS, Pearls, though  
of inferior quality, many species of gums,  
medicinal and dye stuffs were found. Of  
minerals, the chief were iron and copper.  
As the latter is an article of much inter-  
est in our day, and many mining schemes  
are now on foot, we copy the brief notice  
our author gives of it. "Having gone an  
hundred and fifty miles towards the inter-  
ior of the country, we found among the  
natives in two towns, numbers of small  
round plates of copper, which as we learn-  
ed were made by some who lived still  
further on, where as they related were  
mountains and streams, that produced  
pieces of a white metal, like silver. That  
the fact is so, may be proved by what I  
with some others saw when we first came  
in that region; since we observed two  
small fragments of silver, rather rudely  
shapen, hanging from the ears of a chief,  
who lived some eighty miles from our for-  
tress. When we asked of him how many  
days' journey off was the place whence he  
had them, I learned that he received them  
from that place or a nearer one, in which  
copper and white pieces of metal were  
found. This copper, as was learned by  
trial contained some silver also."

Hardly any topic is more fully treated  
than this of copper. The descriptions of  
plants and vegetables are often so indefinite  
or imperfect, that it is not easy for us to  
identity even the genus. Maize was called  
by the natives Pagatowr; and Kindgier is  
their name for a species of bean; Wikon-  
towr, of what resembled the English pea;  
gourds, pumpkins and melons went under  
the name of Macoquer. Tobacco called  
Uppowoc, and its uses are by no means  
overlooked. The Indians employed it in  
acts of sacrifice and thanksgiving. It was  
their incense. Smoking, seems to have  
been the only fashionable way of enjoy-

ing it. Of its rare virtues the author says, "The smoke, thus puffed, draws out and clears away the phlegm and gross humors from the head and stomach and opens the pores of the body. Not only they who use it keep their systems free from obstructions, but are speedily relieved of those they have, if they be not of too long standing already; hence their healthy frames, nor do I remember to have noticed among them very many severe diseases which afflict us here in England.

The sketch of the character and manners of the native tribes is, compared with the rest of the work, quite full: though to our wishes meagre enough. We can give only a brief abstract of it.

Their dress was commonly a deer-skin covering the middle parts of the body.— Their only weapons of offence were bows of hazel, and arrows of reed and clubs about two cubits long; while those for defence were only a shield made of bark and a sort of armour made of slender sticks plaited with a kind of cord. Their villages seldom contained so many as thirty houses, and were commonly guarded by a palisade. Their wigwams seem to have been made in a style quite workmanlike and comfortable. They resembled a long covered arch the length usually twice the breadth, six to eight fathoms long, and were covered with rush-woven mats. The chiefs ruled over a small number of villages, none, whom our adventurers found over more than eighteen, which number furnished seven to eight hundred fighting men. Their whole method of warfare was like that of other savages and is well known to our readers. Their religious notions were more peculiar. They believed in many deities, whom they styled Montoac, of diverse grades and functions, and in one, supreme, and eternal; that when he would create the world he first made subordinate divinities, and after the sun, moon and stars. They held water to have been the original element, from which all things seen and unseen were

formed. In their notions of their own original they were not far from the scriptural statement of "the Sons of God," and "the daughters of men," affirming that woman was first made. They conceived of the Gods as in form men and of course represented them in idol shapes, which they worshipped in prayers and songs and many offerings. They had full faith in the immortality of the soul, and believed that after death, it was at once transferred, according as its works had been, to a state of perpetual felicity among the Gods or to a deep trench burning with everlasting fire, near the western verge of the world. The latter place they called Popogusso. The truth of this opinion they sustained by the experience of two who had returned from death to life and made such reports to them. The thought of these future states exercised much influence over their conduct, though temporal penalties also were not wanting, in case of wrong doing. They looked upon the strangers almost as Gods and heard from them the doctrines of the Bible with fear if not with faith. If they suffered from disease they ascribed it to their own intent of harm to their visitors, whom they supposed to be aware of every device against them, and prepared to revenge it. So much is nearly the substance of what Harriot told the men of his day of the natives of this land.

The residue of the volume is filled with drawings, and with accompanying descriptions, of the persons and occupations of the natives; their mode of fishing, of making canoes, their idols, villages, dances and the burial of their chiefs. These engravings are in a style of art superior to that in which modern books of travels are illustrated. We have here the earliest map ever engraved of the coast of North Carolina, and we can hardly doubt, the very features of some of those dwellers here, whose race has now disappeared forever!

COMMENCEMENT.—After the announcement made in our May number we deem it necessary to say only a few words in reference to this occasion. We feel confident that all who read our last issue, with no small number of “the rest of mankind” are already prepared to add interest to the first day of June by attending our commencement. Come early in the week for commencement day is by no means the only one on which you can enjoy our “feast of reason.”

On Monday night the Valedictory Sermon will be delivered by the Rev. THOS. G. LOWE, of Halifax. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, *lovers*, friends, come early enough to hear the words of advice and encouragement to your sons, brothers, &c.

Tuesday night will be taken up by Declaimers from the Freshman Class.

On Wednesday forenoon the address, before the two Literary Societies will be delivered by Gov. A. V. BROWN, of Tenn. We understand that no address before the Alumni Association need be expected.

On Wednesday evening there will be a meeting of the Historical Society—perhaps an address.

Wednesday night the Declaimers from the “Soph. Class” appear.

To fair women and gallant men, who are fond of the dance, an opportunity will be offered each night to “chase the glowing hours with flying feet.” As before announced a fine band of music will be in attendance to direct the “chase.” As we know of nothing that will in any probability occur to mar the interest and pleasure of the occasion the attendance no doubt will be large.

Thursday, the grand gala day of all, will be taken up almost entirely by exercises of the Seniors, and of course each speaker will attempt to win whatever of applause he can. If you are fond of a variety of tongues you will on that day be abundantly accommodated. At one time you will be talked to very familiarly in flowing *Latin*, at another the stately

*Greek* will at least amuse you. It will be modern Greek *of course*. The Court language of Europe will perhaps be not unacceptable to your taste. If so you will be entertained by its hasty flow. Amidst this “confusion of tongues” the English will also at times be heard, for some of us have the *privilege* of essaying in our mother tongue. We Editors, who speak, hope all visitors will have some understanding of that difficult tongue, for in that language alone will we have the privilege of addressing them. After the orations by the Graduating Class are over, except the Valedictory, Gov. Swain will read the annual report, deliver diplomas, and then change us into men by means of a few “cabalistic words” spoken in an *unknown tongue* that it may not be evident to every body exactly how the metamorphosis takes place. The Valedictory will then close the scene in the Chapel and the class will separate for a year.

OUR MAGAZINE.—ITS SUBSCRIBERS.—Those who have taken any degree of interest in our labors for the past year know well with what success we have met and with what degree of acceptability the Magazine has been received, whilst under the control of those who are now sending forth their last issue. We may be allowed to say that our success and the acceptability of the Magazine for our term of guardianship has been entirely beyond our original expectations. To all who have in any degree, contributed to these results we are truly grateful and we doubt not that our successors would be as much pleased with future aid as we have been with past. Whilst we are anxious for them to outstrip us, *if it is possible*, in giving an elevated tone and high literary character to the Magazine, we are still more interested that they may succeed, better than we have done, in the way of impressing on subscribers the simple fact that no *periodical can live long where a large portion* of its subscribers forget, in

practice, that *it has to be paid for*. "Material aid" then is what we bespeak.—Hear our plea and judge if it be not a good one.

There are between five and six hundred persons who have manifested sufficient interest in the Magazine to become its subscribers. If from all these, the money were punctually to follow their names we should now have on hand several hundred dollars to be appropriated to the increase of Society Libraries. But this is by no means the case, for, at least half those whose names are on our list, have been, on this point, obviously forgetful. Punctual payment on the part of each of our subscribers would have given the Magazine over one thousand dollars for the past year. All expenses attached to it for the same time would amount to about eight hundred. If it were possible to reduce the expenses so as to correspond to the *tardy* payments of subscribers we should not feel so much disposed to grumble. But whilst over half our subscribers in the past year have not given *one cent's* evidence of their remembrance, as conductors of the destiny of the Magazine for that time we feel not only mortified at this negligence but also are inclined very strongly, to be provoked at that portion of its *friends* whose money does not testify to the truth of their professions.—These remarks are intended only for *such* friends, and we hope they will not be such any longer. We feel sure that, "A word to the wise" will prove sufficient. If so, our successors will be able to meet all expenses in their turn, and also to decrease the debt hanging over the Magazine by reason of the inexcusable neglect in paying off the subscriptions. We hope that *without delay* each one in arrears to the Magazine, will immediately sit down and fold up in a letter the amount due, and forward the same by the next mail to the Editors at Chapel Hill. Certainly every considerate man will correspond fa-

vorably. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

NEW BUILDINGS.—We have several times in the course of our editorial career urged the necessity of additional college buildings at the University. Thinking that the Trustees were the proper persons to whom to look for action in the matter, and that their pecuniary affairs were quite different from what they now appear to be we have uniformly appealed to them. We find that we need do so no more, as will be seen from the following correspondence, which we insert as a matter of history and also for the purpose of a suggestion to our fellow students as to their duty. But read:

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., }  
Sept. 1st, 1854. }

To the Trustees of the University:

GENTLEMEN:—We have been appointed as Committees from the two Literary Societies, to address you in reference to the necessity that now exists in the University for larger Halls for the accommodation of said Societies. To show that we use not the wrong word when we say necessity let us only state a few facts.

There are now in actual attendance at the University not less than two hundred and sixty students. Give to each Hall an equal number. One hundred and thirty then are assigned to each Hall. In each there are four rows of immovable seats running round the room, in about a semi-circle, facing the stand for the officers. Two narrow isles cut these rows into three separate blocks. In the middle block each bench will accommodate comfortably not more than eight students. To the whole block then we assign thirty-two students. The other two blocks are similar to each other, accommodating twenty-four each. Each room or hall then, it will be readily seen, is only fitted to seat comfortably eighty young men. This calculation leaves fifty of the young men unseated in each Society and *one hundred* students in the *University of North Carolina* excluded from the weekly meetings of the two Literary Societies—merely for the want of sufficient room! What College can boast of the like! Besides, the construction of the present halls is such and their area so limited that the introduction of chairs to any amount is rendered impossible: and

still for all the present session the number of students has been steadily increasing.

Some remedy for this state of things is sought for and we have been directed, as official committees from the two Societies, to address you a solicitation for new and more spacious buildings so constructed as to furnish more ample rooms for the meetings of said Societies. In this connection we would beg leave to state that our Libraries are fast filling up and at an *early date* more shelves will be needed for the preservation of our books.

Before closing allow us to state one other feature connected with our situation here which we humbly think you as Trustees of the University should at least know. College buildings will not when crowded hold over half the students connected with the College, whilst the other portion of them are compelled to pay *high* room-rent in the village. This constitutes an item of expense to a large number, which economy would say they ought to be free from and we know not to whom to appeal in their behalf except to you, without whose aid in the way of NEW BUILDINGS this distinction in the expenses of those attending the University cannot be avoided—even by those whose pecuniary affairs *cry out against it*.

We have not at present any plan of our own which we feel disposed to offer concerning the kind of buildings we would like. Our design now is to get assurance that we shall be accommodated as soon as possible. Hoping then that we may be favorably heard and in consideration of existing circumstances our petition granted we are, in behalf of the bodies we represent, your petitioners, ever,

With high esteem,

L. J. MERRITT,	} Committee of Di. Society.
N. A. BOYDEN, JOHN R. RUFFIN,	
JAS. C. MOORE,	} Committee of Phi. Soc'ty.
JAS. W. JACOBS,	
E. J. VANN,	

The above letter was committed to the charge of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees from whom the following reply was received :

RALEIGH, Jan. 11, 1854.

GENTLEMEN:—Please find on the opposite page an extract from the minutes of the Board of Trustees, showing the action had on the memorial committed to my charge, at the late annual meeting.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
CHARLES MANLY.

L. J. Merritt, N. A. Boyden, John R. Ruffin,  
Jas. C. Moore, Jas. W. Jacobs, E. J. Vann,  
Committees of Di. and Phi. Societies.

The following is the "extract from the minutes of the board" referred to by the Secretary.

A MEMORIAL

From a Joint Committee on behalf of the two Literary Societies, was presented, praying the erection of additional College Buildings for the accommodation of the increased number of students, and also for new Society Halls and Library Rooms.

The same was read and considered, and the Secretary directed to say in reply, that the Board, appreciating fully the commendable solicitude of the Memorialists and concurring heartily in the necessity existing for the enlarged accommodations referred to, are yet unable to fulfil their wishes from the want of adequate funds. The increased demand on the Finances of the Board by the recent establishment of additional Professorships and Tutorships, and the diminution of their income by the late Acts of the General Assembly withdrawing from the Institution the escheated property of the State, having so circumscribed the means of the Board as to place beyond their reach, at present, an object so desirable to all the friends of the University.

From this it will be seen that it is quite out of the power of the Trustees to furnish the Institution with the additional desired buildings. Who then can? We answer the Legislature. Who ought?—We answer the Legislature. Who will? We hope the next Legislature. We do not now propose to enter into any argument by way of attempting to show that it is always its duty to look carefully to the interest of the State Institution established by provision of the Constitution, which says, "all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more Universities." Such encouragement and promotion is vested in the Legislature, and we are not a little surprised that they should be so tardy in their efforts to make the accommodations at the State Institution correspond with the increased demand for them. Perhaps their attention has never been called to the point, and they do not understand the pecuniary affairs of the University well enough to cause them to take any action in its be-

half. We therefore, hold it to be a privilege, of our fellow students, whom we leave behind, to throw themselves on the liberality of the next Legislature, and by a strong memorial signed by all the sitting members of both Societies, plead their own cause, where alone of themselves they need hope to avail any thing. We conceive that in thus acting they would do nothing presumptive. A distinguished gentleman of the State, to whom it was intimated that it was probable that such would be the course of the students after finding that their object cannot be gained through the Trustees; in a private letter (we hope he will excuse the liberty we take) holds the following language. "I am truly rejoiced to find that you do not intend to permit the subject of your memorial to sleep, but propose taking steps to have your voice heard, where alone it can be available, in our Legislative Halls. As a general rule I am opposed to boys turning politicians, but in this case there would be a fitness and even grace in children pleading for their "Alma Mater."

A large number of the most influential members of the Legislature are Alumni of the University, and a direct appeal to them from the whole body of College cannot fail to be felt.

In whatever the Societies may do in this behalf they shall have my hearty good will and co-operation."

If we have succeeded in indicating what we honestly think should be done we need add nothing further. To call attention to this subject is all that we desire for the present.

THE LEADER.—We are indebted to JOSEPH JOHNSON, M. D., of Charleston, for the article with which we open this number. It will be remembered that he is the author of the SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CAPT. BLAKELY, which appeared in the February number of the Magazine, and which at the time was read with great in-

terest and favorably noticed by the press.

For this second demonstration of his interest in our welfare, we sincerely thank him, and although he cannot again confer upon us a similar favor, yet we trust he will remember our successors, and we will always take great delight in perusing his interesting and instructive sketches of character.

THE article entitled "A CONVERSATION," has been received and accepted, but, we are sorry to say is crowded out of the present issue. The new corps has promised us that it will certainly appear in the August number. The authoress has our thanks for this and past favors, and we give her the assurance that her articles will always be gladly received by our successors. And here let us thank all the ladies, though few, who have showed their interest in our *protege* by *visible* tokens, and hope that *we* and the Magazine may never be forgotten by them.

OUR CLASSMATES.—To those of you, who are subscribers to the Magazine and who have not changed the direction of your copies of it, we would say that you will oblige both our successors and ourselves, if you will immediately give information of the place to which you would have them directed.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—You have our warmest thanks for the kind assistance which you have from time to time given us, and the confidence with which you thereby inspired us.

'Tis well known to us, that some few individuals, not any of our fellow-students, turned a cold shoulder on us and our charge, *simply because* we were not *all favorites* of theirs. To any, whom this may fit, or who may take it to themselves, we have but to say, that we expected such treatment here and that we will be greatly disappointed if we do not meet

with similar treatment out in the narrow-souled and hollow-hearted world. We succeeded here to our entire satisfaction without their *kind* assistance and *generous* encouragement, and we hope to be able to get along respectably out in the world, even if *some* people should not *smile* on us.

Our fellow-students acted pretty magnanimously during the past year in the way of contributions; but they did not do as much as we know they MIGHT have done—as much as we think they OUGHT to have done. Their interest, indeed, is more at stake than that of the Magazine; for it receives many contributions from a distance, which with a little labor on the part of the Editors will always enable them to fill the Magazine. Several have improved themselves greatly by writing for it, and, we trust sincerely, that they and others will contribute largely during the term of service of the next corps of Editors.

Many gifted writers, from the Hill, have manifested a pride and interest in the success of this student-undertaking, which we felt to be highly encouraging and for which we shall ever feel grateful to them. We hope they and many others will not forget to support and encourage the Magazine after it has passed into other hands.

OURSELVES.—Twelve months ago, we met for the first time in an official capacity. At that time we met as kind-hearted friends, nor has the link, that then bound us together, ever been even strained or broken. Throughout, our little *coterie* has been characterized by sociability, pleasantry and dignity. The duties of our office have not unfrequently so taxed our time and energies as to be somewhat laborious; yet we have always come away from the discharge of them rather improved and gratified than otherwise. In laboring thus zealously, unitedly and un-

tiringly for the very best interests of the Magazine, our tastes have been refined and elevated, and our attainments not a little increased, while at the same time the silken cords of friendship have been drawn closer and closer. And thus the gradual culture of kind intercourse has brought it to perfection.

When we part—part perhaps for aye—we shall part as brothers. And as long as life shall last, we shall look back to this portion of our College-life with pride and satisfaction. As Horace has truly and finely sung—

Felices ter et amplius  
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec matis  
Divulsus querrimoniis,  
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

OUR SUCCESSORS.—Having discharged the last duty incumbent upon us as Editors of the North Carolina University Magazine, we now take pleasure in introducing to our subscribers and the public our worthy successors, MESSRS. NATHANIEL A. BOYDEN, JAMES CAMPBELL, WILLIAM H. HALL, EVANDER J. McIVER, HENRY W. McMILLAN, and CHARLTON W. YELLOWLEY. Knowing their talents, taste and industry, we cheerfully and confidently resign into their hands the care and conduct of this periodical for the success of which we confess we feel no small concern. We have but a word to say to them—for *verbum sat sapientibus*. By all means, avoid cant phrases and tame and lifeless productions, and keep a vigilant watch, lest the “gilded blasphemies of infidels and the noontide trances of pernicious theorists” make their way into the columns of the Magazine. Such, instead of raising still higher, would destroy its present elevated character and in the end sap its very foundation.

WE all, though some of us do not live in this honored old State, in bidding a fond and lasting adieu to the Magazine feel enough interest in the State in which our *Alma Mater* is situated to wish most earnestly, that it may long, long survive and flourish, not only for the benefit of the students at the University but also for the pride and ornament of the State.

Farewell.

JOSEPH A. ENGELHARD,  
LEONIDAS J. MERRITT,  
JAMES C. MOORE,  
WILLIAM C. NICHOLS,  
WILLIAM L. SCOTT,  
JOSEPH M. BELL.

THE

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1854.

No. 6.

## SALUTATORY.

READERS, ALL:—Behold the Six!—Observe them well, and mark their course; and see if there be any good in them. It is ours to appear in the fourth act of *our little drama*, and we present ourselves to you with that modest reluctance which should characterize all tyros. Add to this natural feeling the consciousness of the surpassing abilities of our predecessors; of the elevated standard of literature in our day; of the enlightenment, refinement and fastidiousness of the age, and you will have our strong motives to be modest young men. And when we consider how favorably a benignant public has been viewing our little charge, and the increasing interest manifested therein, we accept its guardianship the more cheerfully and hope the more fondly for its future success. Its character and merits are already well known to its readers, and if they have not been equal to its success so much the more gratitude we owe to them, and our obligations to elevate it is proportionally stronger. This cannot be done otherwise than by bestowing on us a more enlarged patronage in the

way of dollars, (we don't care for the cents,) as well as in the literary department. The second follows from the first, an intuitive inference in this "age of facts, and nothing else." To show that this demand is reasonable, permit us to state a few simple truths, which your own judgments will approve;—to that alone we wish to appeal.

North Carolina is fully awakened to her own interest in internal improvements, and in education. Railroads, plank-roads, river improvements, mining, agriculture and manufactures; are receiving the attention due to their importance. There is a first-rate University, several Colleges, male and female, many academies, public and private schools, a great number of political presses—all calculated to advance, improve, enlighten the people. But amid all this is there not one desideratum, one great source of improvement, of honor—of glory. Must the gifted sons of Carolina send their thoughts to grace the pages of foreign periodicals. Shall it be said that their own State would not suffer them to think, to write, to instruct? We are earnest in urging

this consideration, for it is a very important one. It is that which made Edinburgh the Athens of Scotland, that which made London the Athens of the world, that which made New York, Boston and Philadelphia the leading stars in American literature. The literary character of a place is judged by its literary publications, sometimes erroneously, but almost necessarily. We contribute to elevate the literary standard elsewhere. Is not this robbing ourselves? Do not our politicians owe their success and fame to this very circumstance? and have we not in our midst *literateurs* as well as politicians, and yet we know it not. Literary publications give a tone and character to a place the importance of which we seem not yet to know.

We know of only one literary paper in the State, and we would ask its intelligent conductor if he has met with the encouragement due to his laudable undertaking. Could a high literature arise amongst us like Venus from the waves, we would turn our enraptured faces towards it, and raise temples to its honor; we would worship there and nowhere else. We would no longer be calling on our friends over the waters, "Send us your Blackwoods, Edinburgh Reviews, Westminster's, &c.;" we would no longer be calling on our brethren of the north for Harper's, Putnam's, and what not? But the age of wonders is over, "we want facts, real, stern facts;" indeed, we have never heard of literary miracles, if we except Joe Smith's bible, and its claim to be one is indeed a little miraculous. And now, kind reader, if we have convinced you that we ought to have not only one, but several periodicals devoted to the cause of literature, we

expect the interrogatory, "who is to conduct them, the students of the Senior Class at the University of North Carolina? Well, we think we might have the charge of one, under the auspices of our able Faculty. We are young but they are experienced; we (begging your pardon) are at the fountain head of knowledge, and we enjoy many other advantages which modesty forbids us to set forth. Let others aid us, let others publish, let the State patronize us, and you kind reader, send us in a contribution from Mammon or from Minerva, and you will find us your much obliged friends. Premising these general remarks, until a more favorable opportunity shall be afforded us of dwelling more largely on this important topic, we set out on our editorial career, not indeed promising satisfaction to any one, but an earnest endeavor to satisfy all. Like the Spectator, we do not expect to reform the living age, but like him when not under the "*nom de plume*," we expect to attract very little notice. But we intend to act the Spec. in parvum in our own little village; to notice the fashions and manners which the arbiter time, imposes on us all, wherever we be, and let folly beware as she flies through our peaceful groves, for we intend to shoot at her, and hit her too, if we can. History, biography, and discursive writing shall find a welcome place in our pages, if judged worthy. In fine, we expect if not to reach, at least to aim at excellence, to use our utmost endeavors in cultivating a literary taste among our citizens. We expect to seek no level, to hold the fodder to no particular one. Our aim, like the true tendency of literature, is towards perfection. Let no one scorn us if we fail, greater than we have failed before us, indeed, so common is this that it is almost become a mark of merit.

## THE LATE JUDGE MURPHEY.

## SYSTEM OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The XLI section of the Constitution of the State provides "that a school or schools shall be established by the Legislature for the convenient instruction of youth; with such salaries to the masters, paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices, and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more Universities."

The resources of the State were so nearly exhausted by the unparalleled exertion and sacrifices made by our fathers during the struggle for independence, that immediate compliance with these imperative injunctions of the Constitution was impossible. The adoption of the Federal Constitution by the requisite number of States, the organization of the government in compliance with its provisions, and the admission of this State into the American union, mark the commencement of the most auspicious era in our history. The Constitution of the United States was ratified by the people of North Carolina in Convention at Fayetteville, on the 21st November, 1789, and a few days thereafter, (on the 11th of December,) the General Assembly passed the act to establish the University of North Carolina. Even at this period the State was unable to provide a competent endowment for this single institution, and dur-

ing more than a quarter of a century it was sustained mainly by private contributions. To General Davie we are indebted for the first successful attempt to establish a University, and to his companions in arms, Col. Smith, Gen. Person and Major Girard, for a very large proportion of the means, for its establishment and subsequent support. Person, Girard and Smith Halls, are the appropriate monuments and memorials of these early and liberal instances of beneficence.

To the late Judge Murphey, a philosophic statesman, whose views were greatly in advance of the generation to which he belonged, we are under obligations for the earliest effort to establish common schools, in connection with the general system of education contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. He died, if our memory does not deceive us, in the autumn of 1832, leaving his "name and memory to his countrymen, after some time has passed over." No one has as yet undertaken to write his biography, or prepare his manuscripts for publication. The report made by him as chairman of the committee of Education, in the Senate of 1817, attracted much attention at the time, but soon passed from the public memory. It has long been out of print, and until within a few weeks past we had regarded it as irrecoverably lost.

Numerous inquiries were made for it nearly twenty years ago, and even then, not a single copy of it could be obtained. It has been preserved in the pages of the very useful and extensive repository of facts, and documents, published during a series of years by the late Hezekiah Niles, at Baltimore, and after his death at Washington City, by a successor who was not his equal.

Our readers will thank us for reproducing it. It may be found in Niles' Register for 1819, and is not merely replete with valuable information in relation to the past, but eminently suggestive for the future.

### EDUCATION.

REPORT SUBMITTED TO THE LEGISLATURE OF N. CAROLINA, 1819, BY A. D. MURPHEY.

*The Committee to whom were referred so much of the Message of his Excellency, the Governor, as relates to public instruction, REPORT IN PART,*

That we have much reason to thank Providence for the arrival of a period, when our country, enjoying peace with foreign nations and free from domestic inquietude, turns her attention to improving her physical resources and the moral and intellectual condition of her citizens. The war of party spirit, which for twenty years has disturbed her tranquility and perverted her ambition, has terminated; and political strife has yielded its place to an honorable zeal for the public welfare. Enlightened statesmen will avail themselves of this auspicious period to place the fortunes of the state upon a basis not to be shaken; to found and cherish institutions which shall guaranty to the people the permanence of their government, and enable them to appreciate its

excellence. The legislature of North Carolina, giving to their ambition an honorable direction, have resolved to improve this period for the best interests of the State; to adopt and carry into effect liberal plans of internal improvements; to give encouragement to literature, and to diffuse the lights of knowledge among all classes of the community. Let us foster the spirit which has gone abroad; it will lead to the happiest results. If we ourselves should not live to witness them, we shall at least have the satisfaction of having contributed to produce them, and of seeing our children receive from our hands a country growing rich in physical resources, and advancing in moral and intellectual excellence. This is the true way of giving strength and permanence to the government: of giving to it root in the hearts of the people, and nurturing it with their affections. What people will not love a government whose constant solicitude is for their happiness, and whose ambition is to elevate their character in the scale of intelligent beings. Having commenced the great work of Humanity, let us persevere in it with a patience that shall not tire, and with a zeal that shall not abate; praying to the Father of all good, that he will enlighten and direct our course, and finally crown our labors with success.

Your committee have entered upon the duties assigned to them with a full conviction of their importance, and of the difficulties which attend their discharge. But believing that let the subject be taken up when it may, those difficulties will exist, and availing themselves of the light thrown upon the

subject by the wisdom of others, they have prepared a system of public instruction for North Carolina, which with much deference they beg leave to submit to the consideration of the general assembly. In digesting this system, they have adhered to the general principles of the report on this subject, submitted by a committee to the last legislature; and have embraced a provision for the poor as well as the rich, and a gradation of schools from the lowest to the highest.

To give effect to any general plan of public education, it is essentially necessary that ample funds be provided, and that these funds, and also the execution of the general plan, be committed to the care and direction of a board composed of intelligent and efficient men. Your committee reserve for a more special report their views with respect to the creation of a fund for public instruction. This subject requires a minuteness of detail, which would only embarrass the general views which it is their object now to present to the consideration of the general assembly.

Your committee have considered the subject referred to them under the following divisions:

- 1st. The creation of a fund for public instruction.
- 2d. The constitution of a board to manage the fund, and to carry into execution the plan of public instruction.
- 3d. The organization of schools.
- 4th. The course of studies to be prescribed for each.
- 5th. The modes of instruction.
- 6th. The discipline and government of the schools.
- 7th. The education of poor children at the public expense.

8th. An asylum for the deaf and dumb.

Having reserved for a more special report the creation of a fund for public instruction, your committee will first submit their views with respect to the constitution of a board for the management of this fund, and the execution and superintendence of the general plan of education which they recommend.

#### THE BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

As the whole community will be interested in the plan of education, the members of the board should be selected from different parts of the State.— They have charge of all our literary institutions; and to give more weight and respectability to their deliberations and resolves, the governor of the State should be placed at their head. It will be their province to manage, and apply the funds committed to their care, to carry into execution from time to time as it shall be found practicable, the different parts of the plan of public education; to superintend the same when in full operation; to prescribe general rules and regulations for the discipline and government of the schools; to make annual reports to the legislature of their proceedings and of the state of the schools under their charge. Your committee do therefore recommend:

1st. That there shall be elected by joint ballot of the two houses of the general assembly, six directors, who shall be styled "The board of public instruction;" that three of the directors shall reside at or to the eastward of the city of Raleigh, and three shall reside at or to the westward thereof.

2d. That the governor for the time

being, shall be "ex officio" president of the board; but the board may appoint a vice president who shall preside in the absence of the governor.

3d. The board shall appoint a secretary and such other officers as may be necessary for conducting their business, who shall receive a reasonable compensation for their services.

4th. Until otherwise ordered, the members of the board shall receive the same compensation for the traveling to and from the place of their meeting; and the same "per diem" during their attendance on the board, as is now allowed by law to members of the general assembly. They shall hold an annual meeting in the city of Raleigh at or near the time of the meeting of the general assembly. The president of the board may at his own pleasure, or shall at the request of any two directors thereof, convene extra meetings of the board for the transaction of any extraordinary business. A majority of the whole number of directors shall be necessary to constitute a board for the transaction of business, but the president or any single director may adjourn from day to day until a board be formed.

5th. The board may at any time enact, alter or amend such rules as to them may seem proper for the purpose of regulating the order of their proceedings; they may adjourn for any period or meet at any place, where they may think the public interest shall require. They shall have power, subject to the limitations to provided by law, to establish and locate the several academies directed by law to be established; to determine the number and titles of the professorships therein; to examine,

appoint and regulate the compensation of the several professors and teachers; to appoint in the first instance, the trustees of the several academies; to prescribe the course of instruction and discipline of the several academies and primary schools, according to such general rules as shall be established by law; to provide some just and particular mode of advancing from the primary schools to the academies, and from academies to the university, as many of the meritorious children educated at the public expense, as the proceeds of the fund for public instruction may suffice to educate and maintain after the whole system of public instruction hereby recommended, shall have been put in operation; to manage the fund for public instruction, and apply its proceeds in carrying into execution and supporting the plan of education committed to their care, and in giving effect to this plan, the board shall regard the primary schools at its foundation, and care shall be taken that the proceeds of the fund for public instruction, shall not be applied to the establishment of any academy, so long as it is probable that such an application may leave any primary schools unprovided for. And the board shall have power to enact, alter or amend such bye-laws, rules and regulations relative to the various objects committed to their trust, as to them may seem expedient. Provided the same be not inconsistent with the laws of the State; and they shall recommend to the general assembly from time to time, such general laws in relation to public instruction, as may in their opinion, be calculated to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of the State.

6. The directors of the board of public instruction for the time being shall *ex-officio*, be trustees of the university of this State.

7th. The treasurer of the State shall have charge of the fund for public instruction, and the proceeds thereof shall be paid upon warrants drawn by the president of the board; and all expenses incurred in carrying into effect the system of public instruction and supporting the same, shall be charged upon this fund and paid out of the proceeds thereof.

8th. The board of public instruction shall annually submit to the general assembly at or near the commencement of their session, a view of the state of public education within the State, embracing a history of the progress or declension of the University in the year next preceding, and illustrating its actual condition and future prospects; and also setting forth the condition of the fund committed to their trust for public instruction.

9th. The board of public instruction shall be a body politic in law; shall have a common seal and perpetual succession; shall by the name and style of "the board of public instruction," be capable of suing and being sued, pleading and being impleaded; and shall have and enjoy all the rights and privileges of a corporation.

#### THE ORGANIZATION OF SCHOOLS.

In arranging the system of schools, your committee have endeavored to make the progress of education natural and regular, beginning with primary schools, in which the first rudiments of learning are taught, and proceeding to

Academies, in which youth are taught instructed in languages, ancient and modern history, mathematics and other branches of science, preparatory to entering into the University, in which instruction is to be given in all the higher branches of the sciences, and the principles of the useful arts.

In making this arrangement the greatest difficulties have occurred in organizing the primary schools. These difficulties arise from the condition of the country and the State of its population; it being found impossible to divide the State into small sections of territory, each containing an adequate population for the support of a school. Any attempt to divide the territory of the State into such small sections, with a view of locating a school in each, would prove unavailing; and however desirable it may be, that a school should be established convenient to every family, the time has not arrived when it can be done. But so far as it is practicable to extend the convenience it should be done. These primary schools are of the first importance in any general plan of public education; every citizen has an interest in them, as the learning indispensable to all, of reading, writing and arithmetic, is here to be taught. By judicious management and a proper selection of books for children while they are learning to read, much instruction in their moral and religious duties may be given to them in these schools. Your committee have diligently examined the different plans of public instruction which have been submitted to the general assembly of our sister State, Virginia, and also those which have been carried into

effect in some of the New England States: they have also examined the plan which was drawn up and adopted by the national convention of France, and which now forms the basis of public instruction in all the communes of empire, and deriving much aid from this examination upon every part of the subject referred to them, they have suggested a system which they hope may be found to suit the condition of North Carolina. In designating the schools of different grades, they have adopted the names in common use. Your committee do therefore recommend that as to,

#### THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

1. Each county in this State be divided into two or more townships, and that one or more primary schools be established in each township, provided a lot of ground not less than four acres and a sufficient house erected thereon, be provided and vested in the board of public instruction. And that every incorporated town in the State containing more than one hundred families, shall be divided into wards. Such town containing less than one hundred families shall be considered as forming only one ward. Each ward upon conveying to the board of public instruction a lot of ground of the value of two hundred dollars or upwards, and erecting there on a house of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, shall be entitled to the privileges and benefits of a primary school.

2. The court of pleas and quarter sessions shall annually elect for each township in their respective counties, five persons as trustees of the primary schools to be established in such town-

ship, who shall have power to fix the sites of the primary schools to be established therein, superintend and manage the same, make rules for their government, appoint trustees, appoint teachers, and remove them at pleasure. They shall select such children residing within their township, whose parents are unable to pay for their schooling, who shall be taught at the said schools for three years without charge. They shall report to the board of public instruction, the rules which they may adopt for the government of said schools, and shall annually report to the said board the state of the schools, the number and conduct of the pupils, and their progress in learning; the conduct of the teacher and also every thing connected with the schools of any importance.

3. In addition to the pupils who are to be taught free from charge, the teacher of any primary school may receive as many other scholars, and at the rates, which the trustees of the school may establish; and the trustees may purchase for the use of the pupils educated at the public expense, such books, stationery and other implements for learning, as may be necessary.

4th. The teacher of each primary school shall receive a salary of one hundred dollars, to be paid out of the fund for public instruction.

This plan for establishing primary schools is simple, and can easily be carried into execution. It divides the expenses of these schools between the public and those individuals for whose immediate benefit they are established; it secures a regular stipend to the teachers, and yet holds out inducements to them to be active and faithful in their

calling; and it enables every neighborhood, whether the number of its inhabitants be few or many, to have a primary school, at the cheap price of a small lot of ground, and a house erected thereon sufficient for the purposes of the school—were these schools in full operation in every section of the State, even in the present state of our population, more than fifteen thousand children would be annually taught in them. These schools would be to the rich a convenience, and to the poor, a blessing.

#### ACADEMIES.

After children shall have gone through the course of studies prescribed for the primary schools, those of them who are to be further advanced in education, will be placed in the Academies, where they will be instructed in languages, ancient and modern history, mathematics and other branches of science preparatory to their entering into the University. The Academies shall be located in different districts of the State for the convenience of the people, and the expenses of purchasing suitable sites and erecting thereon the necessary buildings, shall be divided between the public at large and the several districts. Private liberality has of late erected many small Academies in the State, which deserve the consideration and patronage of the Legislature. From the benefits which have accrued to the public from these small Academies, we may form an opinion of the good which would flow from larger institutions of the same sort, if regularly located throughout the State, and aided with suitable funds. The state of learning among us will never become respectable, until we have such regular

Academical institutions—Your committee do therefore recommend,

1st. That the board of public instruction shall divide the State into ten Academical districts, containing each, one or more counties, and as near as practicable, an equal number of white population, and number the districts from one upwards.

2d. When in any of the districts there is an Academy already established, the trustees thereof may submit to the board of public instruction, its relative position to the boundaries of the district, the number and dimensions of the buildings, their value and state of repair, the extent of ground on which they are erected: the number and denomination of the professors and teachers employed therein, and of the pupils educated thereat. If the board should think the Academy properly situated for the benefit of the district, and that its buildings and grounds will answer their intended purposes, notice thereof shall be given to the trustees; and upon conveyance being made of the said ground and houses to the board of public instruction, the academy shall be entitled to the same benefits which may be extended to any academy that may be erected, and shall be subject to the same rules and regulations in relation to the government thereof, which the board of public instruction or the general assembly may provide for the general government of the academies of the State. But the trustees of such academies may continue to hold their offices and to supply vacancies occurring in their body.

3d. In case the buildings of any academy already established and so ac-

cepted by the board of public instruction; require repair or any enlargement or alteration, the board shall appropriate a sum sufficient to repair, alter or enlarge the said buildings, provided the sum so appropriated shall not exceed one-third part of the entire value of such buildings, when so altered, repaired or enlarged. The alterations or enlargement of the buildings shall be planned by the board of public instruction and executed according to their order.

4th. In any academical district where there is no academy established, or none which the board of public instruction shall think will answer their intended purpose, the board may accept a lot of ground, of sufficient extent in their estimation, and conveniently situated for the erection of an academy for the district; provided that two-third parts of the sum required for the erection of suitable buildings for the said academy be previously subscribed by one or more persons, and the payment thereof assured to the board of public instruction.

5th. When any conveyance of the lot of ground on which the buildings are to be erected, shall be accepted of by the board, they shall appoint eleven persons residing within the district, trustees of the academy, who shall be deemed a body corporate by such title as the board of public instruction shall prescribe; shall have and enjoy all the rights and privileges of a corporation; shall have power to elect a president from their own body, and to fill all vacancies which shall occur therein. They may make, alter or amend, such by-laws, rules and regulations, as they shall deem necessary or expedient, for the government of their own body, and of the professors, teachers and pupils of

the academy of which they have charge; provided they be not inconsistent with such general regulations as the board of public instruction may provide for the general government of the academies of the State.

6th. The trustees shall provide by contract for the erection of the necessary buildings for their academy, and appoint a treasurer who shall have authority to collect the several sums subscribed thereto, and shall be entitled to receive in virtue of their order upon the board of public instruction, signed by their president, such sums of money as the board may, from time to time, appropriate for the erection of the buildings, their repairs or alterations, salaries of professors and teachers, and other purposes of the academy.

7th. As soon as any academy is ready for the admission of pupils, the trustees may recommend to the board of public instruction, any person to be a professor or teacher therein, who, if approved, after examination in some mode to be prescribed by the board, shall be regarded as a professor or teacher of such academy, but subject to removal at the pleasure of the trustees or of the board. When vacancies shall occur among the professors or teachers during the recess of the board, the trustees may make temporary appointments, to be confirmed or disapproved by the board at their next session.

8th. The trustees of any academy may fix the salaries of their respective teachers, subject to the control of the board of public instruction: One-third part of the salaries shall be paid by the board at such times and in such way as they shall prescribe.

9th. The professors and teachers in any academy shall be bound to instruct free of charge for tuition, the pupils whom the board of public instruction may designate to be taught in said academy at the public expense.

Your committee have perhaps gone into unnecessary details respecting the academies. Their plan simply is, to divide the State into ten academical districts, and that one academy be erected in each, that the State shall advance one-third of the sum required for the erection of necessary buildings, and one-third of the sum to be paid in salaries to professors and teachers—making it their duty to teach poor children free of charge.

#### THE UNIVERSITY.

This institution has been in operation for twenty years, and has been eminently useful to the State. It has contributed, perhaps, more than any other cause, to diffuse a taste for reading among the people, and excite a spirit of liberal improvement; it has contributed to change our manners and elevate our character; it has given to society many useful members, not only in the liberal professions, but in the walks of private life; and the number of its pupils who are honored with seats in this legislature is a proof of the estimation in which they are held by their fellow-citizens. When this institution was first founded, it was fondly hoped that it would be cherished with pride by the legislature. But unfortunately the nature of the funds with which it was endowed, in a short time rendered it odious to some, and cooled the ardor of others. The torrent of prejudice could not be stemmed; the fostering protection of the legislature was withheld, and the insti-

tion left dependent upon private munificence. Individuals contributed not only to relieve its necessities, but to rear up its edifices and establish a permanent fund for its support. At the head of these individuals, stood the late Governor Smith, Charles Gerard and Gen. Thomas Person. The first two made valuable donations in lands, and the last, in a sum of money with which one of the halls of the university has been erected. To enable them to complete the main edifice, the trustees have been compelled to sell most of the lands devised to them by Mr. Gerard, and as the lands conveyed to them by Governor Smith lie within the Indian boundary, the trustees have not been able as yet to turn them to a productive account. With the aid thus derived from individuals, together with occasional funds derived from escheats, the institution has progressed thusfar.—The Legislature, after exhausting its patience in endeavoring to collect the arrearages of debts due to the State, transferred to the trustees of the University those arrearages, with the hope that they would be able to enforce payment. But no better fortune has attended their efforts than those of the State, and this transfer has proved of no avail to the institution. The surplus remaining in the hands of administrators, where the next of kin have made no claim within seven years, have also been transferred to the trustees; but this has as yet yielded a very small fund, and probably never will yield much. The legislature have enlarged the rights of inheritance, and in this way have nearly deprived the institution of the revenue from escheats.—Amidst all these embarrassments, the

trustees have never lost sight of the necessity of accumulating a fund in bank stock, the annual proceeds of which would enable to continue the operations of the institution; and they have succeeded so far as to be able to support two professorships, and employ two or three tutors. But there is little prospect of adding to this fund, until the lands given by Governor Smith can be sold, and if that period be waited for, the institution must necessarily languish and sink in respectability. It is at this moment almost destitute of a Library,\* and entirely destitute of the Apparatus necessary for instructing youth in the mathematical and physical sciences.—Add to this, that one half of the necessary buildings have not been erected.

In this state of things, and at a moment when former prejudices have died away, when liberal ideas begin to prevail, when the pride of the State is awakening and an honorable ambition is cherished for her glory, an appeal is made to the patriotism and the generous feelings of the legislature in favor of an institution, which in all civilized nations, has been regarded as the nursery of moral greatness, and the palladium of civil liberty. That people who cultivate the sciences and the arts with most success, acquire a most enviable superiority over others. Learned men by their discoveries and works give a lasting splendor to national character; and such is the enthusiasm of man, that there is not an individual, however humble in life his lot may be, who does not feel proud to belong to a country

honored with great men and magnificent institutions. It is due to North Carolina, it is due to the great man,\* who first proposed the foundation of the University, to foster it with the parental fondness and to give to it an importance commensurate with the high destinies of the State. Your committee deem this subject of so much interest, that they beg leave in a future report to submit to the two houses a plan for increasing the funds of the University.

This institution has uniformly labored under the double disadvantages of a want of funds, and the want of subsidiary institutions, in which youth could be instructed preparatory to their entering upon a course of the higher branches of science in the University. This latter disadvantage has been so great, that the trustees have been compelled to convert the University, in part into a grammar school. This disadvantage has been of late removed in part, by the establishment of academies in different parts of the State; but it will continue to be much felt, until regular academical institutions shall be made and the course of instruction prescribed for them.

Another serious disadvantage and a consequence of the one last mentioned, is the necessity which the peculiar state of academical learning has imposed upon the trustees, of conferring the honorary degrees, of an University upon young men who have not made that progress in the sciences, of which their diploma purports to be a testimonial.

\* It is so still, 1854.

\* General William R. Davie.

This is an evil that is found in almost all the Universities of the Union. A young man enters into an University with only slight acquirements in classical education, and after remaining four years, during which time he is instructed in only the outlines of the general principles of science, he receives a degree, the consequence is that he leaves the University with his mind trained only to general and loose habits of thinking: and if he enters into professional life, he has to begin his education anew. The great object of education is to discipline the mind, to give to it habits of activity, of close investigation: in fine, to teach men—to think. And it is a reproach upon almost all the literary institutions of our country, that the course of studies pursued in them teach most young men only how to become literary triflers. Their multifarious occupations dissipate their time and attention. They acquire much superficial knowledge; but they remain ignorant of the profounder and more abstract truths of philosophy. Indeed the road to the profound sciences is of late so infested with pleasant elementary books, Compilations, Abridgments, Summaries and Encyclopedias, that few, very few, in our country ever travel it.

To remove this reproach upon the state of learning among us, a new plan of instruction in our university must be organized; a plan which shall give to the different classes in the institution, an arrangement founded upon a philosophical division of the present improved state of knowledge; and which in its execution shall train the mind both to liberal views and minute investigation.

Your committee have been thus particular in submitting to the two houses an exposition of the actual condition of their university, with a view of recalling their consideration to the solemn injunction of the constitution as to every part of the subject referred to them; “that a school or schools shall be established by the legislature for the convenient instruction of youth, with such salaries to the masters, paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices; and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities.” Our university is the only institution which the legislature has yet founded and endowed in compliance with this injunction; but even as to this institution the spirit of the constitution is far from being complied with. We have not buildings for the accommodation of youth, nor books nor apparatus for their instruction—your committee do therefore recommend:

1st. That three additional buildings be erected at the university; two, for the accommodation of students, and one for the library and apparatus. This last building to contain suitable rooms for the delivery of lectures by the different professors.

2d. That a library and suitable apparatus for instructing youth in the mathematical and physical sciences, be procured for the use of the said institution.

3d. That funds be assigned for endowing two professorships, and supporting six additional teachers.

These are the present wants of the university, as our population encreases, the number of buildings must be encreased, and more funds be provided for

supporting teachers. In a subsequent part of this report your committee have recommended that there be four classes in the university with a professor at the head of each, who shall be assisted with such adjunct professors or teachers, as the state of the institution may require.

#### THE COURSE OF STUDIES.

1st. In the primary schools should be taught reading, writing and arithmetic. A judicious selection of books should from time to time be made by the board of public instruction for the use of small children: Books which will excite their curiosity and improve their moral dispositions. And the board should be empowered to compile and have printed for the use of primary schools, such books as they may think will best subserve the purposes of intellectual and moral instruction. In these books should be contained many of the historical parts of the old and new testament, that children may early be made acquainted with the book which contains the word of truth, and the doctrines of eternal life.

2d. In the academies should be taught the Latin, Greek, French and English languages, the higher rules of arithmetic, the six first books of Euclid's elements, Algebra, Geography, the elements of Astronomy, taught with the use of the Globes, ancient and modern history: The basis of a good education is classical and mathematical knowledge; and no young man ought to be admitted into the university without such knowledge.

3d. In the university the course of education should occupy four years; and there should be four classes, to be designated.

1st. The class of languages—In this class should be studied, 1st. the more difficult Latin, Greek and French classics; 2. Ancient and modern history; 3. Belles letters; 4. Rhetoric.

2d. The class of mathematics—In this class should be studied, 1. pure mathematics; 2. Their application to the purposes of physical science.

3d. The class of the physical sciences. In this class should be taught, 1, physics; 2, Chemistry; 3, The philosophy of natural history; 4, Mineralogy; 5, Botany; 6, Zoology.

4th. The class of moral and political science.—In this class should be taught, 1, The philosophy of the human mind; 2, morals; 3, the law of nature and of nations; 4, government and legislation; 5, political economy.

#### THE MODES OF INSTRUCTION.

The great object of education is intellectual and moral improvement; and that the mode of instruction is to be preferred which best serves to effect this object. That mode is to be found only in a correct knowledge of the human mind, its habits, passions, and manner of operation. The philosophy of the mind, which in ages preceding had been cultivated only in its detached branches, has of late years received form and system in the schools of Scotland. This new science promises the happiest results. It has sapped the foundation of scepticism by establishing the authority of those primitive truths and intuitive principles, which form the basis of all demonstration; it has taught to man the extent of his intellectual powers, and marking the line which separates truth from hypothetical conjecture, has pointed out to his view

the boundaries which Providence has prescribed to his enquiries. It has determined the laws of the various faculties of the mind, and furnished a system of philosophic logic for conducting our enquiries in every branch of knowledge. This new science has given birth to new methods of instruction; methods, which being founded upon a correct knowledge of the faculties of the mind, have eminently facilitated their development. Pestalozzi in Switzerland, and Joseph Lancaster in England, seem to have been most successful in the application of new methods to the instruction of children. Their methods are different, but each is founded upon a profound knowledge of the human mind. The basis of each method is; *the excitement of the curiosity of children*; thereby awakening their minds and preparing them to receive instruction. The success which has attended the application of their methods, particularly that of Lancaster, has been astonishing.—Although but few years have elapsed since Lancastrian schools were first established, they have spread over the British empire, extended into the continent of Europe, the Island of St. Domingo, and the United States. Various improvements in the details of his plan have been suggested by experience and adopted; and it is probable that in time, his will become the universal mode of instruction for children. The Lancastrian plan is equally distinguished by its simplicity, its facility of application, the rapid intellectual improvement which it gives, and the exact discipline which it enforces. The moral effects of the plan are also astonishing; exact and correct habits are the surest safeguards of mo-

als; and it has been often remarked, that out of the immense number of children and grown persons instructed in Lancaster's schools, few, very few, have ever been prosecuted in a court of justice for any offence. Your committee do therefore recommend, that whenever it be practicable, the Lancastrian mode of instruction be introduced into the primary schools. The general principles of this method may be successfully introduced into the academies and university:—And your committee indulge the hope, that the board of public instruction, and the professors and teachers in these respective institutions, will use their best endeavors to adopt and enforce the best methods of instruction which the present state of knowledge will enable them to devise.

#### THE DISCIPLINE AND GOVERNMENT OF THE SCHOOLS.

In a republic the first duty of a citizen is obedience to the law. We acknowledge no sovereign but the law, and from infancy to manhood our children should be taught to bow with reverence to its majesty. In childhood, parental authority enforces the first lessons of obedience; in youth, this authority is aided by the municipal law, which in manhood wields the entire supremacy. As the political power and the social happiness of a state depend upon the obedience of its citizens, it becomes an object of the first importance to teach youth to reverence the law, and cherish habits of implicit obedience to its authority. Such obedience not only contributes to the strength and tranquility of the state, but also constitutes the basis of good manners, of deference and respect in social inter-

course. But in our country, youth generally become acquainted with the freedom of our political institutions, much sooner than with the principles upon which that freedom is bottomed, and by which it is to be preserved; and few learn, until experience teaches them in the school of practical life, that true liberty consists not in doing what they please, but in doing that which the law permits. The consequence has been, that riot and disorder have dishonored almost all the colleges and Universities of the Union. The temples of science have been converted into theatres for acting disgraceful scenes of licentiousness and rebellion. How often has the generous patriot shed tears of regret for such criminal follies of youth! Follies which cast reproach upon learning, and bring scandal upon the state. This evil can only be corrected by the moral effects of early education; by instilling into children upon the first dawns of reason, the principles of duty, and by nurturing those principles as reason advances, until obedience to authority shall become a habit of their nature.—When this course shall be found ineffectual, the arm of the civil power must be stretched forth to its aid.

The discipline of a University may be much aided by the arrangement of the buildings, and the location of the different classes. Each class should live together in separate buildings, and each be under the special care of its own professors and teachers. A regular system of subordination may in this way be established; each class would have its own character to maintain, and the *Esprit de Corps* of classes would influence all their actions. Similar arrangé-

ments, may, in part, be made in the several academies, and the like good effect expected from them.

The amusements of youth may also be made auxiliary to the exactness of discipline. The late president of the United States, Mr. Jefferson, has recommended upon this part of the subject, that through the whole course of recreation on certain days, all the students should be taught the manual exercise, military evolutions and manœuvres, should be under a standing organization as a military corps, and with proper officers to train and command them. There can be no doubt, that much may be done in this way towards enforcing habits of subordination and strict discipline—it will be the province of the board of public instruction, who have the general superintending care of all the literary institutions of the state, to devise for them systems of discipline and government; and your committee hope they will discharge their duty with fidelity.

#### THE EDUCATION OF POOR CHILDREN AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE.

One of the strongest reasons which we can have for establishing a general plan of public instruction, is the condition of the poor children of our country. Such always has been, and probably always will be the allotments of human life, that the poor will form a large portion of every community; and it is the duty of those who manage the affairs of a State, to extend relief to the unfortunate part of our species in every way in their power. Providence, in the impartial distribution of its favors, whilst it has denied to the poor many of the comforts of life, has generally bestowed

upon them the blessing of intelligent children. Poverty is the school of genius; it is a school in which the active powers of man are developed and disciplined, and in which that moral courage is acquired, which enables him to toil with difficulties, privations and want. From this school generally come forth those men who act the principal parts upon the theatre of life; men who impress a character upon the age in which they live. But it is a school which if left to itself runs wild; vice in all its depraved forms grows up in it. The State should take this school under her special care, and nurturing the genius which there grows in rich luxuriance, give to it an honorable and profitable direction—poor children are the peculiar property of the State, and by proper cultivation, they will constitute a fund of intellectual and moral worth, which will greatly subserve the public interest. Your committee have therefore endeavored to provide for the education of all poor children in the primary schools; they have also provided for the advancement into the academies and university, of such of those children, as are most distinguished for genius and give the best assurance of future usefulness. For three years they are to be educated in the primary schools free of charge; the portion of them who shall be selected for further advancement, shall during the whole course of their future education, be clothed, fed and taught at the public expense. The number of children who are to be thus advanced, will depend upon the state of the fund set apart for public instruction, and your committee think it will be most advisable to leave the number

to the discretion of the board, who shall have charge of the fund: and also to leave to them the providing of some just and particular mode of advancing this number from the primary schools to the academies, and from the academies to the university.

#### AN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

If there be any of our species who are entitled to the peculiar consideration of the government, it is surely the deaf and dumb. Since the method of instructing them in language and science has been discovered, numerous asylums in different countries have been established for their instruction. While we are engaged in making provision for others, humanity demands that we should make a suitable provision for them. Your committee do therefore recommend that as soon as the state of the fund for public instruction will admit, the board who have charge of that fund, be directed to establish at some suitable place in the State, an asylum for the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

Your committee have now submitted to the two houses their general views upon the subject referred to them.—They have proposed the creation of a fund for public instruction, the appointment of a board to manage this fund, and to carry into effect the plan of education which they have recommended. This plan embraces a gradation of schools from the lowest to the highest, and contains a provision for the education of poor children—and of the deaf and dumb.

When this or some other more judicious plan of public education shall be shed upon all, may we not indulge the

hope, that men will be convinced that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are paths of peace : and be induced by such conviction to regulate their conduct by the rule of christian morality, of doing unto others as they wish they would do unto them ; and that they will learn to do justly, to

love mercy and to walk humbly before their God.

Your committee will forthwith report bills to carry into effect the several measures recommended in this report.

Respectfully submitted,

A. D. MURPHEY, Chairman.

November 29, 1817.

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR AUGUST.

MANY years ago, during the time that Mr. Clay was Speaker, the late Joseph Lancaster, who originated the system of education which perpetuates his name, was invited to deliver a lecture before the House of Representatives. Mr. Clay in introducing him to the House, remarked, that with the exception of the present incumbent, from the organization of the government to the present time, the chair had been filled by a succession of able, excellent, and distinguished men, but that it had never been more worthily occupied than it would be by the gentleman to whom he should yield it upon the present occasion. The venerable Quaker simply responded to the compliment, that man in his highest estate was nothing better than *Clay*. In connection with his lecture he recited the following lines :

### EDUCATION.

The Lion o'er his wild domains,  
 Rules by the terror of his eye ;  
 The Eagle of the rock retains,  
 By force, his empire in the sky ;  
 The Shark, the tyrant of the flood,  
 Pursues his prey with quenchless rage,  
 Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,  
 Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,  
 Man *only* rises o'er his birth ;  
 He looks above, around, beneath—  
 At once the heir of Heaven and Earth.  
 Force, cunning, speed, which nature gave,  
 The various tribes throughout her plan,  
 Live to preserve, from death to save—  
 These are the *lowest* powers of man.

From strength to strength he travels on,  
 He leaves the lingering brute behind,  
 And when a few short years are gone,  
 He soars a disembodied mind,

Destined his future course sublime

Through nobler, better paths to run,  
 With him the certain end of time,  
 Is but eternity begun.

What aids him in his high pursuit,  
 Opens, illumines, cheers the way,  
 Discerns the immortal from the brute—  
 God's image from the mould of clay ?  
 'Tis KNOWLEDGE !—Knowledge to the soul  
 Is power, and liberty and peace,  
 And, while celestial ages roll,  
 The joys of knowledge shall increase.

Aid then the generous plan which spreads  
 The light with universal beams,  
 And through the human desert leads  
 Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams,  
 Behold ! a new creation rise,  
 New spirit breath'd into the *clod*,  
 Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries—  
 Man know thyself, and fear thy God !

From the Columbia Banner.

## THE STUDENT'S SONG.

BY A. W. BOSTWICK.

Work, work, work,  
 By the morning's earliest light;  
 Work, work, work,  
 By the silent hours of night.  
 The student sat by his desk alone,  
 And sighed o'er the grievous wrong,  
 And his flickering light but faintly shone,  
 As he muttered the student's song.

Dig, dig, dig,  
 At the root of an Attic verb;  
 Dig, dig, dig,  
 For you're trying a stubborn herb;  
 And when you've spaded it all around,  
 And you gather your strength for a haul,  
 You wonder what ails the plaguy ground,  
 To furnish a root so small!

Pore, pore, pore,  
 Your eyes o'er the musty page;  
 Sell, sell, sell,  
 New life for a buried age;  
 And so from the morning's earliest light,  
 I cudgel my weary brain,  
 Till the "starry eyes" look down at night,  
 On a double world of pain.

Look, look, look,  
 As the maiden trips it by,  
 Look, look, look,  
 At the light of her azure eye.  
 Beware! or the theft may be too dear,  
 If the wary spark should fly;  
 O, shame that a spring should be so near,  
 And the lips so parched and dry.

Hark! hark! hark!  
 To the voice of the summer breeze;  
 List! list! list!  
 To the harpings of the trees;  
 But sunder the chords that used to wake,  
 The symphonies wild and sweet,  
 And turn to the thunder sounds that shake  
 From the tramping of hostile feet.

Strive, strive, strive,  
 For a breath of public praise;  
 Strive, strive, strive,  
 For the proud "commencement days;"  
 Then gather strength, as year by year,  
 You delve in the buried past;  
 For your patient toil shall claim a square  
 Of the old sheep's hide at last.

The student sat by his desk alone,  
 And sighed o'er the grievous wrong;  
 And the latest ray of his lamp was gone,  
 Ere he finished the student's song.  
 And still from the morning's earliest light  
 He cudgels his weary brain,  
 Till the gentle stars look down at night,  
 And whisper, "'tis not in vain."

From the Analectic Magazine.

## THE DEAD TWINS.

'Twas summer, and a Sabbath eve,  
 And balmy was the air,  
 I saw a sight that made me grieve,  
 And yet the sight was fair;  
 Within a little coffin lay  
 Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.  
 Like waxen dolls, that infants dress,  
 The look of placid happiness  
 Did on each face appear;  
 And in the coffin, short and wide,  
 They lay together, side by side.  
 And rosebud, nearly closed, I found  
 Each little hand within,  
 And many a pink was strew'd around,  
 With springs of jessamine;  
 And yet the flowers that round them lay  
 Were not to me more fair than they.  
 Their mother, as lilly pale,  
 Sat by them on a bed,  
 And, bending o'er them, told her tale,  
 And many a tear she shed;  
 Yet oft she cried amidst her pain,  
 My babes and I shall meet again.

From the Greek Anthology.

I would not change for cups of gold  
 This little cup that you behold;  
 'Tis from the beech that gave a shade  
 At noonday to my village maid.  
 I would not change for Persian loom  
 The humble matting of my room;  
 'Tis of those very rushes twined  
 Oft pressed by charming Rosalinde.  
 I would not change my lowly wicket,  
 That opens on her favorite thicket,  
 For portals proud, or towers that frown,  
 The monuments of old renown.  
 I would not change this foolish heart  
 That learns from her to joy or smart,  
 For his that burns with love or glory,  
 And loses life to live in story.  
 Yet in themselves my heart, my cot,  
 My mat, my bowl I value not,  
 By only as they one and all  
 My lovely Rosalinde recall.

## A CONVERSATION.

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"I have such eagerness of hope  
To benefit my kind."

"But if he that like the Ark's lone dove  
My thoughts go forth and find *no resting-place,*"  
"Yet, yet sustain me Holiest."

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"What a picture you are, Carrie! that letter, "dropping from your nerveless hand, and those dark eyes," — but I see there is something the matter, dearest. As L. E. L. says, I may doubt tears, but the flushed cheek and bright eye, never. Let me share your grief, my friend," and the warm-hearted girl threw herself on her knees beside Carrie, and clasping her arms around her, looked earnestly and lovingly into her face.

"If you had come in a few minutes later, dear Katie, "said Carrie as she stooped and pressed her lips to her friend's brow," you would have found me looking as usual. In all my painful thoughts I soon come to the point: "What am I to do?" and with the answer, "your duty, and trust in God," peace returns; the eye softens, and the flush fades, Katie. But I have not reached that point yet. You must help me to it dear friend," and Carrie took up the letter; "There is something here of Edward Warner."

"Edward Warner? 'gay, gallant' Ned! 'mirror of courtesy!' Can there be anything of *him* to wound you, Carrie?"

"I will read you what Alice Carroll writes me of him:"

"——— And now, to answer, your query, "What do you think of Edward Warner?" "But another name for gay, clever, brilliant," says the world around me; and I, Carrie, echo its words, inadequate though they are, to express

"The flash of Wit, the bright Intelligence,  
The beam of Song, the blaze of Eloquence,"

that characterizes that young genius.— To me quickness of perception, with the power of adaptation springing from it, is Mr. Warner's peculiar forte. I have never seen such quickness of perception; just as your thoughts and feelings rise, he seizes them, and replies with an aptness and brilliancy, that at first startles and dazzles you. But your own mind, it seems to me, soon catches the electric spark; in conversing with him all your powers are sounded by that lightning perception, and brought into action by that winning adaptation. I am yet to know the mind so cold and dull that it cannot be warmed into life and action, by his vivifying, *pervading* genius. It is really wonderful to me to

see Mr. Warner in society. Often have I watched him passing round the room; old and young, wise and foolish, gay and grave, all warming and bright'ning under the influence of his radiant, versatile mind. Again, mia Carrissima, am I reminded of Sheridan.

"From the charm'd council to the festive board,  
Of human feelings the unbounded lord,"

And with all this, Carrie—with every gift and grace, mental and personal—with all that can dazzle and win. I know you will feel with me when I say I believe Mr. Warner to be wanting in high principle—in Truth. I have not failed to study a character so remarkable—an intellect so beautiful; but I speak from surer knowledge than the result of my own study; from my acquaintance with several things in his transactions with men wanting in truthfulness and integrity. Much as we might feel, dearest Carrie, the want of moral principle in any one, how much more painful it becomes when connected with such lofty and beautiful mental endowments. Mr. Warner is ambitious. I see that his eye is fixed on a place among the Great of the land.—No wonder that such talents should aspire; only in their aspirations may they be guided and controlled by lofty unswerving moral principle! O that he would reach the eminence to which he aspires, by an open, honorable, manly course! not—*not* by intrigue and working on the weaknesses of men. I see him, Carrie, and converse with him often, yet never without a feeling of restlessness and inquietude afterwards. Beautiful and intellectual as his conversations are, they are wanting in all that

brings *rest* to our seeking, unsatisfying being. I have wondered if he has ever "felt the distinction between mind and soul." Yet beautifully he talks of immortality—of religion. His imagination soars higher on those subjects than on any other; but it brings with it nothing *real*; nothing on which the soul can *stay*. All is evidently only of the imagination; the breathings of genius—immortality. As to his bringing his heart, and mind, and life, under the living, practical influence of the religion of which he so beautifully talks, I fear he has never thought of it. O Carrie! 'tis with a deep and painful sigh that I turn from that bright, beautiful imagination—that lofty, searching intellect—that clear, sparkling wit—"turn from all they bring, to all they cannot bring," and looking unto the end, ask, "what will that mind be in eternity?"

Again the letter dropped from Carrie's hand. There was a long silence. Katie still knelt at her friend's side, but that earnest, loving face was now hid in her lap. And Carrie! how felt *she* as again she reviewed the character of the young genius with whom she had passed many a social 'festive hour' in animating, delightful converse? O, earnestly as a woman might, had she striven to point that bright young spirit upward! And was it—must it all be in vain?—Katie was the first to speak.

"O Carrie!" said she, looking up through smiles and tears, "I hope he will be á Christian yet." Carrie did not hear her. The last solemn question of the earnest writer, "What will that mind be in eternity?" for the moment engrossed her whole being—

"that beautiful, glorious Intellect! those winning, engaging qualities!" and almost she shrieked, as all that the bible teaches of eternal punishment flashed across her mind; but in another instant her soul, "as a bird unto the hill," had flown to its refuge, and resting in the mighty love of a Redeemer, she bowed her head on her clasped hands, and found relief in a burst of tears.

Again Katie's sweet hopeful voice broke the silence. "Dear Carrie, I hope he will be a Christian yet." "And what can we do?" said Carrie, raising her head, "pray for him Katie—and Oh! do we not every time we use those words in our litany, "That it may please thee to have mercy on all men." O Katie! how my heart goes abroad over this world of sin and sorrow in that prayer. Not one soul on earth is left out. Yes, we will pray and trust, my friend."

"Katie," said Carrie, after some minutes silence, during which she had recovered her usual manner; "I have never told you of an incident in my life which I dwell on with as much pleasure, I believe, as anything in the past. Its peculiar nature and connection with other persons, has kept me from speaking of it, even to you; but it recurs to my mind now in a peculiarly pleasing manner, and you shall share it with me. Two years ago, while on a visit to Ellen Moreton, I first met with Charles Graham. I will give you in a few words what struck me most in his character, when I first knew him—his love for his country, and for Ellen. A statesman—all his talents and energies were devoted to the prosperity and welfare of his coun-

try. And then his love for Ellen—so lofty and true! No wonder he seemed to me the embodiment of all that is knightly and chivalric in character. I looked more then to the merely heroic, Katie, than I do now. My friendship with Ellen soon attracted Mr. Graham to me. I received his advances with cordiality, and as our friendship grew, it became my darling romance, that Ellen and himself should be united.—Such a beautiful, harmonious contrast, I thought, in their characters; he so nobly, grandly, manly; she so gently, exquisitely womanly.

One evening some weeks after I first met with Mr. Graham, Ellen was confined to her room by a severe headache, and as she thought it best to be quiet, I left her and joined Mr. Moreton, and Frank, Ellen's brother, in the parlor. Frank was going out, "to a concert," he said, "with Miss Julia Raymond. But before I go, Miss Carrie," said he, turning to me, "won't you go with me in the garden to select some flowers for Ellen? I am so sorry about her head." I willingly assented, and after we had gathered the flowers, Frank propose we should sit down in a summer-house till I had arranged them. Frank was just from College, and of course abounding in tales of Collegelife, and as I shook my head at some of his exploits, our conversation insensibly grew more serious; and before either of us were aware of it, we were earnestly conversing on the faults and errors more particularly belonging to young men. Frank made excuses for many, and acknowledged many. "I know two or three John Burleys, on a small scale," he said, "John Burley in 'my

novel,' you remember, Miss Carrie; young men whose faculties are appropriated to just such objects as John Burley's were."

"And who will only leave a name to point a moral!" I exclaimed: "O Frank! with what pleasure do I turn from the contemplation of abused and perverted intellect, to that which is rightly directed and nobly applied. Mr. Graham for example—with what pleasure do I look to his lofty character!" "I do not know that Graham is so much better than the rest of us," said Frank, satirically; Miss Carrie, how would you reconcile the daily habit of *swearing* with your exalted ideas of Graham's character?" I do not believe, Katie, Frank had the slightest idea of the impression this would make on my mind; but you can imagine what a sinking of the heart I felt. "My Hero! my Friend!" I thought, "and Ellen—my gentle, sensitive, christian Ellen—can I—ought I, to wish her to marry him now?" Frank was talking to me, but I did not listen to him, till he called my attention by taking my hand.—"Only forgive me, dear Miss Carrie," he said, "and I will leave you." It was unkind and thoughtless in me to say what I did, but indeed you feel it too much. Graham is an honorable, high-souled man as ever lived, but he is excitable and passionate—and—you will forgive me, dear Miss Carrie?" I bowed my head, and Frank pressed my hand, and was gone.

Left alone, I tried to think, but for some time I could only *feel*. The same deep sorrow which I feel on the contemplation of Edward Warner's character—the union of the lofty and beauti-

ful in mind, with the immoral and irreligious in principle—had taken possession of my heart.

As I dwelt on all that was lofty in Mr. Graham's character, particularly his earnest, working love for his country, words came into my mind, Katie, the effect of which I shall never forget—"because of swearing the land mourneth," How utter—O how utter the vanity of the love and devotion to the land on which he called down the curse of God every day! And Ellen! could I wish her to marry a man who lived in the habitual violation of a known law of God—of propriety of conduct—and, strange inconsistency with that heroic devotion to his country!—of a law of his own State? No. I felt it must not be—something must be done. Long and earnestly I thought, and at last came to the conclusion that nothing remained but to appeal to Mr. Graham himself. It was indeed a startling conclusion, Katie, but what could I do?—Tell Ellen—I believed she would reject him—but what then? Resign her perhaps to a yearning, bleeding heart—that I might do, for stay here, and happiness forever was for Ellen. But Mr. Graham! to what could I resign him? To devote himself to his country? As he then lived, a chimera as false as it was fleeting. Those words of the prophet seemed to ring in my ears urging me to it. The part Frank had in it troubled me a little, after I had concluded what to do: "But," I thought, the lesser motive must yield to the greater, and I will tell Frank all about it afterwards." And then came the thought—"Mr. Graham may not appreciate my motives—he may think it.

unwomanly, presuming"—and almost I gave it up. Again I went over the whole in my mind, and again came to my first conclusion. I could not be content to leave either Ellen or Mr. Graham as they were, and knew not what else to do. Having come to a fixed resolution, I went up stairs to Ellen's room. She was asleep. The glimpse I caught of her sweet face, as I laid the flowers Frank sent on her pillow, strengthened my resolution. I only awaited the first opportunity, Katie, to make my startling appeal to Mr. Graham. I said not a word of Ellen; my knowledge of his pride, and delicacy for her, alike forbade it; I spoke not of the law of God which he had trampled under his feet; but to that which was most lofty and generous in his nature—to that which I had most hope of touching—to his love for his country—I appealed; enforcing my appeal by the words which had taken such hold of my own mind—"because of swearing the land mourneth." I can scarcely tell you, my dear friend, how Mr. Graham first received my startling address. You can imagine I was agitated and excited almost beyond control. My impression is, however, that unmingled astonishment was his first sensation; but it soon gave way to anger. His eyes literally blazed—and Katie! I saw that an oath trembled on his lips; but he restrained it; and as I uttered the words into which I know I poured my whole, full soul—"because of swearing the land mourneth"—he evidently started; but in an instant he commanded himself, and spoke in a voice more bitterly sarcastic than any I have ever heard before or since. "Miss

Richmond must excuse him," he said, "it was really something so extraordinary for a young lady to undertake the surveillance of a gentleman's conduct, and inform him of the result, that he was altogether unprepared to reply.—He could only regret that the investigation had not proved more satisfactory"—and with those stinging words and a bow he left me. You can imagine, Katie, what a deep wound this gave me, but I knew I had done what I believed to be right and I left the rest to God. Days passed away without bringing Mr. Graham, but I heard him spoken of as being still in town. Ellen's cheek grew pale, but she said nothing. I had thought it best at first not to say anything of what had passed between Mr. Graham and myself, but as days wore on and we neither saw, nor heard from him, I thought that I ought to tell Ellen, and afterwards Frank, all that had passed; and had just come to the conclusion to do so, when a circumstance occurred which changed the whole state of my feelings. We had been to church one night—Ellen, Mr. Moreton and I—and were passing through the vestibule on our return home, when a gentleman from the number standing around stepped to my side, and on lifting my eyes you can imagine my surprise on seeing Mr. Graham. At my first glance, I saw that he looked pale and haggard. He spoke quickly and in a voice of earnest entreaty; "Miss Carrie, only allow me to accompany you home to-night—I have something to say to you. I bowed my head and took his arm. We walked on several minutes in silence—Ellen and her father in advance. At length he spoke:

“Miss Carrie, can you forgive my unmanly, ungentlemanly conduct when I saw you last? I cannot forgive myself.” I lifted my eyes full of tears to his face—“fully and freely,” I said.—The tears started to his own eyes; “O Miss Carrie,” he said, “I am utterly wretched—what shall I do?” The moon shone brightly on Mr. Graham’s face as he spoke, and never shall I forget, Katie, the look of weakness and irresolution which was stamped on it. It pained me so much to see that expression in the face of one whom I had thought so distinguishingly manly and self-reliant, that I could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears; but by a strong effort I controlled myself, and replied—“I will tell you what I would do if I was wretched, Mr. Graham—what the unhappy can only do—read the Bible and pray.” He made no reply; his head was turned so that I could not see his face. “Miss Carrie,” he said after a few minutes’ silence, turning to me again, and his face was now more calm; “I leave town to-night; I want to be alone—away from people I know, that I may think undisturbed. I wished to see you that I might ask your forgiveness and to request you to tell your friend all that has occurred; and tell her if ever I have the heart to work for my country again—if ever I I am worthy to offer her my love, I will return.” “And you will—O I know you will!” said I cheerfully and hopefully—“your country’s homage, and Ellen will yet be yours.” We had now reached the gate. He wrung my hand: “Only read the Bible, and pray,” again I whispered. A ray of light flashed from his eyes—and he was gone.

Mr. Graham told me afterwards, Katie, that as soon as I made my startling communication to him, the thought struck him that if Ellen knew it she would regard it just as I did; and that it would in all probability lead her to reject him. And though he believed Ellen loved him, not a thought of changing one iota from what he was on her account occurred to his mind.—Well, had I read him there. Henceforward, he thought, all his being would be devoted to his country. But those words from the Bible—“*because of swearing the land mourneth*”—spoken with all the energy of truth and feeling started from this. At the moment I uttered them, he said, they made a far deeper impression than I imagined; but pride and anger came to his aid and caused those last bitter words.—After he left me, he said, he despised himself for having spoken, and acted as he had done; and would have returned and asked my forgiveness, but pride forbade; and he went to his room with the consciousness of having acted unworthy of a man, towards a woman—and one for whom he had professed a friendship—and who, as much as he might condemn what she had done, he knew was sincere; and he carried with him also the belief that Ellen was lost to him—and those words—“*because of swearing the land mourneth.*”

He determined to try and forget it all in hard work for that idol—his country; but it would not do; the very consciousness that he was working for his country, only served to keep those words more fully before his mind. I believe, Katie, only those who have experienced the fearful effects of a single, clinging,

haunting idea, taking possession of the mind, can form any conception of what Mr. Graham suffered during the next few weeks. It may be that only the highly imaginative *can* suffer thus. I think I have read somewhere that it is an evidence of lofty imagination. Be that as it may—let philosophers and metaphysicians decide—I know but that *it is so*, and that in nothing is it so distressing, so lasting, so difficult to bring under the control of reason, or of faith, as in a matter of *conscience*. For days and nights, Mr. Graham told me, those words never left him. He tried at first to shake them off by going into society. “It is a fearful thing he said to be *alone* with the consciousness of guilt.” But it would not do—*nothing* would shake them off. They were borne to his ears on the voice of music; they seemed to speak from the lips of beauty; they were with him in the dance, the walk, the ride; everywhere they met him. At last, he said, his mind became so fearfully affected on the subject, that if, in the convivial meetings he attended, he heard an oath, he almost looked for a visible manifestation of God’s wrath on the land. His mind became at length in such a state that he gave up society; work—trying to do anything. To use his own expressive words, “Everything seemed to have a *curse* on it.” He opened the Bible, but it was only to torture himself by reading those words, and all he could find of a similar nature. He thought of praying, but the oaths he had uttered for years, seemed to rise between him and God. In this state he resolved on the evening I saw him, to leave town, to travel, that he might get away from those he knew,

and think. And then came the thought of Ellen and me; those days of suffering had softened the proud man; he could not go away without asking my forgiveness, and leaving some message for Ellen. He knew we were in the habit of going to church on that night, and determined to try and have an interview with me. Ellen he did not feel prepared to see. He waited in the vestibule ’till the services were over, and it was there he said he was struck for the first time in his life by the peculiar beauty and excellence of the prayer, for “The President of the United and all others in authority,” and the one for the “Senate and Representatives in Congress assembled.” As soon as I appeared he came up to me. You know what followed.

I told Ellen all that I then knew, and delivered Mr. Graham’s message. Long and silently she wept in my arms, but I saw that Hope had dawned in her heart. I also told Frank, who readily forgave me for what I had done, so far as he was concerned, but made many a comment on my own part.

Weeks passed away, but brought no tidings of Mr. Graham. Of course he was the first object in Ellen’s thoughts and mine, but she never alluded to him, and I very rarely. We were learning that hard, hard lesson—“to wait.”—To eager, earnest spirits how much easier “to labor!” I determined not to leave Ellen, until we either saw or heard from Mr. Graham.

One day about two months after Mr. Graham had left town, Ellen and I were sitting alone in the parlor with our books and work, when I heard a ring at the door, and immediately afterwards

a step in the hall. I knew it at once, and saw by the deadly paleness which overspread Ellen's face that she did also. The door opened and Mr. Graham entered the room. Ellen did not move, and I arose to meet him. O Katie! her heart could scarcely have throbbed more than mine, as I advanced, and extended my hand, and anxiously, almost fearfully, raised my eyes to his face, but what a look met me there! From that clear dark eye there beamed a light I had never seen before; there was a gleam of it when I parted from him, but then struggling with darkness and sorrow; now it was clear, high, calm, giving light to all around. What a contrast with the weak, irresolute, unmanly look which had so pained me when I saw him last! The spirit looking upward, beamed in every lineament of that noble face, and involuntarily, I bowed my head. Not a word was spoken. He led me to the sofa where Ellen sat, and seated me beside her, and then stood before us. "Ellen," he said in a low voice, tremulous with feeling, "I have returned to my home, and to you. During the last few months, I have thought, and felt, and struggled more than in all my life beside, and from these communings with myself, has grown a resolve, as sincere and earnest as ever was formed by man, to take the Bible, by the help of God, as my guide and trust through life, and in death. Ellen, can you trust me when time has tried me, or can you, can you, trust me now?" I do not know, Katie, what Ellen said, or if she said anything. All I know is that instinct taught me to rise from my seat beside her, which was in an instant occupied, and as I left the room

I heard in a tone that thrilled even my heart, "Ellen, *my own!*" and in a low solemn voice, "Merciful God, I thank Thee!"

"And they were married?" said Katie, as she turned aside to wipe away the large tears which had gathered in her eyes at the conclusion of Carrie's story.

"Of course," said Carrie, smilingly, "and, Katie, I would not give the look that Mr. Graham turned on me as I went up to congratulate him on his marriage, and the one that beamed from Ellen's sweet face "for all the wealth of the Indies!" Over many, many a dark hour have they shed a light since, reminding me in the beautiful words of Jeanie Deans, that "when the hour of trouble comes," "it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but what we have dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." "And," continued Carrie, as her mind again reverted to Edward Warner—"O Katie! was not I the poor instrument by which Mr. Graham was led to noblest, highest life? and may we not hope in regular intercourse with one so thoughtful, and earnest, and gentle, as Alice Carroll, that Edward Warner's mind may be led to the contemplation of man's true destiny? and what good may we not hope from that? And, we, Katie, we will hope and pray that those lofty talents may here on earth, be ennobled and guided by religion; and that in the end, that beautiful mind, purified from all earthly taint, may go on increasing in beauty and knowledge forever!"

"You remind me, dear Carrie," said Katie, rising, and taking up the work-box, she had thrown down on entering

the room, "of something I was reading to-day. Looking over some old pamphlets and magazines, I came across it, and liked it so much that I put it in my work-box to bring to you. Here it is :"

"An address delivered before the two Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina, &c. June, 25—by the Rev. Thomas F. Davis." "I have read it, Katie, and sent it to my cousin Harry, long ago. If a more beautiful production ever emanated from the heart and mind of a son of the Old North State, I am yet to see it. How well I remember the ecstasy with which I first read it—and now how it animates and delights me to turn over its pages. Oh! how I do hope some of these true and beautiful thoughts 'fell into good ground' on that day, and are now bringing forth in those young men 'fruit' according to their several ability.' Yes, this reminds me of what we have been talking about; listen: "The mind which seeks its glory without religion prepares for itself but wretchedness of existence, and the phrenzy of despair." O how true it is! "If the light that is in thee be darkness how great is that darkness." Only read the writings of genius without religion to be convinced of its truth. How one does feel it in Childe Harold—in that "settled ceaseless gloom:"

"That will not look beyond the tomb,  
And cannot hope for rest before"—

in that "fever at the core," which only the softening and blessed influence of the religion of Christ can heal. I know nothing, Katie, which leaves so painful an impression on the mind, as reading

the works of genius without religion. They who have

"Won every wreath—but that which will not die,  
Nor aught neglected—save Eternity!"

Not only do you feel deeply at the knowledge of all that the writers suffered while on earth, but the thought, "Where are those gifted, immortal spirits now—and how employed?" awakens feelings which only religion can calm—and as the mind reverts to its own circle of relations, friends, and acquaintances, your feelings can only find expression in the words of the Apostle, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren."

Again: there was a silence; broken at length by Katie, who had taken Mr. Davis's address from Carrie's hand and was turning over the leaves. "How beautifully this winds up, Carrie; praying those young men to step forward in the simple spirit of truth, and take her banner into their hands, and follow Him who in the trial of injustice that terminated in his death declared 'To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth.'"

"Yes, take the banner of truth into their hands, and follow Him who is the well-spring, the life of all truth," said Carrie—"without whom there is no truth. The young soldier may have to struggle through darkness, and error and prejudice, Katie, even in our land of light and liberty. Enough may be found in his own heart and mind to make the contest no easy one. But let him struggle on—never losing sight of

Him under whose banner he has enlisted, and his will be "the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." What a beautiful object we are contemplating, Katie—a young, earnest spirit struggling after truth! I was reading a little incident of Jansen the other day, in the introduction to Pascal's "Provincial Letters," which touched and interested me much. "Taciturn and contemplative in his habits he was frequently overheard, when taking his solitary walks in the garden of the monastery, to exclaim, "*O veritas! veritas!*" If that cry went sincerely from our hearts, Katie, with the light of truth we have, how would it elevate our whole lives, develop our highest faculties, and influence our lightest words and actions. What an evidence there is of the want of that earnest cry for truth in the mistaken lives of thousands; some among them Katie who would scorn what they call untruth—yet in their highest aims and daily lives, how far—O how far—from the truth.

And look at society! O vanity, flattery, coquetry, ridicule! how you rise as a living presence before my mind, as I speak of society. "Many falsehoods are told from interest, many from ill-nature, but from *vanity* most of all," it has perhaps been truly said. And flattery! did you never, Katie, feel indignation and sorrow at the flattery too nice even to be noticed? indignation that *you* should be so treated, and sorrow that one whom you wish to esteem and admire should stoop to falsehood. And coquetry! coquetry in word and manner! the suffering you have caused both man and woman, if truth

were known, might bear a witness against you from which your most reckless votaries would shrink appalled.—And ridicule! did you ever feel, Katie, as I have, how strange it is that many young people ridicule all that one, unused to society, would suppose most natural and beautiful to youth? Often have I heard the almost beardless boy, treat things the very mention of which should call the light to his eye and the flush to his cheek, with the covert sarcasm or open sneer of the finished "man of the world." "Tell him when he is a man to reverence the dreams of his youth," but *to what* will the man look back in a youth all of whose glad spring-time beauty was chilled and withered by the icy touch of ridicule? Youth without "high thoughts—bright dreams"—love of country, and faith in woman! O Katie! it is spring without the sky—the verdure—the birds and flowers of spring. But in most cases I believe the young man's sneer "at all high and early truth" is affected. The heart may beat high with much that the lip disowns; but let him take care; not only is he guilty of falsehood, but he may become what he seems. As one of whom I have read, illustrating this, or a similar subject, he may wear a mask until his features assume its likeness."

"And there are other things," said Carrie after a few minutes silence, "which have struck me so often in society. One of them, Katie, is the habit of applying the words of the Bible to the lightest, most frivolous subjects.—How painful it must be to any truly thoughtful mind to hear the words of "the high and lofty ONE that inhabi-

teth eternity, whose name is Holy," offered up at the shrine of vanity and wit, and often perhaps thoughtlessly used when unprovoked by either. I have heard passages from the Bible pertaining to man's fallen nature, and to God's holy law, fall as lightly and carelessly from the lips of wit and of beauty, as if they had no part, whatever, in them. I speak not now, Katie, of the fearful sin of deliberately ridiculing aught that pertains to God's revelation of Himself in the Bible—though of that I have heard instances among men belonging to the first class of society—men of talent and distinction—of whom I can only think, "*what will ye do in the end thereof?*" But I speak of the habit of applying the words of the Bible lightly and indifferently to any subject. Not all professing christians, nor persons brought up to reverence religion are exempt from it. A little consideration, it seems to me, would show any rightly judging mind the wrong there is in it. And were you never struck, Katie, by the manner in which things awfully serious in their nature are treated in society? Often have I heard the living, powerful spiritual enemy of man—the root of all the sin and sorrow in the world from the fall of man to the present time—and who still walks "to and fro in the earth" "haunting and tempting the souls of men—as lightly and laughingly alluded to, as if he was a mere chimera of the fancy to frighten children with. And the awful truth—the most fearful reality that ever was suggested to the mind of man—that of *eternal punishment*—co-equal only in its vast, vast meaning to that of *eternal happiness*—treated as something beneath the regard of the refined and cultivated.—

"That man should be more sure than *ever man can be*, that the Bible is not true," ere he treats aught that it reveals with carelessness or contempt.

"Carrie," said Katie suddenly breaking a long silence, "what is to you the most beautiful object in the moral world?"

"Ah, I know to what you allude, and will answer in Mrs. Silman's own words—"A conscientious young man." I was struck with that passage when I read the "Southern Matron." But how many think, Katie, they can succeed better in life if they do not pay very strict regard to conscience. Every American heart will warm at the name of Washington—every American tongue will sound his praise. Let them then adopt his favorite maxim—"In the economy of nature there is an inseparable connexion between duty and interest." Sir Matthew Hale says he "ever found, by long and sound experience, that a due observance of the duty of Sunday enjoined a blessing on the rest of his time: and, on the contrary, when he neglected the duties of that day, the rest of the week was unsuccessful and unhappy to his secular employments." As Hannah More says in speaking of this—"The testimony of one lawyer will perhaps be less suspected than that of many priests."

"That reminds me," said Katie—"speaking of a lawyer, of something I heard a gentleman tell my father the other day. He said he had heard more than one lawyer of his acquaintance say that he intended to quit the practice of law, and the reason they assigned, was—"if they continued it, 'twould ruin their morals!"

“Cowards! recreants!” said Carrie, with a flashing eye—“to leave their noble profession the many more unscrupulous than themselves—“*men that hire out their words and anger*”—and, who, as Addison says, “allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him.” O for the moral courage to continue the practice of law and elevate it, instead of weakly leaving it! How glorious would be the task of bequeathing it to their children ennobled and elevated! Arduous it is true, but would *men* shrink from it on that account?—Lord Coke believed that the good lawyer—“he who sucked from the breasts of that divine knowledge, honesty, gravity, and integrity, by the goodness of God obtained a greater blessing and ornament than any other profession to his family and posterity.” Are those men who would quit the practice of law, because it will “ruin their morals,” content to see such a large number of young men going into it? Can they stand idly by and see the young man so beautifully described by Mr. Davis—“In nature’s prime—bursting forth into the maturity and fulness of his powers”—glowing “with all the ardor and sanguine expectation of life—all the acute sensibilities of genius—all the quickening impulses of spiritual intelligence”—see him in the freshness and glory of his young life, sink year by year, more and more, into all they would avert from themselves? O Katie! if a woman’s feeble voice could reach the lawyers of the land, ’twould pray them to be guided in the practice of law *by the Bible alone*—to remember in the beautiful words of a lawyer, that

“there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*—and end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene”—“but he that doeth the will of God *abideth forever*?”

“And for a farewell to our jurispudent, I wish unto him the gladsome light of jurisprudence, the loveliness of temperance, the stability of fortitude and the solidity of justice,” said Katie in the beautiful words of Lord Coke.—“And now, Barrie, I want to ask you a question which has been in my mind ever since you called Julia Raymond’s name. Did you not tell me some time ago that she married Frank Moreton?”

“I did; and thereby hangs a tale,” Katie. Let me give you a slight sketch of Frank Moreton’s character and life from the time he left College. He was then like a thousand other young men, gay, clever, agreeable, full of warm, kindly feelings, and noble, generous impulses—but without any fixed guiding principle of life. Soon after Frank left College, he met with Julia Raymond. He was immediately caught by her beauty and sprightliness, and a few months after married her; married her, I believe, Katie, without ever thinking for one moment, whether her character, views, tastes, or disposition would harmonize with his own or not. They might, accidentally, have done so but it is a fearful thing to leave to chance, Katie, as Frank’s case proves. It is, I believe, but one of the many incongruous matches, which spring from hasty, inconsiderate, thoughtless marriages; in which the characters, views, tastes, and dispositions of the husband and wife are so utterly dissonant, that there can scarcely be a point of sympathy or

congeniality between them. I know that when this is the case, it is the duty of the wife to endeavor to adapt herself to her husband, in all that does not conflict with that only standard of right—the Bible. But Julia's love for Frank merely born of a susceptible fancy for the first handsome, agreeable young man who flattered her by his devotion, you may well imagine, Katie, could not stand many rude shocks; and she still wants the principle that will keep *duty* fresh and bright, when all human motives for its performance are withered. Frank Moreton, like many other men, Katie, seeks refuge from an unhappy home in business and society—a poor, poor substitute for that “love of wedded wife and child which makes men citizens, patriots, heroes.” I think it reasonable to doubt, Katie, as a general thing, if the unmarried man, or he who is unhappily married, ever becomes all that he might, if his noblest aspiration and deepest feelings, had found appreciation and sympathy in the closest tie of life. Had Frank Moreton married a woman that suited him—and he might easily have found one, if he had studied himself, and the women of his acquaintance—all those warm, kindly feelings—all those noble, generous impulses would have risen and expanded; as it is, they are “nipped in the bud”—by that blight—an ill-assorted marriage. Poor, poor Frank! victim to “*the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart?*”

“O Carrie,” said Katie, her eyes filling with tears, “it seems to me there is so much sorrow, and so many mistakes in the world.”

“For the sorrow there is a remedy,

you know, dearest Katie,” said Carrie, “and for the mistakes there is a preventive. Do you not see that all the evil we have considered resolves itself into the want of the *ruling, guiding principle of religion*, and all the good springs from the possession of that principle?—What is it that strikes you so painfully in Edward Warner? Want of christian principle. Truly it has been said, “no principle can be depended on but religious principle.” He who trusts in any other, will find in the hour of trial and temptation that he has “built on sand.” What is it that has made Mr. Graham “a statesman without guile?” In him I see the realization of that line of young—“a christian is the *highest style of man.*” What is it that makes Mr. Davis's address so beautiful? In his own words—“the beautiful blending of the rational with the moral—the union of reason with religion—the mutual progress of mind and holiness, which is the true idea of intellectual culture.” Why has genius suffered so deeply and so vainly? O Katie! if there is one person on earth who needs religion more than another—who suffers more than all others from the want of it—it is the genius. Why is there such a want of truth in its highest sense in the lives of thousands—and why do we so often feel in society, that

“We do live  
Amid a world of glittering falsehoods?”

Want of the “spirit of truth.” Why is the thoughtful mind so often pained by the levity with which the word of God, and things awfully serious in their nature are treated? Want of thought which only religion can give. Why is

that most beautiful moral object—"A conscientious young man," so rare?—Want of the principle that only makes men conscientious. Why do we hear that paradox—that the *practice of law* will impure the morals? Because men take not for their guide the only true foundation of all law. And think you, Katie, if Frank Moreton had been a thoughtful christian man, he would hastily and inconsiderately have married the first pretty, sprightly girl, who caught his young fancy? I wonder that the words in our beautiful marriage ceremony—"not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," do not startle many a heart even at the altar. O untold—untold are the number of mistakes—fearful, fearful is the amount of sorrow, caused by the want of the *ruling, guiding principle of religion* in the lives of men!"

For some minutes, Katie sat with downcast eyes, thinking of what Carrie had last said. On looking up, she was surprised to see the flush of feeling again mounting high on her friend's cheek, while her fixed earnest eyes, beamed with an intensity of expression almost startling to behold.

"Dear, dear Carrie," said she, rising and throwing her arms around her, "do not think of anything that makes you feel so—do not—it is wrong, Carrie."

"Katie," said Carrie, turning her eyes on those of her friend, and speaking in the low, constrained voice of deep, excited feeling—"do you know who have been passing before my mind in the last few minutes? The young—the noble—and the talented, Katie,

whom I have known to fall—O how utterly! from want of that right principle. He, the beautiful, dark-eyed boy, with whom in my early girlhood, I talked, and laughed, and sung, so merrily, through many a bright summer-day—and now—O Katie! *He sinks into a drunkard's grave.* And the young orator! He, of whom, in my early enthusiasm, I thought, "O that mind is too beautiful for earth—it must look to heaven!" And now, Katie, the light of that young Orator's mind, only illumines the gambler's "*hell.*" And he for the sake of what *the world calls honor*, sent the soul of a fellow creature to the bar of God—left the breaking hearts of a wife and mother on earth—and commenced in his own soul the workings of a remorse, which unless washed away in the blood of Christ *will never die.* And he—O Katie!—this is the worst of all—the heroic man, the noble gentleman—kind and courteous—who passed through life "loving and beloved—and yet he died—*died without faith in Christ.* And there—O there's the *suicide*—my friend—my friend, were I to tell you all the quiet and misery I have known, even in my short life, from the want of the *ruling, guiding principle of religion*, you would not wonder that I suffer when I think of it, and that I feel so deeply, and so much the great need of that principle."

There was a long silence.

"Carrie," said Katie, at length, "I wish you would give me a sketch of the life of a young man who is guided and controlled by christian principle from youth to the grave."

Carrie lifted her head; she was very pale, but perfectly calm.

"If we would begin at the beginning, dear Katie, it would be in childhood, when a father's and mother's care first leads the opening mind to prayer and the Bible. Some blessed with thoughtful christian parents have begun right from childhood. I know no example of this so perfect, so lofty, and so lasting, as that of our Washington. But proper training through childhood and youth is not at our own command; so I will begin with that young man just ere he takes his life and fortunes into his own hands, and goes forth into the world to take his place among men.

What a period is this, Katie! How high throbs that young heart, as he exclaims—

"*One freeman more, America, to thee!*"

And to woman—old age—the weak and unprotected everywhere—his feelings are,

"*Here if a suppliant you may fly  
Secure 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief  
Of sympathy, redress, relief.*"

But as he looks into the great future, and catches a dim view of the real things of life, a sudden thought strikes him—"These impulses—these yearnings to act a high and noble part on life's stage—will they last? Will they go with him through the world sustaining him in the hour of trial and temptation?" The voice of truth and reason answers: "Those impulses will not do. Go forth into the world with no other safeguard, and they will be "as the morning cloud and as the early dew that passeth away." Others have gone forth as you are about to do, full of vague but high and sanguine hopes

of becoming good and great. Years have passed away 'midst life's cares, and sorrows, and temptations, and those high hopes have only become a memory, and it may be a *remose*. Without something *not in yourself* to guide and sustain you, you will pass on your way—one of many, perhaps—as good as other men—respectable—honorable; or you may become great; be honored, flattered, carressed on earth, and when you die a monument erected to your memory. All this may be, young man, and yet your life *one grand mistake*—false in the beginning, *false in the end*. But what assurance have you that you will be even respectable and honorable in the eyes of men?—"Who are you," that you should stand when so many like you have utterly fallen? Is there no evil in your heart? Are you proof against temptation?—And in twenty, forty years—sooner or later—what then? Those vigorous, lofty faculties—that immortal mind even now springing upward in consciousness of its endless existence—that world of thought and feeling within you—*yourself*—what of you then?" O earnestly, and deeply, and seriously, does he think of these things, Katie! not lightly and carelessly does he turn from them. His whole being is aroused—life on earth—and life immortal—what ought it to be here? What will it be there? To a mind thus aroused, Katie, soon comes the thought of God—the great First Cause—the beginning and the end—"Eternal—Immortal—Invisible." To learn of God is its first object; what will guide him to God? What will teach him of God? What but the Bible? The Bible reveals God—Creator,

Redeemer, Sanctifier. He looks within himself, a world—a wonder. He looks on his brother-man—a world—a wonder also, yet how unlike himself.—He looks on this beautiful and glorious world; he thinks of the unnumbered worlds which the light of science has revealed to his dazzled vision—and sees his Creator. He thinks of the perfect law of God—looks into his own heart—and acknowledges the need of a Redeemer. He thinks of the Spirit that acts on the soul of man, enlightening, purifying, guiding, sustaining—is not that what he wants? A mighty, all-sustaining power to go with him through life, and at last to lead him to that “kingdom prepared for us in which every aspiration of the mind shall be realized—every throb of expected glory find its exaltation, and every holy hope its consummation and its bliss.” His reason is convinced; he sees—he feels what he wants. What then is he to do? The answer is simple, yet all is contained in it—“Take the Bible as your guide through life—and pray to God, through Christ, for the direction of His Holy Spirit.” His reason already convinced, what remains but an earnest resolve, by the help of God, so to do. And the more he reads the Bible and prays, Katie, the more he sees, and feels that he has found all he wants. And now in the strength of a christian, our young, true hero goes forth into the world. He knows that no “primrose path of dalliance” is before him—that his enemies are “the world, the flesh, and the devil”—that he has need to put on all the “armor of God,” that he may be able to “fight a good fight.” And yours will be a

victory, young conqueror, by which all of earth’s victories sink into nought.—“They did it for a corruptible crown—you an incorruptible”—*your* laurels will be fadeless and immortal! the crown that will rest on *your* brow is that of eternal life!

Katie, our hero has begun right; let us see him through life. *Well* does he consider to what duty and nature point him, ere he chooses his occupation for life. Does he go forth in that highest of all professions—the ministry of Christ? Does he become the patriot, christian statesman? Does he choose “the noble and ennobling profession of law, when the noble spirits practice it?” Does he become, as Dr. Dunglison beautifully quotes, the “beloved physician?” In the high office of teacher, does he rear a christian, patriot band for God and his country? Or in the commercial, agricultural, or mechanical pursuits of life does he find an employment? Whatever that young man does, Katie, whatever station he fills he will adorn and elevate. Talents, energies, life, rightly controlled and directed, he is “true to himself, and it follows as the night the day he cannot be false to any man.” And *well* does that young man consider ere he marries, Katie; *well* does he know himself and her to whom he entrusts so much of his happiness. In the companionship of a woman in whose heart and mind he finds all the sympathy and congeniality of his own wants, and whose principle of life coincides with his own, his talents and virtues rapidly shoot onward.

And though the duties of his profession should leave less time than he

wishes, to devote to the education and training of his children no fear does that husband and father feel, for he knows he has married a woman, whose every feeling of heart, and loftiest impulse of mind; and highest christian principle, will make her regard her duties to her children only next those to her husband—and they only next the fear of God. Thus his “sons will grow up as the young plants, and his daughters be as the polished corners of the temple.” And mark him, Katie, in the trials and sorrows that come to all earth’s children. The world looks on in surprise as he stands unmoved amidst the fiercest raging of the “storms of life,” calmly looking upward. He sees a light they “cannot see”—he “hears a voice they cannot hear,” cheering and sustaining him. And by his side stands one, *looking upward with him*, whose smile is ever brightest when

the sky is darkest, and whose gentle voice he hears above the loudest raging of the storm, “for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness, and in health, ’till death us do part.”

*And in the end!* “Mark the *end* of the perfect man and behold the upright, for the *end* of that man is *peace*.” Truly, “Godliness is profitable in all things having the promise of the life that *now is*, and that which is *to come*.”

And to think, Katie, that this might be the *life and end* of our young men! that they might become “a race of Washingtons!” *By beginning right* the life I have drawn may be for each and all—and every one of them—and in the glories of that life which “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, perfect in purity, go on increasing in knowledge and happiness—*forever!*”

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE WAVELETS OF MEMORY; AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

BY A. P. SPERRY.

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### GOOD BYE.

How sad it is to part with those we love, even if it is to meet again; but, oh—how much more sad it is to say—“Good bye,” with a knowledge that it is for ever! not for days, months, years, but—forever. Feeling that life will

have its changes, that the summer will pass, and its flowers will wither and die, and “the place that knows them now shall know them no more,” and winter will come and go, and spring will burst again to beauty, and summer flowers will bloom again—and droop,

and die, but still we meet not. The heart will beat light and heavy; the pulse will thrill sweetly to joy, or sadly to sorrow; the sunlight and the shade shall fall alternately on our pathway, and hope and despair brighten and darken, daylight shall waken all to life and light, and night shall sink all to slumber and silence, while she gilds the heavens with a thousand stars, as "spots on the wings of Providence," which God has unfurled over a resting earth, but yet it is the same, we meet not.

(Good bye—good bye forever—good bye—how sad the word)—how many lips have given utterance to it, when the heart beneath them was almost bursting, when the eyelid trembled and a pearly tear lay glistening on the cheek. How many a maiden's voice has faltered when loving lips were pressed to her own, and she knew that she must breathe—good bye, and that it might be for the last time. The memory of that word to her is like the sound of a requiem at midnight, or the memory of a dream of the grave.

How sad to speak—good bye, when we leave our childhood's home for the first time, and it may be the last time. who knows? Good bye, mother, "it may be for years, or it may be forever," but still my thoughts shall wander back to home and thee, and often in dreams I will gambol round the old hearth stone, as I did of yore, and the memory of it will be like the memory of dreams of heaven, when the soul awaketh. Long years may glide down

the silent stream of time ere we meet again, the shadows of care may steal upon the heart and brush from it these memories of childhood which lie there as lightly as the gold dust on the butterfly's wing; but there is one string which nothing but the hand of death can still, a string on which time's footsteps as he hastes away awakes a strain of joy, whose echo lingering thrill through all the soul—it is the memory of a mother's love which dieth never. Though I may bid thee good bye—mother, when the spring bud of my life is bathed in the first dew, and meet thee not until life's vesper bell shall toll but faintly, yet thy memory shall linger round my soul like the fragrance of dewy flowers.

Good bye, reader, we have not met on earth, we may not meet, but by and by the time will come when the old sexton will gently turn up the green grass in the village churchyard, and as the bell toll lingers dreamily on the evening air, you, or perhaps I, will sink cold and still in the lowly grave. It may be you first, or it may be I, but that matters but little, for it may be before the leaves grow yellow and fall—before the winds grow chill, or the grass wither that the old sexton will again turn up the fresh earth, and the bell will toll as softly and as sadly as before, a little procession will wind slowly around the white path, or tread softly over the green graves, another one of us will be cold and still too, and the last good bye will live alone in memory.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

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### TO THE PUBLIC.

“You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage,”  
Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
But pass my imperfections by ;  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow ;  
Large streams from little fountains flow.”

We believe it is generally known that this is the first number issued by the present corps. 'Tis our first effort. We come before you almost as infants in the literary world. We neither claim to equal the philosophy of Bacon, nor the oratory of Cicero. All that we promise is to do the best we can.

Would you? Could you ask more?—Then, kind reader, allow us here to ask you to look upon us, and our honest efforts in such a light as we hold forth.—Yet do not in your great generosity and superior wisdom, think there is nothing good in our Magazine; that in it there is nothing worth reading; for that would be too kind to us, and not only that, but you would do yourself great injustice, you would deceive yourself, whoever you be. Although the moral quality of the action might be right, the action itself would be wrong, and for us, we ask you to do nothing wrong. Yes, we promise to tell you something you do not know, and which in all probability you never would have known were it not for our Magazine.

Although this is edited by boys, we can assure our friends that articles appear in its columns from the pens of our ablest writers, literary men, who rank high in the intellectual world, men to whom our State furnishes no superior. Then why should

not our Magazine be both interesting and highly instructive. Occasionally we hear some mighty genius blazing forth upon this ignorant age his original simplicity. Sinking our Magazine to the fathomless depths. Says he, “The Magazine is worth nothing. I will not spend my time reading over its pages of disgusting foolishness, and abstract nonsense; if it ever contained any thing, I did not already know. I would gladly see it flourish, for certainly it is an undertaking which should merit the encouragement of every true North Carolinian.” Good, say we, to his last sentiment. Surely he heard some one smarter than himself express that idea, “good for nothing,” is it? Bah! Where did you spring from mighty one among the small fry? Where did you get your learning? Whence that bright intellect? Are you not afraid, when you touch the world off, you'll get slightly scorched yourself? Oh, no! we guess the fire would never reach you—such a bright—such a transcending genius as you, would take a sapling, until all but you and said sapling had fallen to ashes, at the approach of the mighty conflagration of self-lighted intellect; then with one mighty leap, try to land on the other side of Jordan. But, friend I tell you, if we have been correctly informed, that Jordan is a hard road to travel, and especially for numskulls; so as friends to suffering humanity, we advise you not to try. We expect to cause no revolution in the literary world, nor do we pretend that by our revolvancy to keep the literary world in motion, nor do we promise to interest

you, Mr. Know-every-thing. What a blessing it is that some folks are born knowing all things, otherwise there would be a mighty crowd of "Know-Nothings."

And in fact we are constrained to believe that these "Messrs. Know-all-things" are emphatically the "Know-Nothings." For instance, not long since, we heard one of these bright self-consumers make a thrust at our poor insignificant columns. For a moment we stood in trembling awe—we thought our time had come—we thought our bright dreams were smashed forever, till we found the attack a feeble one, by asking this "hairy lipped weather cock" to be so kind as to point out the poorest article in a certain number of our Magazine, when, with an air of self-importance, and gesture of demolishing genius, he slapped his inspired finger (or as we would term it, "liquor hook,") on a piece written by one of the ablest men in the State; so according to that mighty judge, our Magazine must be first rate, that being the poorest article, the others must have been excellent. But his judgement is worth nothing. Now, Mr. Block of Wisdom, allow us to say in all kindness, and with the greatest respect for your ball-frog feelings, that we do not expect or desire to please you. We hope our Magazine is of a higher order. 'Tis true that with the fool, folly is wisdom, and wisdom is folly. Although we would like to converse with you a little longer, oh son of dazzling intellectual powers, time will not allow us, so hoping to have a chat with you in our next, we bid you good day.

Having spent too much time in answering the objections of our weak brethren, we return to say one more word to men of sense and reason, and the generous public.

Truly grateful are we to all those who favored our predecessors with their names, and spoke a kind word for the magazine. We feel confident that there are many,

who, though unknown to us, are, nevertheless friends to our charge. Gladly would we greet all our friends face to face, but that being impossible we can do no more than return to them our heartfelt thanks, hoping they will not desert us in our infancy. It may be, and doubtless often is asked what is the object of the Magazine. Should the affair realise any profits, what disposal would be made of them, would not the Editors pocket all the profits. No friend—listen, and we will inform you as to that fact. Our first object is to raise the standard of College Composition. To open a road along which talent and exertion may wend its way to eminence and distinction. After our publisher has been paid, and all other necessary expenditures made, the surplus is to be divided between the two literary societies, to be laid out in the purchase of books, which books are for the use of the present students and those to come after us. Our two libraries at present each contain nearly-five thousand volumes. Will not the students father, mother, brother and sister, or even you young man expect soon to take up your abode here for several years aid us in increasing each library to ten thousand volumes. Will the public see us fall? Will they see us struggle in vain? Will the Alumni not lend a generous heart and a helping hand? Come, will you not join us? Give us your names. Is our undertaking worthy of encouragement, or not? Ought it to be sustained, or left to die that horrible death, that of famine? We hear your answer, it is encouraging. You say, let her climb the highest pinnacle of North Carolina's fame, and there entwine itself as the richest wreath of her glory.—Then friend Alumnus, send us your name, and we will thank you, while your conscience smiles upon the act.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—GENEROUS FRIENDS.—Doubtless in the last week the question has been asked oftener than once, "where is the University Magazine?"—When will it make its appearance? and why this delay, why keep us waiting so long? What! ever since the first of June to the second week in August issuing one number! What can the cause be? Why do those lazy fellows luxuriate so long in their sanctum? Now for these questions we do not censure you, they are natural ones, and questions which all our subscribers have a right to ask us, and certainly we will not refuse to answer them.

We think our excuse good, 'tis short—hear it. It is well known that the June comes out only a day or two before commencement, and every thing on the Hill about that time is enjoying itself to such a degree; or down so low with that dreadful disease—the blues, that it is impossible for any one to do any thing in the way of reading or writing. Every body, and every thing seems to be deranged from Monday evening until Friday morning; and who could help from being thus confused when there are so many of the fair sex darting here and there and every where. You must recollect that most of us have to stay here the whole session without speaking to a lady; now can you censure us for being excited, when so many dash before us all in one day? Then, when Friday morning comes, every student who is so unfortunate as to have his Du-Larkie here is dancing around her like a calf in a yellow-jacket's nest; he feels the nicest kind, all to pieces in a minute, all the while thinking what he shall say next; and if through accident he should in his excitement blunder over one of the rules of etiquette, would any one notice it, and then that blamed jealous rival watches his every action, and as he imagines (and we dare say he is right,) is listening to every word he says to his choice flower. Now as every Editor, ex-

cept one, was just about in such a predicament, all commencement week, of course there was no time to devote to the Magazine. 'Tis true, there are some students, (and that class are truly fortunate,) who are not troubled with the feminine live stock during this week; yet they generally have other friends to whom all attention is due. So in every case there is no time for business; the fact is, we are just as busy as a bee in a tar barrel. But suppose we were to remain here a few days after commencement to make up the August number; would it not be impolitic, would it not be wrong; nay, would it not be acting with gross injustice, not only to our contributors, but to ourselves. For by such a course we might lose many of July's warm and able productions. Now, friend, will you not say—"so far, so good?" Now since we have given you a satisfactory excuse for the nonappearance of the Magazine; until the first of August, we feel sure you will pardon us for its longer retirement. At the close of last session when we separated for our homes, all necessary arrangements were made to have the August number before the public on the first day of the month; that was an object we were very anxious to effect, and certainly expected; but in both instances we were disappointed by a decree of Providence. It was domestic sorrows that prevented the early return of that member of our corps, who had an important part to perform in the-issuing of this number. Now say, do you not pardon us? Justice answers for you.

Soon the excitement which necessarily attends the beginning of every session will be over; soon the shaking of hands will cease for months; soon the four standing questions for the beginning of every session—How'd'y do, how did you spend your vacation, when did you return, and how did you leave her? Will have been answered often enough to satisfy all hands on that point for six months

to come. Then in that first calm we will try to fit our flying Togas. I tell you, friend, they are the worst twisted up affairs about this time you ever saw. But for the future we promise to be at our post, Providence decreeing. At the first of each month we will give you a call, and if some of you don't send us your respects, with that little you owe us, we will give you a call every few days. Now if we fulfill our promise, as to issuing the Magazine, of course you will hand over that little change, without having us to say anything about it. In fact we do not want to dun you. And here we close our remarks to you, promising to say nothing of this little matter, either in this, or the next number. If you'll just hand over that little change by the first of September.

FELLOW-STUDENTS.—Again have College duties called us from our happy homes to bow at the altar of learning.—After six weeks of dissipation, do you feel refreshed; do you come with minds bright, and hopes high? With what joy and promise of pleasure is vacation looked forward to? How the heart of every student is made to swell at the sound of that word vacation, and well it should. It bids him come home and join the domestic circle, there to answer the many kind questions, as to his comfort and happiness while absent; there to listen to the kind and affectionate advice of his dear parents, while his rosy little brothers and sisters fondle upon his knee. Then why should not every one start at the word—*vacation*. Whatever of happiness it afforded you is now over; whether it has been spent as you anticipated; whether during those six weeks you realized all those bright promises of pleasure, it is for you to say. Has it by its gorgeous fancies and bright dreams stirred and enlivened your soul into new life, or has it sickened it, by unveiling to its view stern and painful reali-

ties. Dear friend, was it your lot during those six weeks to see the eyes of some dear friend closed in death; to stand by the grave just opening to receive one of your dearest relatives; or did the funeral sermon call you to the fresh, yet sad tomb of a dear and aged ancestor, if so, then we know your heart. Yes we can sympathise with you. But while you stood by those fresh mounds, did you think that soon the grave would open to receive you? Did you think that soon your vacation would be over, which would cut off six weeks from your now half advanced life? That then you would be six weeks nearer eternity? During your vacation, did you bestow one moment of thought on that all important point. If not, turn now and give it due attention: soon it may be too late, yes, too late for ever. Defer this duty which you owe to yourself and your Maker no longer. Soon it will be a tale that is told, finished, and ended.

TO THE NEW STUDENTS.—YOUNG FRIENDS.—Gladly we welcome you to our shrine of learning. With you this is a new era; another age is indeed opened upon you. You are now members of College. You are now one of a small world over which you may cast your eye at pleasure. What joys are connected with college life? Yet, amid these joys, what trials, anxieties, and pains?—Though it seems that you came here alone, yet with you came many tender and anxious hearts. With you, thoughtless boy, came thy father's proud spirit; along your path, lingers almost in withering anxiety, the soft and tender heart of your affectionate mother. Yes, with you is that same devoted heart, which first sent gushing through your tender little veins its own warm blood; that same bosom which nourished you, which first heaved with joy for your existence upon which your young head pillowed, in the

first sweet and beautiful sleep of infancy, still throbs with a mother's anxiety. See how quick and joyous it beats at every worthy and noble action of its offspring. 'Tis pleasure, 'tis comfort to the mother's heart. Yet how soon could you change that light and happy heart to one of melancholy and sadness. One misguided step, one rash act, may change it all.—Think not that you left behind the soft spirit of that devoted and beloved sister, just budding into womanhood. All the day does it linger by your side as the innocent dove by its mate. With yours does it seem to be bound by a link of steel. With you this is the most important point of life. You are now to take a stand among your fellow students, morally and intellectually. Recollect that you are now to form a character, which is almost certain to cleave to you through life, and on every side is there some one to find fault with every action. Hence the great importance of forming such a one as may send new happiness to your frame. Upon this character depends your own happiness and prosperity; upon this depend a father's pride, a mother's joy, and a sister's heart. Would you then quell that father's proud spirit; would you crush a mother's heart with remorse and despair, would you bedim the rich lustre of that sister's dark eye, now beaming with hope for a brother's future greatness? No! forbid it, ye powers above.—Then, young man, if you would fill all those hearts with joy, form that character which will command the respect of all at all times. 'Tis early to form such an one, if you commence aright. Do nothing which you would not be willing for father, mother, and sister to know. Let your conscience dictate. Let the whole world know your deed, if it be necessary. It may be that you are an orphan, and one who has seen the damp grave close over your last dear brother and sister. If that be your condition, of how much greater

importance is your welfare to all. True, there is no heart upon earth to throb with the affection of a father, mother, brother, or sister. Yet their spirits may be hovering over you with all earthly anxiety, and would you call from the dark shadows of the grave their mouldering ashes to mourn over the degradation of a dissolute son, if not, then let all your notions be pure, and your actions noble. Take justice, industry, and virtue, for your motto, and the victory is won.

What a variety of human nature do you see in college. Here goes the man of a high moral sense, he who takes virtue and integrity as his watchword, he who condescends to nothing mean, vulgar or low, but scorns every base and corrupt action, while there, as it were, side by side stalks the student of low and vulgar habits, of a dark heart, filthy tongue, a corrupted and corroded imagination, a seared and degraded conscience. Perhaps the latter is a college genius, very smart, but what is all this worth without a sufficient degree of moral courage, and a high moral character to guide aright. Misdirected genius is a worm that gnaws out its own vitality. Possibly the same degraded genius will seek your company, and manifest strong friendship; but in whatever form he comes, shun him as you would the hissing adder's fang. He will lead you to the altar of infamy. Yes, shun the grog, the card table, black-guard and profanity. Read and keep ever fresh in your mind these four beautiful lines which were once handed me by a stranger.

Maintain your mark, vulgarity despise;  
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,  
You would not swear upon the bed of death,  
Reflect, your maker now may stop your breath.

Can you forget them? I think not.

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OUR EXCHANGES.—Heretofore our Publisher has been instructed to send a copy of the Magazine to every paper and pe-

Radical published in the State, besides to various others beyond our borders who have solicited an exchange; but some have not thought proper in their wisdom to respond at all; or, if so, very irregularly. Others more true to the interest of North Carolina literature have sent us their sheets and favorably noticed our efforts. To the latter we feel grateful and hope to merit a continuance of their kindness. As for the former we can only express the regret that the Magazine has failed to woo successfully their maiden weeklies; and, as the age of seven years bondage for such prizes has passed, we shall make our genuflections at other shrines.

Any Editor, however, who may wish to exchange for the future, and will make the same known to us, shall receive the greeting due a brother quilsman, and his paper shall be regularly filed in our reading room; but we have no idea of continuing as formerly our visits to those who welcome us not.

Some excellent exchanges have been recently added to our list. The Charleston Collegiate Magazine, and the Erskine Collegiate Recorder," are worthy the liberal patronage they receive. The Concord Gazette and Milton ——— have been received and filed. Our old friends Yale Lit. Magazine, Southern Repostory, Georgia Union Magazine and West. Dem. Review, have visited us in due season.

COMMENCEMENT.—After so long an interval we cannot be expected to interest any one with our account of commencement. The inspiration of the scene is almost vanished in the anticipation of another. Even the smiles of beauty cannot last always, and when they depart, life, commencement, any thing, become prosaic.

On Monday night the exercises began. The Rev. Mr. Lowe delivered the Valedictory Sermon before the graduating class. His theme—"Remember now thy Crea-

tor in the days of thy youth," Eccl. 12 ch., 1st, was appropriate, well treated, and delivered with that eloquence which charms all who hear. On Tuesday night the Fresh Competitors delivered themselves of the best declamations we ever had the pleasure of listening to. Their souls seemed to have been fired with the subjects, self was forgotten, and they came off all victorious. They were decidedly the heroes of the night, and many a fair face smiled complacently on the youthful orators.

Wednesday morning, Ex-Gov. Brown, of Tennessee delivered the address before the two literary Societies. His subject was—The United States—Its progress and improvement in Government—In territory—In its Industrial Employments—Its Scientific and professional pursuits.—It requires no eulogy from us. It was well and learnedly discussed, admirably delivered, and created quite a favorable impression among the numerous listeners. The opening remarks especially attracted our attention. They were beautiful and affecting. On the whole we have seldom listened to an abler discourse.

In the evening the Declaimers from the Sophomore Class entertained a large and delighted audience. They also acted their parts well, and for a time we feared that our Favorites' glory should be eclipsed; but our fears were soon vanishes for the Ladies declared that all had performed their parts to perfection.

Thursday, the day of days was devoted exclusively to the performances of the Graduating Class, conferring degrees, &c. We have not in our power to speak of them individually, except to say that each individual acquitted himself well. The Salutatory was admirably delivered; Valedictory was the best we ever heard. The Greek, and the French orations were very good so far as we are able to judge.

The exercises on the part of the young men were as follows:

Latin Salutatory—WILLIAM BADHAM, JR.,  
*Edenton.*

A greeting to all our friends—JOHN DUNCAN  
SHAW, *Richmond County.*

Science in the Bible—WILLIAM HENRY SPEN-  
CER, *Hyde County.*

Young America—JOHN MARION GALLAWAY,  
*Rockingham County.*

Why love the Turk and hate the Russian?—  
ENOCH JASPER VANN, *Florida.*

The scale of Being—SAMUEL SPENCER JACK-  
SON, JR., *Pittsboro'.*

Distribution of the Bible—THEODORE WHIT-  
FIELD, *Mississippi.*

The Future—JOSEPH HILL WRIGHT, *Wil-  
mington.*

Denominational Education—LEONIDAS JOHN  
MERRITT, *Chatham County.*

Growth of English Liberty—OSCAR RIPLEY  
RAND, *Wake County.*

The Farming interest in North Carolina—  
ROBERT BRUCE JOHNSTON, *Waynesville.*

French Oration—Lafayette—WILLIAM ROB-  
ARDS WETMORE, *Fayetteville.*

Greek Oration—'To Prepon.'—JOHN WIL-  
LIAMS GRAVES, *Caswell County.*

Practical benefits conferred by Astronomy—  
RICHARD HENRY BATTLE, *Chapel Hill.*

Legislative aid to the University—WILLIAM  
LEE ALEXANDER, *McDowell County.*

Where are we?—JOSEPH ADOLPHUS ENGEL-  
HARD, *Jackson, Mississippi.*

The Valedictory--WILLIAM LAFAYETTE SCOTT,  
*Guilford County.*

The following are the names of the  
Graduating Class. They are sixty in num-  
ber:

W. L. Alexander, Julius F. Allison, John B.  
Andrews, Wm. Badham, Jr., Richard H. Bat-  
tle, Jr., Joseph M. Bell, Edward Bradford, Jr.,  
Richard Bradford, Daniel J. Brooks, John H.  
M. Bullock, Wm. H. Bunn, John S. Chambers,  
John P. Cobb, Needham B. Cobb, Hayne E.  
Davis, Thomas C. Dennis, Joseph A. Engelhard,  
E. Livingston Faison, Jno. M. Gallaway, Albert  
K. Graham, J. W. Graves, John G. B. Grimes,  
J. H. Hill, Delano W. Husted, Sam. S. Jackson,  
Jr., James W. Jacobs, Robert B. Johnston,  
Joseph P. Jones, Wm. L. Ledbetter, Ivey F.  
Lewis, W. S. Long, John C. McKethan, Leoni-  
das J. Merrit, J. A. Montgomery, Jas. C. Moore,  
Jas. M. Morrison, J. Neal, W. C. Nichols, Theo-  
philus Perry, Charles W. Phifer, Oscar R.  
Rand, David G. Robeson, John K. Ruffin, John

W. Sandford, Jr., Richard B. Saunders, Wm.  
L. Saunders, Rufus Scott, Wm. L. Scott, John  
D. Shaw, Robert M. Sloan, Jr., Wm. H. Spen-  
cer, William Thompson, Wm. H. Thomson,  
Enoch J. Vann, Joshua C. Walker, Wm. R.  
Wetmore, Bryan Whitfield, Theodore Whit-  
field, James A. Wright, Joseph H. Wright.

The First distinction was assigned to  
Messrs. Alexander, Badham, Battle, Graves,  
Jackson, W. L. Scott and Wetmore.

The Second to Messrs. Bullock, Galla-  
way, Johnston, Long, Merritt, Rand, Rob-  
eson, Ruffin, Vann and J. H. Wright.

The Third, to Messrs. R. Bradford, En-  
gelhard, Morrison, W. L. Saunders, Shaw,  
Spencer, Whitfield and T. Whitfield.

The delivery of the Valedictory Ora-  
tion devolved upon Mr. Scott, the Latin  
Salutatory upon Mr. Badham, the Greek  
Oration upon Mr. Graves, and the speech  
in French upon Mr. Wetmore.

Four members of this class, viz: Messrs.  
Andrews, Battle, Graves and W. L. Scott,  
have been absent from no college duty  
during the complete term of four years.

Mr. Bullock entered Sophomore, and  
was never absent during three years; Mr.  
Vann entered Sophomore, was once ab-  
sent from morning prayers during that  
year, and never absent during the two  
succeeding years; Mr. Merritt was absent  
four times from prayers during the Fresh-  
man, and the same number during the  
Sophomore year, half of these by permis-  
sion, and was never absent from any duty  
during the Junior and Senior years.

Messrs. Nichols and Wetmore entered  
Junior, and were perfectly punctual dur-  
ing their two years in college.

Mr. Badham was never absent, and Mr.  
Ruffin, whose previous punctuality was  
exemplary, but once from prayers and di-  
vine worship, and from no other during  
the Senior year.

Messrs. B. Whitfield, Montgomery and  
Spencer were rarely, and the two former,  
never voluntarily absent, during their con-  
nexion with the institution. Mr. Alexan-

der eight times from prayers during the Senior year.

The next most punctual were Messrs. R. Bradford, Bunn, Chambers, Davis, Gal-  
laway, Johnston, Ledbetter, Long, Perry,  
Ran', Robeson, and R. Scott. Of these,  
Mr. Perry was rarely absent from prayers  
and never voluntarily absent from any  
duty during the Senior year.

In the Junior Class, the First distinc-  
tion is assigned to Messrs. Colton, E. W.  
Gilliam and Puttick.

The Second, to Messrs. Davis, Hall,  
Hyman, Irion, McDugald and D. E. Mc-  
Nair.

The Third, to Messrs. Betts, Campbell,  
Gaines, Gatling, Glover, Graham, Lewis,  
McIver, Plummer, Whitaker and Whit-  
field.

Mr. Pillow is entitled to the First dis-  
tinction in Rhetoric, History and French;  
Mr. Nicholson, to the first in Rhetoric and  
French, and the Second in History.

Mr. Turner is entitled to the First dis-  
tinction in Mathematics, and to the Third  
in the other departments.

Messrs. Brearily, Spruill, and Yellowly  
are entitled to the first distinction in Com-  
position.

This class consists of fifty-four regular  
members. Of these, five have been ab-  
sent from no duty during the three years  
that they have been connected with the  
institution. These are Messrs. Hall, Ho-  
gan, Puttick, Slade, and Whitfield. A  
sixth, Mr. Lewis, was absent during the  
Freshman year, on account of severe ill-  
ness, but has been perfectly punctual dur-  
ing the Sophomore and Junior years.

Mr. Boyden entered Freshman half ad-  
vanced and has been punctual during two  
and a half years.

Messrs. Colton, Davis, Hadley, James,  
and McNeill entered Sophomore, and have  
been absent from no duty in two years.—  
Mr. Turner entered at the same time, was  
punctual during the Sophomore year, was  
absent rarely and never voluntarily during  
the Junior year.

Messrs. Betts, J. B. Gilliam, Whitaker,  
and Yellowly have been rarely absent du-  
ring their collegiate course when it was  
in their power to attend.

Mr. D. E. McNair was absent three  
times from prayers, and Mr. B. Smith five  
times from prayers, five from recitation,  
and once from divine worship, on account  
of sickness, during the Junior year.

The next most punctual have been  
Messrs. Brearily, Campbell, Glover, Gra-  
ham, Green, Hyman, Irion, McDugald,  
McIver, R. McNair, Montgomery, Nichol-  
son, Patterson, Pillow, J. W. Smith, Spru-  
ill, Thomas and Wharton.

In the Sophomore Class, the First Dis-  
tinction is assigned to Messrs. Bingham,  
Lawrence, Robins, Sessions and White.

Mr. Killebrew is entitled to the First  
distinction in every department, with the  
exception of that of Greek; and Mr. Slade  
in every department, with the exception  
of that of mathematics.

The Second distinction is assigned to  
Messrs. Alderman, Bryan, Hines, John-  
ston, Merritt, Morrow, Stevenson and  
Waddill.

The Third, to Messrs. Burney, Caldwell,  
Clark and Springs.

The next best scholars are Messrs. Doss,  
Drake, Hilliard and Dunn.

Mr. W. B. Bruce is entitled to First dis-  
tinction in Mathematics and French; Mr.  
J. Bruce to First in French, and Mr. Yar-  
borough to First in Mathematics, and to  
the third in the other department.

Of the fifty-two members, five have  
been absent from no duty during the  
Freshman and Sophomore years, viz:—  
Messrs. Hines, Merritt, Rudisill, Slade and  
Waddill. Two others, Messrs. Crump  
and Hilliard, were not absent during the  
Freshman, and have not been absent during  
the present year except when confined by  
sickness.

Messrs. Clark, Green, McNair, Morgan,  
Munn, Windham and Yarborough, have  
been absent from no duty, and Mr. J.

Bruce never absent from prayers or recitation during the present year. Messrs. Johnson and Robins were twice absent on account of sickness; Mr. Doss twice; Mr. Williams three times; and Mr. Sumner five times during the last session; the three have been entirely punctual during the present session. Messrs. Lawrence and McLanchlin have not been absent during the year when able to attend.

Messrs. Alderman and Killebrew entered the Class at the beginning of the present term, the former was twice absent, the latter has been entirely punctual.

The deportment of this class in the recitation room has been exemplary, and, as is usual in such cases, the scholarship corresponds to it.

In the Freshman Class, the First distinction is assigned to Messrs. Avery, Bingham, Closs, Grady, and Tillinghast.

The Second, to Messrs. Coble, Dugger, J. W. Graham, Gregory, Green, Hammond, Hayley, Jones, Jordan, McLanchlin, Perkins, Thompson, and Whaston.

The Third, to Messrs. Davis, Mitchell, Mullins, Smith, G. Whitfield, Williams, Wilkinson, Wimberly, Wilson and Ward.

Mr. D. McL. Graham is entitled to the First distinction in Mathematics.

Of the seventy-six members of this Class, fourteen have been absent from no College duty during the Freshman year. These are Messrs. J. Anthony, Avery, Cable, Dugger, Grady, Lawing, Lewis, Mitchell, Norment, G. Whitfield, N. B. Whitfield, (of N. C.) N. B. Whitfield, (of Ala.) H. Williams and Wimberly.

The degree of Master of Arts, in regular course, is conferred upon Robert A. Holmes, Joseph B. Lucas, J. J. Iredell, James L. Mosely, Frances E. Shober, Jas. J. Slade, and John Thomas Wheate, Jr.

The Honorary Degree of L. L. D., is conferred upon John Randolph Clay, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Peru.

At nine o'clock, might be seen a joyous train marching up to the Assembly rooms; a burst of music hailed them from the Orchestra; and now the lovers of Terpsichore range themselves around. Oh! that we had Byron to celebrate their devotions at her shrine. We know not the technical names for the various moods of the "graceful art." But we doubt not that each part was acted to perfection. A little world of beauties were there; and it was a great world of beauty. From North, South, East and West, it flowed in upon our enraptured vision. We forgot College, our dignity—every thing—we were enchanted—entranced. Even now we are dangerously affected with the recollection, and we feel decidedly poetical. Now they proceed to the supper room, where all the good things we ever heard of, or saw, invited them to come. Miss Nancy might well vie on this interesting occasion with the bright eyed attendants of Sardaniulus. Long may she live to spread gladness and plenty around. The curtain falls—put out the lights, the parting strain is borne on the darkness, and every one goes to his own home.

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TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Our contributions are fewer at this time than they have been for some time past. We can account for this falling off only in our class. There are no more Ed's to come out of it. Friend you do not know that; some or all of our seats may be vacated before the close of this year. Will not the fair portion of our State lend us a helping hand; our rough natures might be softened by their dulcet tones. May, would undoubtedly feel better under their genial influence. "Celah" has been received, considered and rejected. The article is quite good, but rather too statistical for a Magazine. Celah certainly has proven himself not to be a "Know-Nothing," and we hope he is not a "Fillibuster." Let us hear from you again.

"To her who will best understand it," was unanimously consigned to "Limbo." The little fellow is undoubtedly in love. The attempt at puns was decidedly the worst out—for instance—

Yes, included in the number,  
Of those battling on life's field,  
Is my gentle dear one,  
Fighting with *emollient* shield.

Did you ever hear of an *emollient* shield? Ye powers above, when shall punning cease from the face of the earth.

Eve has been rejected for two reasons. First there is not a poetical idea in it, secondly it has no more reference to "Eve" than to morn. Try something at "Dewy eve" more congenial to your powers.

COMMENCEMENT AT HARVARD COLLEGE.  
We copy the following from the National Intelligencer:

"Wednesday the 19th July was Commencement at Harvard College, being the 212th anniversary of that venerable Institution. The number of the class just entered is unprecedented. Of ninety-nine candidates offered, eighty-eight were admitted. Hon. Edward Everett was re-elected President. The whole number in the triennial Catalogue is 8369, of whom are marked as deceased 4803, still living 3566. The whole number of the Alumni is 6612, of whom 4339 are deceased, leaving 2273 still living. Number of Clergymen among the Alumni is 1518, of whom 302 are living."

LATEST STRIKE.—During our absence there was a council, or as many in their anger term it, a conspiracy, held by three Ladies, *Proprietors* of as many boarding houses. Its object was a strike for higher duties on the amount of food consumed. As the council was entirely composed of ladies, of course it was not to be kept secret; they are too good judges of *woman* nature for that. This being the fact, and we being personally interested in the matter, we take the responsibility of laying before our readers a full report of the matter. At 9 o'clock, A. M., a large coun-

cil composed entirely of said three ladies, met at the *bird* Hotel. No. 1 was called to the chair, No. 2 appointed secretary; after repeated loud and earnest calls. No. 3 rose, and addressed the meeting in a few brief, yet able and eloquent remarks, showing the vital, and especially pecuniary importance of the meeting. The remarks throughout were very touching. Often as the four dollars were mentioned, loud cries of—hear, hear—go—go on were to be heard from every quarter. No. 3 having concluded, the able and venerable chairman rose and expressed the sentiments of the chair in a few pointed and flowery remarks, calling every moment for immediate action. The sentiments of the chair were as follows: Fellow members! 'tis useless for me to add more to what has been so well said to this large and patriotic body of citizens here in council assembled; yet the deep interest I now feel, and have felt for the last quarter of a century in this matter, forces me to say a few words in behalf of this, *our* glorious cause. Our object, as you well know, is to raise the price of board from forty-six to fifty dollars, per session. 'Tis not money we want, but justice; justice is our motto, and that sweet angel justice shall be our motto so long as we can profit by it; this, fellow members, is a free country. I am for low duties on the quantity purchased, and high duties on quantity consumed, woman's rights, and all other such blessings; so *we* will do as we please about this matter; true, we are told by many that this is the property of the State, and that the State will not let us charge more than forty-six dollars per session. In fact, some say, it is a piece of imposition, but let them say and do what they please, still we have our way about this place.

I for one will advocate this high tariff principle, so long as you noble bird maintains its proud position. And when I cease to do this let its piercing eyes grow

din, and let it fall with ruffled wings into the dust. Here, No. 1 resumed the chair amid thunders of applause from a weeping audience.

On motion of No. 3, the chair appointed Nos. 2 and 3 to draft resolutions. Committee retire. (No. one aside :) I now have 140 boarders, who pay me for ten months, just \$12,880, of which I clear about \$5,600; now if we can only force this thing upon the students we will clear \$8 more on each one, which will add just \$1,120 to my profits. Nice speck that! It makes one rich to think of it. Committee return, and report the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That we, the *bosses* of this burgh, in order to form among ourselves a more per-

fect union, establish justice, ensure our domestic tranquillity, provide for more pocket change, promote our individual welfare, and secure the blessing of a full purse, do give our hearty concurrence to the following resolutions.

*Resolved*, That we will raise the price of board to fifty dollars, and that every student shall pay before taking his second meal.

*Resolved*, That we will credit no student, unless by so doing we may secure a former debt.

*Resolved*, That as we lose by some, it is our right and privilege to make up the loss by charging extra on all.

*Resolved*, That we consider these resolutions in strict accordance with justice.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be posted on our doors, and that each student shall receive a copy of the same, unless the money is forthcoming.

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

No. 7.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH is no more.—The prince of sports—the scholar—the critic. No more the woods and hills and mountains of his beloved Scotland echo his manly voice; her sons no longer hear the words of wisdom from his tongue; no longer cull, with him the lettered page, and know its import. Full of days, beloved and honored he is gone to the house appointed for all living.—The Edinburgh Magazine thus announces his death. “It is one of the painful duties which devolve on those connected with a work like the present, to be called on from time to time to commemorate the removal from this earthly scene, of those by whose original and inventive minds its peculiar character was impressed, or to whose genius and labors in after life it owed its continued influence and reputation.—More than once that melancholy task has been ours, for death has made more than his usual gaps in the ranks of those who were associated with the rise of this Magazine and its early success. But the greatest and most distinguished of that gifted band, whose name has been identified with it from first to last,

had till now been spared;—withdrawn, indeed, for some time from those circles which he had enlightened and adorned—and already surrounded by some shadow of the coming night, but still surviving among us as a link connecting the present and the past, and forming the centre of a thousand sympathizing and reverential associations. He also has at last been gathered to his fellows. Professor Wilson expired at his house in Gloucester place on the morning of the third April, 1854. Born in May, 1785,” &c.

It is with pleasure that we contemplate the literary career of this great man, identified as it is with that of the most distinguished men of the age.—What an interesting field is opened for the writer of biography? What varied themes are offered to his consideration? Who shall undertake to set before us one of the first minds of this age? We hope some one who is equal to the task. Till then we will content ourselves with a pleasant retrospect of some of his literary labours. Here, the first characteristics that strike our attention are a fertile imagination, boldness, originality.

Who would not be the companion of Christopher in his sporting Jacket."—How admirably he develops the sportsman's all absorbing idea. From the time "the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie," until—

"When first the hunter's startling horn is heard  
Upon the golden hill."

All ye worshippers of chaste Dian, listen to Christopher in Fytte first, Fytte second, and Fytte third." Hear him as he reads your heart from its first youthful pit a pats to the more intense throbbings of manhood, and now that he is gone, now when you no longer "gaze with him over the wide circumference of a Highland heaven, calm as the bride's dream of love, or disturbed as the shipwrecked sailor's vision of a storm;" does not his memory come crowding o'er you, causing you to cry out in his own inimitable strain.—"Christopher North, for ever holy be his name! He it was who for ever had at command wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed in the merry—they lightened from the gay glancing of his eyes—and then, all at once, when the one changed its measure, and the other gathered, as it were, a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in intercommunion of spirit, felt to be indeed divine. No secret of pleasure or pain, of joy or grief, of fear or hope, had our heart to withhold or conceal. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections, may we venture to say, with all its virtues. Cataracts—in whose lonesome

thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not by ourselves have faced the spray—in his presence, dinn'd with a merry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air. And as we walked with him along the winding shores, how passing sweet the calm of both blue depths—how magnificent the white crested waves tumbling beneath the black thundercloud. More beautiful because our eyes gazed on it along with his, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, the apparition of the Rainbow! Grandeur in its wildness, that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods, to our ears, because his too listened, the concerto by winds and waves played at midnight when not one star was in the sky." But read for yourselves and behold the wit, humor, pathos, just and beautiful description. This piece will find an echo in the heart of every true lover of nature. It shows a mind teeming with the most beautiful imagery, the most sublime conceptions, a heart fully alive to the genuine feelings of humanity, friendship love and sympathy. Here is a Scot in description, a Byron in feeling. His rural descriptions also are characteristic of a soul that felt while it described. Here we see no strained effort, no miserable attempt of a drawing room dandy to portray what his little soul cannot appreciate. We cannot conceive any thing more contemptible than a two-legged animal torturing himself into ecstasies over the beauties of a landscape. But Christopher's soul is there; he revels amid all its beauties; and this much of the poetic element shines forth in him, making his prose

sometimes stalk majestically along the plain, sometimes take golden pinions, and fly away from earth. But you are ever with him, delighted, enraptured. He enlists your sympathy and unconsciously you are borne along. Take for example the following on the event of May-Day. "Art thou beautiful, as of old, O, wild moorland, silvan, and pastoral Parish! The Paradise in which our spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life—can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful as of old? Though round and round the boundaries in half an hour could fly the flapping dove—though the martens, wheeling to and fro that ivied and wall-flowered ruin of a Castle, central in its own domain, seem in their more distant flight to glance their crescent wings over a vale rejoicing apart in another kirkspin, yet how rich in streams, and rivulets and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur, art thou with thy bold bleak exposure, sloping upwards in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the East? How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and broomy nooks, without number, among thy banks and braes. And then of human dwellings, how rises the smoke ever and anon into the sky, all neighbouring on each other, so that the cock-crow is heard from homestead to homestead—while as you wander onwards, each roof still rises unexpectedly—and as solitary, as if it had been far remote. Fairest of Scotland's thousand parishes neither Highland nor Lowland—but undulating, let us again use the descriptive word, like the sea in sunset after a day of storms—yes, Heaven's blessings be upon thee! Thou

art indeed beautiful as of old." But these isolated extracts will not do him justice. he is so varied, so fruitful that even the whole of his writings will not adequately express the powers of his mind. But there is another characteristic in his descriptions which we have failed to notice elsewhere, and which stamps them for ever on our memories. They are sacred to the actions and the sympathies of humanity. A tale of joy or sorrow causes us to look again, and with more earnestness on the scenery of nature, and through sympathy with the subject we are drawn towards the place; we discover new beauties, new objects of interest, we live and move in the past, and we carry it with us into the future. This is not essential to the justness of description; but let all who would have their descriptions appreciated weave into them one of these heart tales if they would have them impressed on our minds. They are to us the spirit that awakens long forgotten scenes, and spreads them out at will before us. Without them the most gorgeous description would soon fade from our memories. And this borders on another region in the poetic world which few have dared to enter. The sweet "bard of Windermere," is an exception. He first made nature sympathize with man; and when we read him with the understanding we are taught to love our great mother, for we are shown that she loves us. However others may regard this truly great poet we consider his advent as a new era in the world of poetry, and we wish to see him followed by a world of imitators. We love that state of mind essential to comprehend his meaning, and we are

grateful to him who can produce it. Byron sneered at him and then imitated him. "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream" with a vengeance, and now he worships in the temple which he once profaned. Christopher thought him a great poet too, and thus he speaks of him :

Nothing in this life and in this world had he to do, beneath sun, moon, and stars but,

"To murmur by the living brooks,  
A music sweeter than their own."

All men at times muse on nature with a poet's eye, but Wordsworth ever, and his soul has grown more and more religious from such worship.—Every rock is an altar, every grove a shrine." Christopher is not here criticising poetry, but showing that he is a poet himself, and one of the first stamp, had he nourished the "spark divine." But let us turn to his criticisms and see how he deals with the world around him, and also with the works of the past.

The series of papers entitled "Nocte's Ambrosianæ, published in the Edinburgh Magazine contain criticisms on the greater number of the authors of his day ; as well as on many celebrated writers of preceding times. These were contributed from 1821 to 1835. No sketch can adequately set forth the amount of wit and satire, good humor and spirit of these productions. To appreciate them also requires some knowledge of their subjects ; but judging from what we know we may safely assert that they mete equal justice to all. The soul of Christopher disdained to descend among the herd of vulgar critics. Like the proud eagle of his

own mountains he soared above all petty animosities and jealousies ; and extensive learning, acute powers of analysis and a good heart were his guides, and perhaps none ever made so few enemies in the unenviable capacity of a critic. And if the author of Uncle Toby had lived in his day we think he would have revoked his tirade against criticism. "Grant me patience, just Heaven, (says the critic ridden Sterne,) of all the cants which are canted, in this canting world—though the cant of Hypocrates may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." We think the following frank assertion would have placed poor Sterne in good humor for a week—"I am ever compassionate when I see any thing like nature and originality. I do not demand the strength of a Hercules from every man. Let me have an humble love of, and a sincere aspiration after what is great, and I am satisfied.—I am intolerant to nobody but Quacks and Cockneys." A few examples will suffice to show how well he acted on the principles here laid down, and how greatly he adorned the art of true criticism.

And to begin with—here is something about Coleridge that squares with our ideas of that obscurely profound genius. North—Mr. Coleridge. Is he in the habit, Hogg of making the public the confidants of his personal accomplishments? The Shepherd. I cannot tell, for deevil the like o' sic books as his did I ever see wi' my een beneath the blessed light. I'm no speakin o' his poems—but the Freen and the Lay Sermons are aneuch to drive ane to destruction. What's logic?

North.—Upon my honour as a gentleman, I do not know. If I did I would tell you with the greatest pleasure.

The Shepherd.—Weel, weel, Coleridge is aye accusing folk o' haeing no logic. The want o' a' things is owing to the want of logic, it seems. Noo, Mr. North, gin logic be soun reasoning, and I jalouse as much, he has less o't himsel than anybody I ken, for he never sticks to the point two pages; and to tell you the truth I aye feel as I were fuddled after perusing Coleridge. Then he's aye speaking o' himsel, but what he says I never can mak out. Let him stick to his poetry, for, oh! man, he's an unyerthly writer, and gies superstition so beautiful a countenance, that she wiles folk on wi' her, like so many bairns into the flowery but fearfu' wilderness, where sleeping and wauking seem a' ae thing, and the very soul within us wonders what has become o' the every day warld, and asks hersel' what creation is this that wavers and glimmers, and keeps up a bonnie wild musical sough, like that o' swarming bees, spring-startled birds, and the voice of a hundred streams, some wimpling awa' over the Elysian meadows, and ithers roaring at a distance frae the clefts o' mount Aora."—Here are the ideas that have been wandering through our brain of the writings of Coleridge, but we could never clothe them in appropriate language. We are aware how popular the disciples of Coleridge have made his writings, and it is not hard to see what springs they have touched, and with success.

The most absurd doctrines will find advocates who will endeavour to find

some hidden virtue in them, and thus induce men to waste their time and energies on subjects not worthy of a passing notice. Far be it from us to apply this to the writings of Coleridge, for with all his obscurities we occasionally find glimmerings which indeed beamed on us before we saw them in the dark chaos of his imagination, and for the darkness we are indebted to the metaphysicians of Germany. (Query?) What is left to Mr. Coleridge? Not even his boasted logic, according to our worthy friend, Mr. Hogg. But we have copied this as a specimen of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and leave it to the judgment of all candid readers. We always deem it better in considering an author, and holding him forth to the consideration of others to do this, by referring directly to his own opinions expressed in his own language. It is too much the custom of critics to take upon themselves the sole office of passing judgment; and this they do after a hasty perusal which is like galloping over a tract of country to get a correct impression of the scenery, and of the nature of the soil, &c. Then comes a string of high sounding expressions, bearing it is true a remote likeness to the subject, but utterly devoid of those characteristics which a careful perusal of the authors own works display to us. For example, see Gilfillan. There is no better proof of this than the fact that two critics never agree as to one thing. We then turn over our readers, or rather invite them to partake of the rich treasures of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and we think they will have a rich variety of dreams, at least; which may prepare them for the "Dies Boreales," of Chris-

topher under Canvass. And here the soul of Christopher soars throughout the Empyrean of thought. Here unfettered, and strengthened, he delights in the companionship of the mightiest spirits. Ye who have Shakespeare and Milton at your tongue's end, sit with Christopher under Canvass, and see whether you are in the spirit or the letter. How reverently he attends on Milton as the latter sits, as it were, brooding over his great work; and delighted he beholds the great master reduce the chaos to order, beauty. Then with an artist's eye he examines all the parts,

and having finished, transported, he exclaims, it is all very good. With Shakespeare, too, he enters the inner chamber of the heart, and beholds with admiration while the great master points out its imagery.

Oh! ye who have listened to the teachings of this great man, how must your souls have burned within you in sympathy with his, as he made Milton and Shakespeare preach from their own texts, and with their own native eloquence. Long shall his spirit illumine the land of his birth, and distant climes shall acknowledge his merits.

## A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

There is perhaps no region on the face of the earth more interesting to the young Carolinian than the mountains of his native State. Though in grandeur and magnificence they fall far short of the great European, Asiatic, and American ranges, yet in richness of verdure, and loveliness of scenery they are said to be unsurpassed. In a word, one of her most brilliant and talented sons has told us that "North Carolina has a mountain scenery as fair and beautiful as the pencil of nature hath ever sketched in any land."

But be that as it may, the mountains of Carolina present many attractions to the student, when, after the monoto-

nous labor of a Collegiate year, he is just verging from the Freshman into the Sophomore, or from the Sophomore into the Junior; when he can lay aside Mathematics to converse with nature, and drop Thucydides and Horace, to chat with his lady-love. If he wishes to invigorate his body by healthful exercise, and relieve his mind by pleasant recreation, let him spend his summer vacation beyond the Blue Ridge, where deer, bear, buttermilk, honey, and romantic scenery may be found *ad libitum*. But to our subject.

On a fine Monday morning in the latter part of June, a merry company consisting of three ladies, and as many

gentlemen, myself among the number, set out from the valley of the Yadkin for the "Big Mountains." After six or eight miles of level road along the river, we began to ascend the Blue Ridge on a turnpike which has been lately constructed from the head-waters of the Yadkin, across the mountains into Tennessee.

We reached the top of the Ridge about half past six, P. M., and leaving our vehicles walked over to the "Blowing-Rock," about a quarter of a mile from the road, to see the sunset. We were just in time; for the sun was sinking behind the mountains with a glory peculiar to western Carolina.

The "Blowing-Rock" is a jutting cliff overlooking a precipitous gorge, three or four hundred feet deep. It derives its name from a strong current of air that rushes up from the vallies below, when the wind is in a certain direction. Once upon a time, a hunter is said to have thrown a worthless dog over this precipice in order to get rid of him; but to his great surprise, the dog was blown back, and landed in safety at his feet. I will not vouch for this story, but "*they*" say it is true.

We clambered up to the edge of the rock, and a magnificent view burst upon us. Far away to our right lay the Alleghanies. Immediately before us, in a southwesterly direction, the old "Grandfather" reared his rugged head; while to the south and east, the "Black Mountains," "Table Rock," and innumerable intermediate ranges were visible.

As far as the eye can reach, range rises above range till sky and mountains seem to meet.

We sat upon the cliff enjoying this splendid scenery, and listening to the notes of a thousand feathered songsters brought up by the breeze in a volume from the chasms below, till the near approach of night admonished us to seek for lodging; so we returned to our vehicles, and rode a mile or two further to a Mr. Green's. Though the accommodations here are rough, we got a good night's sleep, and rose bright and early next morning. After a day's ride over the mountains, a man does not need a "costly banquet to court his appetite," or "sweet music to soothe his slumbers."

We then left the turnpike, and took the road to Boone, eight miles distant; visiting on our way the "Flat-top," a beautiful mountain, and very easy of access, by way of preparing the ladies for the severer toil that was before them.

We found the view, however, much finer than we had expected.

After wandering for an hour or two over the mossy rocks, and beneath the shady oaks which cover this delightful spot, we descended to the carriages, which had been left in the road, and addressed ourselves with a hearty good will, to the contents of a certain basket, carried along by way of "internal improvement." The ladies did their part manfully; and it was really astonishing to see how the fair creatures did make the bacon fly. After satisfying "the keen demands of appetite" we set off, leaving Boone to our left, and took the road to Jefferson, the county town of Ashe.

A ride of fifteen or twenty miles brought us to a Mr. Dobbin's on Elk

Creek, one of the tributaries of New River. Here we spent the night, intending next day to visit the "Big Bald" and "Elk Knob," distant only a few miles.

If any of our readers should take a trip into these regions, we advise them to put up at Mr. Dobbin's; he is a very clever man, and has a more commodious house than can generally be found in that part of Ashe.

Next morning, according to previous arrangement, we set out to spend the day on the "Big Bald" and "Elk Knob," Mr. Dobbin kindly furnishing us with saddles, and going along as guide. After proceeding half a mile, the road became exceedingly steep and rough. Our ladies, however, were not to be intimidated by trifling obstacles, but pushed boldly on over logs and through the bushes, until we reached a table-land of several hundred acres, covered with a beautiful growth of oaks, where we stopped to rest, and admire the beauties of nature in the shape of some very fine cattle, that seemed to be enjoying the shade as much as ourselves. After leaving this table-land, we came out into an extensive prairie covering the top of the mountain we had been ascending, and giving it the name of "Bald."

At first we could see only the tops of the surrounding mountains, but as we ascended they seemed to rise out as it were, and when we reached the top where there was nothing at all to obstruct the view, they stood out in all their magnificence around us. But it would be folly for me to attempt a description of the scenery from this point. I can only say that it is magnificent, and if any of my readers will go up west next

summer, and look at it for themselves, they will agree with me.

After spending an hour here very pleasantly, and regaling ourselves with some very fine strawberries, which, by the way, were not quite ripe, though it was the 29th of June; we descended and crossed over the Elk Knob about two miles distant, and several hundred feet higher than the "Bald." We rode within half a mile of the top, and stopping at a noble spring that bursts out of the mountainside at an elevation of several thousand feet above the surrounding country, we paid our respects to the aforementioned basket, every one of the party doing full justice to its contents, except one poor fellow, who from some unaccountable cause had entirely lost his appetite.

The water in particular was very delightful; so very cold that it would make one's fingers ache to hold them in it half a minute. I am certain it was colder than any ice-water I ever drank at Chapel Hill.

Dinner over, we set off on foot and reached the top of "Elk Knob" in about half an hour, stopping occasionally as we ascended, on the green grass beneath a rugged cliff, to rest and look out upon the scenery around. On the highest part of the summit grows a solitary beech that looks as if it had been beaten by the storms of a hundred winters. It is said that many years ago, an old man named Ferguson, preached beneath this beech to a numerous congregation; and never was the Almighty worshipped in a more gorgeous temple. Here, his own hand has "hewn the shaft" and "laid the architrave," and "framed the lofty vault."

Far away to the northwest lie the Cumberland mountains, that separate Virginia from Kentucky, and about eighty miles nearer, the Smoky mountains, the dividing line between North Carolina and Tennessee. Northward are the White top, and a number of other mountains in Virginia; the pinnacle of the Pilot is just visible to the northeast; and eastward lies the Blue-Ridge, stretching away northeasterly as far as the eye can reach. On the southeast the ragged peaks of the Grandfather rise high above the surrounding ranges, while to the south are a long line of blue mountaintops that seem to melt away into the horizon.

The most prominent feature of the view is the Snake mountain, six miles southwest. The top of it is on the line between this State and Tennessee, which makes a great elbow at this point.

We enjoyed ourselves finely here for an hour or two, and then began to descend, "whereby hangs a tale."

One of our company, whom we have before mentioned as having lost his appetite, was escorting one of the young ladies, and for some reason or other, these two were far behind the rest. The path was very steep and precipitous, but our hero assured the lady that if she would be patient, and content to follow his directions, he would bring her down in safety.

The fair creature, however, wishing to be independent of him and his attentions, disregarded his advice, and was getting along as best she could, without his assistance, when lo! her foot slipped, and down she went with a vengeance. She would no doubt have been in grievous plight in a few seconds, had not the

gallant youth sprung forward and caught her just as she was about to tumble over a precipice! It is no doubt easier to conceive than to describe his feelings, especially when we remember that the lady, though quite angelic in feature, form, and character, was no feather in weight, insomuch that she had well nigh dragged him over with her. This, however, only added to the romantic nature of the exploit. After a hearty laugh she recovered herself, and a few minutes thereafter we reached the spring, took a parting draught, and remounting, returned to Mr. Dobbin's, having enjoyed as much pleasure as generally falls to the lot of mortals within the same length of time.

We set off next morning, and after a rough ride, and a deal of trouble with a "balky team," reached Jefferson at two o'clock. We visited the Negro mountain on the same evening, and returned to Jefferson before dark, after meeting with several adventures, illustrative of the inconvenience of long dresses on a mountain trip, which we have not time to relate.

The top of the Negro is a mile and a half from the village, and the ascent is steep and difficult. But few down-the-country fair ones could have walked up there and back after three o'clock in the evening. Our ladies, however, were a great way ahead of most of their sex, not only in this particular, but also in many others.

Early in the morning of the thirty-first we set out for Wilkesboro', and no sooner had we descended the blue ridge, than we perceived a very great difference of temperature. While the thermometer had stood between 96° and

100° during the past week, at Wilkesboro', we had been setting by fires and sleeping under blankets every night in Ashe. We returned to the "Happy Valley" on the first of July, having been absent just a week.

The pleasure of this trip was greatly enhanced by the presence of the ladies, and more especially by the company of a young lawyer who was one of our

number, and of whom I may truly say that he is a man of fine talents, fine education, fine taste, and in a word, a most delightful companion. We repeat then, that if a student of the University wishes to improve his health, mental, moral, and physical, let him visit the mountains of North Carolina.

NED EYESOPEN —.

## THE RUINS OF CENTRAL AMERICA—A DREAM.

"I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour."

BYRON.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., }  
April 30, 1854. }

Methought I stood in a densely wooded vale. The moon whose pale face is ever covered with a smile pervaded with its mellow rays the scene. The little stars peeped with innocent curiosity through the green foliage of the majestic monarchs of the forest. All was still, save, ever and anon, a gentle zephyr played caressingly with the leaves, as it passed softly by. A zephyr did I say? Perhaps it might have been some lonely spirit, whose privilege it was, to revisit earth, and dwell among the ruins among which I stood—and frightened at my appearance had be-

trayed its presence in that manner. Before me, and standing nearly erect, a huge Idol whose only temple was the overlapping arms of two huge trees standing near; caught my attention.—Around its base, blocks, chapiters, pillars, and slabs upon whose surface numerous curiously wrought figures were traced, were scattered in wild confusion, and not far distant the outline of a temple could be faintly seen. Did I say all was still. No, the little cricket chirped playfully in the grass and leaves; the whippoorwill sent forth in measured notes its plaintive song—while near by the nightingale sang the requiem of departed grandeur. From the remains

of the temple the moans of the "grey-eyed" owl, was heard—and occasionally the presaging croak of the raven was borne to my ears, as onward he wheeled his solitary course. I stood astounded. The grim Idol before me seemed with its leaden gaze to transfix me to the spot. And with my imagination already fevered, I fancied I saw spirits fitting among the trees, or lingering about the ivy-clad ruins of the temple. Exhausted, I seated myself upon an oval stone and viewed with silent awe the deathlike scene.

Soon a sound as of one walking came to my ear. Presently I espied a bending form supported by a staff, approaching the statue. Upon his back he carried a small bag or wallet, and emptying its contents upon a rough-hewn stone altar in front of the image, with uncovered head knelt in worship. He prayed long and fervently in a strange language. Arising and turning toward me, with countenance upturned to the moon, he bent in adoration. What he then worshipped I knew not.—Perhaps it was the invisible spirit, or more likely the moon and stars. His features half covered with a long, grey beard, betokened a calm bosom :

"O resignation! yet unsung,  
Untouched by former strains  
Though claiming every muse's smile  
And every poet's pains."

A more christian-like resignation never sat upon mortal countenance, and I felt as if I were in the presence of some old patriarch as I crouched in awe and conscious inferiority. His devotions being ended, with faltering steps he returned without intimating any

knowledge of my presence—I was lost in meditation. Blind Pagan! thought I, how faithfully dost thou worship gods of stone! How reverentially dost thou bend in adoration to the moon and stars! Were it thy privilege, with how much zeal wouldst thou enlist in the cause of the most High. Old man return! Tell me why thou worshipped that block of stone; tell me why thy god is protected by no temple? and why do not thousands present their offerings at the same altar? Art thou the last of this God's worshippers?—Old man I would that thou wouldst return; my questions are innumerable.

Thus my crazed mind was pondering. The hour of twelve had arrived. I raised my eyes toward heaven, for I heard a loud noise. The silvery lustre of the moon was dimmed and the little stars hid their faces, and as Æneas with his fugitive host, stood astounded, when

—"Subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus ad-  
sunt,  
Harpyiæ, et magnis quatunt clangoribus  
alas;"

so sat I, as I beheld a heavenly being drawing near. Perching upon a lofty tree, above the Idol the Genius piercingly eyed me. I should have melted before her sight had not her cheering voice thus addressed me. That silvery voice echoed far and wide. The cricket hid in the rubble, the owl ceased his hootings, and the whippoorwill and nightingale flew to their hiding-places. "Young man I heard your inquiry.—My name is Onar. The Almighty has made me the guardian angel of these ruins, and while reposing upon yonder mountain I heard your prayer, and that

of the old man whose humble offering is before thee, and am now in thy presence prepared to answer thy many questions. The task you have imposed upon me is an arduous one, but I am commanded to answer in the name of Him who placed me here. Come with me, O fortunate youth! and I will show thee wonders." So saying, Onar approached me, and upon touching me I became lighter than air. Upward I ascended. Up, up I went until mountains dwindled into mole-hills—up, up I ascended until the earth itself appeared as a large map spread out at my feet. I could trace the boundaries of North and South America, while the Atlantic and Pacific dotted with islands lay spread out like a sea of molten silver far and wide. I could see nothing but black and white as one sees upon the surface of the moon. The earth appeared to be a great luminary, resembling in brightness the moon, being however a great deal larger.

Onar who had proceeded thus far in silence, suddenly turned, and discovering my astonishment thus addressed me, "yon bright spot between North and South America, as thou well knowest, is the gulf of Mexico, and that broad expanse of waters to the west, whose surface is as still as the breeze that gently kisses its surface, is the great Pacific. That range of dots which extends to the northward, is the Rocky Mountain range, and the dots extending southward, the continuation of the same, is the Andes. The bright sheet of water which thou seest immediately beneath us is lake Nicaragua, and the mountain situated upon its western shore is Momotombita. Thither would I direct

your attention." Touching my eyes gently, my sight became intensely acute. I could discern the smallest objects. The Idol which I had just left I could plainly see. The inhabitants like ants appeared here and there—I was thus musing in mute amazement, when suddenly I was blinded, and descending lit upon Momotombita. Here touching my eyes and ears Onar bade me look and hear.

Shall I attempt to describe the scene which then was spread out before me? Words are inadequate. Instead of dreariness and scarcity which hitherto met the view, freshness and plentitude pervaded the scene. Where before the bewildered traveller traced with difficulty a ruined city, *then* splendid cities dotted the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific. The inland country too was densely populated; vessels plowed the waters of the lake below us. A large city sprang into existence at the foot of the mountain on which we sat. Along the coasts I saw vessels laden with rich merchandise. The cities were in busy commotion. I saw thousands wending heir way in busy concourse through their well-laid out streets, &c., &c. The sign of the merchant was plainly seen, while the sound of the axe and the hammer was borne commingled with the song of wassail and festivity to my ears, a sure index of prosperity and happiness. Directing my attention to the magnificent city beneath me, I soon found many things of interest, being able to discern objects more accurately. Everything betokened a city enjoying all the blessings of good government. I noticed many large buildings which I supposed to be temples, which was soon confirm-

ed. At particular times thousands would assemble about them, and "a noise as of many waters," ascended to heaven as they worshipped. I noticed a temple standing in the midst of the city, surpassing in size and magnificence all the rest, and upon its top stood a chapel, where as Onar told me, an Idol stood. But what surprised me most was, that notwithstanding the great number of idols distributed throughout the city each of which had its worshippers, *this* one should command *universal* attention. The power was given me to see the inmost recesses of these temples, but my undivided attention was directed to the small chapel—small when compared with the building on which it stood. A huge image painted red, and magnificently decorated, was standing at one end. An altar stood immediately in front of the image, upon which I observed a platter filled with some fleshy substance. I observed also something of the same character in the mouth of the idol. Near by, I remarked, an oval stone, upon which a long, crooked red knife was lying. Examining things more closely, I soon discovered that what I had supposed to be paint, was blood, that the platter was filled with hearts, that the knife was stained with blood. Presently several priests with hair clotted with blood and wearing long dark colored robes entered the chapel. Mute with astonishment I turned to Onar inquiringly. Hold says she: Things will explain themselves.

Suddenly a sound broke upon my ear. A murmur as a dark cloud rose upward. A low, muttering sound was heard deep in the bowels of the earth. I looked

toward the Atlantic, and a strange vessel hove in sight. Those on board were of a white complexion. I saw them land—I saw the Indian take the viper into his bosom with friendly innocence. I saw the cross planted upon the shore, while the simple native stood and mutely gazed. I saw the captain, whose name was Bigot, accompanied with Fanaticism, enter the temples, and soon returning to their followers. I saw by their actions that they were exasperated. I heard them harrangue and exhort the crew, and when they ended a loud acclamation of applause rent the heavens. With one accord they rushed into the temples, and with sacrilegious hands, the gods of the poor Indian were thrown from their pedestals, and the priests themselves murdered. The temples were laid in ashes, and the cross planted upon their smouldering ruins. Here my musings were interrupted by Onar, who spake as follows :

"Young man ! I see that thou art astounded. Yonder ships are from Spain. Those are Spaniards who have entered the temples, and hurled the gods of the Indian, and their shrine into one common ruin. They are Roman Catholics, as might have been readily inferred from the crosses which they have erected; yes, they have insulted the gods of the natives and wish to force upon them a strange religion—the religion of the cross. Mark you, a storm rises in the east. See yonder black cloud. It is hovering over the intruders, and shortly bursting, will rain its poisonous contents upon their avaricious heads.—Look, as thick as the Egyptain locusts the Indians assemble, arrayed in all their simple panoply of war. Now,

they fall upon the white man—overwhelming numbers carry the day. The Spaniards are surrounded—are taken prisoners of war. The cross is hurled into the sea, the ships are sacked and burned. Look, young man, things will explain themselves.”

As the thunder of the storm-cloud rolls threateningly across the heavens after the contents have been discharged, but at last dies away, and naught is seen or heard save the desolation in its pathway—so did this commotion at last subside. A mighty wave had, however, flowed and reflowed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Mexico to Peru, casting up as it swept the very dregs of vengeance.

I looked down upon the city before me, and beheld a small troop approaching the gate. Some five or six captives are borne along, bound hand and foot, exhausted and pale. They enter, amid the hideous yells of their fellow beings, for the intelligence of their approach had preceded them. The priests rushed from the temples, with hair clotted with warm blood, and brandishing knives over their heads. Rushing into the dense multitude, I expected to see them reek their vengeance upon the defenseless bodies of the Spaniards, but to my utter astonishment they withheld the bloody knife. Can it be possible, thought I, that they, touched with a sense of pity, have determined to spare the wretched captives? Can it be that God has taken the part of the adventurous Christian, and melted the hearts of these demons into compassion? Is it possible that the superstitious Indian, awed by the presence of a superior being has halted to *adore*, and not to

murder? No, no. Towards the lofty temple before-mentioned, the priests with their charge, wend their way, the multitude following. Now, the priests are wending their way up the spiral ascent of the temple, and now as the thunder of applause rises from below, the victims are placed upon the top.—The altar and the oval stone, the usual accompaniments of the idols of Central America, are there. Lost in wonder and amazement, Onar breaks the silence, “See now the cause of the overthrow of this great nation. See now why it is that you Idol, *once* blindly adored by thousands, is now neglected and unknown. See why it is that the good of war—the Mars of the Indian and his temple—lie buried in one common grave of oblivion. See, O man! how it is that man works his own destruction.” Her words were succeeded by a low bellowing sound, deep in the bowels of the earth. The volcanoes gave forth a blacker smoke, and the heavens grew darker. But look, led by two priests, a prisoner, as naked as when first he saw the light, was placed with face upward, upon the oval stone. Two held fast his hands, while two others secured his legs. A fifth plunged the murderous blade into the breast of the victim. Ripped with one blow, the heart lay bare, but as quick as exposed, was plucked from its cell, and hurled, yet palpitating, into the face of the grim Idol. The body, still heaving in the throes of death, was thrown over the precipitous wall, which as soon as it touched the earth, was devoured with wolfish ferocity by the hellish multitude below. A trembling was felt. The mountains belched forth more furiously

the livid element. The sea was agitated. Black thunder clouds hovered lazily around the summits of the mountains. In a word, nature frowned upon the horrid scene.

Another, and another victim was sacrificed; until the last was hurled in the agonies of death, to the bottom of the tower, to be devoured by the savages. So intensely were they occupied with their infernal ceremonies, that no one perceived the symptoms of the coming earthquake. It was not until the last Christian had been slaughtered, and the murderous hand found no further employment, that the blood thirsty savages were led to notice the war which the elements were preparing to wage against them.

"Look," said Onar, "God is angry. The christain has been sacrificed upon a pagan altar, to appease a pagan god.— See, circumstances will explain themselves."

The heavens grew darker and darker, the thunder in the bowels of the earth roared louder and louder, and struggling to give vent to their murmurings, mountains tottered on their broad bases; the sea receded from the shore, the earth gaped and great chasms were filled with the confused heaps of the living, the dying and the dead. Mountains which had hitherto slept, awoke and streams of lava, glittering in the murky darkness, ran serpent-like down their sides burying populous cities which stood at their bases, in a grave of sulphurous fire. The darkness was so intense that notwithstanding my extraordinary acuteness of vision, I could not see, but as ever and anon the thunders hushed, I heard a wild cry, as it went

upward, as of thousands perishing in despair below. Meanwhile the mountain on whose snow-clad summit we sat, insensible to heat or cold, began to nod as the fragile trees at its base. The snow of centuries began to melt, and on a sudden the top dropped from beneath us, and left us in mid heaven. A huge chaldron foamed and roared far beneath us, and as the flames rose high, giving a bright light, I saw the lofty temple reel and totter as a drunken man, the war-god of the Indian tumble head-long from its summit, and falling in a nearly erect position, remain firm, a mute monument of the superstitious Indian. Bewildered with such scenes, I was thus addressed by Onar. "To-day," curious young man, "Montezuma hath fallen, and with him the Mexican gods; to-morrow the Inca of Peru shall also fall, and his gods be buried in the dust. Verily, verily the cross is mighty. Before it the gods of the Heathen cannot stand—and the worshipper and the worshipped must be heaped in the same great overthrow."

"A change came over the spirit of my dream." The storm and earthquake had passed away. The moon again shone in all her wonted splendor from the zenith. The little stars again blushing peeped forth and smiled upon the change. The two venerable oaks stood before me, and the grim Idol stood beneath their boughs, and I thunderstruck was reclining upon the oval stone upon which I had just seen the Spaniards sacrificed. The gentle Onar was still perched upon the tree, and changing the tenor of her voice she addressed me somehow thus:

"Curious fool, you know now the

cause of the destruction of the Indian Empire—you now know *why* and *how*, these mighty temples have crumbled into dust, and how it is, that that almost totally neglected Idol has survived the wreck. You now see why it is that thousands do not bow before him. The mysteries of a new religion have been introduced into the country. The Indian is forced to kneel at a strange altar, and worship an unknown god. He is forced to perform the rites of a religion unmeaning and mysterious to himself, In a word, the dominion of the Pope is built upon the ruins of the temples of the heathen. Where once the peaceful rule and simple worship of the Indian prevailed, the fanatical bigotry of Roman Catholicism undermines the energies of an already degen-

erate people, and obliterates every source of political or religious freedom.

Vain youth, thy curiosity is sated.— Now thou canst boast of thy knowledge, but only for a moment. Upon the stone on which thou sittest thousands have been sacrificed to that Idol, and upon it thou shalt also be slaughtered to avenge your curiosity, and appease the divinity of the place. Thy last moment has arrived; prepare to meet thy God." So saying Onar raised the self-same crooked knife, while a spell held me fast to the rock. Now the blade glittered in the moon-beams, and as swift as lightning I saw it speeding its way to my heart. I shrieked aloud and awoke. The College bell had rung, and I had "snapped" prayers.

CONFUCIUS.

A. S. B.

## MOSES' VISIT TO RALEIGH.

Have you ever, Messrs. Editors, visited the city of oaks; and, if so, were you not bored before you left it? But why should I ask such silly questions? of course you have been there, and of course you experienced the exquisite torture of a boring; for I have never yet known a stranger to go there, who did not have the blues before the day had passed, and who did not come away applying sundry epithets to the place, which would not bear repeating.

In fact, one does not understand the full meaning of the word "bored" until he visits Raleigh. He may have a vague notion of it, but a sojourn of one day, or even half a day there, will unfold its meaning to him in all its perfections. It is a mystery to me how young gentlemen of leisure can endure the monotony of a Raleigh life, but I presume we can find the philosophy of it in the answer a Paddy once made to a friend, who was going to be hung,

"faith Patrick an' its nothing when you get used to it."

There is, to me, something inexpressibly gloomy in the appearance of the whole place. The people seem to live and move in a sort of a waveless calm; and the dont-care-to-do-anything look of every body he meets, tells the stranger immediately that he is in the land of old Rip. But, Messrs. Editors, let me give you a little personal experience by way of illustration.

Last session the Faculty were kind enough to grant me *leave of absence* for two weeks; and, as I had never visited Raleigh, I determined to pass my holidays there.

The shades of night were gathering over the city as I rode in; and, while rolling along the street, my heart beat high with joy at the idea of being in Raleigh. I thought of what a glorious vision would burst upon my view on the morrow, and sighed because the long hours of night postponed my anticipated pleasure.

Morning finally came, and I sat out on a stroll through the city, but with a considerable degree of reluctance; because I was unprovided either with a guide-book or a ciceroni, and, you know, Messrs. Editors, that persons in a similar situation, sometimes get lost in a city. Whatever fears I may have had as to that, however, were soon allayed. I visited the capitol and wandered through its stately aisles and capacious apartments; and, I must confess to having been very much pleased with its appearance. From the capitol I strolled on down the street until I came to St. Mary's. Then I felt amply rewarded for my prolonged walk.

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It was a bright sunny morning; the murmur of the gentle breeze, and the carols of feathered warblers, made the surrounding groves vocal with sweet music; and the young ladies, wooed forth perhaps by the beauties of blushing spring, or in obedience to some Draconian law, were promenading through the grove and looking, of course, as sweetly as the bright May morning. I recognized some familiar faces among the passing groups, but I dared not enter the enclosure for I knew that within the railing was sacred ground. So, I like the

"Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood disconsolate;  
And as I listen'd to the springs  
Of life within like music flowing,  
I sigh'd to think my recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place."

For you know, Messrs. Editors, we students were once allowed to enter there; but, on account of a too frequent indulgence, the privilege was taken away. Like imprudent children who, when they get hold of anything sweet, are prone to indulge to an excess.

After feasting my eyes for some time upon the beauties of St. Mary's, I turned again into the city, and then it was I began to pass through the ordeal of a genuine bore—a Raleigh nightmare. I wandered all over the city in search of some antidote for the horrors; but, it was no use, the same old bore was every where. I returned to the hotel in perfect torture. Ah, thought I, now, I have it. I can soon become oblivious to these dull scenes in the soothing embrace of slumber. I retired to my chamber, and was ere long wandering in the land of dreams, but all its scenes too were robbed in darkness.

I dreamed that I was taken sick, and after a lingering illness of many months, I died.

Away through the ethereal realms my soul winged its speedy flight, and finally fluttered at the gates of Heaven. Father Abraham stood guarding the portal of massive gold, and, from him, I humbly craved admittance.

"Whence do you come," said he.

"From Raleigh, N. C., situated upon the planet earth," I replied.

"From Raleigh," said he in deep thought, "Raleigh, Raleigh! I've never heard of the place before." "But let me see," continued he, drawing an immense map of the world from his bosom, and carefully examining it. "No! there is no such place known here, or it would certainly have been laid down on this map. I am afraid, my friend, you are an impostor. You can not enter here, but yonder is a broad and much travelled road which will lead you where you will be admitted.

"I am not a resident of Raleigh," answered I, "but being accidentally there I was taken sick and died. It is hard, therefore, that I should be turned away from the abodes of bliss, because I died in a city, which is, unfortunately, not known to you. After a long and deliberate survey of the circumstances,

and, upon my reiterated assertion that there was such a place as Raleigh, he finally said:

*As you are the first who ever applied for admittance here from Raleigh you may enter."*

The golden gates of Paradise swung back upon their noiseless hinges; the fragrance of sweet flowers and the music of angel choirs, were borne through upon spicy gales; and with "joy, joy forever" upon my lips I prepared to enter: but, ere the glorious vision of Paradise burst upon me in all its splendor, I woke and found myself in—Raleigh.

Messrs. Editors, I am not disposed to be superstitious, but this dream was so strange, so like a warning, that I became alarmed. I jumped upon the first stage that came along, reckless of where it carried me, provided it placed me beyond the confines of Raleigh, and when the last spire faded away in the dim distance, I felt as if a load were off me.

I speak, Messrs. Editors, of Raleigh from the experience of a stranger, for I went there totally unacquainted with any one. Perhaps had it been otherwise I would have been well pleased, and I hope that I shall be able some day to visit it under better auspices.

MOSES.

## “UNCLE MOREAU.”

The town of Wilmington, though of much commercial importance to the good State of North Carolina, cannot boast of many notable personages, and is wofully destitute of “lions.” Perhaps it may strike some strangely, and others ludicrously, that many persons inquire with most apparent interest, or at least curiosity, after the venerable coloured man whose name stands at the head of this article. The reason of this we will attempt to disclose by a short sketch of his life.

“Uncle Moreau” is now well stricken in years, being, according to his own account, eighty-four years of age. He was born in eastern Africa, upon the banks of the Senegal River. His name, originality was Umeroh. His family belonged to the tribe of Foutahs, whose chief city was Foutah. The story that he was by birth a prince of his tribe, is unfounded. His father seems to have been a man of considerable wealth, owning as many as seventy slaves, and living upon the proceeds of their labour. The tribes living in eastern Africa are engaged almost incessantly in predatory warfare, and in one of these wars the father of Moreau was killed. This occurred when he was about five years old, and the whole family were immediately taken by an uncle to the town of Foutah. This uncle appears to have been the chief minister of the King or

Ruler of Foutah. Here Moreau was educated, that is, he was taught to read the Koran (his tribe being Mohame-dans) to recite certain forms of prayer, and the knowledge of the simpler forms of Arithmetic. So apt was he to learn, that he was soon promoted to a mastership, and for ten years taught the youth of his tribe all that they were wont to be taught, which was for the most part, lessons from the Koran. Those barbarians did not think, like the more enlightened States, of excluding their sacred books from their schools.

After teaching for many years, Moreau resolved to abandon this pursuit and become a trader, the chief articles of trade being salt, cotton cloths, &c. While engaged in trade, some event occurred, which he is very reluctant to refer to, but which resulted in his being sold into slavery. He was brought down the coast, shipped for America, in company with only two who could speak the same language, and was landed at Charleston in 1807, just a year previous to the final abolition of the slave trade. He was soon sold to a citizen of Charleston, who treated him with great kindness, but who, unfortunately for Moreau, died in a short time. He was then sold to one who proved to be a harsh cruel master, exacting from him labour which he had not the strength to perform. From him Mo-

reau found means to escape, and after wandering nearly over the State of South Carolina, was found near Fayetteville in this State. Here he was taken up as a runaway, and placed in the jail. Knowing nothing of the language as yet, he could not tell who he was, or where he was from, but finding some coals in the ashes, he filled the walls of his room with piteous petitions to be released, all written in the Arabic language. The strange characters, so elegantly and correctly written by a runaway slave, soon attracted attention, and many of the citizens of the town visited the jail to see him.

Through the agency of Mr. Mumford, then Sheriff of Cumberland county, the case of Moreau was brought to the notice of Gen. Jas. Owen, of Bladen county, a gentleman well known throughout this commonwealth for his public services, and always known as a man of generous and humane impulses. He took Moreau out of jail, becoming security for his forthcoming if called for, and carried him with him to his plantation in Bladen county. For a long time his wishes were baffled by the meanness and the cupidity of a man who had bought the runaway at a small price from his former master, until at last he was able to obtain legal possession of him, greatly to the joy of Moreau. Since then, for more than forty years, he has been a trusted and indulgent servant.

At the time of his purchase by Gen. Owen, Moreau was a staunch Mohammedan, and the first year at least kept the fast of Rhamadan, with great strictness. Through the kindness of some friends, an English translation of the

Koran was procured for him, and read to him, often with portions of the Bible. Gradually he seemed to lose his interest in the Koran, and to show more interest in the sacred Scriptures, until finally he gave up his faith in Mohammed, and became a believer in Jesus Christ. He was baptized by Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, of the Presbyterian Church in Fayetteville, and received into the church. Since that time he has been transferred to the Presbyterian Church in Wilmington, of which he has long been a consistent and worthy member. There are few Sabbaths in the year in which he is absent from the house of God.

Uncle Moreau is an Arabic scholar, reading the language with great facility, and translating it with ease. His pronunciation of the Arabic is remarkably fine. An eminent Virginia scholar said, not long since, that he read it more beautifully than any one he ever heard, save a distinguished savant of the University of Halle. His translations are somewhat imperfect, as he never mastered the English language, but they are often very striking. We remember once hearing him read and translate the twenty-third psalm, and shall never forget the earnestness and fervour which shone in the old man's countenance, as he read of the going down into the dark valley, and using his own broken English said, "Me, no fear, master's with me there." There were signs in his countenance and in his voice, that he knew not only the words, but felt the blessed power of the truth they contained.

Moreau has never expressed any wish to return to Africa. Indeed he has always manifested a great aversion to it

when proposed, changing the subject as soon as possible. When Dr. Jonas King, now of Greece, returned to this country from the East, he was introduced in Fayetteville to Moreau. Gen. Owen observed an evident reluctance on the part of the old man to converse with Dr. King. After some time he ascertained that the only reason of his reluctance was his fear that one who talked so well in Arabic might have been sent by his own countryman to reclaim him, and carry him again over the sea. After his fears were removed he conversed with Dr. King with great readiness and delight.

He now regards his expatriation as a great Providential favour. "His coming to this country," as he remarked to the writer, "was all for good." Mohammedanism has been supplanted in his heart by the better faith in Christ Jesus, and in the midst of a christian family, where he is kindly watched over and in the midst of a church which honors him for his consistent piety.— He is gradually going down to that dark valley, in which, his own firm hope is, that he will be supported and led by the hand of the Great Master, and from which he will emerge into the brightness of the perfect day.

## NATURAL BRIDGE.

Among the great curiosities of the world is the Natural Bridge. Neither Art nor Nature has elsewhere produced an object more worthy of careful consideration and ardent admiration. For, though it was evidently formed by nature, yet *how* and *when* are questions not easily solved. They demand the attention of every Naturalist. The time and manner of its formation might throw a "flood of light" on the natural history of the world.

Such being the interesting nature of this subject, it does not become me to undertake it, when scientific men can form no reasonable conjecture concerning the questions which obviously will

arise from its consideration. However, I shall not venture to enter upon a scientific account of its formation. But though I forfeit all claim to this view of the subject, yet it may be not uninteresting to pen a few disconnected ideas of a rambling student, for the purpose of publication.

A few miles above the gap in the Blue Ridge, through which James' river crosses the mountains, in Rockbridge county, is the Natural Bridge. The county takes its name from the bridge. It is near the centre of Virginia. To describe it in such a manner, that a person, who never saw it, may have an accurate idea of its appearance, the pen

of the poet is better fitted than mine. However, I shall endeavor to give a rough outline (more *rough*, I fear, than the reality) of its general appearance together with its dimensions.

The Natural Bridge is suspended (if I may use the term) over a small run called Cedar Creek. Its dimensions are variously stated. The least are these: from the run to the arch it is 165 feet; to the top of the bridge 200, making a thickness of 35 feet. It is 65 long and 45 wide. The bridge is solid, massive rock, curved somewhat in the shape of a self-supporting bridge, forming a beautiful arch. The public road leads directly over it. A very imperfect view can be had from the top of the bridge. Almost any traveler would pass over without seeing it unless observing very closely. But go down a little below the bridge and what a grand view presents itself to the eye! 200 feet above your head, what a beautiful arch! all solid rock and as smooth as if Art had been at work since the beginning of time. From the arch to the creek, the sides are almost perpendicular, and present the same finished and polished appearance displayed in the arch. Then the natural disorder of the rocks below the bridge, and wildness of the surrounding scenery, compared with the art-like appearance of the arch above, almost entrance the mind and lead it away to the great Creator of the Universe. Nor does the eye or mind become surfeited with one or two views of this grand work of Nature. New beauties are discovered every visit. It is no easy task to pen all the creations of the fancy and creatures of the imagination that spontaneously arise at the first

sight. The grandness and sublimity of the scene infuse into every one a delightful feeling mingled with a degree of awe, which disposes the mind, to refer the workmanship of the whole directly to Nature's god. This very feeling without the aid of close observation, alone seems conclusively to preclude every idea of art in the formation of the bridge. If, then, the bridge was formed by Nature, *how* and *when*? It is almost useless to ask these questions.— For the mind having conjured a host of extravagant theories, arrives at no real result at last. But, as they will and *must* arise in the mind of every one, however, indisposed to be meditative, it may not be amiss to give the impressions of an idle rambler and fellow student. These, then, were my ideas, as they occurred at the first sight.

I surveyed attentively the bridge, arch, run and rocks below. The large rocks and fragments of rock and on its banks suggest one idea. They evidently, to all appearance, fell from above. If they did, the bridge could not have existed since the creation of the world. It must once have been nothing but a solid rock on the surface of the earth, with no chasm or cleft under it. The creek at first began to run over the rock, but by and by, having worked its way under it, in the process of time gradually washed a larger and deeper passage until at length the smaller rocks being undermined gave away and fell down. These, bringing all the loose dirt and soil away, left the solid rock, which now forms the bridge, standing. But viewing it from an other standpoint, I came to the conclusion it could not have been formed in this way. The

chasm or cleft above and below the bridge was much larger and extended to a considerable distance. I could not reconcile this with the formation of the bridge by the run. It is not probable or possible that the small creek could wash such a cleft—valley I may say—as there is above and below the bridge. How then was it formed? By an earthquake? No; for though it is conceivable that an earthquake may have rent the earth open—making a cleft 200 feet deep, yet it seems not only improbable but impossible that a solid rock should be left over the chasm—as if to hold its rent sides together. How, then, was it formed? Fancy transported me back to the days of the diluvian world to seek for the agency employed in the workmanship of the bridge. I thought that it was effected in some way or other by the deluge. But as neither the fancy nor imagination could suggest any plausible mode, this idea was as soon abandoned as conceived.

So the mind, indulging in fruitless speculations, continues to suggest idea after idea about the date and manner of formation of the Natural Bridge, but arrives at no conclusion, except that it is very probable it was formed some time since the creation of the world.—But be it made as it was, there are certainly few greater natural curiosities in the world. About the middle of the arch, there is a large eagle, naturally formed with outspread wings. It seems to have been made by the moss accidentally growing in that shape. Under one wing there is a lion crouching as if subdued. The lion seems to be firmly imprinted or cut in the rock. Only its head can be clearly or distinctly seen.

The mane is rather indistinct. The rest of his body appears to be covered by the eagle's wing. The body of the eagle entire, can be distinctly seen, except its head and bill. It is much larger than the lion. This is the most singular and unaccountable fact about the bridge. There seems to be no doubt or question about the manner in which the eagle and lion were made. Both naturally. The one appears to be the result of moss growing on the arch in that particular shape, whilst the other looks as if it was imprinted or cut out. But if they came there naturally, when? Perhaps before the revolutionary war. The lion is the device of England, the eagle of the United States. The device of England's royal ensign is cowering as if the American eagle had just uttered one of her loudest shrieks of independence. Is this typical of the supremacy of the United States over England? If it is, how long before that type may be inserted? This is a startling fact, but rather gratifying to the curiosity and pride of every American.

There are many other things under the bridge worthy of remark. The name of R. T. Paine, cut in several places on the rocks, awakened some very pleasant but melancholy reflections. He was a student, from a Northern College, on a visit to the Natural Bridge during vacation. He was a very talented and moral young man. His mind was well cultivated. He is now dead. Little thought he, when there three years ago, how soon his body would be laid in the cold grave! Of a melancholy temperament, arising no doubt from some defect in his constitution, he never

appeared so buoyant with life and spirits as young men of his age generally are. In a moment of derangement, it is thought, he committed suicide. Such was the sad end of this talented but melancholy young man. But though the mortal remains of R. T. Paine have for some time since been consigned to oblivion, yet, in his little work, his name will survive the decay of time. H.

### A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Of the innumerable admirers of Lord Byron, there is scarcely any one who has not read "Manfred," that magnificent poem in which the mountain of Jungfrau is described as no man can describe it again, and who has not been struck with the exquisite beauty of the following lines:

"Oh that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the self same breath that made me."

So struck were we with these lines, when first we read them years ago in our boyish days, that they have remained indelibly fixed in our mind, though we are not of that class which generally commit poetry. Glancing over an old magazine some time since, we came across the following lines which reminded us forcibly of those quoted above.—We copy them not with any intention of accusing Lord Byron of plagiarism—for even were we to prove his lines taken from them, it were only discovering a "Spot on the Sun," but we quote

them on account of their touching pathos and poetry, together with their resemblance. They bear date 1593, and read thus:

"I would that I were  
A voiceless sighe  
Floating through ayre,  
Unperceived I would steal o'er thy cheek of  
downe,  
And kiss thy soft lypps unchecked by a frowne  
I would that I were  
A dying tone,  
I'd dwell on thine ear,  
Though the music were gone.  
I would charme thy hearte with my latest  
breathe,  
And yield thee pleasure e'en in thy deathe,  
I would that I might pass from this living  
tombe,  
Into the violets sweetest perfume,  
On the wings of the morning to thee I'd flye,  
And mingle my soul with thy sweetest sighe,  
My heart is bounde  
With a viewless chayne,  
I see no wounde  
But I feel its payne,  
Break my prison, set me free,  
Bondage tho' sweet has no charme fore me,  
Yet now e'en in fetters my fond heart will  
dwell,  
Since thy shadow floats o'er it and hallows thy  
celle."

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C.

We think we will be able to render acceptable and valuable service to our readers, by placing the proceedings of this Society more frequently and permanently before them than heretofore.

With this view we incorporate in our present number, the first Report, which will repay the attention of the reader. Free access to the archives of the Society has been accorded to us, with permission to copy everything which may be calculated, in our estimation, to interest our readers. We intend to avail ourselves liberally of this privilege, and are satisfied, that while our pages will be found not less attractive than heretofore, they will acquire a permanent value, not to be derived from any other source.

EDS.

## REPORT

*Of the Secretary of the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina; prepared for the Anniversary Meeting, June 4th, 1845.*

The Secretary, in the performance of what he has deemed to be one of the duties attached to his office, begs leave to submit the following Report:

A distribution of the matter under the two heads of what has as yet been accomplished by the Society, and, what it may reasonably calculate upon as its prospects for the future, it has been thought, will give proper method to its arrangement.

For the purpose of comparing what has been done by the Historical Society with that which was anticipated in its formation, it will be necessary to revert to the professed objects of the institution, as they were succinctly stated in the first publication which appeared under its auspices. It was there said that "*this Society has been established, first, for the purpose of endeavoring to excite such interest in the public mind, in regard to the history of the State, as may induce the Legislature to adopt early and efficient measures, to obtain from England the most interesting documents in relation to the Regal Government, together with such papers as may be found to reflect light upon the obscure history of the Proprietary Government of Carolina; and secondly, to collect, arrange and preserve at the University, AS NEARLY AS MAY BE POSSIBLE, one or more copies of every book, pamphlet, and newspaper published in this State, since the introduction of the Press among us in 1749; all books published without the State, in our own or foreign countries, on the history of Carolina, and, especially, all the records, documents and papers to be found within the State that may tend to elucidate the history of the American Revolution.*"

To any one who bestows thought upon the subject, it must appear singu-

lar, and indeed almost unaccountable, that down to the present day, when seventy years have elapsed since North Carolina took her stand as an independent State, no institution, having in view an object similar to this, has flourished within her borders. The antiquities and remnants of our Revolutionary story, to which may well be applied the "*tanquam tabula naufragii*" of Lord Bacon, lie confusedly scattered in every direction over the scene of the late storm. Owing to this fact, many manuscripts, of great importance to the illustration of the War, have been irrecoverably lost. To prevent the progress of an evil, which so far as it has yet gone, is irreparable, is a principal object of this Society. It can scarcely be expected that our diligence, so dila- torily awakened, shall be rewarded by an elucidation of our Revolutionary annals equal to what has taken place among the more active, Northern members of the Confederacy; yet it is hoped that, by bringing together and reducing to some more indestructible form the materials of a generation whose place now knows them again no more forever, we shall in some degree acquit ourselves of our debt to the past and to posterity.

From deficiencies, such as those exist- ing among the records of our own State, it must be evident, that a history of the American Revolutionary war, whose merits are commensurate with the im- portance of that great struggle, is yet to be written. Narratives have appear- ed, without doubt, ranking high as lit- erary productions, or, for the most part as authentic accounts of whatever facts they may pretend to relate; but as general histories of the several cam-

paigns, it will be found that they are essentially, although perhaps, not unac- countably deficient. It could hardly be expected that an accurate collection of the journals and other memoranda of a war which extended over three hundred and sixty thousand square miles com- prehended by the limits of the thirteen original States, could be made by gentle- men residing, as most of our historians do, in one part of the Union. This fact has impressed itself strongly upon our Revolutionary annals. Whilst the events, of the war, as carried on in the Northern and Middle portions of the Confederacy, have been fully recorded, that part of the same contest which extended through Carolina and Geor- gia is strikingly imperfect. No his- tory has yet appeared, which does not discover a similarity to the figure which disturbed the rest of the ancient King of Chaldea; although its head and breast are composed of gold and silver, its lower extremities degenerate into an unmingling compound of iron and clay. The duty of pointing out and remedying these deficiencies must necessarily devolve upon gentlemen at the South. In appropriating this task, the Historical Society has determined, that although it cannot consider itself at all commit- ted to the labor of preparing such a stable record of Revolutionary events as is understood by the term history, yet the simplest form of its duty will be to render accessible to the historian, who- ever he may be, as far as possible, *all* the facts which may be connected with the war in North Carolina.

In attempting to make a collection of these facts, it was clearly necessary to success, that the general attention of the State should be aroused to an ap-

preciation of our important undertaking. The degree of curiosity and interest already excited among distinguished portions of our fellow-citizens, is held to be a pleasing proof that this enterprise is by no means premature or unseasonable; and the amount of material already contributed, may well be assumed as a fair precursor of a greater degree of success than had been anticipated in the organization of the Society. In the opening Message of Gov. Morehead to the Legislature, at the commencement of its late Session, the subject of the "History of the State" was urged on the attention of that body in a very decided manner; and so strongly was he impressed with a sense of its importance, that on the 23d of December it formed the matter of a special communication, in which was suggested the collection by public authority of those Revolutionary "memorials which are scattered over the State, and gradually disappearing; and which, like the leaves of the Sibyl, are rising in value as their numbers decrease." Action was taken by the Legislature in accordance with the suggestions contained in this message, and a considerable sum was appropriated for the purpose of carrying them out. Since that time, Gov. Graham, who has entered into the scheme with great spirit and cordiality, has been assiduously engaged in performing the duty imposed upon him by these Resolutions. The Synod of the Presbyterian Church also, in session at Fayetteville, in Nov. of the last year, expressed great interest with regard to the illustration of our Colonial and Revolutionary History, and addressed a memorial of some length to the Legislature upon the subject.

We come now to consider the efforts which have been made by private individuals to give success to this patriotic undertaking; and it affords us great pleasure to repeat in this place what has been stated above, that the contributions from various sources, as well beyond as within the limits of the State, both in amount and importance, have greatly exceeded our most sanguine calculations. The early example thus given to owners of books and manuscripts of Historical value, is worthy of all possible commendation. It has been thought proper to enumerate the collection, as well for the purpose of apprizing the public of its nature and extent, as for that of informing future contributors of the character of those memorials whose transmission to the archives of the Historical Society is respectfully solicited.

#### BOOKS.

No. I. A collection of all the Public Acts of Assembly of the Province of North Carolina, now in force and use. Together with the Titles of all such Laws as are obsolete, expired or repealed. And, also, an exact Table of the Titles of the Acts in force. Revised by Commissioners appointed by an Act of the General Assembly of the said Province, for that purpose; and examined by the Records, and confirmed in full Assembly. Newbern: Printed by James Davis. MDCCLII.

[In connection with the date of this volume, it may not be inappropriate to insert the following extracts from Martin's History of North Carolina, with regard to the introduction of the Press in this State:]

"A Printing Press was this year,

(1749,) imported into this province, and set up at Newbern, by James Davis, from Virginia. This was a valuable acquisition, for, in heretofore the want of an establishment of this kind was severely felt; the copies of the laws being all manuscripts, were necessarily very scarce, and, it is likely, faulty and inaccurate." Vol. II. p. 54.

"In the course of this year, (1752,) was completed the printing of the first revisal of the Acts of Assembly. The multiplication of them by means of the press was a valuable advantage; it tended to introduce order and uniformity in the decisions of courts, and by defining the rights of the people, in a degree put an end to the great anarchy and confusion which had hitherto prevailed, from the ignorance of the people and the magistrates in this respect. The work was handsomely printed, and bound in a small folio volume; a yellowish hue of the leather with which it was covered, proceeding from the unskilfulness of the tanner, procured it the homely appellation of the Yellow Jacket, which it retains to this day." Vol. II. pp. 58, 59.]

No. II. A collection of all the Acts of Assembly of the Province of North Carolina, now in force and use, together with the titles of all such laws as are obsolete, expired or repealed. In two volumes (quarto,) with Marginal Notes and References, and an exact Table to the whole. Newbern: Printed by James Davis, Printer to the Honourable the Commons House of Assembly. MDCCLXV.

[Of the "Yellow Jacket," the history of which is given above, and which was the first book printed in the Province,

there are probably half a dozen copies now extant. Of the second book known to have been published by Davis, the title of which is given at length, the copy now in the possession of the Society, is, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, the only one in existence. The third edition of the Laws by the same publisher, (in one volume, folio,) the title of which follows, though scarce, is not unfrequently met with.]

No. III. A complete Revisal of all the Acts of Assembly of the Province of North Carolina, now in force and use. Together with the titles of all such Laws as are obsolete, expired or repealed.— With Marginal Notes and References, and an exact Table to the whole. Newbern: Printed by James Davis, Printer to the Honourable the House of Assembly. MDCCLXXII.

No. IV. Laws of the State of North Carolina. Published according to Act of Assembly, by James Ledell, now one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Edenton: Printed by Hodge & Wills, Printers to the State of North Carolina. 1791.— (One volume folio; presented by Wm. Boylan, esq. of Raleigh.)

No. V. A collection of the Statutes of the Parliament of England, in force in the State of North Carolina. By Francis Xavier Martin, esq., Newbern: 1792. (One volume, quarto; which, together with Nos. I. II. and III., was presented by the President of the Society.)

No. VI. A collection of the Private Acts of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, from the year 1715, to the year 1790, inclusive, now in force and use. Newbern: 1794.—

(One thin quarto volume; from Weston R. Gales, esq. of Raleigh.

No. VII. Historical collections of South Carolina, embracing many rare and valuable pamphlets, and other documents relating to the history of the State, from its first discovery, to its independence in the year 1776. Compiled, with various notes, and an introduction, by B. R. Carroll. 2 vols. 8 vo.; (from William A. Wright, esq., Wilmington.)

[The first pamphlet in order in its compilation, is entitled "A brief description of the province of Carolina, and the coasts of Florida. And more particularly, of a new plantation begun by the English at Cape Fear, on that river now by them called Charles River, the 29th May, 1664," &c. Mr. Carroll might, with obvious propriety, have given his work the more comprehensive title of Historical Collections of Carolina. The northern part of the province was first settled, and a respectable proportion of his pages have quite as much relation to the region North as South of Cape Fear. If with this change of title, he would give us a third volume, made up of Lawson's and Brickell's Histories of North Carolina, he would render his compilation nearly complete and would present a fair claim for liberal patronage on "the colder side of the Tweed."

No. VIII. Office and authority of a Justice of the Peace: by James Davis, Newbern: 1774. (Presented by Hon. John L. Bailey, of Hillsborough.)

No. IX. Proceedings and Debates of the Convention of North Carolina, convened at Hillsborough, on Monday the 21st day of July, 1788, for the purpose

of deliberating on the Constitution recommended by the General Convention at Philadelphia the 17th day of September, 1787. To which is prefixed the same Constitution. Edenton: printed by Hodge & Wills, Printers to the State. MDCCLXXXIX. (Presented by Rev. Prof. Green, of Chapel Hill.

No. X. Journal of the Convention which accepted the Constitution of the United States, and which met at Fayetteville, 1790. From Hon. John L. Bailey, of Hillsborough.

NEWSPAPERS. Number.

Boston Gazet. & Country Journal,	} 245 Dec. 10, 1759
Conn. Journal & N. Haven Post	
Boy,	
Conn. Courant, New London Gazette, vol. 9.	} 246 Jan. 10, 1772
Conn. Gazette & Universal Intelligencer, vol. 12.	
Mass. Spy, or American Oracle of Liberty, vol. 6.	} 270 June 28, 1776
Continent'l Journal and Weekly Advertiser, Bos.	
Indepen. Chronicle & Universal Advertiser vol. 9.	} 479 March 27, 1777
Continent'l Journal and Weekly Advertiser, Bos.	
Indepen. Chronicle & Universal Advertiser,	} April 3 to Oct. 3, "
American Mercury, from vol. 1. No. 1, [July 12, 1785,] to vol. 2, No. 59.	
Conn. Courant,	} July 16, 1778 to Jan. 14, 1779
And same paper,	
	} Aug. 22, 1785
	} June 19, 1786 to March 23, 1789.

Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, (broken file,) for 1793 and 1794.

Columbian Centinel, one number 1793, two numbers 1794.

Connecticut Courant, 1796, 1797, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1805.

Columbian Centinel, (complete files,) 1793, 1794, and 1806, 1807.

Hampshire Federalist—a few numbers for 1809.

Weekly Messenger, (broken file,) 1813.

[The above form the valuable collection of Newspapers presented to the Historical Society, by Rev. Simeon Colton, of Fayetteville.]

North Carolina Chronicle; or Fayetteville Gazette, from Sept. 13, 1790, to March 7, 1791. [From Dr. James Webb, of Hillsborough]

North Carolina Mercury, and Salisbury Watchman, vol. 2, No. 62, June 27, 1799. [From Archibald Henderson, esq. of Salisbury.]

Four Supplements to the Cape Fear Mercury, Nos. 48, 50, 51, 52. Presented by Dr. DeRossett, and transmitted by Griffith J. McRee, esq. of Wilmington.

#### MANUSCRIPTS.

Order-Book, kept by the late Colonel Thomas Brown, of Bladen, under the command of Gen. Waddell, from 5th May to 11th June, 1771, during the expedition against the Regulators. Presented by A. A. Brown, esq. of Wilmington.

Order-Book, kept by English Officers under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, Gen. Leslie, and Lord Cornwallis, from Sept. 2, 1780, to March 20, 1781; found among the papers of the late

William Hooper, (one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence,) and presented by his grandson, the Rev. Dr. Hooper, Professor of the Roman Language and Literature in the College of South Carolina.

Biographical sketch of Gen. John Ashe, and other interesting manuscripts; by A. M. Hooper, esq. of Chapel Hill.

Historical sketch of the Town of Wilmington, and other valuable manuscripts; by Griffith J. McRee, esq. of Wilmington.

Extracts from the Letter-Book of the late William Hill, esq. of Brunswick; [from letters written during the years 1774 and 1775: communicated by his grandson, Frederick C. Hill, esq. of Wilmington.]

Communication in relation to the Revolutionary services of Col. Murphy, father of the late Judge Murphy; by Jonathan Haralson, esq. of Haywood, Chatham.

Letters and papers written during and subsequent to the Revolution; from the collection of the late James Hogg, esq., of Hillsborough: selected and presented by his daughter, Mrs. Helen Caldwell.

Manuscripts of Gov. Richard Caswell: preserved by his daughter, the late Mrs. Gatlin, of Lenoir.

A large collection of letters and manuscripts, comprising the correspondence of Gen. John Steele, of Salisbury.

Gen. Steele was an efficient member of the Convention which rejected the Constitution of the United States, in July 1788, at Hillsborough, and of the Convention which adopted it at Fayetteville, in November 1789. He represented the Salisbury District in the

first Congress assembled under the Constitution—received the appointment of Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States from Gen. Washington—served throughout the administration of the elder Adams, and resigned, in opposition to the earnest and repeated remonstrances of Mr. Jefferson, in 1802. He subsequently represented the town of Salisbury in the General Assembly on various occasions, and, as the successor of Gen. Davie, conducted with great ability, the protracted discussion with respect to the disputed boundary between this State and South Carolina; which, after a contest of more than half a century, was formally settled in 1813. His public correspondence commences with the adoption of the Constitution, and exhibits interesting and luminous views of the operations of the Government, by himself and other distinguished individuals of both the great political parties that divided the country, during the first twenty-five years of our national existence. Among his correspondents were Presidents Washington, Adams and Jefferson; Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Wolcott, Albert Gallatin, Joseph Habersham, and Judges Iredell and Moore; Nathaniel Macon, Gen. Davie, William Barry Grove, and Archibald Henderson, of this State. North Carolina has produced few individuals, whose public services offer more interesting topics for history and biography; and it is hoped, that under the auspices of the Society, some attempt to do justice to his memory will be made at no distant day. The Society is indebted for this valuable contribution to their collections, to Archibald Henderson, esq. of Salisbury.

The Letter-Books, manuscripts and correspondence of Thomas Burke, a member of the Continental Congress, and Governor of North Carolina in 1781-'2, presented to the Society through Dr. James Webb, of Hillsborough, by Miss Mary W. Burke, daughter and only child of Governor Burke, at present residing in Marion, Alabama,

his is the most interesting, extensive, and valuable collection of papers which has rewarded our exertions to collect Revolutionary records. Ample materials are here afforded for the elucidation of the hitherto most obscure period of our Revolutionary history.—From the era of the Mecklenburg Declaration, to the capitulation at Yorktown, there is none on which our future annalists will dwell with more patriotic pride. Among the letters to Gov. Burke, will be found communications from Gen. Greene, Gen. Wayne, General Lee, Gen. La Fayette, Count Rochambeau, (the English,) Gen. Leslie, Maj. Craig, commandant of the British forces at Wilmington, and from Gov. Caswell, Gov. Nash, Gen. William Caswell, General Butler, Gen. Robert Howe, Gen. Davie, Gen. Allen Jones, Cornelius Harnett, William Hooper, Archibald McLain, (North Carolina Whigs,) and a characteristic despatch from Col. David Fanning, the most energetic, remorseless and cruel of American Tories.

Letters of Charles W. Harriss, Principal Professor in this University in 1795–1796. [The series commences in 1793 and closes in 1801. The letters were addressed, with a few exceptions, to himself, the late Charles Harriss, M. D., and to his brother, Robert

W. Harris. They reflect considerable light on the history of the Institution, and on that of the political parties which at that time divided the State.] Presented by Chas. W. Harris, esq., Mill Grove, Cabarrus county.

List, so far as ascertained, of the Members that have represented each County in the General Assembly of this State, from 1776 to the present time. Prepared under the direction of Col. John H. Wheeler, late Public Treasure of this State, and presented by him to the Society.

As a means of more fully carrying out its designs, the Historical Society has begun an interchange of courtesies with various kindred associations in different States of this Union; and, with this view, the Introductory Address, delivered before this Society on the 5th June, 1844, by L. Silliman Ives, D. D. LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina, together with several pamphlets of historical value in North Carolina, have, under the direction of this Society, been arranged and bound for the purpose of being transmitted to their archives.

Having thus given some account of the operations of this body since its organization in January, 1844, this report will be properly concluded, by adverting to its prospects for the future. A method of giving an increase of effect to the prosecution of its grand object, is an evident desideratum. The particular means by which this intension shall be carried out, has not as yet been determined. Among the various schemes which have been suggested, however, it is supposed that the following is the most feasible: That branch Associations

be constituted through the different sections of the State, the members of which shall be appointed by the parent Society, or by its President. In the absence of a better plan, it is confidently believed that the efficiency of this Institution will, in this way, be greatly increased. Although the contributions as yet received have exceeded our warmest hopes, it must be clear that, from our peculiar constitution, much valuable material may never reach our archives. Many persons in the State may never, or not until too late, so much as hear of the existence of a local body of such limited numbers as ours; some may unreasonably distrust our motives; others again, be wholly unaware of the value of manuscripts in their possession. To remedy this evil, it will be proper to invest some among the neighbors of these persons with more than merely an intelligent interest in our success. This end, it is conceived, will be best attained by incorporating them into our number, and in this way, clothing them with an *ex officio* authority to make collections in our name; at the same time, it is believed that a membership will inspire them with a peculiar interest in the welfare and prosperity of the Historical Society. That in every portion of the State, there will be found gentlemen who are willing and even happy to act under such a commission, our pride in the North Carolinian character will not permit us to doubt. North Carolinian modesty has for so long a time been made the butt of ridicule by the forward sons of other States, that at last, the heretofore silent pride of her citizens, in her ancient sobriety and time-hallowed character for honor, begins to present an

appearance which is better defined, and more tangible. After our Revolutionary conduct had, for years together, formed the subject of railery and derision on every hand; and again and again been thrown in our teeth as a matter of never dying reproach and disgrace: after we had, repeatedly, but in vain, endeavored to defend our reputation by the argument that it was no part of human justice to visit the transgressions of the parents on the heads of the children: we have at length, every other refuge proving insufficient, taken courage to examine the authentic records of our Revolutionary days, and, to our unspeakable surprise, have discovered that, so far from their exhibiting the smallest ground for the accusations so recklessly made on our patriotism, every thing contributes to produce the belief, that there was no State engaged in that great struggle, which was "more fixed or more forward" than that of North Carolina. It is for the vouchers of this fact, long

suspected, and which every day's experience goes to render more undoubted, that the Historical Society is now engaged in making assiduous search. So far as it has yet gone, fresh light has been found to break upon the eye at every step; the confirmation grows more and more irrefragable.

In the end of its association, it must be clear that the members of the Historical Society cannot be more particularly interested than are any other intelligent citizens of the State. *All* should unite in the production of an issue in which all are equally concerned. By a sort of *nonuser* on the part of her citizens, North Carolina had forfeited her old renown almost beyond the power of recovery: and it is now confidently submitted to the public, as a plain principle of common justice, that the labor of repairing the breach in her character should be shared in equal proportion among those whose delinquency has been its occasion.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION.

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In accordance with the design intimated in the foregoing notice of the Historical Society, we place before our readers, a letter from the late Col. Ransom Sutherland to the late Judge Murphey. Col. Sutherland resided during many years, in the neighborhood of Wake Forest College, on the old road

from Raleigh to Oxford, where he died at an advanced age, not a great while after the date of this letter. A daughter, and we believe his only child, was the wife of the late Priestley H. Mangum, Esq., of Hillsborough. Having suffered severely at the hands of Regulators, who subsequently became Tories, some

allowance may be made for the tinge imparted by excited feeling, to his general statement with respect to the former. He was a man of marked integrity and veracity, had a tenacious memory and his reminiscences, are in accordance with well ascertained facts of history.—Eds.

WAKEFIELDS 10th April, 1821.

DEAR SIR: I have been honoured with your address of the 8th ult., containing your request that I will contribute my aid in furnishing material for a History of the Revolutionary war in this State. I feel flattered that a man of your talents and standing in life should take up an opinion that I was capable to furnish matter to form a regular History of anything.

I am now very old, and my mind much impaired by time, nor in the prime of life did I ever possess a talent adequate to collecting facts to reduce to History.

The several matters and things to which you allude are of long standing. Of course, I retain but a very imperfect recollection of them. I was here during the period that Gov. Tryon ruled this country—was well acquainted with him. He was thought to be imperious and positive in his administration—moved in great style when he traveled, attended by the Sheriffs of the counties through which he passed, and had a great influence over the Assembly, by which he obtained the vote to build a palace for him in Newbern, and to purchase a number of lots to set that and other buildings on; which cost the country an immense sum of money. A reference to the acts of those days in our statute book will show the amount. To raise the money, additional taxes were imposed on the people, which, with the extortions of the public officers set the regulators in motion, who were to be sure, a desperate lawless banditti, though I think they had just grounds of complaint, had they pursued a proper course for redress, in common with others, not for the taxes, for they were the same all over the province, but for the extortions of the clerk, register, and sheriffs of Orange County, who they charged with demanding and taking illegal fees for their services. Edmund Fanning, the Regulator was frequently indicted and found guilty upon those charges. The sheriffs as they thought, at the risk of their lives, for their conduct, refused to go among them to collect taxes, serve process, or any other business.

The Regulators had been guilty of some illegal acts of violence, for which some of them were apprehended and bound over to the Superior Court at Hillsborough, to answer for their conduct. The leading men of that class of people, to-wit: Herman Husbands, James Hunter, and a Capt. Merrill directed them to assemble in Hillsborough, when the Court commenced, to rescue their friends from the penalties of the law, which they accordingly did in large numbers. They broke up the Court in which the late Judge Richard Henderson presided, a man of universal good fame as a Judge; flogged several gentlemen of the Bar, Fanning very much, pulled down and destroyed his dwelling house, by far the best then in Hillsborough, committed other acts of violence and then dispersed with their friends untried, and thus the affair ended for the present. But as soon as the Governor was informed of their conduct, he ordered an immediate draft of the militia to march against and suppress them, if possible; one party of which he commanded in person from Hillsborough, the other party about Salisbury was under the command of General Waddell. They were to march and meet in the settlements of the Regulators and act as circumstances might require; but the Regulators embodied and met the Governor with his party at Alamance, when and where a bloody conflict ensued; the Governor defeated and dispersed them with considerable slaughter. Husbands made his escape from the battle ground, and was pursued by horsemen through Virginia to Maryland, it was said, but he eluded the pursuit and reached the mountains in the upper part of Pennsylvania, where, if alive, he may reside to this day. He was said to be the principal mover of the Regulators, a man of strong natural mind, but artful and sly in his manners. Merrill and some few others were taken on the battle ground. They were tried, condemned and executed at Hillsborough on a charge of high treason, I suppose. Hunter was acquitted, if I remember right; for though artful and sly in advising and directing them, he took care never to be with them when any overt act was to take place.

Thus, as my recollection serves me, ended the career of the Regulators; soon after which a piece appeared in the public prints, said to have been written by the late Governor Abner Nash,\* lauding Governor Tryon and those who

\* Moore?

acted with him, with bitter invectives for the part they had taken with the Regulators, which piece, if you could get it, would throw considerable light on the subject. In a short time after these events had passed, Tryon was appointed to the government of New York, and Josiah Martin succeeded him in the government here. By this time, the quarrel with the Provinces and England began to progress; our assembly was disposed to take an active part in it. To that end, they directed the people to elect five men from each county to form a Convention at Hillsborough, to deliberate on proper measures to be then adopted; at which proceedings, Martin took umbrage, and, I think, dissolved the assembly, which was the last assembly, perhaps, that we ever had under the British Government. He issued a proclamation strictly forbidding, under severe penalties, any combination or assemblage of the people to conspire and plot against the acts of the British Government. The Convention, notwithstanding, met at Hillsborough on the day appointed, composed of a body of men of the first talents in the Province; their names and proceedings are all recorded in the journals of that Convention to which, and the journals of the Convention at Halifax, in Dec. '76, which formed the Constitution, I refer you to collect historical facts, and they will show the state and temper of the community at those periods, better than any man now living can do; they are no doubt deposited among the archives of this State.

The Convention at Hillsborough had not the most distant idea of Independence. The people of Mecklenburg county were the first to broach that idea in this State, by a Committee selected for the purpose, the proceedings of which are still extant; but, I think the political writings of General Charles Lee and Tom Paine, impressed the idea generally on the minds of the people over the Continent, and influenced the Congress which made the declaration.

The war at this time began to rage with vigor in different parts of the Continent, and the deluded wretches that first called themselves Regulators, now, to a man, declared themselves Kings-men; frequently formed scouting parties and committed acts of outrage on the persons and property of those who had been active on the other side; with whom there were frequent skirmishes. At length they embodied in the town of Fayetteville with a number of the Highland Scotchmen, under the command of a General McDonald, and some officers sent from Boston by General Gage, to head the Tories in this country; they marched from thence to go

to Wilmington to receive Governor Martin out of a sloop of war, that lay in the river, in which he had confined himself for some time, but General Caswell, with a body of militia, met them at the widow Moore's Creek bridge, gave them battle, defeated and dispersed them, at the expense of a number of their lives. Nearly or quite all Gage's officers fell there. A number of their leaders were taken and sent to the North to be imprisoned. Those of the old Regulators, now Tories, that got home, betook themselves to the woods, like outlaws, (I mean their leaders) and continued to commit depredations on the lives and properties of those who had been active against them. I myself was the first who fell a victim to their malice, as to property.— In a few days after the battle of the bridge, a party assembled in the night at my residence then in the midst of them: set fire to my houses and burned them down: one of which was a well-finished dwelling house; another, a store-house with about \$3000 worth of goods, upwards of \$1000 in cash, and all my books and papers for upwards of seven years dealing. This stroke threw me into a state of complete bankruptcy. But, Col. Cleaveland, from the mountains, came down with a party of men, scoured the country and picked up several of the outlaws, and hung some of them to the trees in the woods; one of whom, a Capt. Jackson, as he called himself, was hung within a half mile of the place on which my houses stood, that he caused to be burnt. I do not recollect to have heard much more of those wretches after Cleaveland had done with them during the war; nor do I recollect to have heard what became of Gov. Martin after the battle of the Bridge, but I believe he left the province finally soon after that event.

You request me to repeat anecdotes. If any had occurred at the times you allude to, I remember none, except a little spar that happened in the time of the war with two of our great men here, might be thought one; of no consequence to be sure but to excite a smile:—The late Thomas Burke was Governor of this State at that time; he in person commanded a party of men against a body of the old tory Regulators who were often in arms before they were subdued. The parties met and had a skirmish, in which the Governor was taken a prisoner and retained as such for some time. In the interim, our Alexander Martin, as Speaker of the Senate or otherwise, assumed the reins of government and took upon himself the style and title of Governor in the absence of Burke;—Burke, at length by some means, was released from his captivity, returned home and applied

to Martin, in Hillsboro' I believe, to resign the office. A waggish fellow, an officer in the army, was present when they met, who exclaimed; "What! two suns in the same hemisphere! that cannot be, one must become a moon."—So Burke, the sun of power eclipsed Martin, who had to retire and shine only as a moon. This anecdote was related to me by a gentleman who was present and heard the remark. I therefore believe it to be a fact.

I had supposed that you and every man of equal information in the country had known the motives of the Convention that met at Hillsborough, to canvass and deliberate on the Federal Constitution, for rejecting it. Many were governed in their opposition by political motives, such as was urged against it in the Virginia Convention, by the late Patrick Henry, whose sentiments on the subject I expect you must have seen; contending that the Constitution vested too much power in the General Government, in the executive department particularly. Others had fears, if it was adopted, it would open our courts to British creditors to recover their debts, which would have been serious business to some of them. The late Willie Jones, of Halifax, was a member of that Convention, who possessed great mental abilities, and like Henry, brought all his powers into action in opposition to the Constitution, and effected the rejection of it, and even after its adoption here, I believe, he never was reconciled to it to the day of his death. The following anecdote is an evidence of it: When General Washington, as President, made a tour through the southern States to patronize and reconcile the people to the federal constitution, he stopped a day or two at Halifax, and wished much to see and converse with Mr. Jones, a man he had heard much of, but Jones absented himself during his stay here, and refused to see or speak to the President, saying, he would gladly associate with him as General Washington, but as President of the United States, he would neither see nor speak to him. I was astonished when I heard of Mr. Jones' conduct towards that great man, or that he could for a moment doubt the well-tryed patriotism of Washington, and supposed that he would combine with others to form and establish a system of government to enslave his country. For my own part, I then thought, and still think it was a happy thing for us that the Constitution was adopted and put in operation; otherwise we should have been verging to a state of anarchy, when some popular demagogue might have started up and imposed a despotism of some

sort on the nation. But much is due to the memory of that great man Washington, for the part he took in organizing the government.—Had it not been for his agency in the business, it remains a doubt with me if ever it had gone into operation.

The Convention at Fayetteville, adopted the Constitution, and that is all I know of it.

I now proceed to name some of our leading men of those days. Richard Caswell was the first Governor under the new government, appointed by the Convention at Halifax, when they formed the Constitution. Ashe, Williams and Spencer were first appointed Judges of the Superior Courts; the two last continued in their office to their deaths, I believe. Ashe was taken from the bench to the office of Governor; at the end of his term he retired to private life and so died. The principal lawyers of the State at that time, were McClain, Hooper and Hay of Fayetteville and Wilmington, the late Abner Nash at Newbern, Johnson and Iredell at Edenton, Davie and Peter Brown at Halifax, Alfred Moore, L. Henderson and Wm. Norwood at Hillsborough, Archibald Henderson at Salisbury. Davie first began to figure in life while in the army; at the close of the war he betook himself to the bar where he also figured as a man of sound legal knowledge and great eloquence. He was appointed by President Adams as one of three on the embassy to France, to settle disputes then existing between that country and this. When they arrived at France, they found Bonaparte at the head of the French government, who received them very friendly, and with whom they soon adjusted and settled the disputes. It is said Bonaparte took an uncommon notice of Davie, more than of any other ambassador at his Court; and thought him a great man.

Well my friend, I have run I think to the end of my recollection, and have jumbled together a train of incoherent matter that I doubt can avail you nothing in your design, but I can do no better. You must therefore take the voice for the deed.

To go into a minute investigation of the several subjects that you proposed to me, would require a person of first rate talents to engage in it, who would have to hunt up documents of long standing, such as the journals of the Conventions and Committees in the time of the war, resolutions and acts of the assembly up to the peace with England, and perhaps histories, all which would require much time. I can only say for the present, that I wish you success in your design, and remain with sincere respect.

Your obt and humble servant.

R. SUTHERLAND.

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The following lines were published in many newspapers, about the commencement of the war of 1812 with Great Britain. They were said to have been written by the revolutionary veteran, General Arthur St. Clair. The fires of patriotism and the spirit of poesy, were still glowing brightly, in a bosom chilled by the blighting frosts of age and penury. Having for years solicited without success, the payment of claims upon the government, he died almost penniless at Laurel Hill near Philadelphia, on the 31st August, 1818, aged 84 years.

## SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

Peace smil'd on every vale and hill,  
From western border wild and still,  
Where way'd a thousand streamers gay;  
From Maine's white boundary rude and steep  
To where St. Mary's willows weep.

Blithe was the humblest cot the while.  
Though city pride might haply smile,  
Love danc'd by gilded lake and stream  
And sported in the moon's mild beam,  
While pleasure sung her summer songs—  
—Till loud was heard the tale of wrongs:

Then throbb'd each heart and flash'd each eye  
Of gallant spirit warm and high,  
And hardly brok'd they to be told  
Of injury deep and insult bold,  
But ere the hurried tale could close,  
The kindling cry of vengeance rose—  
O'er stream and vale and hill and dell  
We heard the mustering signal swell.

It rose on fair Atlantic's side,  
And deep in western forest died—  
But died not so the spirit warm  
That panted for the battle's storm,  
All stern and silent they prepare  
For soldier's fate and soldier's fare—  
But ah! my country's disarray,  
Blanch'd many a cheek that anxious day—

Why droops each ardent youth his head?  
Is it for fitful courage fled?  
And does that sigh betoken fear?  
Why swells the heart and starts the tear?  
It is for endless dull debate

That wastes occasion, while they wait  
The signal word to send them bound  
For British battlement and mound—  
Oh! for Montgomery's arm, they cry,  
To plant the eagle standard high,  
Where'er red cross flag before  
Way'd, from Au Plait to Labrador.  
Then let th' inspiring summons come,  
With trill of fife and roll of drum—  
Soon shall Columbia see her sons

Gird on their swords, and grasp their guns.  
And deep through darkling forests hie,  
With lightened heart and eager eye,  
While martial air and merry song  
Shall lead their gallant bands along,  
To meet the glorious hap of war,  
Where danger calls or near or far.  
Lives there a wretch who hears the call,  
And shuns to go or dreads to fall—

Back, dastard coward, while you may,  
Let none but heroes share the day.  
Oh! then, my noble spirits, on!  
Be ye Montgomerys, every one!  
And when the toils of war are past,  
Your names shall with your country's last.

The following beautiful lines, from the London Courier, would not disgrace the pen of the modern Anacreon, and much resemble the chaster effusions of his exquisite, though sometimes erring Muse.

## RETIREMENT.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone;  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming  
bowers,

And the bee banquets on through a whole year  
of flowers;

Where the sun loves to pause,

With so fond a delay,

That the night only draws,

A thin veil o'er the day;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we  
live,

Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can  
give!

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the  
climate,

We should love as they loved in the first golden  
time;

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer  
there.

With affection, as free

From decline as the bowers;

And with hope like the bee,

Living always on flowers;

Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
And our death come on slowly, and as the night.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

"Quam tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,  
Rues Italas armis tuteris, maribus ornes,  
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar."

HOR. EPIS.

"That all our cognition begins with experience, (says Kant) there is not any doubt; for how otherwise should the faculty of cognition be awakened in exercise, if this did not occur through objects that affect our senses, and partly of themselves produce representations, and partly bring our understanding capacity into action, to compare these, to connect, or to separate them, and in this way to work up the rude matter of sensible impressions into a cognition of objects, which is termed experience? In respect of time, therefore, no cognition can precede in us experience, and with this all commences."

From this proposition, itself inferred from well-taught experience, another inference may be made, namely, that our cognition of an "Editorial Table" has not yet begun. Ever since we donned our new robes, we have been considering it, as to its substance, qualities, and accidents. We have discovered that ours is a pine table—quality first rate, accidents many and various. To continue the search would, (we doubt not) be both "pleasant and useful." We might form a problem out of it, to be placed among those of pure reason, liberty, &c., and thus from our E. T. launch into the regions of metaphysics to catch something *transcendant*.

But, alas! a cruel and arbitrary world

binds our understanding-capacity to the ideas of "foreign news, domestic news, the signs of the time, know-nothingism, &c., &c.," and tells us—when you see an Ed. T. look out; for these things ought to be in it. We have then one of two courses to follow; either to leave this world, or to conform to the custom thereof. We prefer the latter so long as it secures our stay, and with this our Ed. commences.

We have spent a whole morning, endeavouring to manufacture a term appropriate to a certain class of men and boys existing in every clime, and more naturally and especially in this favored clime of ours. We ransacked all the dictionaries at our command, but the representative of our idea is not given in any of them. "Know Nothing," in the literal acceptation, approximates the expression of what distinguishes them from the rest of mankind; from this they proceed; and further the term is inadequate. We want one that will not only express this peculiarity, but also awaken many other thoughts and feelings which their sayings and actions justify. But lexicographers, as if actually influenced by these thoughts and feelings, have given us no single word or definition suitable to our present purpose; nor have we been able, after all our morning operations to manufacture one.

We then proceed as briefly as possible to describe this class. Our reasons for this are many and weighty; we will give one or two. We have been for some time past persecuted, abused, tormented, and all this for no fault of ours that we were conscious of, or that they could point out.— Another is, that they are, if not dangerous, at least a troublesome element in our government. We are so constituted that the most insignificant things affect us in some degree, and not unfrequently the more contemptible the intruder, the more we are worried, and deprived of that self command, and feeling of self respect, which disregards and spurns all unworthy objects.

“So looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;  
Then makes him nothing.”

It was during the present political campaign we had the fortune, or misfortune of being able to notice, in its intensity, the characteristic of this class.

Let us premise, however, that in other respects, they are men like ourselves; they have their virtues and their faults; they love and hate; cheat and are cheated; laugh and weep. Let us then—

“Laugh where we must, be candid where we  
can,  
But desecrate the ways of man to man.”

Following an *illustrious example* we will endeavour to find an index of this class in College. It is a trite remark among us that College is a “world in miniature.” Although there is nothing more untrue, yet we think there is a perfect miniature of that under consideration; and may we not infer a wide spread influence from this fact. In the political world they are found among parties, notwithstanding their idiosyncracies (if we may use the term) are the same. This is essential to their very existence. Here they become “hero-worshippers,” the most ob-

sequious, and adulatory of idolaters. They proceed upon no principles, except those of “know nothing” and opposition. Their communications are emphatically, “nay, nay,” qualified frequently with adjectival notions that would make our paper blush, and our fingers tremble while writing them. The journals of the day furnish them with a list of heroes, with distorted biographies of the same. These are imprinted on the tablets of memory; forgetful of works consecrated to immortality; forgetful of the anxious throbbings of parents’ hearts for their welfare; forgetful of that high destiny which their present opportunities bids them to hope for. And such is the fearful tendency to forget, that even the name of the “Maid that’s far awa” is in danger of being lost in the Lethean stream. One Editor justly alarmed at this tendency, and impressed seemingly, with the importance of cultivating Mnemonics with reference to certain subjects, devoted a whole column to the parading of a much favored name. We thought him apostate from the doctrine of personal identity, or a disciple of the ideal philosophy, and thus accounted for the fact.

We thought the “Choras Attikon Geronton” of Sophocles an impudent set of fellows for their inquisitiveness towards poor, old, blind Oedipus, notwithstanding their commiserating exordium; but our excellent Instructor justified them, and satisfied us, by informing us that such was the custom in those days. We were not aware, however, of its being still in existence except in the pages of the immortal bard; and when the sad experience convinced us of our error, in bitterness of heart we exclaimed—truly etiquette is a mongrel wretch, and Chesterfield is a base imposter for displaying to us only her modern features. “Oh tempora! oh mores.” “What are you,” is a question far more familiar to us than Dickens’ household words.” The first answer that

arose in our mind to him who first shot it at us, was rather evasive than demonstrative. With a feeling of inferiority and chagrin for our ignorance, in measured accents we informed our interrogator that we had not yet thought of the problem of "man's nature and his development;" that we had not yet entered the regions of metaphysics, &c. "Oh—that's not it. I want to know your politics?—You're a Whig, I suppose." N-o, not—"What!—you a Democrat!! I thought you knew better!!! Your man will be beat, certain, he's not fit for any office;—he's a demagogue—rascal—f—; and the whole party are a set of ignoramus. I tell you we are in the right, and our man will be elected—certain."—With these and many other asseverations, some in the way of invective, others in the spirit of prophecy, others tending to proselytism, our friend lavished us. Fearful that we had committed high political treason, we asked him with solicitude to open our eyes to the principles of each party.

"Principles—I am a party man; I don't care for principles—and I'll bet you now a pair of boots—I'll bet you any thing you please—by—we beat you in the coming election. I have heard our candidates—and they have completely annihilated the Locofocos. I am sorry that you are in such a bad crowd. I must go, and look over old M—s lesson,—call and see me."

Alone—in the act of soliloquising. Enter Democrat. "Good morning. Have you heard the last? What are you? a Whig?"—No. "I'm glad to hear it. The old W—s are defunct this time. We have given them a fatal dose—that's certain.—We have the very men to doctor them.—They're a set of numskulls—aristocrats, &c., &c., and their candidates are the worst out."

Let me give you a pipe sir—here is some of Long's best: Can you inform me where the lesson is this morning? "No, sir—I have'n't seen it in a week;—con—the lesson. Did you hear how B— gave

it to D— the other day. This was too much. We seized on Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, which was lying near us—slowly turned over the leaves, as if searching for an antidote in a Latin quotation, and asked him if he had ever read this learned author. We proceeded to make a few comments—complained of his (the author) pedantry, his tediousness and other gloomy qualifications; but nevertheless that he was quite readable at *certain* times, and to reading him we went with apparently great gusto. We lifted our eyes to comment on a passage from Democritus; our friend arose and with ill concealed mortification bade us—good morning. Well done, said we:

"Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails;  
For nothing's left in either of the scales.  
Strange! all this difference should be  
T'wixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee."

There is no place too sacred for their approach. We pity the maid whose reception room echoes their political jargon. That is our idea of a complete boring.—They are so accustomed to spouting their newspaper acquirements at each other that it becomes a second nature. Let it be remembered that we do not condemn our "brethren of the quill," (that is, the intelligent portion of them) in these remarks. The best knowledge is often transformed into a source of the most profound ignorance. We would advise all our lady friends to have the author we have already mentioned near them, and if they ever hear the words, news, election, &c., to do as we have done. They claim all time too for their own, hours of labor and of rest, hours of meditation and of recreation, and particularly, table hours.

Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fedant  
Immunde: tum vox tetrum dira inter odorem.

Now we ask, what shall we call them? Politicians? We respect the term too highly. Demagogues? Even that word

in its most degraded sense would be dishonored by such an application. As a class, then, we conclude them, an anomaly without the pale of definition and common sense.

P. S.—How would Slang-Whangers suit them? Its sound is closely allied to their sense.

SLANG AND OTHER EVILS.—Slang, as defined by Webster is low, vulgar, unmeaning language. We would call it the off-scouring of false wit; or the wit of dullness, the essence of stupidity, the effervescence of folly and all absence of thought. What, for instance is the import of such phrases as the following:

"I'll be dog, my cats, ditto my skin," and many others of a like character?—And yet our ears are often saluted by them even in the midst of scenes consecrated to learning. There is nothing that grates more harshly on a refined ear than such absurdities; nothing that conveys so fully the idea of ignorance and coarseness.

From this springs a family of cant phrases and other phrases impossible to describe or define, but easily detected; for they are like spots of pollution on our expressive and noble language. We doubt whether they can be found among the most barbarous nations, so far they are removed from true refinement and nature. In the "Frogs of Aristophanes" we have instances of similar expressions, with this difference, that the Frogs used them more apropos than our modern connoisseurs. We hope the good sense of every one will save him from this evil.

We are glad to see witticism and bad punning on the decline. True wit is like poetry,

— nascitur, non fit.

It is therefore vain to imitate it. We know one only in college who can make

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any claim thereto; but many who usurp it and thus render themselves ridiculous and often contemptible.

Attempts at satire too is another evil we would discountenance. In the hands of the unskillful it becomes libel and calumny, instead of the means of reformation, which is the true province of satire. We saw it not long since degenerate into lampoon, or pasquinade when such was not the intention of the writer, and we were taught the danger of attempting so delicate a subject. A great satirist has said,

"The royal vices of our age demand  
A keener weapon and a mightier hand."

By endeavouring to avoid all these temptations, we may hope for some advancement in an elevated style of conversation and writing. We have many illustrious examples, both ancient and modern before us; and we are false to ourselves if we seek unworthy ones.

WHAT THEY HAD FOR SUPPER IN OLD TIMES.—While perusing Athenæus we stumbled on the following quotation, from Anaxandrides. We insert it as a hand book for modern connoisseurs in the culinary art.

There is scent of Syrian myrrh,  
There is incense, there is spice;  
There are delicate cakes and loaves,  
Cakes of meal and polypi,  
Tripe, and fat, and sausages,  
Soup, and beet, and figs, and pease,  
Garlic, various kinds of tunnies,  
Ptsan, pulse, and toasts, and muffins,  
Beans, and various kinds of vetches,  
Honey, cheese, and cheese-cakes too,  
Wheat, and nuts, and barley-groats,  
Roasted crabs, and mullets boiled,  
Roasted cuttle-fish, boiled tur bot,  
Frogs, and perch, and mussels too  
Sharks, and roach, and gudgeons too,  
Fish from doves, and cuckoos named.  
Plaice, and flounders, shrimps, and rays,  
Then besides these dainty fish  
There is many another dish,  
Honeycombs and juicy grapes,  
Figs, and cheese-cakes, apples, pears,  
Cornels, and the red pomegranate,

Poppies, creeping thyme, and parsely,  
 Peaches, olives, plums, and raisins,  
 Leeks, and onions, cabbages,  
 Strong smelling assafoetida,  
 Fennells, eggs, and lentils cool,  
 And well roasted grasshoppers,  
 Cardamms, and sesame,  
 Ceryces, salt and limpets firm,  
 The pinna, and the oyster bright,  
 The periwinkle, and the whelk;  
 And besides this a crowd of birds,  
 Doves, and ducks, and geese, and sparrows,  
 Thrushes, larks, and jays and swans,  
 The pelican, the crane, and stork,  
 Wagtails, and ausels, tits, and finches;  
 And to wash a' these dainties down  
 There's wine, both native and imported,  
 White and red, and sweet, and acid,  
 Still or effervescent.

**GROWTH OF INFIDELITY IN THE UNITED STATES.**—It is generally admitted that infidelity, within the last twenty-five years, has increased in the United States. There are no statistics, so far as we know, on the subject, but the fact itself is too obvious to admit doubt. Causes must be at work to produce so sad a state of things. Infidelity is always reached through an effort. Not indeed that the effort is the same in all cases. The opposing difficulties vary in different instances; but in all as a general rule, there are obstacles to be overcome and instincts to be resisted ere men can throw themselves into the embrace of a system so chilling as infidelity. It is not the natural state of the human mind. It is not the outgrowth of its germinal sentiments. The faculties of our nature have to be positively perverted and an alien spirit awakened in the bosom, before we can seek repose in this refuge of falsehood. Such being the laws of our inward life, we ought to inquire into those causes that are producing these unnatural fruits among us. There is but one aspect of the subject with which we are at present concerned. We do not design to discuss it in its direct relation to the conscience, or to take those more solemn views of it which belong peculiarly to the

pulpit. It is infidelity as it addresses itself to us in the daily world, asserting its independence of established social facts, claiming a "mission" to reform mankind, and deluding human nature to its ranks with the promise of a Panacea to cure its manifold ills, that we propose to consider. These are its captivating aspects, its artful disguises. It has learned to conceal its real features beneath these masks, and its capacity for mischief is owing to the skill with which it hides the demon of death below so fair a covering. Society is now struggling to throw off its old burden; to attain a fuller, nobler, truer life; to cherish deeper sympathies, and enjoy a richer experience. It has opened a vast confessional, when every aggrieved interest of humanity, every aspiring hope that is chained down to earth, every sorrow that moans the past, and dreads the future, may speak forth its bitterness and cry for help and deliverance. A better world—a fitter world for mind and life—a harmonious world, adjusted to the ideal wants of our spirits is the great demand. And infidelity steps in and offers the remedy for existing evils. Its spasmodic philanthropy is at hand, instant in its readiness—obtrusive in most gracious aids, and consumed with burning zeal to rectify every sort of error. The individual man or woman—that is a small concern. Chemistry takes knowledge of atoms and Heaven counts the "hairs of our head," but infidelity moves on a grander scale.

Persons are simply nothing. The absorbing idea is society, and its "mission" is to conduct the aggregated mass into the bowers of a millenium. It is to be a caravan march of disgusted, discontented, distressed millions across the desert into the "land of promise." Hence it has a patent plan for the reconstruction of society. Every man is to be put exactly in his right place, every peg in its own hole in the board—and all sorts of interests are to be reconciled into a perfect wonder-

ment of peace. But what of all this?—Men breathe the same air now, and yet a great many lungs are sorely diseased, and death by consumption is alarmingly common. We all drink water, and, nevertheless, it disagrees with large numbers of weak stomachs. This grand discovery of a general system, reducing all to a magical fraternity and equality, is after all only a showy tantalization. The most of infants are raised alike by the milk of their mothers' breasts, but we don't see that this regimen of nature is, by any means universally successful.

But this jealousy of systems, running through all creation, and subversive of every thing like the mechanization of life, is specially rigid in respect to society.—Christianity has no social economy. It elaborates no social schemes. And in nothing does its divine wisdom appear more striking. For by these very conditions—by its refusal to deal with society as society—it concentrates its mighty forces on the individual and redeems his personal character. If we expect to improve society, and confine our work to men and women, we must forget society. Our social schemes are utter absurdities—rank follies—crotchety profanities—that have no human nature or divine reality in them.—Educate them in intellect, heart and life, purify them by Christian love—elevate them into companionship with Christ—give them the self denial, patience, hope, joy of the Cross—and society will take care of itself. The leaven will diffuse itself outwardly and through every portion of the mass. If social evils take such a form as to become amenable to governmental actions, or, in other words, if they pass from the department of moral life into political relations, then, organic remedies may be applied to them. But a very small class of them ever assume this character. Ordinarily they abide on their own ground, and men are there acted on by them. The method of christianity is

to deal with them through personal conscience and virtue; it is a social reformer only so far as it changes the hearts of men and women. It is perfectly content to await all the rest, knowing that from these subjects of its regenerating influences, a serene and mighty life will breathe itself forth upon the world and transform it into its own beautiful image. There are many reformers weak enough to think that if all labor were abundantly compensated, and all other social relations put on good terms, we should have a general Hosanna. But this is a vain expectation. If every woman were married to her heart's delight; if the world were full of homes where plenty smiled, a Paradise would not necessarily follow. For every one knows that a great part of the worst evils of society come from the absence of want, care and adversity, and consequently it is sheer folly for us to expect social redemption by any such means. The philosophy of Christ is the only wisdom. It penetrates the individual man; it sanctifies the person; and wherever this is done, all is done at least prospectively.—The *posse* will soon become the *esse*, if this method is faithfully executed.—*N. Y. Times.*

#### "LAMENT FOR ANALYTICS."

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As Miss *Ann* to the thicket we hurried;  
Not a freshman e'en gave us a farewell shot;  
For in sleep the brave heroes were hurried.  
We marched from the helphy at dead of night,  
To the thicket our faces turning;  
And there in the forest concealed from sight  
For her sins we resolved to burn her.  
No useless coffin enclosed her breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound her;  
With transverse axes we loaded her breast,  
And we drew an ellipse around her.  
Few and short were the prayers we said  
As we placed the torch in the *Locus*  
But we laughed for joy, and grinned at the dead  
As the flames arose to a focus."

THE FRESHMAN'S DREAM.—'Tis eve. I am at home. The bright being of my dreams is there. Night, with her gloomy concomitants spreads her sable mantle over the world. Together we watch the stars sparkling from their blue depth.—They smile on their sister of ours, and seem wooing her to their soft embrace.—Their influences are around—we are drawn together, in "intercommunion of spirit felt to be indeed divine." Earth passed from our vision—a brighter realm was there. The stars were lovers in disguise—they unite—expand—our souls are lost in an ocean of bliss.

The Queen of heaven issuing from her silvery portals recalls us wandering. We gaze at the moon—on the scene around—then at each other. Ye alone whose hearts have thrilled to the first whispers of maiden's confessional can form a faint idea of the intensity of my bliss, when her dulcet tones fell on my ear. "Oh, what a lovely night. It has made me so happy. I thought we were wandering among the stars, and that like them our souls were united—and we journied o'er fields of ether, until we came to a city of gold. We entered, the bright beings who inhabited it welcomed us in strains which mortals cannot use. Their love entered our hearts, and transported we cried—heaven. Overcome with bliss, a blessed sleep seemed to enfold us, and in its embraces was drowned all consciousness. Oh! unspeakable state—even now I scarcely seem to realize this earthly scene. I hardly feel that we are enshrouded with this mortal coil. But thoughts of to-morrow recall the stern reality of this world. To-morrow you depart for college, and this bower will then be solitary." Never, cried I, in exstasy, for oh! I felt that I was loved. What is college deprived of thy presence. Honor, and fame—what are they! Mention them all no more, I discard them forever. This I swear by thee, Oh! Luna, bright empress of heaven. Let Venus record the vow.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. I was borne away from home, many, many long miles, over hills and valleys. At length I enter a small village situated on a very high hill. The scenery was charming, but my heart was far away. But hark! What sounds do I hear, like the rushing of mighty waters. Nearer, and nearer; louder and louder, and now a rush of living masses. Surely thought I these are demons let loose from their dark prison, and I am lost. The word "Fresh," burst in tones of thunder upon my stunned senses. And now I am enveloped in the maddened mass. They seize me—they shake—they grin horribly at me—they ask my name—and what class I was going to join. Surely none of you thought I. And now I am alone. Exhausted nature gives way to sleep, and consciousness has departed for a season. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was in a large and gloomy apartment. In the centre was placed a large table at which sat a venerable man. He held a book in his hand. The book of fate, thought I, but I'll abide the worst. Seated round were several beings who seemed to be in the same doubtful situation with myself. Around were ranged several blackboards marked with strange characters. The man at the table called us by our names. He pointed to the blackboards, and each took his station at one. I heard strange words which he seemed to be reading from the book. Zero, infinity, what? I was transfixed to the spot; was I called upon to solve the problem of destiny? Eternity was before me, and this world had passed away.

This scene was renewed, I know not how many times. At one time methought I was in Rome, at the judgment seat of her mighty departed; then in Greece, in the forum, in the Areopagus, on Mars-hill.—The curtains of the past were drawn aside, and all its mysteries unfolded.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Visions of terror stood before

me. Their visages were black as night. My hair stood on end. With hideous yells they rush towards me, and blindfolded I am borne off, I knew not whither. I committed my soul to him who gave it, and prepared to die. The bandage was torn from my eyes; a blaze of light fell around me, and oh! horror of horrors, a ghastly figure was before me, his countenance black as hell. His spear was pointed at my heart, and his form seemed dilated a thousand fold as he roared: What is your name? All my powers of utterance were gone. I shrunk back in affright. A thousand blows fell upon me. I raised my eyes to take a last look, and lo! the room was filled with beings, and they seemed not of this world. Their hellish laughter pierced my soul. Fresh—green—rush him—he is rejected.—Away with him. I was again blindfolded, borne off. The everlasting waters were around me. "Oh! what a horrible thing it was, methought to drown." Mary I cried—I struggled fearfully. The bands of sleep were broken. I gazed wildly around. The moon was shining through the window. Fool, said I 't was but a dream.

A Sophomore of T— memory wants to know where Buttman's Lexilogus lives.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.—MR. FRITT, G. Q. PROFESSOR.—All who are desirous of frittering away their hours of idleness are respectfully requested to avail themselves of the advantages of this department.

Let them come provided with a "pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men,"

and paper of the best Franklin description. By the continued patronage of the young *men* he hopes to ensure success with all the fair sex, as the object in view is to allure thought by a pretty dress.

WANTED.—A dentist, surgeon and physician in the Cannine family; also an instructor in the various arts of tracking, pointing, treeing. Apply at Barksdale P. O. Chapel Hill.

ASTRONOMY.—W.—Darky, do you know de sun am 300 miles off from de e' arth.

J.—No siree, nor you n' uder, I know dat aint so.

W.—You ax Dr. M., I reckon he knows.

J.—Y'ah, y'ah, kase de book tell him so, dat's all he knows about it, he neber 'sperunce it no more'n you nor I.

Society is now one polished horde,  
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and  
Bored.

BYRON.

Do not start or turn pale, reader; we are far too strict a disciple of Chesterfield to ever dream of boring you. No, for the life of us we would not be so uncivil, to say nothing of the cruelty of the practice. But to return to our text. Reader, are you a philosopher, and did this fact never strike you before. Or do you belong to that terrible tribe whose hand, head, tongue, and life is against every man— we mean the bores? But we know you don't, and we hope none of our readers do, our *subscribing* readers at least.

We confess in the outstart that our motives are not entirely destitute of selfishness. We do hope to prevail upon some of this tribe to turn from the error of their ways, and seek the truth. Do not understand that we have ever been a *victim*. Oh, no! but we have seen others *victimimized*.

There are of the great tribe of bores species innumerable, and what is strange, some persons seem to possess a perfect talent for boring; in other words, they are perfect *bores*. This class seem to bore by intuition; they bore you when they are silent; they bore when they talk; and they bore you, let them do what they

will. These we would denominate the *nobility* of the tribe.

And nowhere, perhaps, can there be found a more complete collection of every species than assemble every morning and evening in the chapel. There is the talking bore--the proud bore--the familiar bore--the joking bore--the musical bore--the literary bore--and a motley host of little and large, old and young, expert and novices, through all of which a man must run the gauntlet during his college course.

THE TALKING BORE.—He among men who has not had to lend a weary and unwilling ear to many a long and windy tale that knew no culling may congratulate himself upon himself. But doubly fortunate is he, if he has not had that *wind mill* post itself in his room, just at dusk or immediately after breakfast, and there grind—and grind—and grind—till human forbearance fainted and fell in despair.—But if he has been thus accurst and doomed to listen, while ghastly phantoms of neglected Greek, or worse still, of blank and spotless blackboards are crowding upon his mind, then does he know the very acme of human misery. But reader, you may be an uninitiated Freshman, then let us who have been taken through the host from Dan to Beersheba mark him for you. If ever you hear a friendly joke,

“Told by rote,  
With just learning enough to misquote,”

recollect immediately some engagement elsewhere. If you step up to a crowd, and hear some one exclaim—“Hello, boys—he is the darndest man I ever saw in my life,” followed by a recital of *one of the darndest tricks*, fly that crowd and that man if you value your peace. But time and space forbid us continuing; nor could we hope to save you, did we mark them all; for they go about as a roaring lion, seeking whom they may devour.

But we cannot quit this subject with-

out making an appeal to these bores, and yet we almost de-pair of success. But “blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.”

If nature, kind friend, has denied you the gift of thought, do not sit, with lips apart as if for speech just opening. Say something or leave. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to leave is much the best policy. If you do have a secret conviction that you are a real Shanghai, an F. F. V., do not for modest humanity's sake set yourself head on one side, and stargaze it through the world. Remember that the Freshman whom you pass by unnoticed may be uttering to himself—

“Oh wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us,

\* \* \* \* \*

What airs in dress and *gait* wad lea'e us.”

And oh my friend, if you are so unfortunate as to believe yourself a musical genius, that yours is the power to sing--

“So passing dainty sweet to hear  
That even the nursery turned a ravished ear.”

For thy genius and humanity sake, we beseech you--waste not your sweetness on the desert air, but--

“Go where glory awaits thee,”

to the opera. And in conclusion to one and all, every class of *bores* we say--if you have left in your heart, a drop of that precious boon, “the milk of human kindness--

“In mercy cease thy visits to prolong!  
A bore may visit oft, and stay too long,  
As thou art strong in lungs in mercy spare.  
Thy pride alas! 'tis more than we can bear.  
But if in spite of all that we can say  
Thou cleavest still unto thy sinful way,  
Each victim doomed--your dread intent may  
    rue,  
God help thee, Sir Bore, and thy victim too.”

We would call the attention of our readers to the piece entitled "Uncle Moreau," as being worthy of a perusal. It is a biographical sketch of an old African nobleman by the Rev. M. B. Grier of Wilmington. The article was requested by the last corps, but the difficulty in getting reliable facts in time prevented the publication of it until the present number.

A friend kindly handed us the following love letter, the outpourings of a sick swain to the "queen of his soul." From its style we would imagine the author to be one of those heterogeneous heteroclitics, a six weeks soph (?) who has probably learnt how to smoke and has got him a sword-cane. Here it is:

DEAR MISS: Were the warm sensations of my affection, to pervade your delicate breast, you would no longer remain incredulous to the assertion, that it is impossible for the power of language to develop the soft emotions which meander through the hidden recesses of my soul.

You will excuse me to say, though extravagant, that the slightest thought of a final dismissal from one, selected by the hand of choice, would start the dormant tear from the seabrine fountain of wild despair.

But the bird of hope still remains to earrol on its favorite bush and to reeuseitate the delicious spirit of your aspiring suitor, who eaught the first rapture of love from the glance of your heavenly eye, and which can never be extinguished till the taper of life shall cease to burn; such is my regard for you, that on the wing of applause I am constrained to waft you beyond the ordinary circle, as a nymph divine escorted by the Gods to the Elysian fields.

Still I trust that your eondeseension will elevate your suppliant lover to a seat of acceptance to participate with your dignity in the feast of connubial happiness through the whole course of human existenee.

I have not yet forgotten the hour which gave birth to my extravagant regard for you; when Cupid's arrow was let fly from his bow, and shivered the impervious adamant, and dissolved the bosome of petrification into a fountain of lenity. A ray of softness from the eye of beauty inspired the song of early love and set

the minstrel's pen on fire, who never sung before.

Whatever may be the result of my recent affection I can not prognosticate, whether to sink to the depths of ruin, or soar to the heights of pleasure I shall still foment the blaze of love with the ventillating breeze of hope, that in a process of time not very distant, our hearts will entwine together on the wheel of affinity and thus eontiaue, till the wreek of mortality, and then ascend in the clasp of affinity of union.

Till the erash of worlds and the wreek of time I remain your infinitely faithful lover, *provided I am successful.*

At a called meeting of the Dialectic Society, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted in relation to the death of her distinguished son, J. A. Lillington:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Allwise Ruler of the Universe, in his own good counsel, to sever the eords of life and remove from earth, one whose early eareer anticipated greater and brighter things for the future; one who as a member of this Societiy, stood foremost in its ranks; as a student exeelled to the attainment of the highest honors, and who having entered upon the aetive scenes of life, continued his upward course, to his own eredit and the honor of his County and State; esteemed by all who knew him; admired by strangers, and honored by his adopted people. Therefore, in view of such a character, in our estimation of the person himself, and the eredit he has reflected upon us,

*Be it Resolved by this Body,* That we express our sympathy to his bereaved family, and thus signify our heartfelt feeling in relation to so untimely a death.

*Resolved,* That we aeknowledge our grief and mourn together with his beloved people, who had just shown their highest respect and utmost confidenee, by re-electing him while on his deathbed, to the Senate of this Commonwealth.

*Resolved,* That while we deplore the unexpected ealamity, in which his family are so intimately concerned, and his constituents, the State at large, and ourselves deeply interested, we aeknowledge our ealm submission to Him who gave the lamentable stroke.

*Resolved, furthermore,* That we eherish his memory, as a fellow-member and countryman,

a true patriot and statesman, in fondest endearment, and that we endeavor to emulate so bright an example, that his virtues may be ours and his attainments our model.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon our records, and a copy sent to his devoted relict and afflicted relatives, and to the Rowan Whig, Carolina Watchman, Raleigh Register, Wilmington Herald, and the University Magazine for publication.

N. A. BOYDEN,  
R. A. CARRIGAN, } Com.  
JAS. H. COLTON, }

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, }  
Aug. 19, 1854. }

WHEREAS, An Allwise Providence has seen fit to take unto Himself our late beloved fellow-member, Thomas F. Norfleet, who, while he was with us, endeared himself to all by his many good qualities of heart and head, sincerely lamenting his untimely death, which thus in

early manhood has cut short his earthly pilgrimage and borne his spirit to the God that gave it, and as an offering of feeble tribute to his memory; therefore, be it unanimously

*Resolved*, That as members of a common Society, and as fellow students, we do deeply deplore the death of one, whose generous heart, amiable disposition, and frank manners placed him high in our esteem and affection.

*Resolved*, That both in testimony of our bereavement, and from a respect for his manly virtues, we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parent of the deceased, and also to the Raleigh Register, Standard, and University Magazine, with the request that they be published.

E. W. GILLIAM,  
C. W. YELLOWLEY, } Com.  
L. T. THOMPSON. }

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

OCTOBER, 1854.

No. 8.

A LECTURE ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—  
ITS HISTORY—ITS EXCELLENCIES AND DEFECTS—ITS CURIOSITIES AND  
COLLOQUIAL ABUSES—AND ITS FUTURE DESTINY.

*Delivered at the Theatre in Newbern, North Carolina, May, 1854,*

BY REV. WILLIAM HOOPER.

THAT saying of Hobbes, one of the greatest metaphysicians of England: "That words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools," has been often quoted, and is much celebrated for its wisdom. It is indeed true, and deserving of fame, in a certain sense. For we do find that the weaker in mind people are, the more easily they are deceived by handsome language, and thus often admire and praise speeches and arguments which have very little force in them, while wiser and more judicious heads see thro' this gaudy but flimsy disguise, and pronounce these lauded effusions to be merely "sound and fury signifying nothing." And it must be admitted that many compositions which delighted us in our youth, sink in our estimation as we grow older, for this very reason: that as judgment and good sense assume the ascendancy over ignorance and false taste, we care more for sound thought and severe truth than

for an ornamental dress. But notwithstanding this, he would be a shallow philosopher who should deny the importance of language because it is often made the instrument of passing off nonsense for sense, and captivating thousands by melodious sounds and rhetorical decorations. That is the very reason why the wise should pay attention to language: to prevent folly and sophistry from having the monopoly of so powerful an auxiliary. For it is undeniable that it is the nature of man to be much affected by the arts of speech—to "be moved with the concord of sweet sounds"—to be much alive, to the beauties of composition, to the embellishments of fancy, to striking, picturesque illustrations of moral truth, drawn from natural objects around us. And it is the part of wisdom therefore, to watch, to seize upon, and use efficaciously, whatever is found to operate powerfully on the human mind. For the power of language may be employed just

as successfully to make *truth* attractive and victorious as to palm off error and conceal folly. So in architecture; a man might be foolish enough to adorn the facade of a *wooden* building with a costly display of statues and alto-relievos, cut out of the perishable wood. This would not prevent such costly and elaborate figures from being very appropriate ornaments of an edifice of solid stone. And there is no stronger evidence of the importance of cultivating style than the fact, that a large number of English writers of the 17th century are now scarcely known, and are read by very few, because their style is homely, and their sentences ill-constructed; tho' they contain mines of precious thought and valuable sentiment. To single out but one instance from a thousand: Sir Harry Vane, who made such a figure in the times of Cromwell; not one of us, perhaps, ever saw or read a line he wrote. Many of us never heard that he wrote at all; and yet it is said by the best judges that his writings display an astonishing degree of acuteness and mental power; and that great man, Sir James McIntosh, places him almost on a level with Lord Bacon. Yet, all this rich magazine of thought is buried under an uncouth phraseology—known only to antiquaries. All of you who have read Washington Irving's amusing account of the art of book-making as he saw it in the British museum, well know that much of what is now current and fashionable literature, is nothing but the solid masses of these old sages, ground down, and sharpened, and polished to suit the modern taste. So much by way of introduction to the subject of

language generally; and by way of apology for inviting you to study the genius and characteristics and powers of your own vernacular tongue, that you may learn to use it with more intelligence and precision, and to wield it with skill and success in the cause of truth and virtue.

#### HISTORY.

The English language, you know, is built upon the foundation of the Anglo-Saxon, upon which, after the Norman conquest, was reared the large superstructure of the Norman French. These two compose the main body of our words. Britain was originally peopled by colonies from Gaul, who spoke the Celtic language. But when the Saxons invaded England, about the middle of the fifth century, the original Celts (or *Kelts* as it has become fashionable to spell and pronounce it)—*they* were either destroyed or driven by the invaders into the mountains of Wales; and we find the ancient British language still a living tongue in the mouths of the Welsh, the Highlanders of Scotland, and the native Catholic Irish. I have compared the translations of the Bible in those several languages, and been struck with the similitude and almost identity of two of them. But besides the two great parent stocks of our language, the Saxon and Norman French, as soon as the revival of letters and commerce brought on a frequent intercourse of Britain with the other nations of Europe, rapid additions were made to her vocabulary from the learned tongues of Greece and Rome, as well as from the modern languages. And by these various contributions from the literary wealth of all the world, our English Dictionary now sums up the

amount of 38,000 words, enough in all conscience to satisfy the demands of sober folk; though sometimes an *exquisite* or a *belle* will complain grievously of the insufficiency of our vocabulary, exclaiming: "I want words to express my admiration, my delight, my indignation, my scorn and contempt, my horror," &c.

It is easy for a scholar to trace our present words to their parent source.—Almost all our short words and monosyllables are Saxon. So are those with harsh combinations of consonants. This is what we would expect. Barbaric nations won't take the trouble to form or use long words for the common occasions of life. The various languages of which ours is composed, have given our language, in some measure, the excellencies of them all. We combine the strength of the Northern Dialects with the soft voluptuous sounds of the South of Europe. It is true our language retains much of the harshness of its Teutonic origin, but not near so much as it would possess, had it been more coy and jealous of these foreign admixtures. Let me detain you then, a moment, on the *sound* of our language.

#### SOUND OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The euphony or agreeable sound of a language depends on the judicious intermixture of vowels and consonants. If the consonants predominate, it makes a language harsh and difficult of utterance; if the vowels superabound, it degenerates into languid effeminacy and unconnected laxity. If you compare the tongues of Northern with those of Southern Europe, and still more with those of the South-Sea Islands, you will be struck with these characteristic peculiarities. The very looks of a Rus-

sian or Polish word is enough to make even us rude-mouthed Saxons shrug our shoulders, and the utterance of it would cause, I should think, the musical Italian to stop his ears, lest it should crack the tympanum. Even the boasted German tongue, rich as it is in literature and philosophy, is as formidable to our ears as its strange looking type is trying to our eyes. But we must confess that we have little to brag of, in melody, over our German ancestors. We have got rid to be sure of the guttural sounds which render the pronunciation of that tongue so grating and cacophonous to our organs; but there are still harsh syllables enough to remind us of our Gothic origin. Take, for instance, a verse in one of the Psalms, in our common version: "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." It would be difficult to find a word more torturing to mouth or ear than that 2d persons singular of the past tense of our verb *strengthen*. We have all heard of words that are called *jaw-crackers* and if any jaw ever suffered fracture, or teeth were ever loosened in enunciating harsh sounds, surely it must have been in the passage of such words through the organs of speech. Indeed that same 2d person of our verbs in general, is so unmusical, and so intractable to the Poets that they are obliged to mutilate it of its last letters. For example, even Pope, that great master of melodious versification (if there ever was one)—see what a scrape he got into when he attempted to bring under the laws of his art, one of those monsters of our language the 2d person singular of the verb, *touch*.

“ — Oh thou my voice inspire  
Who touched Isaiiah's hallowed lips with fire.”

Now to get out, unharmed by teeth or lips, the word *touched*, in one syllable, was no small achievement; but to send it forth with all its skirts sticking to it *touchedst* was beyond the reach of art, and therefore the unfortunate word lost its tail in its passage. He might, to be sure, have let the word retain its extremities, had he been at liberty to say *touch-edst*, in two syllables, but the misery was, his verse required a monosyllable, and, gentlemen and ladies, if any of you will utter those four consonants *ch'dst* together, without the interposition of a vowel, your jaws are safe from ever being cracked by any word that has come down from the tower of Babel, or from being hurt even by the forceps of the dentist. And yet this is a difficulty which lies perpetually in the way of our poets; for as long as the pronoun *thou* is used in addresses to the Deity, and apostrophes and elevated strains of composition, the corresponding 2d pers. of the verb will be required. Poor Pollok! in his “Course of Time,” did not pretend to struggle with the difficulty, but has every where cut off the *st* from the 2d pers. of his verbs, and sacrificed his grammar to his melody. But this harshness of our language fits it admirably for the purposes of awful rebuke, fierce vituperation, indignant menace, and terrible denunciation; as well as for expressive imitation of all the loud, blustering, roaring, crashing, whistling, shattering, rustling, hissing sounds of natural objects. Certainly if old Homer had had *our* language at command, he would have put all Juno's scoldings of Jupiter in good Anglo-

Saxon; and we, of the present age, know with what beautiful success Mrs. Caudle has employed it in her “Curtain Lectures.” “A word to the wise,” &c. Pope, so dexterous an artist in adapting *words* to express the sounds of *things*, has applied the resources of his mother tongue in both ways: to convey ideas of *smoothness* and *softness* as well as of *roughness* and *storminess*. It is easy to see that he has succeeded better in the harsh than in the soft. Judge for yourselves:

“Soft is the strain when Zeyhr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers  
flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse, should like the torrent  
roar;  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to  
throw,  
The *line*, too, labors, and the words move slow.”

The reader will perceive how easily the poet can muster together hosts of loud sounding vowels, and a bristling phalanx of harsh consonants, to stun your ears and to retard and impede the utterance, when he wishes to imitate rough-sounding objects or to express laborious effort. But perhaps my youthful hearers will think our language sufficiently soft and mellifluous in the plastic hands of the same marvellous artist when, at the *soft* age of 16, he wrote his pastorals and thus describes the *soft* charms of Delia:

“Go, gentle gales and bear my sighs away,  
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey;  
As some soft turtle his lost love deploras,  
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;  
Thus far from Delia to the winds I mourn,  
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn!  
Go gentle gales and bear my sighs away—  
\* \* \* \* \* — where'er my Delia flies,  
Let spring attend and sudden flowers arise!  
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,  
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.”

But doubtless the worst feature in our language, as regards its sound, and what detracts most from its euphony in the ears of foreigners, is the perpetual recurrence of the sibilant sound of *s* not only when that one letter occurs but when the same sound is given in soft *c* and in *sh*, *ch*, &c.—so that the English has got the name with the continentals of the *hissing language*. I hope this does not imply that we are the descendants of the dragon, whose teeth were sown by Cadmus, in old times, and produced a crop of men!—To let your ears judge of this hissing character of our spoken tongue, you have only to repeat over some of the verses I have quoted, and notice how often the sibilant susurration recurs.

Again: among the defects of our language, so far as regards its *sound*, may be mentioned the want of euphonic *links*, or artifices to soften the junction of words. Now the French excel us far in this; for they prevent *hiatus* constantly, by sounding their mute consonants at the end of words when the next word begins with a vowel sound, and sometimes by even inserting a consonant as *y a-t il* &c.—and again by softening the sound of their *s* into *z* between vowels; as *champs Elysees*, &c. Contrivances like these may be compared to the oil in wheels, to prevent friction. Our language however, is not altogether destitute of contrivances for sweetening sound, by little soft letters interjected between the main syllables. There is a delicate beauty of this kind of which our poets avail themselves—a beauty felt by our ears, but perhaps few of us have attended to the art and taste which have directed the poet to the use

of one word rather than another. Thus Gay, a poet remarkably studious of euphony:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;

So Milton a still mightier master of music:  
“O'er many a frozen many a fiery Alp.”

In each of these lines, the last syllable of *many* is over and above the complement of the measure; but that letter; *y* slides so gracefully into the next word, and so easily coalesces with it, that the ear is rather pleased than offended with the supernumerary syllable. I will quote another example of this melodious nicety from Pope's description of a lady's toilet:

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.

Notice these beautiful words *curious*, *glittering*, and observe how the voice slides over the middle syllable. Take that away, and the line is as legitimate as ever, but the ear has been cheated of some portion of melody.

#### STYLES.

But I must pass over the sound of our language—from its euphony and its cacophony, to its other excellencies and defects. The power of adaptation to all subjects, high and low, grave and gay, tragic and comic, is a distinguishing excellence of the English tongue.—In what department of composition has not our language its great masters, who have wielded this weapon with such might and dexterity that it seems as if no other could have suited them better? What language could have suited Milton so well, to describe the sublime horrors of hell and the sublime glories of heaven and the soft charms of Eden, as

the one he learned on his mother's lap? And when we read one of Shakspeare's deep tragedies, it seems as if no other language could have answered better to express the strong emotions of love, hatred, revenge, remorse, jealousy, courage, pity, despair! And on the other hand, when we read one of his comedies, where Sir John Falstaff, the fat knight, provides such a fund of entertainment for the English nation, as it is said, all other writers have not equaled—why, it seems as if Sir John would not have been *himself*, in any other speech than his own racy Anglo-Saxon. It is true Shakspeare's humor is often low and vulgar, and consists too often in a *quibble* upon words. This, however, was not the fault of his mother tongue, but of the bad taste of his age, and some one has said, that his fondness for *quibble* or *pun*, was the cleopatra for which he lost the dominion of the world. I will presently mention some of these puns, among the *curiosities* of our language.

The variety of styles of which the English tongue is susceptible in the same department of literature, is remarkable. Take, for instance, the department of history. What a vast difference between the attic simplicity of Hume, and the asiatic pomp and luxuriance of Gibbon? Robertson tried the middle ground—more ornamental than Hume, less turgid and grandiloquent than Gibbon. Each of these several styles has its admirers. I for one, think, that the increase of ornament in historical style is in bad taste, and foreign to the severe genius of the historic muse.—The object in history is to give us naked truth and to fix attention upon the *facts*

and the *matter* not upon the writer. If you introduce much coloring you disguise and misrepresent the matters of fact, and draw off the reader's mind from *them* to the beauties of the composition, and this is too often the manifest object of the historian: to exhibit *himself*. Besides, the employment of poetry and rhetoric immediately begets a suspicion of *fiction*—that the historian is not elevated to that high seat and clear atmosphere of judicial dignity, which would qualify him to decide fairly on the merits of historic facts. That is just the suspicion you feel, upon taking up Walter Scott's life of Napoleon. When the then unknown author of the "Waverly novels," first announced that he had undertaken the biography of the greatest warrior of the world, the public were on the tiptoe of expectation: the foremost in arms portrayed by the foremost in letters! They could scarcely wait for its completion, and as soon as it appeared, seized upon and devoured it with the greatest avidity. But the sober reader immediately discerns the hand of the poet. The profusion of similes and metaphors awaken a feeling that you are on fairy and enchanted ground, and you withhold your confidence—to say nothing of the caution you think necessary against the national prejudices of a Briton. These remarks apply with still more force to a *history* (shall I call it) or a historical declamation, in praise of Napoleon by the *Reverend* J. C. Abbott, now beguiling the American public in the pages of a fashionable periodical. This military parson, with cocked hat on his head and epauletts on his shoulders and spurs on his heels, who thinks it *his mission* to whitewash the character

of a man who destroyed about five millions of his fellow-creatures, may figure for a year or two, with readers whose historical knowledge goes no deeper than the pages of a magazine; but after having flourished his short day upon the stage, and done his best (under the banner of the Prince of peace) to make "young America" admire and burn to imitate the bloody race of conquerors, we can safely predict a speedy descent of his unclerical production, "to the family vault of all the capulets." I make these remarks on Abbott's work merely in passing, to caution my young hearers against forming their historical opinions merely from the hired writers for periodicals, who know that their contributions will be more noticed the more they may startle by their audacity and paradox.

Rising to a higher grade of historical productions, the histories of Bancroft, Prescott and Irving, who have done so much honor to their country, we may still be allowed to doubt whether they have not pushed ornament too far. You see the landscape (in their pages) not through plain, clear glass, but through a painted window—the objects are not seen merely in the common transparent light of the atmosphere, but gilded by the beams of the sun. The best illustration of a good style that was ever given was that of Robert Hall, applied to Miss Edgeworth. He said that a good style ought to resemble a *transparent medium*, through which you see the writer's thoughts clearly, without thinking of the medium itself; and such he said was Miss Edgeworth's style. If this be a just remark on style in general, it holds with especial accuracy in regard to the

style of history. But the subject is so expansive, and the time so short that I must contract my excursions and hurry on to other proposed topics. Let me just remark here, however, that having praised Hume's style, I must not be considered as praising his history, for the main qualities of a good historian: fairness and fidelity. In that respect the decision of the world has accorded; I believe, with the sentence of Archbishop Magee of Dublin, that, besides his too apparent prejudices against religion, his celebrated history is a labor-ed apology for tyranny and arbitrary power.

#### PERSONIFICATION.

It is always a beauty and excellency in any language when it can elevate itself at pleasure above its ordinary level—just as it is a great evidence of man's superiority to the animal tribes, that he has been able to add to his natural faculty of walking, the power of mounting on horseback; thus giving to his motives a force and celerity far beyond the capacities of his own body. Now, poetry may be said to be *prose on horseback*. Hence the ancients gave the Muses the winged horse Pegasus, on which to mount their votaries. Well, our language possesses several characteristics fitting it for the purposes of poetry. One is, a store of poetical words, which are considered the *peculium*—the professional property, of the tuneful nine, and whose adoption by prose writers would be as bare-faced a use of stolen goods, as if you were to see a young gentleman with tortoise shell combs, and wreaths of flowers in his hair. Such words are *mount, fount*, for *mountain, fountain*; *stole* for *robe*,

lore for learning, fast for close by, the-  
atrick for theatrical, rill for rivulet,  
pale for make pale; such contractions  
as 'scape for escape, 'gin and 'gan for be-  
gin and began; 'er, 'er, 'en, oft, and  
various such like; and especially the  
revival of antique words; as *nothless*  
for *nevertheless*, *whilome* for *formerly*,  
*aye* for *always*, *mote* for *might*, *help* for  
*help*, &c. This resuscitation of old  
words, covered with the rust and mould  
of antiquity, is a very politic artifice of  
the poets; because it falls in with our  
passion for the *antique*, which is seen  
in our fondness for Gothic edifices, cas-  
telled palaces, old ruins, and in our  
alarming imitations of mother Eve's  
toilet. This resort to *old forms* was  
common in the choruses of the Greek  
tragedies. It was there the Poet wish-  
ed to display his full poetical talent, and  
there he introduced the old *Doric* dia-  
lect, with fine effect. Milton, with similar  
art, uses the antique forms *Rhene*, and  
the *Danaw*, for *Rhine* and *Danube*.—  
So we can immediately give a solemn  
elevation to our style, by dropping our  
familiar *you* and *your*, and talking up  
*thou*, *thee* and *thine*. This is what gives  
a venerable grandeur to our common  
Bible, which we should be sorry to see  
lost in a modern version; and this air  
of antiquity and solemnity is an argu-  
ment for rendering the Bible so as to make  
a distinct syllable of the *ed* in the ter-  
mination of our verbs. If we say:  
“His mercy *endureth* for ever,” because  
it is solemn and antique, why not:  
“His mercy *endur-ed* for ever,” for the  
very same reason? Walker tells us  
that in England the reading of the  
Bible is thus distinguished from the  
reading of every other book and it is a

seemly distinction, that the *spoken* an-  
tique may accord with the *written* an-  
tique. Under this head of a power to  
elevate the style at will, must be men-  
tioned a peculiarity of our English  
tongue in which it has the advantage of  
almost all others. Dr. Blair remarks  
that the English is perhaps the only  
language in the known world (except  
the Chinese which is said to resemble it  
in this particular) where the distinc-  
tion of gender is confined, as it ought  
to be, to mark the real distinction of  
male and female.” Since Dr. Blair  
wrote, Sir Wm. Jones, that great orien-  
tal scholar, has told us that the *Persic*  
language resembles the English in this;  
that in *it*, all inanimate things are neu-  
ter.” Now, see the advantage of this  
in raising the tone of composition im-  
mediately. Who can read, without a  
chill of horror, those awful words of the  
Bible where God confronts Cain with  
the crime of murdering his brother:  
“The voice of thy brother's blood crieth  
unto me from the ground. And now  
art thou cursed from the Earth, which  
hath opened *her* mouth to receive thy  
brother's blood from thy hand.” How  
would the style here sink immediately,  
if we substitute *its* for *her*! Yet this  
personification is not perceived in the  
Hebrew original, nor in the other mod-  
ern versions of it, because in these, the  
Earth is always feminine, and therefore  
you cannot endow it, when you please,  
with new dignity and vivacity by call-  
ing it *she*. So when you say in Eng-  
lish: “Virtue charms us by *her* loveli-  
ness,” we feel the beauty of the person-  
ification, and we picture to our minds a  
lovely woman, winning all hearts by her  
charms; but in French, Italian, German,

and the rest, the goddess drops her divinity, and is transformed into a *thing*; and "virtue charms us by *its* loveliness,"—just as a *tree* might!

I will give you another specimen from a poet who is, or ought to be, a favorite with you all: the author of the "Pleasures of Hope"—a quotation the more appropriate *now* as brought to mind by the present portentous state of the world. And while I recite it, let me just remind the juvenile part of my audience, that *Sarmatia* is the ancient name of modern Poland:

"Oh bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in *her* arms, nor mercy in *her* wo;  
Dropp'd from *her* nerveless grasp the shatter'd  
spear,  
Closed *her* bright eye and curbed her high career."

What reader of taste would not feel a sensible fall in the thermometer of style, if we here substitute *its* for *her*?

#### CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I must now briefly touch upon some of the *curiosities* of our language. And the first that I will mention is our *surnames*. The word *surname* is spelled two ways. Formerly it was often written *sirname* on the supposition that it denoted the name we derive from our *sire*. But now it is always spelled *surname*—a more correct etymology informing us that the word is from the French preposition *sur over*; because men had at first but one name, and afterwards the name of their estates was written *over* the Christian name. For example *de La Fayette* was written over *Gilbert Mottier*, the first name, and was

therefore the *surname* of that family.—Thus we can trace back one of the oldest family names of this town, to the days of Julius Cæsar. In Cæsar's Commentaries there is mention of a tribe of Gauls named *EBUROVICES*, settled in what is now *Normandy*, the northern part of France. This name was corrupted into the modern *Evereux*, a town of which name now stands a little south of the Seine and serves to certify and locate its ancient inhabitants. From this place doubtless came over with William the Conqueror the ancestor of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, once the greatest favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who wrote his name *Robert d'Evereux*, that is: *Robert of Evereux*. In a similar manner we may gratify our curiosity by tracing back the modern *Orleans*, to the Roman emperor *Aurelian*, *Essex* and *Sussex* to *Est-Sexia*, *Sud-Sexia*; that is, *East-Saxons*, *South-Saxons*.

A great many of our names are *patronymics*, formed by adding the word *son*, to the father's name, or prefixing in Scotch names the word *mac*, or in Irish names the letter *O'* which are equivalent to *son*. Thus a man whose father was named *Neill*, would in Scotland be called *McNeill*, in Ireland *O'Neal*, and in England, *Neilson* or *Nelson*. It is sufficient just to mention the names of *Johnson*, *Williamson*, *Davidson*, *Thomson*, and a hundred others, to see how plainly they indicate some *John*, *William*, &c., as the patriarch of the family. The name *Thompson* has acquired the *p* evidently by the necessary formation of that sound in opening the lips after closing them in forming the *m*. Thus *James-town weed* is corrupted into *Jimpson-weed*.

Many of these patronymics are shortened; thus *Davison* is abridged into *Davis*, *Dickson* into *Dix*, *Walterson* into *Watson* and *Watts*, *Johnson* into *Johns* or *Jones*. But enough and more than enough of this.

Among the curiosities of our language may be mentioned that numerous tribe of words ending in *-ery* as *millinery*, *jewelry*, *saddlery*, *confectionery*, &c., without end. All these words owe their origin to the Greek and Latin terminations—*-erion* and *-arium* meaning at first the place where things are kept, but afterwards transferred to the articles kept or sold there. Thus *herbary*, *apiary*, *aviary*, the places where herbs, bees, birds are kept—one of the most beautiful of these words is *cemetery* [*koimeterion*] meaning a *sleeping place*. How scriptural the idea! how profitable the train of thought suggested by the term! Have you friends in our cemetery? They are only in their bed-chamber—they are going to arise in the morning.

That large and increasing class of words ending in *ee* are something of a curiosity. They are all formed after the analogy of the French passive participle; thus *oblige* is the person to whom another is bound. Add an *e* to accommodate it to English ears, and you have *obligee*; and by analogy *promisee*, *legatee*, *assignee*, and others innumerable.

The derivation of some of our words is deep, historic interest. The word *rival*, contains in it volumes of painful history. The Latin term *rivales*, from which our term *rivals* comes down, merely meant *River-men*, *dwellers on different sides of a river*. Rivers have

been from time immemorial the boundaries of nations; and how naturally and even necessarily *River-men* were rivals, I need not tell you. The banks of the Tweed, of the Rhine, of the Rubicon, have been fattened and their streams crimsoned with the blood of *rivals*. Oh may Heaven long postpone the day when the same story shall be told of the fraternal rivals on the shores of the Ohio and the Potomack. \* \* \* \* \* Many of our words are curious fragments of longer words. For example; *mob* is a word of only three letters, but what force is in that little monosyllable! It presents to the imagination a tremendous engine to destroy men's lives or property. All this is, of right, condensed into those three letters, when you learn that the word comes from *mobile vulgus*—the fickle crowd—the easily—agitated multitude. When you learn this, the little word *mob* puts you in mind of a little heap of fulminating powder, which needs only to be *inflamed*, to burst a house into atoms.

So the word *Zounds!* or *By Zounds!* is a kind of soft oath or emphatic affirmation, which many people feel no scruple in using. Perhaps they would not take it so freely in their mouths if they knew it was shortened from *God's Wounds*, meaning the wounds of Christ on the Cross. This was a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth and made many of her boldest courtiers tremble.

Another curiosity: We say "one thing is *not a whit* better than another." A *whit* is contracted from *a white*, that is, the white speck or eye in a colored bean; so that it came to be used proverbially for the smallest particle. Our

Translators have introduced this expression into the Bible. "Are you angry at me because I have made a man *everywhit* whole on the Sabbath day?" The original merely has it "*altogether whole.*" It is remarkable that this expression has come down to us from the Latins. The word *annihilate* is derived from Latin words expressive of this same idea. *Hilum* is the eye of a bean; *ad-ni-hilum*, to a size not as large as a speck—to a mere nothing—hence *annihilate*.

PAIONOMASEA OR PUN.

This is a species of wit generally considered undignified and low; yet such a play upon words has been resorted to even by our greatest authors and therefore may be worthy of mention among the curiosities of language.

We quote examples from the prince of epic and the prince of dramatic poetry. In the "Paradise Lost" when the bad angels had surprised and discomfited the good angels, for the moment, by the discharge of their cannon, they amuse themselves by an abundance of *puns* on the effects of their artillery.

Belial thus addresses Satan :

Leader! the *terms* we *sent* were *terms* of *weight*  
Of *hard contents* and full of *force urged home*,  
Such as we might perceive *amused* them all,  
And *stumbled* many; who *receive* them *right*,  
Had need from head to foot well *understand*;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides;  
They show us when our friends *walk* not *up-right*.

I promised some specimens from Shakespeare, and I told you that this trifling play upon words was said to be the Cleopatra for which he had lost the world. With whatever justice this may be said in his tragedies, we may fairly claim that his *puns* often give zest to

his comic parts. I will just notice two instances. All readers of the immortal Dramatist will remember the ridiculous night-adventure of Falstaff, from which he came in, all puffing and blowing, cursing all cowards, and declaring that he and his companion had taken great spoil, but that three rogues, dressed in Kendal green had stolen up behind, surprised and robbed them; for the night was so dark he could not see his hand. "Why, Jack," exclaimed prince Hal, "how could you tell that the men were dressed in Kendal green if the night was so dark? Come, give your reasons, Sir, your reasons?" Falstaff was cornered; but with ready wit responds: "What! give *reasons* upon compulsion? If *raisins* [reasons] were as plenty as *blackberries*, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. Now, in Shakespear's time, *raisins* were pronounced *reasons*. Of course, to contrast them with blackberries, made a capital pun, which having fired off, the old braggadocio escaped under the smoke—but the change of pronounciation has spoiled the pun and now perhaps few notice that a pun is intended.

Another pun of Shakespear's has been ruined by change of pronounciation. It occurs in the tragedy of Julius Cæsar and of course is a blemish rather than a beauty—Cassius is instigating Brutus to join the conspiracy against Cæsar. He exclaims :

"When could they say, till now, that talked of  
Rome,  
That her wide walls encompassed but *one* man?  
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *room* enough  
When there is in it but one only man."

Shakespeare and his contemporaries called the mistress of the world *Room*

and this tempted to the *equivoque*, which suited the taste both of the author and his age. We will just notice another instance of our author's unlucky propensity this way, and pass on. It occurs in the same play. Anthony is lamenting over the newly slain body of Cæsar, and compares him to a stag or hart laid low by the hunters; and then plays upon the two words *hart* and *heart*, one in sound but diverse in meaning.

Pardon me Julius. Here wast thou bayed, brave hart!

O world! thou wast the forest to this *hart*,  
And this indeed O world! the *heart* of thee.

It is no small part of the glory of Shakespeare that his transcendent genius has been able to lift him up unharmed by such blemishes: as the Sun's splendor conceals from the unassisted eye enormous caverns on his disk, large enough to swallow up one or more of such globes as this, our dwelling place. His fame, too, has grown and is growing in an age whose taste strongly revolts against such verbal quibbles, in serious composition. Who would believe that even no farther back than Dryden's time. Ben Jonson, the contemporary and rival of Shakespeare, had so nearly superceded him in the general favor, that Dryden, in his Essay on dramatic poetry, hardly ventured to claim even an *equality* for his beloved Shakespeare.— Yet now, hardly any body hears of Ben Jonson, but as a learned pedant, while the wide world is still re-echoing Milton's praises of "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child."

#### EUPHEMISM.

Among the curiosities of our language may be ranked our *Euphemisms*.

This is a mode of speech by which we soften anything that is bad, painful, or indecorous, by giving it a more favorable name. Some euphemisms are common to all nations; such as to *depart*, to *decease*, to *fall asleep*, for the more sad word *to die*. Others are peculiar to different nations. The nice taste of the French renders euphemism a favorite figure with them. They call the hangman whose office it is to suspend criminals on high: "Master of the high works: *le maitre des hautes œuvres*.— Among us, when a young lady performs the cruel operation of hanging a young man, we try to soften the act by borrowing a euphemism from the proceedings of diplomacy. We say: "She has given him his papers." But alas! the poor fellow does not find his sentence any easier to bear under a gentle name than a rough one, for hanging is a cruel death, whether inflicted by a cord of silk or one of hemp.

Euphemism is a favorite figure of speech with young men, when they wish to soften the character of their vices.— They then are fruitful in the most ingenious euphemisms. Is a youth riotous and dissipated? He is only a *little wild*, sometimes. Does he drink freely? He is only *diguised*, *boozy*, *half-shaved*—*has too much steam aboard*, &c.— I believe the fashionable phrase now is: "he is *tight*." This last epithet is of all others the least appropriate; for a drunken man is so *limber* that if he falls from a horse he is like a bag of wool—he comes down all in a heap, and seldom gets hurt. An excellent use of euphemism is when we speak of the faults of our friends or our enemies. Then gentle terms are safest and keep under in-

stead of gratifying the malevolent affections. When a lady is not handsome we need not say she is a *perfect fright*—when a man is rather economical we need not say he is a perfect *skin-flint*—when a companion is not very interesting, we need not say: he is an *insufferable bore*.

## ALLITERATION.

Another curiosity of language is what is called *alliteration*; that is the stringing together of words beginning with the same letter or composed of similar sounds. Thus: “for weal or for wo”—“neck or nothing”—“rule or ruin”—“sink or swim”—“no pains no gains”—“many men many minds”—“doubly damned”—“is it fiction or is it fact”—“fat fair and forty;” and a thousand others. This is not a mere trifle or puerility, but founded in nature and therefore some of our best writers (both prose and poetical) have not disdained to employ it. It is found that expressions, thus constructed, make a pleasing impression, and are better remembered; and therefore are the very kind of vehicle in which short aphorisms and maxims ought to be couched. The majestic Milton has not deemed this figure unworthy of his muse in some of his loftiest strains. Satan thus salutes his new home in which *eight* initial *h*'s are introduced in two lines:

“Hail horrors, hail! and thou profoundest hell,  
Receivè thy new possessor——  
The mind is its own place and in itself,  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.”

Pope strings five *h*'s together in one line, in describing the labor of Sisyphus in rolling the stone up hill—you can almost hear the poor man panting:

“With many a weary step and many a groan,  
Up the high hill, he heaves the huge, round stone.”

Again the same poet bars the point of his sarcasm upon a malicious scribbler by a skillful alliteration:

“Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings:  
A painted child of dirt that stinks and stings.”

Gray indulges frequently in alliteration, ex. qr.

“Weave the warp and weave the woof”—“Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,” &c.

But if any one wants to see this figure of speech happily employed on the side of truth and virtue, and perhaps carried to an extreme, let him go to that storehouse of witty and pithy English proverbs: Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Bible. I will just give you a sample or two. On woman's formation out of Adam, he says: “Eve's being made *after* Adam and *out of* him puts an honor upon that sex, as the glory of the man. The *man was dust refined*, the *woman was dust, double refined*—one remove further from the earth!” Gentlemen! stand uncovered in the presence of your superiors!

Again: “Whom God *appoints* to any office he *anoints* for it.” Of a man dallying with a dangerous temptation, he says: “The *foolish fly* fires her wings and *fools* away her life by *flying* about the candle” on letting the guilty go unpunished, he says: “Foolish pity spoils the city.” Hear this ye juries, who show a misplaced tenderness for murderers, and a cruel indifference to the public peace! Take one other sample of Alliteration, from the Latin, and we have done: “*Juniores ad labores, Seniores ad honores.*”



If it be not sacrilege to take a single plume from this splendid passage, I would inquire whether it be correct philosophy to say that the feather *impels* the steel, or only *guides* it; and I would claim for Waller,\* the honor of having preceded him in the use of this image. To a lady who *killed* him with a song to which he himself had composed the words he says :

That Eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which on the shaft that made him die,  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

But Waller's is only the skeleton of "the Apollo;" Byron's is "the Apollo" itself.

I am fearful of extending this address beyond all reasonable length, but there are still several barbarisms which I wish to *jugulate* before I leave this part of my subject. *Conduct*, as an intransitive verb (as "he conducted badly" she does not know how to conduct") is horrid. I have never seen it in any English author, yet it is universal throughout New England and even beyond. Scarcely any of their authors, below the first rate, are superior to it. I have met with it in Dr. Nott and Humphreys, Presidents of Colleges; Jacob Abbott and Barnes; but never in the North American Review, Prescott, &c. The *Bosphorus* brought lately so much into notice by the operation of war, ought to be spelled without the *h*. *Co-temporary* for *contemporary*,† and

*Delphos* for *Delphi*, Bently tried to crush with his giant hand, but they still survive. So *miletum* for *miletus*, in one passage of the Bible ("Trophimus have I left at *miletum* sick,") has stood uncorrected in all our editions. The word *transpire*, as it meets us at every turn, in the sense of *occur*, is sickening to every lover of correct language. In its legitimate sense, namely "to *leak out*, to *escape from concealment*, it is a beautiful word, corresponding to its derivation, that is, the *breathing* of some volatile essence *through a porous medium*. "Congress is sitting with closed doors—nothing has yet transpired," is all right—But the fashionable slang: "Nothing has yet *transpired*, since the troops arrived," &c. every scholar ought to be ashamed of.

There is one modern violation of the King's English on which I wish to remark before concluding; I mean the alteration of the present participle in-ing in a passive sense: ex. gr. "Attempts were *making* for the universal progress of christianity" (Robt. Hall) very many writers nowadays would say: "attempts were *being made*" I have, for many years, been noticing the *usus loquendi* on this idiom of our language, and have found that the weight of authority is decidedly against the new fangled phrase and in favor of the old idiom I will quote a few of the foremost modern English classics. The North American Review finds fault with Dickens for using "the new fangled and uncouth solecism 'is being done' for the good old English idiom 'is doing,' an absurd periphrasis" they say, "driving out a pointed and pithy term of the English language."

\* It is not original even with Waller, but comes down from the Greek.

† The rule is this: the preposition *con* in *pure Latin compounds* is always used before consonants, of course is required in *contemporary*; before vowels *co* is used: *co-eval*, *co-operate*, *co-equal*, *co-adjutor*, &c. But as a prefix to purely English words, we use *co*, even before consonants: ex. gr. *co-worker*, *co-partner*, &c.

"When these atrocities were daily *perpetrating*."—(Sir J. McIntosh.)

"The lamps were lighting."—(Miss Edgeworth.)

"While these preparations were *making* in Scotland."—(Macaulay.)

"Designs which were *forming* against his throne."—(Ibid.)

"Round his little fleet a boat was *rowing*."—(Ibid.)

"While the foulest judicial murder, which had disgraced even these times, was *perpetrating*."—(Ibid.)

These are only a few I have selected from a mass of others out of Walter Scott, Hume, Goldsmith, &c.

But all these barbarisms, in single words, are nothing, compared with the wholesale contamination of our language, by such books as Major Jack Downing, Major Jones's Courtship, and above all, the *Ethiopian Melodies*. To these last there are still stronger objections. I cannot but think that a young lady must lose something of her refinement by accustoming her mouth to the utterance of such gross vulgarisms, and must be in some danger of imitating in her own speech the slang she finds set to her music and daily utters at the piano. How shocking to hear coming out of an ivory throat and coral lips such strains as this :

Oh Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning,  
Just like a ear of corn ;  
And her eyes, dey look so winning,  
Oh would I'd ne'er been born  
I axed her for to marry  
Myself, de toder day ;  
She said she'd rudder tarry—  
So I let her hab her way.

But another deformity of these Ethiop ballads is, that many of them make sport of human miseries, and mock at the affections of the heart, when ascribed to sable lips. This must always impair our fine moral sensibilities :

"I would not number on my list of friends—  
The man that causelessly treads upon a *worm*."

#### DESTINY.

I have extended my remarks on the previous topics to such length that a few words only must suffice for our last proposed head : the *destiny* of the English language. It has pleased God to make this language the vehicle of thought and action to the two nations on the face of the earth, which would seem to deserve, if any can, the possession of such a treasure—Great Britain and the United States. They are precisely the nations, who, by the long enjoyment of civil and religious freedom, have made their native tongue the depository of all the glorious speeches and books that have been made for the enlightenment and the moral advancement of the human race. In that language alone, since the days of ancient Greece and Rome, have the noble energies of the human soul and its heaven-born pantings after the great and the good, dared to find an utterance. There have been, no doubt, "mute, inglorious Miltons," Hampdens, Chathams, Burkes, Franklins, Henrys, Washingtons, in France, in Austria, Russia, Turkey and Italy—carrying the same sacred flame of patriotism in their hearts ; but it was locked up there, consuming the breasts in which it was imprisoned, and daring not to breathe itself forth for fear of the dungeon and the rack. But happier far is it when the divine spark is lighted up in an Anglo-Saxon bosom. For 300 years have the champions of civil and religious liberty and the oracles of moral wisdom been pouring out their heart-stirring strains in the im-

mortal dialect of Sidney, Locke, and Milton; and the consequence has been, that the vast mass of precious thought and feeling that has been glowing and working in ten thousand human minds, during that long period, has been embodied in the English Language—"apples of gold in network of silver"—hearts of nature's finest mould embalmed in amber for the worship of future ages. Alexander of Macedon kept the Iliad of Homer in the jeweled casket of Darius. But since the art of printing, we need no other casket for the preservation of our works of genius than the wide-spread volumes of the English language. Blot out the English language, and you would extinguish the voice of liberty and truth and righteousness, from the modern world. Oh, how would the tyrants of the earth, political and ecclesiastical, rejoice, at the putting out of that light, at the hushing of that voice! In the age of Augustus, it was treason to read the noble bursts of Cicero, in defence of the liberties of his country; and in England's degenerate days, a Charles II, burned the works of Milton, and tried to seize his person. But thanks to Heaven, and to the Press, his instrument, the ethereal products of the mind do not die with the bodies that enshrine them, but will live coëval with the spirits that gave them birth. Unhappily there is a dark side of the picture. As we shall ever rejoice that some of the proudest monuments of genius and virtue are immortalized in our English tongue, so we must confess with sorrow, that the same consecrated language will save from oblivion some of the poisonous products of profligate genius. Who but must

wish that some of the poems of Moore and Byron had been written in an unknown tongue? Tom Moore has made penitential confessions on that subject. And well he might, when reproved for his dissolute muse by Lord Byron!—"Quis tulerit gracchos de seditione querentes?" He was once asked if he had never regretted writing some of his pieces. He honestly replied "yes, as soon as I had a daughter old enough to read them!" What an instructive confession! the heart of the father smote him for providing matter to taint the purity and wound the delicacy of his own daughter's mind; but felt no compunction for introducing the poison into ten thousand other families. We have all heard of heaps of matter, sometimes being destroyed by spontaneous combustion. We cannot help wishing there were such a destiny awaiting the effusions of polluted hearts—that the paper traversed by these pens tipped with unhallowed flame, should have taken fire under the touch, and scorched the fingers of the writer; or that he should have found, on returning to his study, nothing but a mass of ashes where he left his incendiary poems.

But to turn again to the brighter and more hopeful destinies of our language. We are bound to congratulate ourselves that Great Britain and the United States, the possessors of the English tongue, are already two of the most wide-spread nations on the globe, and destined, we humbly believe, by their commerce, their freedom, their energy and their valor, to influence the fortunes of the whole earth. Hence we may catch a cheering perspective of the splendid destinies of our noble native

speech. As it is now read on the banks of the Thames and the Potomac, so it shall, in revolving time be read on the banks of the Wolga and the Yang-tse-Kiang; of the Niger and the Nile; and kindle hitherto unknown raptures of truth and hope in the millions of those distant hemispheres. An electric spark from an English or American bosom shall

shoot athwart the ocean, and create a Washington in St. Petersburg or Peking. With eyes watching for the dawn of so illustrious a future, upon our country and our language, we may almost exclaim, with the old Welsh bard, in Gray's beautiful ode:

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

### WILLARD'S DEBUT IN COLLEGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—During the Fall of 1850, I chanced to be passing to the western part of the State on some business which required immediate attention. I reached Raleigh on Tuesday night much jaded by travelling and felt little like attending a *soiree* given at the female Institute, to which I had been very kindly invited by some of my female acquaintances. After a few wholesome ablutions however, and a genteel shave by the city barber I felt much refreshed and exhilarated, so much so, indeed that after tea I set out for the Institute.—When I arrived I found the parlor brilliantly illuminated and most of the company assembled. Life, gayety and animation reigned supreme. Love—that harp which never tires, be it played ever so much—in all of its departments was fully discussed. My fatigue was soon forgotten amid the enjoyments of the evening, for if there is any thing on earth that will restore the wasted ener-

gies of a weary traveller it is the presence of beauty. I made many happy acquaintances, and ascertaining that some of the young ladies would be going westward the next day, I willingly proffered my services to see them well provided for, which I am happy to add were accepted. I will not tire you, Messrs. Editors, with a recital of the sweet reflections which came trooping over my mind when I returned to the hotel, nor will I weary you with the perusal of the golden dreams which visited me in my slumbers, it is sufficient for you to know that my mind was peopled with many bright-eyed images, and my sleep, though sweet, was not undisturbed by the fair visitants.

On the following morning, according to agreement I went to the Institute to await the coming of the stage. Very few minutes elapsed before we heard the clarion notes of the stage horn summoning us to the gate. All was confu-

sion for a few minutes; such shaking of hands and smacking of lips as is peculiar only to school girls of "sweet sixteen."

When we reached the stage (five young ladies and myself) we found three passengers within, two young ladies whom these of the Institute immediately recognized as old acquaintances and residents of Chapel Hill, and a rather odd looking young man who eyed us with a quizzical, half smiling look which was truly inimitable. He had on a pair of brown jeans pants and a snuff colored short jacket with pockets in the sides, in one of which he had a half ginger-cake and in the other a "bandana" which he was constantly pulling out and twirling in his fingers, now and then putting it before his face and lowering it until he could just peep above it. His shirt collar was wide and turned with much pains over the collar of his short jacket, while his flaming red cravat going twice about his neck was tied in a "devil-if-I-care-what-sort of" a knot. Altogether he was one of the most ludicrous looking personages I ever saw. Scarcely had we seated ourselves in the stage when his bashfulness gave away and turning he looked with a most scrutinizing gaze into the face of the young lady who sat next to him, then turning to the others he eyed each one by turns in the same manner. He next commenced rubbing his pants and at the same time remarked,

"Ladies this here is mighty fine jeans; mamma says its too fine to wear every day, and she took'n made me some five hundred: this is seven hundred."

At this unexpected remark every one of the young ladies burst into an im-

moderate fit of laughter, while he thrusting his forefinger in his mouth appeared much hurt that his attempt at sociability should be so lightly received. He soon revived however and commenced whistling merrily the "Arkansas Traveller." This he continued for sometime; at last when he had whistled and hummed to his "hearts' content" he turned with a prying gaze towards the young lady who sat by him and with whom he seemed especially captivated, and asked her name. She very modestly answered his inquiry and in turn asked his. "Oh, if you want to know my name," he replied, "my name is Phil." "But your sur-name"—"my other name?"—"Oh my other name is Willard—Phil Willard. I lives on the Massippi river, and daddy sent me out to hunt an edication; I hear say thar's a college out here and I'm on my way there." "Yes, Mr. Willard," returned the young lady, "there is an excellent University at Chapel Hill, and doubtless you will be highly pleased with it. But by the way, Mr. Willard," continued his favorite with a wink at her companions who seemed to be in a proper humor for sport, "let me introduce you to my friends—two of them live at Chapel Hill." He shook hands with each one and resumed his position smiling most gratefully at the young lady who had introduced him.

About this time the stage halted opposite a groce by the wayside. Willard looking out and seeing what it was, said:

"Ladies will you have something to drink? I'll treat." This was responded to by a hearty laugh. Finally however all consented that they would drink

if he would "TREAT." As soon as Willard heard this he ran off at a brisk rate to the grocery and soon reappeared bearing upon a painted barrel heading a bottle of whiskey and two or three green tumblers. He jumped up on the steps in high glee and commenced pouring out the whiskey to the infinite amusement of the young ladies. At length he was informed that they were only jesting and that the ladies of North Carolina never drank. He seemed deeply mortified that he had bought a pint of whiskey for their especial accommodation and they would not partake. He retraced his steps muttering, "Bound the gals of my country would'nt refuse."

When all were seated the stage moved on and he quickly forgot the refusal of the whiskey in his descriptions of home and the Far West; and when he came to speak of the incidents which had transpired since his departure from home, he grew animated and at such times his eyes were singularly expressive and beautiful. While expatiating upon this subject he broke out into a loud laugh and continued for some time, the ladies asking him all the while what pleased him so much. "What pleases me so much?" he replied, "why when I was in Charleston some fellow asked me if I didn't want some turkle soup, like I was going to drink that stuff."

With these and many other such ludicrous remarks he kept up almost a continual laugh from Raleigh to Chapel Hill.

As the College Buildings were disclosed to his view, and they informed him of his approach to the "Hill," he

grew more and more excited; especially when he saw the beautiful columns of the Assembly Rooms, did he give vent to his feelings in the most ludicrous style. He thought, under the beautiful shade trees which surround the college buildings, "a fine place for the boys to sit and cipher."

The stage stopped near Prof. — residence, and the two young ladies who resided at Chapel Hill jumped out. He gallantly escorted them to the gate and shook hands with them, hoping that "he mought see them again before long."

Several students were congregated in the front piazza of the Eagle Hotel when the stage drove up to whom I am sure a lady must have been a "curiosity of the first degree." Willard was soon surrounded and looked upon as a model backwoodsman. His remarks about every thing he saw were of an original character. Nothing escaped his attention; even the gowns of the students were a subject of comment which he likened to his "sweetheart's Sunday coats." I regretted exceedingly that my business was so urgent as to compel me to go on the same evening. I would willingly have spent a few days at your venerable University whose beauties and improvements I am sure are unsurpassed by any other in the South; especially would it have given me pleasure since I had the honor of being acquainted with your most excellent President, Gov. Swain and several of the students. Promising myself on my return to yield to my inclinations, I set out with five of the young ladies in the evening, leaving Willard and the two young ladies of Chapel Hill behind. Three days

travel brought me to my place of destination and in two more I had settled my business ready to return. I was deeply interested in the character of Willard, and that doubtless contributed in some degree to Lurry me back. As soon, therefore, as I arrived at Chapel Hill and found my young friend B——, I inquired of him respecting Willard.

"Willard!" said he with a certain degree of astonishment, "are you acquainted with Willard?" I replied in the affirmative and then related to him the incidents of my trip from Raleigh to Chapel Hill, and ended by remarking that I thought him the most consummate "greenhorn" I ever saw.

B—— laughed heartily at my last remark, and asked me if I had heard any thing of him since. To my replying in the negative he promised to tell me if I would go to his room. Arriving at his room, we lit our pipes and B—— commenced and related the career of Willard since his arrival at College. I will endeavor to give it in his exact words.

Well, you know that we all surrounded Willard in the piazza and went on at a great rate for more than an hour, when the bell rang for recitation. So unwilling was I to leave him that I "snapped." During the hour, Willard and myself took a stroll about College, and also visited the library. This struck him with astonishment. Standing and gazing all around for some minutes he came up to me and said,

"Is all these books been made by people?" I replied that there was no other way for their existence since they were not self-creating.

"Let me hear you make one speak," said he in a very innocent manner; "I

heard my old schoolmaster say that books talk, but I never could make one talk."

"That was only a figurative expression," said I. "He only meant that they conveyed to the mind the same impressions as if they did speak."

"Ah! that is it," he said half musingly, "I have learned that much since I came to College."

Pulling out a piece of native tobacco, he bit off a mouthful and commenced chewing it with all the *gusto* of a tobacco worm and spitting all over the floor. Seeing this I reminded him that a spit box was near which he could use and not soil the floor.

"Have things to spit in!" he said—"well that beats all. I thought they was big inkstands what the boys wrote out. What funny things they have in this country!"

That night was one of the gayest ever witnessed at Chapel Hill. Loud and many were the laughs at Willard's antique habits and childish simplicities. Never did orator command more attention than Willard. Every word he spoke, every action he made was responded to by a loud roar of laughter. His popularity spread like wild-fire through the whole body of students.—'Twas like an electric shock and almost as sudden.

A species of monomania had seized the students, and it was as irresistible as the mountain cataract. Never did I see such excitement about any one, and it was not the excitement of men, it was the excitement of *students*.

On the following morning he came out in the same odd dress, refreshed by sleep and displaying more natural vivacity, if possible, than on the preced-

ing day. After breakfast, while walking out by the P. O., he met the two young ladies whom he had accompanied from Raleigh. He was immediately recognized as he extended his hand to give a morning salutation. The young ladies appeared as much pleased as himself, and asked him many questions as to how he was pleased and how he had enjoyed himself, for he had already turned back to walk with them. To all their questions he replied in the same simple but unique and captivating manner that he had done on the previous day. Having escorted them to the door of a friend upon whom they were making a morning call, and asking permission to visit them, he returned to the Hotel. He passed on to his room amid twitterings and whisperings of the servants. In a few moments he reappeared, but how changed! instead of the country booby a model gentleman, dignified and commanding in his appearance, polished and refined in his manners, fluent and gifted in conversation, with a countenance at once open and expressive. In fine, a complete metamorphoses had taken place; from a silly fellow he had suddenly arisen to a most accomplished scholar and gentleman.

He had a letter of introduction to Professor ——, for whose house he immediately set out. Professor —— received him kindly and was much gratified to hear from his old friend by whom the letter of introduction had been given.

Time ever on the alert flies rapidly. Mutually pleased, neither of them noted the hours as they glided by. Bell after bell had rung, but the sound wafted on the air, had passed by unheeded by

them. Professor —— listened with eagerness and pleasure to the success of his old friend in the West, while Willard was highly delighted at the gentlemanly manners of the Professor.

While they were engaged in an animated conversation, the two young ladies having finished their morning visit entered. Prof. —— arose and introduced his daughter and Miss ——. At the sound of the name the young ladies stood mute with astonishment. At length the Professor's daughter recovering herself exclaimed,

"Is it possible, Mr. Willard, that you are the same young gentleman who afforded us so much amusement on yesterday?" "I am," responded Willard. "Pardon me ladies," he continued, "if I seem to have taken an undue privilege in thus introducing myself. Conscientious of the moody silence which is generally maintained when young ladies and young gentlemen travel together who are unacquainted with each, I determined to affect the country clown and do as much as possible to beguile the tedium of a long and lonely road.— That cold Stoical Philosophy which teaches to subdue the passions of joy and hope, sorrow, pity and fear and to become insensible to the enjoyments of others, destroys the noblest feelings of the human heart and deadens the moral sensibilities. Such philosophy I cast from me as incompatible with the character of a philanthropist, of a christian, of him who wishes to add to the happiness of those around him. It has been my fortune to travel much, to see man in many countries, under all the varieties of climate and circumstance; I have found him the savage lord of the forests, clothed in the skins of animals less rude

than himself, sheltered from the blasts of winter and the heats of the summer's sun in the crevices of the mountains and the caves of the earth; I have found him the slave of those as debased as himself, crouching to the foot that spurned him and showing no signs of civilization, but sloth and its sensualities; I have found him the lord over millions, clothed in purple and treading courts of marble—the cruel destroyer of his species marching through blood and rapine to dominion,—the iron-hearted tyrant feasting on the agonies of his victims and wringing wealth from the hard-earned mites of industry;—I have found him the harmless tiller of the soil, toiling to live and living only to die;—I have found him the polished courtier, the accomplished scholar, the gifted artist, the creating genius, the fool and the knave, the rich and the beggar, the spurner and the spurned. Under all these circumstances, varieties and forms I have found him, with hardly an exception, unhappy; I have found too that this unhappiness can be sensibly decreased by the actions of those around him. Reason taught me from this that Nature's God designed us to lessen the sorrows of others, to contribute our mite to their enjoyment;—for,

“The least flower with a brimming cup may stand  
And share its dewdrop with another near.”

Upon this principle have I acted. If in your judgment, however, I have acted improperly, I crave your forgiveness.”

The young ladies not only assured him that he did nothing for which to ask pardon, but thanked him for so well entertaining them.

Prof. — was surprised and pleased too when he understood the cause of his

daughter's exclamation when she was introduced to Willard. He approved of the motives which prompted Willard to act as he did, and congratulated him upon his knowledge of human nature.

“For there is nothing,” he said in conclusion, “which will enable a man so well to combat the ills of life as a thorough knowledge of that most difficult of all studies—human nature.”

Willard has joined one of the higher classes and is now as popular for his brilliant talents as he was on the first day of his arrival for his clownish habits.

Here my friend B—— stopped. It is needless to add that I was as much surprised as the ladies had been. Since that time, Messrs. Editors, I have never trusted appearances. Though sometimes they may mirror the inward man yet they far oftener deceive. The rugged mountain may conceal the richest treasure; the flowery meadow may harbor the poisonous viper. His career in college was brilliant; and although he was sometimes engaged in night disturbances, the Faculty were never the wiser, and he maintained his popularity with them until he graduated. He is now acquiring a knowledge of the legal profession for which he is so eminently fitted by nature.

This is no fancy sketch, Messrs. Editors. Some of the facts were communicated to me by Willard himself with whom I became acquainted shortly after he left college, and am now on intimate terms with him.

If perchance, this should meet his eye, it will doubtless call up some happy moments which we spent together not a twelve-month ago.

JOETBU.

Love Cliff, N. C., Aug. 29, 1854.

## LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK'S SPRING.

BY "TOUCHSTONE, JR."

The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,  
In piteous chase.—*As you like it.*

### CHAPTER I.

It was near the close of November, 1836. The descending sun which had now sunk low in the western sky shone with dazzling brightness upon one of those extensive prairies which stretch across the western portion of the State of Texas.

It was a desolate scene. In every direction as far as the eye could reach stretched innumerable acres of wild barren prairie without a tree or shrub to break the monotony of its even surface. On every hand nothing met the gaze but one continued sea of grass-tops which as it glistened in the bright rays of the sun presented a dazzling appearance. This apparently boundless wilderness seemed grand in its very desolation.

All was calm. Not a breeze stirred. It seemed as if Great Nature bound by the magic spell of some sorcerer had been lulled to repose. Not a sound broke upon the melancholy stillness which prevailed around.

But what dark object is that visible in the western horizon on a line with

the setting sun? It is too minute to be distinguished with the naked eye. It seems to approach us and the black speck seems to enlarge.

Now it is nearer. It is a huge buffalo closely pursued by men on horseback evidently hunters. He had come to that point in his flight when instinct told him he must either stop short in his career and face his pursuers or perish from fatigue which was now gaining fast upon him. His swollen and inflamed tongue hung loosely from his open mouth, and his limbs seemed about to become unable to support the huge bulk of flesh that heaved above them.

At this instant the keen report of a rifle rang clear and shrill upon the evening air, and the noble animal fell dead. The two hunters having dismounted and left their horses to graze at leisure on the grass, somewhat hastily proceeded, after drawing their long knives to divest their victim of his skin.

To an eye unaccustomed to look upon such visages they presented quite a savage and unprepossessing aspect, which seemed to correspond to the wild-

ness and desolation of the scene around. They were attired nearly alike, but differed in form and statue. One who seemed the elder of the two was a tall powerfully-made, large boned man, who from his appearance might be about forty years of age. On his head he wore a skull-cap, made of deer skin, from beneath which escaped in wild confusion his long black hair, while matted whiskers and moustaches of the same color covered his chin and upper lip. His nose was aquiline, thick and prominent, which, with the characteristics already mentioned, imparted to his features an expression of savage sternness not unmingled with an air of command. His forehead, though rather low, was broad and full, and his deeply arched brow shaded a large expressive hazel eye.

His other garments were of the same material as his cap, consisting of pants reaching the ankle and a close fitting body-coat fastened in front by thongs of deer skin. Over and around this was bound a broad belt of tanned buffalo skin, in which was sheathed up to its hilt a long silver handled poignard and from which was suspended a huge Bowie-knife encased in a sheath of red leather.

His whole appearance—the rough-hewn physiognomy, the erect carriage, the brawny sunburnt face, the large muscular and well formed limbs, all bespoke him a rude and uncultivated son of Nature's wilds, exhibiting in his person that robustness of body and strength of limb which she bestows upon none but those who obey her laws and infringe not upon her sacred mandates.

The diminutive form of his compan-

ion somewhat strikingly contrasted with the towering stature of the elder hunter. But although he was less remarkable than the other for the possession of the grosser physical qualities, yet his countenance was much more intellectual and refined, and though apparently calm and immovable, revealed to the eye of the close observer the latent workings and concealed emotions of a powerful mind.

His dark luxuriant hair fell gracefully upon a high, broad and expansive forehead. Under his brow rolled in their sockets a pair of those fiery piercing black eyes which are said by physiognomists generally to denote the presence of great mental energy and ability to command. His nose was Roman, and overlooked a well cut mouth surrounded by whiskers and moustaches. His dress was much after the fashion of the other, with the exception of the deer skin cap being supplied by the more civilized and doubtless agreeable wool hat. From his appearance he might be about twenty-five.

"By my soul," said the elder hunter as he applied his knife to the sleek throat of the fallen tenant of the forest, "by my soul Henderson you have proven yourself a good marksman and a true shot—methinks I never saw rifle more truly aimed or trigger touched by a steadier finger."

"Surely you do not design to flatter me thus Lorenzo?" answered the hunter addressed, and continued he—"your praises are quite pleasurable and exhilarating, but it seems to me you have overwrought the picture."

"Well, be that as it may," answered Lorenzo, "I must inform you that it is

not often I stoop to flatter, but when I do praise your actions you should accept it as a particular mark of favor bestowed upon an inferior by a superior who is not accustomed to cringe with dastardly meanness to those in stations of power, but to receive the respect of those beneath him in the great scale of humanity."

"I understand—enough of this," replied Henderson half angered at the disrespectful tone and manner of superiority in which he had been addressed by his overbearing companion. "But," continued he, concealing his resentment, "let us change the subject and recur to matters of far weightier import and which concern us more nearly. Did you not a moment ago mention something about an expected attack which the Camanches or some other Indians would probably make upon our camp to-night?"

"I remember now I did," answered Lorenzo. "But," said he "I hope that is no cause of fear to you. And even if it should be the case I could readily forgive you when I consider that you have not long been a participant in the dangers and vicissitudes of a hunter's life, nor been many weeks a resident of this dreary wilderness where attacks of the Indians are of daily occurrence, and therefore familiar to us. But the attack of those fiendish Camanches which (judging from the signs I observed to-day) will doubtless be made upon our little encampment to-night is not likely to be a weak one either as regards numbers or audacity."

"You propound riddles to me Lorenzo. I confess I do not understand you. Please to explain yourself. By what

signs do you manage to learn the designs and discover the secrets of the savages?" asked Henderson with interest.

"Hark ye my young friend," answered Lorenzo, with something of disdain in his tone and countenance.—"Hark ye my young friend, I see you are entirely ignorant of us hunters, and our ways, and you lack experience to guide you. You inquire how I learn the real intents of the Indians. Well, if you will pay attention to what I am going to say you will soon know. Did you observe that Indian trail we passed this evening a little before we came upon the buffalo?"

"Yes."

"And did you not observe a large pile of buffalo bones a few yards from it?"

"Yes, proceed."

"Well, to explain myself. The Indians, as is their custom when embarked on long expeditions, have left upon that heap of buffalo bones, what we call their "finger marks," or what you would perhaps term indian hieroglyphics, which generally speaking, are intelligible only to members of their own tribe, and those with whom they are at peace.—Different tribes have different methods of expressing their designs. I can read with no difficulty whatever the signs of the Camanches and Apaches, having learned the secret from an old hunter when I was a small boy. Ever since I have been able to elude them and keep out of their way. As regards the manner in which I discovered that the Camanches would attack our camp to-night, I will tell you. You doubtless observed a huge head placed on top of the pile,

the nose-bone pointing in a northwesterly direction—that showed the course the savages would take. Two thigh bones which lay crossed revealed the name of the tribe to which the passing party belonged. Other bones placed in different positions told the destination of the roving savages and the object of their present expedition. Now, since our camp lies exactly in their course, they will not fail to attack it, for nothing will satisfy them but plunder, for which they have ventured thus far beyond the limits of their own native hunting grounds. But,” added the ruffian, with more interest than he had yet evinced on the occasion. “But the more I think of it the more for the safety of our little party. However, night comes on apace, and we had best be moving, Henderson—you know camp is many miles distant, and it will be late ere we reach it.”

So saying he threw across his shoulders a portion of the venison and handing his rifle to the other they both mounted and rode swiftly away just as the last rays of the setting sun played upon that trackless and unfrequented prairie whose long grass already began to bow beneath the descending dew as if waving a graceful adieu to Day's retiring Monarch.

## CHAPTER II.

— each at the head

Level'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intended.

PARADISE LOST.

The resplendent orb of the pale moon was just risen in the east and mounting slowly up the clear star-lit sky immersed all nature in a flood of silver light and

drowned the prairie in an ocean of glory. Not a breath stirred. All things seemed hushed in silent repose as if the grim King of Terrors had there established his dread dominion and over nature animate as well as inanimate, wielded his dire sceptre. Not a sound broke in upon the melancholy stillness that prevailed around save the distant and occasional howl of the solitary wolf or the shrill unearthly scream of the ominous night-hawk as she swooped along the placid surface of the moonlit landscape. There was something so sad and gloomy and inspiring in the scene that it arrested the attention of the hunters, who as they rapidly sped along over the tall grass, perhaps for the first time in their lives, paused to gaze with admiration, mingled with that foreboding depression of spirits which is so often the forerunner of misfortunes and the portender of coming evils.

“Beautiful, sublime! exclaimed Lorenzo, as he slowly run his eye over the plain.

“A most delightful view indeed,” said Henderson, and then as if carried away by a sudden fit of inspiration added, “How mighty are thy works O Thou great over-ruling everlasting Power! How utterly unfathomable the depths of thy knowledge!”

It was a strange thing, those apparently uncivilized motionless and absorbed in thought silently contemplating the gloomy aspect of the plain as it lay basking in the silvery beams of the Empress of Night.

The reverie into which our hunters had fallen, was not however of long duration, for they were not so profoundly sunk in meditation, nor so lost in con-

templation of surrounding objects as to wholly yield themselves up to the fascination of the scene. But they were not recalled to themselves of their own accord. Lorenzo whose powers of perception were naturally more acute and stronger than those of his companion could scarce suppress an involuntary exclamation when a sound at first low, indistinct and rumbling somewhat like the noise made by the fall of distant waters fell upon his ear.

"Hush—do you hear that sound?" asked Lorenzo a little agitated, but concealing as well as he could his fears from his companion.

"Yes, but what do you tremble so for? It is nothing—only an illusion," and Henderson laughed.

Heedless of the other's ill-timed remark Lorenzo continued to keep his eye on the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed. Presently as it grew more distinct his quick eye descried rapidly emerging from the margin of the plain a number of minute objects which were so distant that they appeared like specks in the horizon. But as they approached they proved to be a large body of Indians riding across the prairie at a furious rate directly to where Lorenzo and Henderson were standing, yet irresolute and undecided as to what mode of action to adopt.

To remain stationary was to meet with certain destruction, therefore it was determined to escape if possible in a direction opposite to that held by the savages. If this could not be effected, they saw no other chance, but to face them and defend themselves as best they could. Having come to this conclusion, the hunters mounted, but not

before looking to the condition of their trusty rifles which they hastily primed and threw over their shoulders.

"They come! quick or we are lost!" With this exclamation, Lorenzo burying the rowels deep in the sides of his steed, and followed by Henderson, dashed off with lightning speed down the plain, expecting every moment to be overtaken and slaughtered by the savages. At this crisis of affairs, fortune seemed to favor the fugitives, for the whole body of the enemy probably too intent upon some other object of pursuit to pay any attention to the hunters, though they evidently observed them, did not swerve from their course, but passed on at the same speed with which they had approached.

It was with a sensation of joy therefore that our hunters perceived the apparent oversight of the savages. Imagining themselves once more safe and free from further molestation, they turned their horses' heads and resuming the course from which they had been so suddenly and unexpectedly precipitated by the savages, they again set out on their return to the camp. They did not proceed far however before there was fresh cause for alarm. Following in the wake of their predecessors and jogging slowly along came a second party of half a dozen Indians who from the similarity of their dress evidently belonged to the body which had passed a few moments before. Lorenzo quickly stopping his horse and aided by the light of the moon which now shone with magnificent splendor high in a cloudless sky, seized the opportunity of observing the motions of the enemy, which was the more satisfactorily ac-

complished since the Indians were as yet unaware of the proximity of their natural foes,—the white men.

As the pale moonlight fell upon their tall stalwart forms, and lingered upon their red faces and shaven heads, the experience of Lorenzo together with his familiarity with Indian habits and manners soon confirmed him in the opinion that the approaching party belonged to the great Apache tribe, whose warriors had of late years become even more celebrated and famous for their wonderful exploits and almost incredible deeds than the Camanches themselves. As if satisfied with the result of his observations, Lorenzo calmly resting his rifle upon the saddle bow, examined the condition of his holsters which he found well primed and newly loaded. His companion having taken the same precaution, they both awaited the tide of events, undetermined as to whether they should first challenge combat, or remain passive until the Indians should become the aggressors.

“A curse on their d—d red skins, I say. But let 'em come—here's what's a match and an over match for e'm. You never catch me running from a pack of such savage curs. Yes, I say it again, let 'm come. I'll teach 'em to know my rifle never errs. I guess they'll know the temper of my bowie-knife after this,” and the undaunted Lorenzo grasped his rifle.

“Now my Yankee youth,” he continued aloud, “this is just such a scrape as I have long wished to get you into. The time's come when you must show your bravery. If you don't wish to help me out in this present peril you are free to strike off and turn traitor—

but young man have an eye to the future. Now don't let your courage fail you, show yourself a man. Follow me; but here they come—six of the Apache warriors—they've observed us—they quicken their pace—now Henderson we're done for this world if we don't defend ourselves for our lives.”

When the savages came within gunshot, Lorenzo raising his rifle to his face, glanced quickly along the barrel, and the next instant two of the foremost and stoutest braves reeled from their saddles and fell heavily to the earth. Henderson was not so successful in the discharge of his piece, bringing down only one of the enemy. Hostilities being now openly begun, the hunters prepared themselves for the worst, fully aware that to conquer in such an unequal contest required great skill and bravery. They therefore determined to stand their ground as became brave men, let the issue be life or death, and drawing their bowie-knives they anxiously awaited the attack of the assailants. The Indians now exasperated beyond measure at the death of their comrades, rushed furiously upon the adventurers with drawn bows and poised arrows. This movement was so sudden that neither Lorenzo nor his companion had time to repel the assault.

But Henderson recovering his self-possession, drew his holster and leveling it at the head of one of the enemy despatched him instantly. The remaining three were more enraged than ever at this fresh loss. The combatants now came to close quarters—on the one hand the hunters doing dreadful havoc with their knives which they wielded

with great dexterity and coolness—on the other, the savages laying about them most fearfully with their sharp keen poignards which glittered ominously in the pale moonlight. 'Ere many seconds had elapsed Henderson receiving a blow on the head, uttered a sharp cry of pain and fell senseless to the ground. Lorenzo saw his danger but wildly rushed on. Already had one of the trio been borne down before the formidable onset of the infuriated Lorenzo—and now only two remained. At the head of one of these in a paroxysm of rage, he hurled his empty pistol and so truly had he taken his aim that

the red man was felled to the ground. Against the last our hunter determined to make a last vigorous effort. They close. They inflict upon each other the most deadly blows. They wrestle.—Lorenzo is thrown. The gleaming knife wielded by the heavy hand of the savage, is raised aloft about to pierce him to the heart. But just at this instant when his fate seemed to be sealed, the crack of a rifle was heard at a little distance, and the Indian springing into the air fell a corpse.

Thus ended the affray.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A MEMOIR OF GEN. JOHN ASHE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE LATE A. M. HOOPER AND G. J. MCREE.

(Chiefly by the former.)

“When bards extol their patrons high,  
Perhaps 'tis gold extols the lie;  
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—  
But who burns incense to the dead?  
He whom a fond affection draws,  
Careless of censure or applause.—COTTON.”

In our number for June (page 209,) may be found an interesting letter from the late A. M. Hooper, Esq., to the Hon. Jno. B. Ashe, of Tennessee, in relation to the revolutionary services of Gen. John Ashe of the North Carolina line. About 20 copies of the following more extended and accurate memoir of this gallant officer, were printed in pamphlet form, a few weeks since, for private distribution among the members of the Ashe family in this State and elsewhere, and we have since received permission to publish it. We are very sure that it will be favorably received by our numerous historical readers, and they will unite with us in the desire to have additional contributions of a similar character from the same source.—Eds.

The Ashe family derive their descent from ancestors long settled in Heighesbury, or Heytesbury, an ancient borough on the river Willy in Wiltshire, England. More than one member of the

family has represented his neighbors in Parliament.\*

\* Pierce A'Court Ashe and William A'Court represented Heytesbury in Parliament in 1754.

"John Babbita Ashe, the founder of the family in North Carolina, was the friend of the Earl of Craven, one of the Lords Proprietors of the Province, and on that account perhaps visited the shores of the New World. He is observed as distinguished in the political history of the Province about the year 1727." He was a member of "His Majesty's Council of North Carolina in 1733, and in conjunction with his colleague Mr. Price, and the Attorney General, presented to the home government a "Remonstrance and Memorial" against the Governor, Capt. Burrington. He was one of the leading men of the day, and remarkable for the superior accomplishments of a liberal education. He married Elizabeth Swann, and had issue Samuel, afterwards a Judge, and Governor of his native State, and John, the subject of this sketch.

John Ashe was born at Grovely in Brunswick County, N. C., in 1720.—His education was liberal and thorough, and it is believed that he received it at an English University. The names of his children, alone, indicate that he enjoyed, during his life, an intimate intercourse with the parent stock in Wiltshire. But little is known of his youth. His talents for conversation were extensive and versatile. He was a good and forcible writer. He possessed an exuberant fertility of ideas; and an overflowing copiousness of expression. His perception of the ludicrous was exquisitely keen; and his vein of ridicule irresistible, when opened upon his adversaries.

Having promised thus much of the youth, we will now proceed to the more elevated career of the man as a patriot, a soldier and a statesman.

In the year 1762 John Ashe, then in commission under the Royal Government as a Colonel, was elected to the Lower House of Assembly, and elevated by his colleagues to the post of Speaker, which office he continued to hold to 1765. "The great influence exercised by," his uncle, "Samuel Swann, who had filled the Speaker's Chair for nearly twenty years, had given that station a dignity scarcely inferior to that of the executive, and much superior to that of a councillor. The Speaker of the popular house, after the days of Mr. Swann, was looked upon as the leader of the Whig party, and the hereditary defender of the rights of the people." It was in this high and commanding position, that Col. Ashe opposed the Stamp Act, in 1765; and pledged himself to resist its operation. To Governor Tryon he announced his determination openly, and fearlessly.

As soon as Col. Ashe, who was supported in his efforts by Col. Waddell, received intelligence of the approach of the ship, bringing the stamps, and the stamp-officer, he embodied a company of the militia of New Hanover, where he resided; and prepared for a conflict. When the proclamation of Gov. Tryon, Jan. 6th, 1766, announced the arrival of the stamp-ship, he collected a number of persons, and demanded an interview with James Houston the stamp-master, who was the guest of Governor Tryon. Upon the Governor's refusal, Col. Ashe threatened to burn the house; and proceeded to the execution of his threat. Tryon yielded, and Houston was conducted to the market-house; and there made a solemn oath never to perform the duties of his office.

“Finding himself vanquished on all sides, and the government, which he filled, on the eve of dissolution, Gov. Tryon adopted the desperate resolution of reducing the power of Col. Ashe, by mixing familiarly with the people, in the hope that his condescension would turn their minds, and enable him to supplant his adversary in their confidence, and love. Feasts and routs were prepared for the people, to illustrate his liberality; but on all such occasions he imprudently or ignorantly neglected to lay aside the unpopular accompaniments of his office, so strongly indicative of arrogance and pride. He was an easy victim in the hands of Col. Ashe, in such a contest. The Colonel himself being an officer of the militia, was not without the advantage of official insignia. Possessing an elegant and noble figure, well fitted to exhibit to effect the gorgeous uniform of his rank, his friends and companions boasted that he out shone the Governor himself. In the month of February, 1766, at a large muster of the militia of New Hanover in the town of Wilmington, the Governor had prepared a plentiful repast for the people, and had placed a barbecued bull on the table as one dish.” The overwhelming influence of Col. Ashe induced the multitude to reject the proffered bribe. Skillfully appealing to their pride, he roused their passions. When the feast was announced as ready, like a maddened wave, the excited people swept over the scene of expected festivity. There was a crash of breaking glasses and falling tables, and then the loud shout of the mass echoed in triumph as they gazed upon the bull sinking into the depths of the Cape Fear.

There was no pause in the action of Col. Ashe. He continued his opposition to Gov. Tryon during the year 1766. While he bearded His Excellency in his palace, his brother-in-law, Judge Maurice Moore harassed him in the Courts of Justice, with exceptions to his commission of Oyer and Terminer.

In 1770 and again in 1771, Col. Ashe was elected a member of the lower house. In the year 1770 occurred a popular commotion, styled we presume in irony, “The War of the Regulation.”\* The disturbance was local, confined to the ignorant and vicious, almost exclusively, and under the guidance of Herman Husband a vulgar and unprincipled demagogue. Some speculators, gifted with a marvellous keenness of vision, detect in this outbreak the seed of American republicanism; and admire the patriotism so soon and so sagaciously directed against the despotism of royalty. As far as we can judge, we perceive no elevation of object in this mob; nor can we discover that the agitators were actuated by any noble motives, or were contending for the establishment of any principles worthy the respect of the enlightened. It was not opposition so much to the government as to an individual. The Regulators dreamed not of national independence or amelioration of the laws; redolent of whiskey and tobacco, they blindly submitted to the dissolute control of their worthless leader, who sought and found

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\* The Regulators chiefly complained of the extortion of illegal fees by the officers of Justice. Such wrongs did not excuse rebellion; the Common Law, as we suppose, providing ample means of redress,

in their hatred of an obnoxious individual, Edmund Fanning, a weapon by which he might avenge personal wrongs, and beat down the barriers of law and property. The gentlemen of the Province rallied to the support of the Government and the leaders of the people in all sensible opposition to the Governor, the wise, and the patriotic appeared in arms to suppress the rebellion.—What more can be said against the Regulators than that Richard Caswell and John Ashe marched against them at the head of their regiments? Captain John Walker and Captain John B. Ashe\* were seized by Husband while on a scouting party and whipped in a brutal and cowardly manner. When the Regulators and the forces of the Government came into collision, it was soon perceived what spirit sustained these reformers, what ardour burned in their bosoms, what vigor a consciousness of rectitude lent to their arms.—They fled almost without a contest; and as they had no cohesive life-giving principle they dispersed never again to re-assemble. Truth and right cannot thus be crushed. In this affair Colonel Ashe demonstrated by his ready support, that he was actuated by no spirit of factious opposition to the Governor; he discharged the duty of a British subject with the same zeal and ardor with which he claimed for him-

self and fellow colonists the rights of a British subject, rights under the British Constitution co-extensive with British empire, as full and perfect for the North Carolinian as for the citizen of London. In 1773, Col. Ashe was in the lower House; and was elected with Harvey, Howe, Harnett, Caswell, Vail, Hewes, and Johnston, a Committee of Correspondence to keep up and maintain a communication with the sister colonies, relative to the proceedings of the British Parliament. In 1774, he was in the lower House; and was elected with Hooper, Samuel Johnston, Caswell, Howe, Harnett, Edwards, Allen, Jones, Hewes—a committee to prepare the answer of the House to the conciliatory speech of Gov. Martin, which they did, and rejected it.

The Assembly of March, 1774, was first prorogued to May 25th, and afterwards dissolved (March 30th, 1774,) by proclamation. In this year, 1774, Col. Ashe entered into an Association, with Cornelius Harnett, George Moore, Maurice Moore, James Moore, Samuel Ashe, William Hooper, Archibald Maclaine, Richard Quince, Alexander Lillington, and a number of other distinguished individuals, by which they bound themselves, by every tie of religion, and honor and nature, to be ready, if necessary, to go forth, and sacrifice their lives and fortunes, resisting force by force, to secure freedom and safety to their country.

When it was ascertained, that Gov. Martin did not intend to convene another Assembly, Col. Ashe, with John Harvey, Wm. Hooper, Willie Jones, Samuel Johnston and James Iredell, projected a provincial Congress; and succeeded in causing delegates to be elected.

\* Jones in his account of this matter commits a gross blunder. He says that the Regulators flogged Col. Ashe. Jones derived his account from the late Col. Samuel Ashe, but in this, inadvertently, no doubt, departed from the Colonel's relation. John B. Ashe, the sufferer, was afterwards a Colonel, and died when Governor elect of N. C.

Gov. Martin issued a proclamation on the 13th August 1774, in which he condemned all assemblies and elections of the people; and warned all officers of the King, both Civil and Military, to exert themselves to the utmost of their power, to prevent such illegal meetings; and more particularly the meeting of certain deputies at Newbern, on the 25th inst. Notwithstanding this proclamation, the Provincial Congress met at the time and place designated; and Col. Ashe and William Hooper, having been elected to seats in said Congress, duly attended.

In January 1775, Col. Ashe was elected a member of the Committee of Safety, at Wilmington.

In the same year, he resigned his commission of Colonel of Militia, of New Hanover county, which he held under the Royal Government; and accepted the same rank, at the election of the people; this being the first instance of the acceptance of a military commission, under the authority of the people.

Apprehending that Gov. Martin, was meditating plans for extending the fortifications of Fort Johnson, Col. Ashe undertook to dismantle and disarm that fortress. On the 17th July, 1775, he attacked it with a force of 500 men, and reduced it to ashes; and all the houses and buildings within it.\*

Col. Ashe was denounced for this act in the proclamation of Gov. Martin, dated August 8th, 1775; in terms of the severest reprobation; and also, for influ-

encing and conducting a body of armed men, of the county of New Hanover, and other counties adjacent, to "the most treasonable outrages." In the same proclamation, the intended Provincial Congress, to be held at Hillsboro', on the 20th inst., is also denounced as a meditated and insidious attempt, to erect, among His Majesty's faithful subjects, the standard of rebellion.

On the 20th August, 1775, Col. Ashe, Cornelius Harnett, Alexander Lillington, James Moore, Sam'l Ashe, Archibald Maclaine and William Hooper, attended the Provincial Congress, at Hillsboro', which met in defiance of the proclamation.

In this Congress, the military forces of the Province, were organized; and Col. Ashe, and Col. Moore, were nominated as candidates for the Colonelcy of the first regiment. The latter was elected.

From this Provincial Congress, Col. Ashe returned to his home in New Hanover, animated by an extraordinary zeal. He immediately commenced the undertaking of raising a regiment; and this he effected, at his own expense, on the pledge of his estate, and the faith in his character. So unbounded was the confidence in his probity, that the recruits unhesitatingly received his promissory note in lieu of pay.

The passions which agitated that day, have long been hushed in the grave; but it is not irrelevant to the subject, nor will it be uninteresting to peruse the observations of an eye witness of the scene, that occurred, after Col. Ashe's return to New Hanover. It will be sketched from a conversation, between

\* Col. Ashe applied the torch to the Fort and buildings with his own hands.—See Gordon's History.

the late Mr. George Hooper and his son,\* which took place in the latter end of the year 1819, or about the beginning of 1820.

He remarked, that he could never forget Gen. Ashe's return, from the Convention of Hillsboro', in Sept. 1775. He was in a state of prodigious excitement. The boast of Pompey, "in whatever part of Italy, I stamp my foot, legions will rise up," if we may compare small things with great, Ashe may be said to have realized, without the gasconade of the Roman. His object was to raise a regiment; and he accomplished it. You cannot imagine, what a commotion he stirred up. He kindled an enthusiasm in New Hanover, and the adjacent counties, of which there is no parallel in the traditions of the State. In less than two weeks, after his return from the Convention, persons were seen moving in every direction, on the highways in the country, and on the streets in the towns with cockades in their hats inscribed,

"Who will not follow, when Ashe leads the way?"

To an observation, "he must have been a great speaker?" Not in all respects,—was the reply. I heard him, he continued, in the Assembly. He was a fluent, but not a skilful debater. Indeed he was too much under the dominion of his imagination and his passions, to make a skilful debater. The former, bore him away from the question, in lofty and sometimes in eccentric flights; and the latter, fused his argumentation into torrents of invective. When he

appealed to the heart, he was more effective. He struck the chords of passion with a master hand. His words roused the soul, like the roll of the drum, or the roar of artillery, at the commencement of an action. Every breast heaved, as if with the sentiment of the Athenian Orator, "Let us away! let us arm! let us march against Philip!"

The testimony of Mr. George Hooper, as to facts, will not be objected to, by those who were acquainted with him. He was however, at the time of the scene; he describes, a young man about 28 years old; and few young men, at that age, are competent to form a correct estimate of the abilities of older men, engaged in political or professional pursuits. Another gentleman, who shall be cited, rather as authority, than as testimony, will lead us to the conclusion, that Mr. Hooper was not alone, in his estimate of the powers of Gen. Ashe's mind. Mr. Samuel Strudwick, a member of his majesty's council, resided in the neighborhood of Gen. Ashe. Mr. Strudwick had arrived at an age, when the judgment is mature; and when experience sheds a light on its decisions. He had mingled, in the fashionable and political circles of the great metropolis of England; and had enjoyed abundant opportunities of measuring talents, and graduating merit, with more than ordinary precision. Speaking of Gen. Ashe, on some occasion, which might have been the very one, noted as the subject of Mr. Hooper's observations, he declared emphatically, that there were not, in the City of London, four men superior in intellect to John Ashe.

\* A. M. Hooper, Esq.

The Provincial Council, which was elected by the Provincial Congress, at their session of Aug. 1775, held its first session, at the Court House, in Johnston county, on the 18th Oct. 1775.

On the 22nd Oct., intelligence of serious discontents among the people, being received by this council; and that the people had assembled and protested, against the proceedings of the late Congress; Col. Ashe was appointed with Samuel Ashe, and Cornelius Harnett, to explain the proceedings of the Congress, to the people. This they easily effected. Few men have ever excelled Col. Ashe in his mastery over the passions of those within reach of the flash of his eye, and the power of his oratory. Beneath the witchery of his eloquence the tumult of the people was stilled, their dissensions converted into harmony. Infusing his own ardor into their hearts, Col. Ashe not only stifled their prejudices and removed their discontent, but moulded them to his will. Thenceforth the citizens of his District were united in the cause of American freedom. We are unable to fix with precision the date of Col. Ashe's marriage. In his early manhood he formed a fortunate union with an amiable and accomplished lady, the sister of Gen. Jas. Moore and Judge Maurice Moore.

In the electioneering contests in New Hanover County, prior to the Revolution, the energy and lustre of his talents were universally acknowledged. In that field he attacked the giant strength of Maclaine\* and pierced the crest of his helmet. In the same field he raised

his batteries against the disciplined forces of Hooper,\* and all the skill of his tactics. If he was wounded, he was not vanquished. If he was vanquished, he never surrendered; and if he retreated, he retreated always with a waving plume, and streaming banners, eager to renew the battle, and to contend afresh for victory. In their ideas of reform, Hooper and Maclaine, both eminent at the Bar, were conservative; Ashe somewhat radical. The two former belonged to the political school of Washington and Marshall; the latter rather to that of Jefferson. We are now about to approach the termination of Col. Ashe's military career. The Colonel was a man of impulse: of reckless, daring and thoughtless courage, he could step upon the edge of a volcano; but unfortunately for the soldier he was sadly deficient in those habits of system and precision so essential to success in arms. He was ever ready to head a charge, and if occasion offered, his sword would have flashed light upon the thickest of the fray. He was of too ardent a temperament to elaborate those combinations, which are the sure precursors of victory.

The Provincial Congress assembled at Halifax, on April 4th, 1776. At this Congress, Col. Ashe was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Wilmington District, and took the immediate command of the detachments ordered for Gen. Moore.

On June 5th, 1776, the fourth Provincial Council, met at Wilmington.

Gen. Ashe appears to have been on

\* Archibald Maclaine.

\* William Hooper, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

the alert, and active, at this time, by his report to the Council.

Here, there *seems* to be a chasm, which we have no means of filling up. That Gen. Ashe was actively employed, we nevertheless entertain no doubt.

On February 24th, 1779, Gen. Ashe arrived in Georgia with 2300 men and took post at Brier Creek, with 600.

He was surprised and defeated there, March 3d, 1779, by a superior force of 800 British Regulars.

A Court Martial was held, 1779, by order of Gen. Lincoln, and at the particular desire of Gen. Ashe, to examine into the affair at Brier Creek; and opened its session on March the 9th.

The following facts were set forth at the trial:—

1. Gen. Ashe had been too short a time at his position, to be acquainted with the country about it.

2. His men were exhausted by a long and fatiguing march, from which they had not had time to recover.

3. They had suffered many days from a scarcity of provisions.

4. There was an utter destitution of all necessary accoutrements. The men were unprovided with pouches, or cartouche boxes, to hold their ammunition; and if they had been supplied with powder, before the action, could not have been prevented from wasting it.

5. The men had no trenching tools.

6. The enemy had full and accurate information, of all that passed in the Whig Camp, through the activity of disaffected persons, while Gen. Ashe, on the contrary, received no correct accounts.

7. Gen. Ashe's forces by fatigue parties, baggage guards, escorts and de-

tachments of observations were reduced to 600 men.

8. The cavalry were worn out with fatigue. Yet, notwithstanding the disadvantage were sent out on the 3d of the month, to reconnoitre and report.— One of these, saw that a considerable corps of the enemy had moved; but did not return to the camp. Others under Col. Marberry, saw the enemy cross the creek, exchanged fires with them, and never returned to the camp.

9. The enemy was greatly superior in all respects.

10. Gen. Ashe, under these accumulated disadvantages, prepared for action, as soon as he heard of the approach of the enemy. In fifteen minutes he advanced with his forces, in two lines, to meet them.

11. The first line stood about five minutes.

12. The second line, which was the first to break, was engaged for a while, on the right.

13. While the Georgians were engaged, Gen. Ashe left the field, in order to rally the fugitives.

With this array of well sustained facts before them, the Court Martial decided, "that Gen. Ashe did not take all the necessary precautions, which he ought to have done, to secure his camp; and to obtain timely intelligence of the movements and approach of the enemy; but they entirely acquitted him of every imputation of a want of personal courage; and thought that he remained in the field, as long as prudence and duty required."

For the characters of the officers, who composed this Court Martial, we entertain a high and unqualified respect.—

We cannot impute to such men any unworthy bias; yet we must protest against that part of their sentence, which sets forth "that Gen. Ashe did not take all the necessary precautions, to secure his camp, and to obtain timely intelligence of the movements and approach of the enemy.

That judicious veteran, Gov. Moultrie, says nothing, that can warrant us in believing, that he coincided with the Court Martial. On the contrary, his note at the beginning of the trial, appears to be dictated by a spirit of kindness, and by an intention to invite us to just reflections. It is in these words: "The evidence on this court of inquiry, shows how wretchedly the militia armies were provided with arms and accoutrements." In one of his letters, he speaks of the *misfortunes* of Gen. Howe and Ashe; not imputing *mistakes* to either of them.

The reflections of the sensible historian Dr. Ramsay, on this affair at Brier Creek, are comprised in the following passage:—"Inexperienced in the art of war, the Americans were subject to those reverses of fortune, which usually attend young soldiers. Unacquainted with military stratagems, deficient in discipline, and not broken to the habits of implicit obedience, they were often surprised, and had to learn by repeated misfortunes, the necessity of subordination, and the advantages of watchfulness and discipline."

There is nothing in this quotation, which looks like accordance, with the decision of the Court Martial in that part of their sentence, which censures Gen. Ashe. It refers to that destitution and insubordination, which prevailed in all the militia camps of the Whigs, in

the early stages of the revolution; and its evident tendency is, to exonerate Gen. Ashe, from the hasty condemnation which follows military disaster; and from the unjust obloquy, which augments the gloom of a public calamity.

On a careful examination of the defence and the testimony, we think every unprejudiced mind, will adopt the conclusion of Gen. Bryant, one of the witnesses on the trial, "that everything was done, that the circumstances admitted of."

In holding the scales, which are to weigh the services of such a man, a single misfortune, though the consequence of mistaken measures, or precipitate movements neither of which can be imputed to Gen. Ashe, cannot be admitted as a just, or as a legitimate weight; and if it could, it would not be a feather, against the manifold and efficient public services, of this distinguished patriot. War, even systematic, well organized, well appointed war, is subject to various accidents, is liable to a thousand contingencies, is exposed to various casualties. If then, we judge with severity, the leader of an army of raw and inexperienced recruits, unprovided with everything, that an army ought to have, either for attack or for defence, with what rigor, shall we visit the misfortunes, of the veteran commander of well-trained and well disciplined battalions?

Few persons conceive the effect of this disaster upon the sensitive nature of Gen. Ashe. The visions of ambition which floated in his imagination, were dispelled by a tragical conclusion. Defeat! Reproach! A Court Martial! Yet all his apprehensions were chimeras of the brain. Nothing really lost

was worthy of lamentation. A body of half-starved, half-armed, half-clad, and undisciplined Militia were routed by the regular battalions of the British Government approaching from an unexpected quarter, *and attacking in the rear*.—A picture neither new, nor strange, was a picture of transient terror, and a source of ungrateful opprobrium.—What is one failure, under unfavorable circumstances to that succession of misfortunes, which sometimes saddens the march of the most skillful commander? Is Hannibal forgotten? Does the fate of Pompey no longer suffuse with tears the eye that hangs over the lines of Lucan? Or has a new order of things—has an improvement in arts and arms exempted war from its vicissitudes?

But there was a refuge for the wounded spirit in his quiet home—the shrine of connubial love? Thither he could have retired immediately from the calumny of inconsiderate or unprincipled chroniclers, but his patriotism forbade. There, in a partner who “united the simplicity of a cottage with the elegance of a court,” when eventually compelled by ill-health to retire from the army, he found the purest felicity of his early manhood, and the sweetest solace of his mature years. There, could he have forgotten the “plumed troops and the big war, that make ambition virtue,” could he have hearkened to the lessons of experience, he would have found an ample store of hope, and joy to redeem the failure of a moment, and to gild the evening of declining age. The love of his wife would have ministered to his infirmities, and the innocent prattle of his children would have broken the reverie of passion, and lightened its gloom.

After the defeat at Brier Creek, we cannot for some time trace Gen. Ashe's progress. His letter to Gen. Lincoln soon after the action, if it cannot serve as a clue, may at least furnish us an inference. In that letter, “Gens. Bryan and Rutherford are of opinion, that it is better to retreat to your quarters; therefore, I am inclined to march to night, when we get our fugitives over.” He, we are assured, continued to exert himself in rendering services to the cause in which he was engaged.

In 1781, he returned, broken down in body and mind by misfortune and disease, to his residence in North Carolina. The General owned Green Hill, in the Rocky Point District, one of the most valuable estates upon the Cape Fear. Wilmington at that time was a British Fort, commanded by Major, afterwards Sir James Craig. There two of the General's sons were confined in a prison-ship, and sentenced to be shot. One was, Samuel Ashe, a Captain in the Continental Line, afterwards well known as Major Samuel Ashe: the other his youngest son, William. A day was fixed for their execution, and it would have taken place, if Major Craig had not received authentic information, from the Whig Camp, that a dreadful retaliation was in their power; and would be the certain consequence of such an act of inhumanity. To one worn down by sickness and exposure and anguish of heart, every accession of misery comes with redoubled force. The pleasure of seeing his family was embittered by anxiety about these unfortunate youths. The General too was obliged to conceal himself in the recesses of Ber-

gaw Swamp,\* and could only visit his houses occasionally, by stealth. He was betrayed by Manuel, a confidential servant, to Major Craig. A party of dragoons was despatched to capture him. Shot in the leg in his attempt to escape, the General was taken a prisoner to Wilmington. He was infirm but treated, for a while at least, with much consideration. During his confinement he contracted the small pox. What he suffered, and how long, we cannot tell; and probably none of his family now living can relate. He was at length paroled; and died of a broken heart, in Oct. 1781, at the residence of Col. John Sampson, in Sampson county, on his way to the back country whither he was removing his family.

When we contemplate the approaching dissolution of a distinguished man, we feel an anxious curiosity to penetrate the recesses of his bosom. There is a sacred gloom which shrouds him; and a solemnity, awfully serious, which pervades the scene. During the afternoon, preceding the death of Gen. Ashe, Capt. Holmes, who had served under him—afterwards Gen. Holmes, called on him at his request. The conversation was confidential, and General Holmes would never divulge it. No doubt, the shaft was still rankling in the wound. In the night, about 12 o'clock, Mrs. Ashe was aroused by his paroxysms of pain. Her inquiring solicitude was answered by his desiring her to awaken his children; and to bring them to his bed side. She did so. Having embraced each of them affectionately, he desired that they should be put to bed again. Death was approaching. He expired just before daylight. All was confusion—all grief for the present overwhelming calamity.—The children were awakened in the morning, by the sobs of their mother, to a terrible bereavement which they could not comprehend—to gaze on the corpse of their father; and wondering,

and wildly to look for that animated form, which a little while before had folded them in the tenderness of a dying farewell.

In stature Gen. Ashe was five feet, ten inches; complexion inclined to olive; forehead high; hair, dark brown; eyes, dark hazel; nose, slightly aquiline, features all well defined, but not large; his figure rather slender than full, elegant in its conformation, flexible in its attitudes, and elastic in its movements; his carriage was easy; his air, marked by elevation of thought. He was not deficient in dignity, but grace, rather than dignity was his characteristic. Gen. Ashe was the eldest son of his father, and inherited a large estate which was increased by his marriage with the daughter of Col. Maurice Moore. His patriotism heavily involved his fortune. The General had seven children. John, died without issue.—Major Samuel Ashe remained in possession of the family seat until his death, and was, also childless. Harriet married Mr. Davis, and afterwards B. Lapeyre, Esq. Eliza Maria married the Hon. William H. Hill. Mary married Col. William Alston, of Waccamaw, S. C. Annie married Captain Hall, and died without issue. William died young, without ever having married, at sea. A'Court died in his youth. Of the descendants of General Ashe—his grand sons Gov. Joseph Alston, of S. C., and Joseph A. Hill, Esq.; and his great grand son Lt. William H. Wright, U. S. Engineers have contributed to the reputation, and added to the honors of the family.

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NOTE.—“The Ashe family contributed more to the success of the Revolution than any other in the State. Gen. Ashe's son, Capt. Samuel Ashe, served two campaigns in the Northern States with the rank of Captain in the Light-Horse; and although he resigned his commission, yet he continued to serve in the Militia expeditions of the State during the war. So that there were five officers of that family all actively engaged in the war. Gen. John Ashe and his son Capt. Samuel Ashe; Gov. Samuel Ashe, and his sons, Colonels John Babstia and Samuel Ashe.”—Jones' Def. of N. C., p. 211.

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\* A swamp near the Neck Plantation, the seat of Gov. Ashe.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

Some one observes, that "there was a time, when learning had no printing press, writing no paper and paper no ink."—There was a time of fear and shackled thought, when the literature of Europe was confined to unpolished ballads, sung by some wandering minstrel, or to the dim and musty chronicle. There was a time, too, when the literature of the world, comprised in a few ponderous and costly volumes, entered only the households of the noble and the wealthy. But in the course of man's "upward and onward" career, it has become a fact, that books are written and read with a rapidity never dreamed of by those, who have stamped their images upon a few centuries past. The grasping mind of the public calling for a knowledge of the fluctuations and vast concerns of the world, as they occur, vehicles of various kinds have been constructed which meet that demand—vehicles of which ancient wisdom had no conception,—vehicles with which our country is crowded. We mean the Newspaper, the Review, the Magazine. Need the writer of the present day drop his pen at the thought that his production is destined to rest in these receptacles of floating literature? Were not the immortal pages of the Father of History written for popular audiences with no view of being transmitted to all time.

These conveyances, from the most important to the small and often ephemeral periodicals, form a stage upon which every aspirant for literary fame may try his powers of acting. The success with which he meets is a sufficient guarantee for renewed

exertions. Thus the talents of many are called to actions, who would otherwise cultivate no taste for letters or science. On account of their convenience, such publications are in the hands of every one,—They form a rich repast for the ploughman after trudging homeward from the weary task of day,—they shed a cheering influence around the hearth of poverty—they afford instruction and amusement to the student after a season of perplexity and vexation of spirit—they form a register and investigator of discoveries for the man of science. Thus, they feed the mental appetites of those in whom it would seem, the last spark of intellect had well-nigh died out. Thus, diversified knowledge becomes imbedded in good, healthy substantial foundations. These literary circulations, with a judicious and respected tribunal of criticism, contain much of the strength and energy of thought of our country and forms, to a considerable extent, the mirror of its mind. Every American may well be proud of them, and may justly, say with the Roman Cornelia *Hæc ornamenta mea sunt.*

And shall we be thought bold or confident to excess, when we say that our *little charge* forms at least a particle of the great and united current of American Literature upon whose bosom float so many traffickers and pearl-fishers? The University Magazine has held a course short but bright as was anticipated by the most sanguine; and judging from its past existence we can deduce no ill omen for its success in the future. What class of individuals, who, knowing the objects for which it was

set on foot, will not "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." Will not wiser and older heads do more? Will they not contribute their share towards rendering the contents of each number sound and interesting? We do not ask for contributions containing astounding theological revelations, deep political views—or disquisitions of such a nature, so especially as we do for articles constructed with *North Carolina* materials, of which there is an abundance. The young writer will say that he is unable to write historical sketches, or to express his thoughts upon any points of science and that such subjects are better suited to hoary wisdom. There are a thousand themes and a variety of fields in which the mind can find pleasant employment. You may confer an everlasting benefit upon your companions by penning a truthful essay.

It may be said that we have no "wild beliefs that dwell in legions old," no gray relics of martial towers, no "mouldering palaces and ramparts hour," no Westminster Abbey, no Notre Dame, no sounds from the wonderous clock of a Strasburg, no chimes from the silvery bells of old St. Giles with which to connect thrilling stories of feudal bondage and priestly domination. But if you must indulge in tale-writing, a habit to which youth is so much prone, you have incidents linked with your State and people which may serve as foundations for fiction of any description. There are scenes consecrated by memories as enduring as time itself and alluded to only by the cold pen of our historians, which are worthy the powers of the great "Northern Magician." If the muse has granted you the power, like Midas of turning whatever you touch into gold, you are surrounded by countless themes upon which you may employ the

refined sentiment, the flowing and lucid expression, the subduing pathos, and every grace of composition. If you would assume the position of the satirist, you will find no scarcity of vices and enormous iniquities for burning sentences. It matters not in what channel you direct your thoughts, you will find ample material.—Then why not write? Write and improve yourself, your fellow-students, and the University.

COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.—Emerson, forgetting perhaps the prevalence of social feeling and human sympathy, and that men are naturally gregarious holds the following language: "Let us not be too much acquainted. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries and spending the day together, should depart at night as to foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate."

At first sight we are astonished at the lengths to which this philosopher and others of his school carry the notions of isolation and personal independence. Indeed we can not reconcile ourselves to these extremes. But upon reflection it seems that if there be any place in which the adoption of the above sentiments would be productive of much good, it is College. We would not wish to extinguish the warm sun of friendship which imparts its soft rays through the dark clouds and soothes the weary hours of student life; yet we think that a partial abolition of excessive and indiscriminate association would effect more rapid advancement morally and intellectually. Meeting "each day as from foreign countries," and holding conversation as men who have business to transact and as *business* men and "departing at night" to our rooms to enjoy the sweet and profitable communion of books or of some companion who will pour the "dewy odours of life's spring" into our bosoms we would steer clear of

all inducements and suggestions to do evil with which we are so liable to meet in large and idle groups of boys. There would be little of the contaminating influence which every member of society as it exists, here, exercises over his fellows. The unacquainted, who are pure and undefiled; and who are received into our company, composed of

“Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey;”

would find nothing to throw new reproach on life, would be free from the effects of a corrupt style of conversation, which belongs especially to those who, in justice to themselves, become the trumpeters of their own follies and vices.

Were we governed by the principle, that every man's island should be inviolate there would be no gnashing of teeth because of the everlasting clack and intolerable tittle-tattle of the bore. The greatest pest to which the student's life is heir, is the continual presence of those who are proud of an opportunity to weary their companions with tedious iterations of nothing. We would be able to prepare our tasks with pleasure or read a book without being compelled to answer a thousand unwise questions in regard to it. “But foolish questions avoid” is a Divine injunction. We had as well attempt to light our cigars to the sun as to obey it when in the neighborhood of a bore. Yes, let “the island of a man”—his room, be inviolate, say we, and the life of the student would not seem as it does, and is to many—“a waste of wearisome hours.” Conscience would not wake bitter memories of neglected duty and ill-spent time. But there would soon exist a state of things quite different from the present. More intense application to subjects of vital importance, and more rapid and extensive attainments in every department as a consequence. Adopt to a considera-

ble extent, at least, the notions of the philosopher and you have brought about the dawn of the millennial morn to College.

A TALE OF THE HEART.—There are some events in life, made up of the sublime and ridiculous, each entering equally into the combination, which force themselves in a peculiar manner upon the notice of every one; half tragical, half comical; quite Shakesperian, except in their *finale*, and that can never be subjected to any dramatic rule yet discovered. In dramatic representations we proceed upon some principles founded in reality or possibility, and arrive at some end real or possible, but here the end puts a negative on all our conjectures, and leaves us in amazement at the “turn things have taken.” In vain we endeavor to account for the phenomenon; we can only exclaim, “truth is stranger than fiction,” “there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy,” and the like phrases, which ignorance frames to excuse herself. By this time we expect our reader (if any such there be) has concluded that our tale has no more to do with the heart than the head, and very little, if any with either, and for ought he knows it may be a “tale of a tub;” or for the “sake of brevity he may surmise that it is no tale at all, but a hoax, not a “balloon hoax,” but a real, identical college hoax. We speak of college, of course objectively, for we are too clever to do these things ourselves, but this is not a sufficient protection against the pseudo professions of fortune hunters. According to astronomical data received from a fully authentic source, the transactions we are about to relate took place southeast of a station in Lat. 35 deg., 54 min., 21 sec. It was, of course, a lovely spot, situated in a magnificent grove, and accessible only from the high road. We forget to mention that there was a house. And now,

Kind reader, ask no more questions, for the faculty of local association is very poorly developed in us, and we might incidentally commit some awful blunder which would bring down upon us a host of critics to blast our literary fame forever, and in that event deprive you of much useful though ill-assorted knowledge. In this house, in this grove, there lived a beautiful *young* maiden, the pride and the pleasure of all who knew her. Well do we remember, for it was in that memorable year when we were a Freshman, the first time we heard her name mentioned. It was from the lips of a venerable Senior who seemed to dwell thereon with peculiar fondness as a name, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," at least above all others in his imagination. Soon after he was kind enough to show us the inspirations of his muse, and she was the burden of his song. Of course we became interested in this yet unseen beauty, and anxiously looked forward to the time when we might behold her face to face.— Now kind reader, let us transport you (by poetic license) any where you please. We know not whether you will be doomed to follow mysterious imaginings, or carve out a character from a caricature, or find a tale of the heart. For our own part we love the mysterious, and whenever we indulge therein, we mount the airy chariot of time, and drive back a century or two, without any fear of any one's turning a salt pillar for our sake. The past in these go-a-head days is as sacred to silence as the Eleusinian mysteries, notwithstanding there are a few antiquarians like ourselves. But here am I in the middle of the scene, in "the swelling act of this imperial theme," and a "supernatural soliciting" fixes my soul. I see my Hero, bent forward at an angle of about eighty degrees, visual organs seemingly directed to some point near the zenith, direction of the nasal tube not known, legs seeking distance, "fore and aft," as the sailors have

it, and the hands seeking some point far in advance, as if anxious to get the body on. Ye Gods and Goddesses! Would that Dick Finto were here, to cast my *hero* in immortal mould, or to paint for posterity. Not the mighty conception of Elizabethan memory can compare with this, nor the yet mightier equine conception whom none saw but to praise. How picturesque he treads the earth as he wends his way to the grove. He enters—a change comes o'er the spirit of my dream. Have you noticed, kind reader, that at the present stage of our inquiry, or rather reverie, two characters are before us, i. e. the germ of two; have patience they will soon develop themselves, in description, dialogue, or action I know not which, but suppose you conjecture that they will shine in dialogue, then be sure to conclude the reverse, i. e. stick to opposites. The following, received from a valued friend "in haec verba" we deem apropos, and therefore give it as a true statement in relation to the hero of our story.

"He was a good fellow—a *big baby*.— Quite expressive, thought we, that speaks volumes, and brevity is the soul of wit. Then taking up these items we commenced a process of natural and philosophical association, and deferring to the author of intellectual philosophy here is the train of our ideas.

Good fellow, implying a deficit somewhere, perhaps in the intellectual regions; not a Chesterfield of course, very plain, even awkward, not an Adonis, certes, nothing attractive about his features, coarse, homely, reflecting nothing in the world, in short he intends well, but he never does it; perfectly harmless, and rather a treat in the absence of better enjoyments. A *big baby*; that is an innocent, laughing, miniature specimen of the genus homo; one that every one loves to dandle occasionally. Ah! this accounts for his popularity with the fair sex. Thank you, fair one for this piece of information. It was

a point about which my thoughts wandered, and wandered in vain. Now it is as clear as noonday.

Oh! Luna thou art the moon,  
And thou Sol the sun.

Now it happened on a time that our hero experienced a growing sentiment for somebody. (No questions.) In the simplicity of his heart he would not conceal this youthful passion. It is to be supposed that it became apparent in all his actions, and rushed through every pore, as music in an Ethiopian's soul *will out*.

Who could withstand such witchery, such beautiful, childlike wooing. Oh it falls on the heart of lovely woman like music upon the still waters, gently agitating it to tender thoughts. Here then we have two hearts beating in union, two congenial spirits, two devoted lovers. In a word—

"Two truths are told, the happy prologues to the swelling act."

These pretty ways of course attracted all eyes, quickened all ears, set in motion all tongues, and from the knowledge received from these various sources, it was demonstrated that we, i. e., the inhabitants of \* \* were on the eve of some important event. The time, place and the attendant circumstances were all fixed.—At length the memorable moment arrived; all things were ready and there were beatings of hearts. A voice cometh from the West—the scene dissolves into thin air. The *baby* was in agony, and he said—"if you say stay I'll stay," brave baby—heroic resolve! having said this he took the wings of the wind and flew to the uttermost parts of the earth.

They say this town is full of cozenage.  
SHAKESPEARE.

"This is an age of progress," is and has been the cry throughout the length and breadth of our land. We loathe the word

progress—yet we are willing to say that progress is stamped on every thing American—upon the facility with which we are deceived by the patriotic representative of an enslaved nation—upon the science, of government—upon mechanical science—upon education—upon the art of humbuggery and other abominations. Man is ever inclined to swerve from the paths of *true* usefulness in order to hoard up wealth, the "true magnetic pole, to which all hearts point duly north like trembling needles."

*Yankee* means from systems of mnemonics down—down to lectures on mesmerism are daily devised for the accomplishment of this object. The young are almost invariably selected as the victims of these impositions.

We know, that youth is always apt to judge in haste, concerning almost every thing, and that it is one of its first characteristics, to fall in love with schemes which profess to clothe it with rare acquirements in a short time and with a small share of exertion. And after lessons of sore experience, they still persist in countenancing and encouraging such inventions. They will, again and again, thoughtlessly sacrifice *time* and *money* for these *invaluable* attainments.

Our attention was called to this subject, through the blazing notices with which our door-posts and the walls of almost every house in the village are shingled.—One of them invites "the passing tribute of a sigh" because of its appearance. It is written in characters as dazzling as sunbeams, and runs thus:

"BROAD AND SMALL SWORD,

STICK AND BOWIE KNIFE.

EXERCISES.

Boxing, &c.

Taught by

PROF. JAS. ROBERTS,

Late Teacher at the University of Virginia, &c., &c., and at many other Colleges *too numerous to mention.*"

"Mr. Roberts having had *much experience* as a Teacher, in the *United States* and *Europe*, takes pleasure in offering his professional services to those gentlemen, who may feel desirous of patronising a system, which as a means of affording excellent exercise, *elegant* amusement, and imparting easy deportment and graceful action as well as extraordinary acuteness of eye and agility of body, is *unequaled*; and which is, &c.

Mr. R's system is mild, and admitted to be *superior* to any thing of the kind *ever offered* to a *liberal* and discerning public, &c., &c."

Another, which presents itself, not in a less frequent, but more modest form, contains the following:

"PROSPETCTUS  
of the

*NEW AND IMPROVED PLANS*  
of teaching,

*Drawing, Coloring, &c., &c.*  
as taught by

N. C. WHITE,"

together with abundant remarks upon "pencil sketching," "perspective, &c.," "coloring," "mathematical perspective," "portrait and landscape painting," &c.

"Let the kettle to the trumpet speak!" Tell it not in Gath. How long will men who, having eyes, keep them shut. We would not have the rising generation unqualified for the discharge of the duty imposed by the first law of nature. We wish every one the power of hurling defiance in the teeth of an adversary. But will this *unequaled* system—this *ne plus ultra* of "any thing of the kind—this *unsurpassed* Boxing School—prepare us to exercise this power? This question we are not able to answer from experience; but observation has taught us, that a similar system was introduced here some time ago—perhaps the one now under consideration—and before the lapse of one year it was acknowledged by the instructed, that no real benefit had been received.

It may be that we cherish unjust sentiments in regard to the merits of this school. Yet, in case it gives a pupil the skill in wielding these instruments of death—swords, sticks and knives—or in defending himself by the art of boxing, which it professes he truly possesses, that which "all the blood of all the Howards," cannot give—something, too, which he will soon forget, or will not have sufficient presence of mind to call into use, when dealing with an enemy.

We hold milder objections in relation to the "Prospectus." The teacher of the "Art of Painting" has perhaps met with Walter Scott's observations on inferior Painters—if so we hope he will consider them and be benefited. However, lessons given in this department may, for aught we know, arouse the dormant talents of some "mute inglorious" Angelo, who will tutor the grandeur and beauty of Nature around us and render himself the hallowed idol of his country. They may lead us to cherish that passion, which disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." There are several reasons which might be urged against the tolerance of such instruction among students.

Fellow-students, have you ever thought what an immense amount of money is annually spent here, lavishly and without necessity or use? If you have not, collect your calculating faculties for a moment, and you will be struck with astonishment. Has it ever occurred to you that this amount could be appropriated in any other manner? You might by applying it to charitable purposes light a lamp of genius, that would reflect glory and intelligence upon the age. The number of volumes of our Libraries might be increased to an incredible extent. There are various ends to which this surplus cash may be devoted, various ways in which it may be expended for the advancement of the objects of the University. Then let us resolve to submit no longer to such folly. Let us

think one moment of being duped; and if you do not find as much pleasure in being cheated as in cheating, you will come out and take a bold stand in determined opposition to all such machinations. Common sense dictates such a course.

BE IT REMEMBERED—That Dean Swift has made the following observation, which he places among his truthful "Thoughts on various subjects:"

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honors have been done them, what great company they have kept and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honors were more than their due, and such as their friends would not have believed if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honors below his merits and scorns to boast. Comment unnecessary.

It is stated that a young lady "out west," an extravagant admirer of Gen. Taylor, replied to a certain request of her Romeo in the well known words of the old hero, "Come and take me!"

The "bright particular" of a young gentleman of our acquaintance, placing herself in a relation to him similar to that of Aristotle to the waters of Euripus, answered a question with, *Quia te non capio tu capies me.*

THE following Latin distich on a flute occurs in the "Rambler's Magazine," a trifling periodical published a half century ago:

Viva fui in sylvis sum dura occisa securi;  
Dum vixi, tacui, mortua, multa cano.

THE wag who perpetrated the verses below was certainly born under a rhyming planet. They constitute an admirable burlesque upon the numerous parodies as well as the sickly attempts at poetry with which our teeth are so often set on edge;

and will perhaps stand a living monument of the author's first commission of "the sin of rhyme."

Old Grimes' hen, that good old fowl,  
She's dead and gone to rest,  
No troubling cares disturb her soul,  
Or "cross her peaceful breast."

Sometimes she roosted on a post,  
And sometimes on a rail;  
And like Job's turkey she could boast  
A feather in her tail!

She did not spend her days in sleep,  
Sometimes she cackled too,  
Sometimes climbed a haystack steep  
And almost tried to—*crew.*

Her soul has left this weary world,  
To realms of bliss 'tis gone,  
And ne'er again we boys shall see,  
The old hen eating corn.

She's eating corn in heaven, now,  
Oh may she rest in peace  
In those fair starry realms above  
Where boys from troubling cease.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We have reason to complain bitterly of the chirography displayed by many contributors. We would wish them to write plainly rather than *scientifically*. Then, as Hood says, "Ye may haply escape the rash rejection of a jaded Editor; so having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and so last, not least, ye may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the press which sometimes ruin the sublimest effusions by pantomimically transforming roses into noses—angels into angles, and all happiness into pappiness."

The article entitled, "Strong Drink" is *prohibited*.

"Tyro," your article has some worth and would appear favorably in the columns of a newspaper.

"Faro," is rejected. Be not discouraged, persevere, and "if you don't succeed, try, try again."

"P. Q." has also been consigned to the "Balaam Box."

We would call the attention of all lovers of "good things" to the article in the present number entitled "The Autobiography of Hugh Miller," which would grace the pages of the best Periodicals of the country.

This article has been crowded out for want of room. It will appear in the next number of the Magazine.—PUBLISHER.

We have noticed the "Prospectus of the College Magnolia"—to be edited by a Committee of the Senior Class of Normal College. The Editors have our sincere wishes for all possible success in their noble enterprise.

EXCHANGES.—The only exchanges upon our table are the Yale Literary Magazine and the William's Quarterly.

Excellent numbers.

OUR THANKS.—Are due Dr. S. S. Satchwell, Secretary of the Medical Society of N. C. for a copy of the transactions of that body during their fifth annual meeting in Raleigh.

Besides the Minutes, Constitution and Catalogue of members, it contains an Address by *our* estimable physician—Dr. J. B. Jones, on the "relation of man to some of the many destructive agents by which

his existence is often terminated." Also another by Dr. Charles E. Johnson of Raleigh, on Malaria, and an interesting letter from Dr. Phillips of Edgecombe. These efforts will certainly do much towards elevating the profession, and attaining the objects of their annual meeting—*truth*.

THE FAIR.—We suggest the propriety of exhibiting specimens of *College* stock on the 18th inst. and to encourage so noble a sacrifice of personal feelings for the interest of our University, would it not be well for the Faculty, besides granting a leave of absence, no making-up, &c., to a chosen few—the Eds. for instance—also to loan us the 'little blacks' and a driver?

We have not any *Cotton* its true, but we have *Hymans* who can reach to high places—*Jenny Linds* who'll command any prize on singing—*Loves and Cannons* who'll appropriate and defend whatever is *fair* for us.

THE LATEST AND BEST.—"Boys, the second Div. of Soph. Class are going to church to-night."

"For what George?"

"Why, to see Miss Analytics."

That Soph. rushed next morning on Church's Analytics.

THE  
NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 9.

THE RECIPROCAL OBLIGATIONS OF EDUCATED MEN AND  
SOCIETY.

The mass of citizens under government are uninformed, and hence, the necessity of following leaders. The elective franchise may be blindly used for a time without deleterious effect by selecting good men for office; but in a community like ours, the franchise must be so often used, that, unless the voters are intelligent the people must be governed by those incapable of representing them or what is worse, by those who will seek aggrandizement at the expense of the people's interest. Hence, the necessity of general literature; and it is the duty of those who are blest with knowledge to communicate it to others. To recommend literary pursuits, to encourage patriotism, and to teach that every truth, whether in church or state, is subject to reason and investigation. Literary pursuits will be treated in the present inquiry, 1st in a utilitarian point of view, and 2dly, as affording delight to the mind.

"Knowledge is the material with which wisdom builds." Man in his wisdom, under a false literature has vainly endeavored to enact wise laws.

France, Italy, Turkey and Mexico will be under the control of despots and ambitious aspirants until they learn a lesson from the United States. To a providence we owe it that our puritan fathers were driven from the old world and settled in the new. So goaded had they been by oppression, that every innovation on their rights became a signal for revolt. Allegiance to the mother country was a principle of their creed until over-taxation compelled resistance; and while the acknowledgment is made that "government should not be overturned for light and trifling causes," the maxim is adopted that "there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue." This government which has cost so much blood and treasure, is only to be preserved in the wisdom and intelligence of the masses. The republics of the old world failed to secure the happiness of their citizens for the want of the christian element in their composition—hence, the idea that republicanism is Utopian. The United States has solved the problem for more than seventy

years, and if we ask wisdom of God and take his word as our lamp to light us through the dark future, in despite of Mormonism and Popery or any other cause of internal or external danger, we shall dwell in safety. Government is safe in the properly educated mind. Before this light, spiritual rappings will be extinguished without the aid of the strong arm of the law, New England's resort.

In the education of our youth, let us by all means be most careful to give them moral training, and recommend the Bible as the best literature. If the spirit of Jonathan Edwards had have animated the breast of Aaron Burr, his grand-son, he would have been as potent for good as he was for evil; he would have been another Edwards. It is the duty of men to promote social intercourse, and form themselves into societies. A recluse life begets egotism and self-sufficiency, pedantry and pride. I forbear to speak of the living, or I could point you to men incapable of social enjoyment from habits of seclusion. Social converse promotes longevity; your own knowledge will furnish many examples. Association elicits the latent spark of genius—mind in contact with mind has an electrical influence—the faculties are kept in proper exercise, and are refreshed and invigorated for the active duties of life. Some of our public men are wholly indebted to association for the enviable stand they have taken in the councils of the nation.

If a general literature had have been characteristic of our State, a superior intelligence would not now be supplanting us in the use of our mineral wealth.

The report of the coal in Chatham and Moore, to an early Congress, would long since have been enquired into, and our citizens have enjoyed its fruits. Our escutcheon, national and State, would never have been tarnished by ex post facto laws in the shape of repudiation. The fate of 1837 stares us in the face, and the dire calamity of Bankruptcy can only be averted by the gold of California and the mineral wealth of our States. We are largely indebted to Europe for money borrowed to carry on our works of internal improvements, and our imports as shown by Mr. Brodhead, exceed by forty millions our exports. If ever the obligations of educated men to society are more binding at one time than another, the present is the time. The history of the world proves that as States grow older and become more populous and opulent, the inhabitants sink in "vice, luxury and effeminacy;" this is the crisis we must pass. Our State is destined to flourish at no distant day; if we are wise, her interests will be managed by us; if unwise, by the eagles of other States, who look upon us an easy quarry. There is evidently a propriety in fixing a regulator which shall keep society advised of its interests, social and pecuniary. It is manifest to a superficial observer that interest often forms associations, and the man of refined literary taste drawn into this vortex loses this treasure, and the mind becomes inelastic and capable of excitement only when sacrificing to this false deity. Our laws and our literature are powerless for good unless enforced and executed by a virtuous community. As the heart becomes enlarged, instinctively it turns to its Creator, and all

science centres in Him. It is true the passions are stronger than reason.— Education, at every step as it advances man in society, subdues them until the mind refined and purified loses its dross; reason is enthroned, and the “lesser faculties of the soul execute her biddings.” Happy is that people who exact all the homage due to society. The practice of the rules of good society is but the fostering of some of the noblest qualities of the heart, and becomes a step towards the renovation of our whole nature. The manners of a people are intimately connected with their morals. In every well-regulated community there is a court of inquisition; the offenders against morals or propriety are condemned, and the poor convict reads his sentence in the countenance of every respectable person he meets; if he have the heart of a man he has lost that which is dearer to him than life itself. Calisto-like, the happy dwellings are constantly in view from which he is excluded. If the advocates of truth are not literary, the fields of learning will be sown in noxious flowers, pleasant indeed to the sense, but destructive to society. An admirer of Plato declares that he would rather wander in the mazes of error with him, than to discover truth with others. No mind, in dwelling on the ingenious plots and exciting fictions of French literature, can withstand its baneful influence. Be careful in the selection of your library; it will discover your thoughts. Choose your companions; they are indications of your morals. The Arcana of nature are revealing their secrets to the world. Chemistry uses the material exposed by Geology and Agriculture, by the proper

application of mind to matter is destined to flourish in Arcadian beauty.— “We’ll lead the rural life in all its joy and elegance.” Here we have the matter in our marl and swamps; industry and skill need only to make the appliance, and our golden dreams are realized. Our pine forests, in quality, are little inferior to those of Lebanon; ours are extensive, whilst those of Norway and Sweden and other countries are nearly exhausted. Our State abounds in mineral wealth, and although we have it not in this section, intercourse will convert a portion of it to us; and now, with all our blessings, without proper spirit and knowledge, we will be like the cock that turned up the jewel.

The educated mind is comprehensive, the opinions and actions of men are weighed, principles are evolved and given to the world in a concise and practical form. Instances of well-balanced minds (the effect of a correct literature,) may in this place be introduced. Had the chivalry of Ireland sprung from the ashes of Robert Emmet, she would now have been free. The soil of Erin fertilized by his blood, would have brought forth armed men; the poor exile had not sought an asylum in America, the home of the brave. His “mind was in its own place and could not be moved by time nor circumstances.”

Apart from utilitarian considerations of the general subject of literature, let us examine its power in giving delight to the mind. Fable is the silver picture, in which the golden apples of sentiment is set. Truth, in beautiful allegory becomes most attractive. Addison, Johnson and Steele in this kind of writ-

ing excel among the English classics—Sappho, Anacreon and Pindar among the Greek—Henry W. Longfellow and Leigh Hunt in America. Those who are fond of the fine arts, in the sweets of literature experience great delight.—The paintings of the masters, (touched with the brush of Saturn,) and the Jupiter Olympus of Phydias, (for which he is indebted to the genius of Homer,) are perfect in their kind, but fall short in producing that ecstasy of feeling which is inspired by the poems of Walter Scott, Campbell, &c. The wealthiest alone are able to procure the costly paintings of the masters; a few shillings will procure those of the Poets. How few of us are familiar with Milton; and for the knowledge we are wiser and better, and the mind is delighted in the acquisition. Audubon's Ornithology can be procured at few places in the United States. It is accessible to few on account of its high price and great scarcity. On account of its fame we wish to peruse it. How few of us are familiar with the birds of our own forest, their notes, their plumage or their habits. Nature has been bountiful to us, but we refuse the delights within our reach. A literary taste will create an appetite for all these enjoyments; it will furnish us not only with what is useful and convenient, but luxuries, the enjoyments of which do not satiate but increase constantly as the mind advances. This is in accordance with the nature of the soul and its acts in its legitimate sphere. Milton heard every object in creation sing praises to its Maker, and Thompson cared not to what part of the earth he went, since God is everywhere. The world is full of song; science is melody. "The stars

move in mystic dance not without song," and the heart properly attuned dances and sings. These are the phantoms of a poetic fancy, says the man "who wanders forth with brute unconscious gaze, and marks not his Maker." Moses discerned the Deity in a fire, and the best of men see him in every thing. "If we would but open and intend the eye, we all like Moses should descry even in a bush, the radiant Deity."—Adverse to this is ignorance and superstition, and there are instances where men have been frightened to death at a phantom of their own creation. Numerous instances of insanity have been produced by spiritual rappings. Let us reprove these "works of darkness." Superstition is implanted in the mind in early childhood, and if it is not inherent in our nature from early education we imbibe impressions which education and reason alone can dispel.—Saul, when he could no longer enquire of the Lord through his prophets, sought a familiar spirit and heard no good of himself. When his mind was right by his own edict, "they were destroyed out of the land." Magicians and soothsayers were tolerated in Egypt; we all know the fate of that unhappy people.

From what I have said I hope no one will suppose that I would have the honest industry of the country checked, and secular pursuits given up. The literary arena may be replete with competitors, but, few will be crowned. A general knowledge of passing events may be acquired as a pastime, and the mind, as a consequence, becomes orderly and systematic in whatever pursuit it may be engaged.

A. V. B.

## LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK'S SPRING.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
 It seems an outlet from the sky,  
 Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
 The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

*Longfellow.*

## CHAPTER III.

We will now in imagination, transport the reader, from the scene of strife which we have endeavored to describe in the last chapter, to the precipitous banks of the Rio Pecos, near what has since been named the "Horse-Head Crossing." At this place, the River after traversing a beautiful and romantic valley many miles in extent, whose surface, during the summer season, is covered with flowers of every description, becomes suddenly environed on either side, by a high and rugged chain of mountains, whose summits are capped with perpetual snow, and the circumferences of whose bases are lost to the eye, amid the density of the dark, gloomy forests which encircle them.—The eastern shore is almost entirely a mass of solid rock, which beginning at the water's edge rises almost perpendicularly, in some places to the height of several hundred feet, and sloping with a gentle declivity towards the East, gradually subsides into an immense plain of table-land which extends without interruption, to the foot of the mountains, whose white heads can be

seen towering in the distance. With the exception of a few sickly shrubs, which grow here and there in the crevices of the rocks, no sign of vegetation is visible.

The opposite side presents an agreeable contrast to the eastern. Although rocky and steep, it is covered with a thick underwood, for the most part composed of the cactus, whose spreading branches and close foliage, afford a cool shade to the weary traveller, who is unfortunate enough to be exposed to the burning rays of a summer sun. It is not so steep as the former, but on the other hand might be said to be an inclined plane. But that which forms the most interesting peculiarity connected with the western bank of the Rio Pecos at the Horse-head Crossing, is a solid and perpendicular portion of rock, of considerable size, which, if viewed from a distance, would seem to be the ruins of an ancient castle, or some other kind of massive architecture. In fact, the outside walls of this dilapidated and fallen edifice, if we may so express ourselves, very much resembles those of the ancient temples of Greece and Rome.

When seen from the eastern bank, it presents to the eye of the observer, a rectangular form. On the southeastern corner of this natural fortification, and midway between two deep breeches in the walls, stands a sort of natural turret, which, when approached within a little distance is found to be covered with moss and entwined with ivy. In the center of the space included within the natural walls, and rising many feet above them, is a natural pyramid, likewise covered with moss and ivy. The rest of the enclosure is covered with stones and fragments of rock, piled here, therein one confused mass. To those who have had the pleasure of visiting the city of Quebec, this natural curiosity would present a striking and marked resemblance to the natural fortifications which defend that place.

This natural castle of rock is elevated to a considerable height above the level of the bank, and is surrounded below by forests of oak intermingled with pine, and cactus. The stream itself is overhung in many places by huge rocks, which project laterally from the contiguous banks. It is also interrupted in its course, by rocks lying at the bottom of the channel, causing it to be precipitated over numerous falls and cataracts. Upon the whole, the towering cliffs which intersperse its banks—the natural fortification of rock—the sombre forests, all conspire to give to it a wild and romantic appearance.

It was on the following night after the occurrence of the adventures of Lorenzo Carival and Henderson, that two horsemen might have been seen slowly and cautiously descending a rocky and precipitous path, leading

from a lofty eminence overlooking the river from the west, and situated near the tower rock. The moon was shining brightly, and all surrounding objects upon which her gentle rays fell, were rendered distinctly visible and clearly perceptible. As the horsemen wound their way down, amid projecting masses of rock, often nervously trembling as they passed the edge of a precipice, near which the path led them, they gradually disappeared behind the thick wood that skirted the river. They next became visible, as their dark outlines and tall forms emerged from the deep shade of the forest which had for a few moments concealed them. Their steeds now suddenly paused at the water's edge, and their riders seemed to hastily consult together for a moment, when they suddenly plunged into the stream, and soon scrambled up the opposite shore, till they gained a sort of platform, formed by the shelving of the adjacent rocks, and from which the path led precipitately up the bank.

The two horsemen were Lorenzo Carival and Henderson. A few hundred yards from where they now stood was the camp which they had that day made reference to. It was located in a grove of oaks, which extended many miles parallel with the river.

Although the moon shone bright, the dense shadows that fell from the trees, imparted to the place a dismal and gloomy aspect, so that the light of the camp-fire could the more easily be seen, as it streamed through the thick underwood. A motley crowd, composed, with one exception, wholly of men, and numbering upwards of fifteen were assembled around the fire, all of whom, save one

or two, who were apparently deeply interested in a conversation, seemed to be at their ease, and kept silence—not the silence of sadness, however—but of contentment. But as the cheerful light fell upon so many rough faces, it disclosed a few that betrayed the restless thoughts of their possessors. Among these was an old man, whose white locks, glassy eye and bent form bore witness to the ravages which relentless time had inflicted upon his person.—The long gray beard which fell profusely from his chin, and reposed in silvery folds upon his sunken bosom, gave him the appearance of a patriarch, while his high, expansive forehead stamped upon his antiquated and time-worn features the evidence of the presence of superior mental endowments. The revery into which he had fallen, was at length disturbed by another hoary headed Patriarch, who, tapping him lightly on the shoulder and grimly smiling, said, in a low, mysterious tone—

“This way a little bit, if you please, Gibson—I would speak with you alone—what I have to say is for your private ear.”

Obeying the summons of the personage addressing, Gibson sprang up from the grass, on which he had been reclining, and hastily brushing the dust off his deer skin habiliments, followed the speaker to some distance, where they both stopped in the shadow of a huge oak, when Gibson's companion, placing his back against the tree and folding his arms, thus addressed him in the same mysterious tone as before—

“Well Gibson, you will, I suppose, grant me the truth of the assertion that old men and gray beards are privileged characters?”

“Certainly—speak on.”

“Well then, the subject which is just now uppermost in my thoughts, is one so delicate and gloomy withal, that I am loath to broach it. However, as it concerns you altogether, and is very important, I must break it to you.

“You are not ignorant, I suppose, of the attachment which your son Richard has long cherished for Alice, the adopted daughter of old Joe Sherard, who, they say, when once on a trading expedition down to San Fernando and Matamoras, stole her when she was yet an infant. This attachment from a mere preference at first, has grown into a fierce and ungovernable passion. I guess, also, that the probability of Dick's success, which has existed all along, is not unknown to you. Well it now devolves upon me as a duty, to say to you that which will at once dissipate those enlivening hopes and bright anticipations, and humble that pride, which, as an old man, you naturally feel, when you contemplate the chances for the advancement and future happiness of your son; and blight those brilliant and enchanting prospects which have heretofore been ever present to his impassioned mind—but, alas! which I fear he will never be fortunate enough to realise.

But pardon my digression. If my eyes have not deceived me, (you know, Gibson, I am a good observer of men and things, and always have been) every thing worked well enough, and fortune seemed to smile upon Dick's suit, until that simpering, cringing, but yet haughty, proud, and cunning, yankee, Henderson got into company with us. In short, this hair-brained adventurer has, by his simpering smiles, loathsome flat-teries, and a pedantic exhibition of

knowledge and learning (which I question, he ever possessed,) so won upon the affections of Alice, that I fear poor Dick is forever supplanted. But he has not been slow in discovering the change which Alice's sentiments have undergone towards him, and not slow either in attributing it to the right cause. In consequence of which, stung by jealousy and driven almost to madness and desperation, he has laid a plan, to take the life of his rival this night, as soon as he and Lorenzo Carival shall return from their hunt. This Dick has confided to me as a secret, being afraid to mention his intentions to you, because, he said you would only spurn with scorn such a proceeding."

"Ah! me, thou ungrateful, unmanageable son!" sighed old Gibson, with contracted brow and tightly compressed lips. And then starting as if from a dream, he sternly inquired.

"But what's to be done?—it will never do for the life of an innocent man to be thus endangered. Look to the matter, Bradley, the young men must be kept apart, for to-night, and in the morning we will give Henderson his passport, and permit him to depart as stealthily as he came."

"I don't know that that can be done so easily, as you might suppose, friend Gibson," said Bradley, half musing, half aside.

"And why not?" asked Gibson.

"Now, I am hardly able to say, exactly why, but I tell you, Gibson, that Henderson is as bold as a lion. And then he's so proud! really it's but very few men, can withstand one flash of his piercing, dark eye. When he looks at you, it seems as if he would look straight

through you. Depend upon it, if you insult that man, you must either immediately apologise, or he'll spill your blood as quick as if you were a buffalo."

"That's nothing,—what's one man to fifteen, I'd like to know. If we all unite we *will* succeed in ejecting him from our company, and no mistake,"—rejoined Gibson.

"Very doubtful,—you'll not catch me meddling with that yankee,—he's too cunning for us simple mountaineers" thought Bradley to himself.

"But let us retrace our footsteps; I see supper is ready and waiting for us," said old Gibson.

Having thus concluded their consultation they leisurely and silently strode back to the camp fire. When they came within the circle, Gibson's brow lowered, and a momentary shade of displeasure flitted over his countenance as he perceived Dick seated near the fire, on the trunk of a recently felled tree; his eyes riveted with a fixed gaze, upon the ground, and his features displaying the deepest melancholy and dejection.

"Dick," said the old man, seating himself by him, "what under the sun makes you so gloomy and melancholy now-a-days? You seem as though there were nothing in the wide world for you to live for. It does seem to me, you are not the same person, you used to be. Now Dick, I see it is time for me to use a father's commands instead of persuasion. Finally, it is my will, that you throw off those melancholy fits of abstraction, that have so much frequented you of late, and betake yourself to your accustomed amuse-

ments and occupations, and don't let me see you again moping about like a woman whose heart has been flundered into a thousand pieces at one blow. If you do not adopt this course my son, I greatly fear you will in the end fall a victim to some fell disease, whose seed is perhaps, already sown in mind and body. So bestir yourself.

"I don't understand the tenor nor the object of your remarks," replied Dick, abstractedly, "I know not to what or whom they apply—however I must admit that what you have just said may be directed to me, I don't know though," here he stopped short, hurriedly exclaiming, "Hist! what's that?—I think I hear the distant rattle of horses's heels. It must be Carival and the yankee. No, it can't be either; they said, they would not be here before midnight!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the cry of "a stampede! a stampede!" was raised by the hunters, for so we must denominate those who took up their abode at the old camping place, located in the oak forests, on the eastern bank of the Rio Pecos, at the Horsehead crossing; on the night in which occurred the incidents we are about to relate.

When the fact that there was a stampede became known, great confusion prevailed among the terrified woodsmen, of whom, some on the impulse of the moment, snatched up their rifles and hastened to put themselves out of the way of danger by climbing trees; others more indifferent, stood their ground and calmly awaited the result. They were not long held in suspense; for the stampede, numbering about five hundred

wild horses, rushed swiftly by with the speed of the wind. They did not, however, molest the hunters, further than causing a momentary thrill of sudden fear.

But their apprehensions did not entirely vanish, with the disappearance of danger. The general impression was, that a body of Indians was close at hand, and that it was through their agency that the stampede was raised; which was doubtless done for the purpose of confusing them, in order that they might more easily surprise and over power them.

This opinion, which the worthy hunters passed upon the present state of affairs, was soon confirmed by the opportune arrival of Lorenzo Carival and Henderson, and the tidings they bore. They dashed up, on their jaded horses, almost out of breath, as though they were the bearers of a pardon to the condemned prisoner, whose head shrinks already beneath the descending blow of the executioner's axe.

"Hey! hello! men, I say! there is danger about," bawled out Lorenzo at the top his stentorian voice, "get every thing ready, and mount your horses.—Quick! there's no time to be lost. As we were returning we saw a considerable number of Indians, about a mile from here, coming in this direction.—We outrode them, and I thank heaven that we are perhaps enabled to save you from imminent danger and perhaps death."

It would be difficult to imagine a more confused scene than which the little party of hunters encamped at the Horsehead Crossing, presented at the declaration of Lorenzo. Horses were

hastily unloosed from the trees to which they had been fastened on the previous evening, and as hastily saddled; rifles were hurriedly snatched up from the grass, upon which they had been thrown, and to increase the general bustle and hubbub, the men ran here and there, in search of articles they were about to leave. Nor did the equine members of the group seem much disposed to submit to the silent injunctions of the Taciturn Goddess. On the contrary, they impatiently migned and pawed the earth, as if participating in the common panic, which had seized their masters.

At length the men having got ready to mount, proceeded to choose one of their number, who should act as leader. After some deliberation, the choice fell upon Lorenzo, whose abilities as a soldier were thought sufficient to qualify him for that important, and not a little dangerous post.

Meanwhile, a little incident of a different, but perhaps more interesting nature, was taking place, a little distance from where the hunters were electing a captain. In the long shadow of an antiquated oak; holding his horse by the rein, whilst now and then he moved the position of his foot as if to insert it into the stirrup, stood an old man, whose gray hair, white beard, blanched cheek, and stooping form, proclaimed him to be near the end of life's dusty journey.—Near him stood a young girl, likewise holding the rein of an Indian pony.—Indeed, she was most fair and lovely to look upon. On her head she wore a sort of turban, made of green silk, from under which fell a variety of soft, dark, luxuriant ringlets, whose waving folds kissed a neck of the purest whiteness.

Her forehead was rather low, but broad and full, and terminated below, by deeply arched brows, under which sparkled a pair of the most heavenly, brilliant and fascinating blue eyes, that ever shone in the divine face of woman; her nose was of that exquisite mould, so seldom found in nature, but which may be met with embodied in the Venus de Medicis, and some other statues of less note. The hue of the rose blushed beneath the transparent whiteness of her cheek, and a pretty little mouth and lips of vermilion, curled in conjunction with every smile that flitted across her angelic countenance; her graceful form exhibited the most perfect and unexceptionable symmetry; her arms and hands were well rounded, full and in proportion.—Over her shoulders was thrown a neat, tasty cloak of the finest fur, which heightened the effect of the rosy tint of her cheek; around her waist, and reaching to a pretty little foot, encased in a fine morocco gaiter, she wore a blue silk petticoat, which old Sherard had purchased as a present for her, at San Fernando, whither he was in the habit of going every Spring, to dispose of his stock of furs and skins, which he had taken during the winter.

"Alice," said the old man, "don't you think we'd better return home, and not get ourselves into difficulties by following these dare-devil hunters?"

"How far is it?" inquired Alice, with silvery voice.

"About thirty miles, I dare say," answered old Sherard.

"Oh! no, no, I cannot think of it, father, what, to travel all that distance alone, and without anybody to help us, in case the Arrapahoes were to attack

us, which they will doubtless do, if they meet us, you and their tribe have not been on good terms for some time, you know. The very thought of it makes me tremble. No, no; we had best, I think, accompany our friends in their projected retreat."

"Well, well, Alice," said the old man, "if you wish it we shall do so. We don't know though, what evil may come of it; but we must trust to fortune; come weal or come wo."

"I am ready," and so saying, Alice sprang lightly into the saddle.

#### CHAPTER IV.

How sudden are the blows of fate! what change,  
What revolution, in the state of glory!

CIBBER.

The bold and intrepid Lorenzo, now clothed with power, and invested with the supreme command, immediately began to act up to his new dignity.—He at once assumed the tone and manner, with which the venerable and experienced general addresses his troops on the eve of battle. His tall, powerful frame was drawn up to its full height; his eyes brightened and his lips became more determinately compressed. No shade of fear or apprehension could be traced on his rough, but expressive countenance; but on the contrary, his whole appearance showed his determination to exhibit all the military prowess he could master against the foe. As soon as all had mounted, the word of command to march was given, and the little body of cavalry, with Lorenzo at its head, moved off at full speed across the prairie. They proceeded no great distance, however, before the cry of "the Indians! the Indians are upon us! look to yourselves!" was raised in the

rear. On discovering the cause of disturbance in his ranks, Lorenzo turned in his saddle, and directing his gaze to the western margin of the prairie, perceived to his no small chagrin and impatience, a band of savages, superior in numbers to his own, rapidly coming up in his rear.

Judging any further attempt at escape by flight, vain and fruitless, he now ordered the company to halt; put themselves in a position for defence, and resist if necessary, to the last drop of blood. By the time he had completed these defensive preparations the savages had approached within speaking distance; when, to the surprise of the captain and his little troop, they made signs that they wished to have a parley granted them.

"Shall I comply with their request?" asked Lorenzo of old Gibson, who acted as lieutenant.

"Well, I should think you ought, by all means; perhaps they are friendly and do not intend us any harm. It is likely they belong to the tribe of the Wapecanhoes; if so, we have nothing to fear. They have always, as far as I know, been friendly and at peace with the white inhabitants of the Rio Pecos valley—yes, it is as I have said; they are a foraging party of Wapecanhoes; look yonder, do'nt you see the chief at their front; he wears their badge. So you must by all means confer with them. Nothing can be gained, by slighting their proposal; and remember, we have much to lose, which, lost once, is lost forever."

"Notwithstanding," answered Lorenzo, "I feel a little apprehensive; not for myself, but those whom it is my duty

to protect. It is not often, you meet with a savage, uncontaminated with falsehood, or unstained with treason.—Therefore, for ought I know, it is the intention of yon accursed red-skins to betray us; having found there was no chance for them to encounter us, without being repulsed. But as you desire it, I will for once put myself into the power of their rascal chief, be he foul, or fair; and trust myself to fortune, and the Indian's honesty. But where's the interpreter? Ho! Seccho! You Seccho! Seccho! where are you? come here a minute, and be ready to obey my commands."

So saying, he started towards the Indian troop; but his progress was soon arrested by the supplications and warnings of some of the old men, whose suspicions got the better of their courage.

"I tell you captain," said one, "you had better not intrust yourself to the Indian—depend upon it, his purpose is not good. If you venture to a consultation with him, I would not be surprised if your scalp would be taken.—Now captain listen to me."

"Look here captain," said another, "you ought to be a little more aware of those blood-thirsty, cruel hounds.—Don't trust yourself to 'em. They'll harm you."

Alice now joined her voice with the others, in entreating Lorenzo, not to forsake them.

"For mercy's sake," said she, wringing her hands, and clasping the captain's knees, "for mercy's sake don't leave us; now do, don't captain; let some one else go in your place."

"I wonder if Henderson would act in my stead?" said Lorenzo in an indiffer-

ent tone; but cunning, and notwithstanding the seriousness of the occasion, a mischievous leer of the eye.

"Oh! no," exclaimed Alice, slightly blushing, "he must not go; he is ignorant of our customs and don't know how to act in an emergency like this!

"Enough of this," cried Lorenzo rather angrily, "men" continued he, "I say, you must be more calm; such fear, and womanish timidity does not become you. So say no more. My purpose is set. I will conduct the parley with the savages. Come along, Seccho; now you must tell me exactly what the chief says, and interpret falsely. Deceive me; and you fail not to reap the fruits.—Should such be the case, this shall decide your fate," and the hunter laid his hand on his silver handled dagger.

The chief of the Wapecanhoes, and the captain, now met midway between the two bands; the former laying his hand on his left breast in token of friendship and good will; the latter mechanically pressing his finger against the trigger of his trusty rifle.

"What means the white man now?" said the chief, "doth he fear the red man will betray him? ah! the Indian reads the thoughts of the white-face.—Let the white man know then, that he need fear nothing from the powerful Wild-cat of the Wapecanhoes; he will not harm him; only let him not be suspicious.

As the proud and haughty chief said this, he drew himself up to his full height; and for some time regarded Lorenzo with a look of withering scorn. The latter still kept his hand on the hilt of his bowie-knife; as if putting himself in readiness, against any sud-

den attack, which, the warrior, if actuated by treacherous motives, might probably make upon him. But notwithstanding the danger and uncertainty, attending the situation, in which he was called upon to act; he succeeded in a great measure in keeping up the appearance of composure, if not sternness.

"Is it possible then," said he after a brief pause; during which he eyed the chief with the keenest scrutiny, "is it possible then, that I behold, for the first time in my life, the famous Wild-cat; that unconquered, and unconquerable Wapecanhoe warrior, the undying fame of whose daring and unparalleled exploits, has filled the land; from the mountains of the North, even to the southern Gulf?—whose name has become a terror to his enemies; the theme of the poet; the glowing subject for the cool pen of the historian; which causes a shudder, as it passes the lips of the schoolboy? Mighty chief; the white man prays forgiveness, forgetting himself so far, as to question the Indian's honesty, and doubt the sincerity of his motives. But he would like to know the will of the most puissant Wild-cat, and why he thus desires to speak to him."

"Be it known to the white man, then," answered Wild-cat, "that the red man would make a league with his brother, the pale-face, with whom he desires to live at peace; but before we proceed to make the agreement, you must first surrender up to Wild-cat your rifle and pistols; these articles Wildcat has taken a fancy for, and would be much pleased to own them."

"I cannot do that; for it is the only one I have," said Lorenzo.

"But you must surrender them; I command you to do it, and hastily too; you ought to know you are in the power of Wildcat," answered the chief, with a sneer and a most contemptuous grin.

"I know no such thing; neither will I admit it," said Lorenzo, angrily.—"You should be aware proud chief," continued he, "that I am your equal if not your superior. It is true, the royal blood of the Wapecanhoes flows in your veins; and that you derive your origin from that race of men, who prior to the advent of the whites, held undisputed possession, of this Western world. But I claim my descent from a far nobler, and purer source. Besides, I formerly belonged to the most powerful nation on earth—one whose glory and splendor as far eclipses your petty and comparatively insignificant tribe, as the brightness of the noonday sun, surpasses the feeble light, and faint glimmerings of the meanest star in the midnight heavens. Yes! prince of the Wapecanhoes know that I fear you not. But I bid you, beware how you venture to use violence. The moment you show the least sign of treachery, or resort to unfair means—for obtaining your object; shall witness your exit, from your native hunting grounds; and your entrance within the gloomy, mystic portals, that guard the dark, unknown realms of the Great Spirit. It is not my desire to harm you; but once more, chief, I warn you against employing violent measure; do so, and your fate is sealed forever.

"Ha!" exclaimed Wildcat, "the white man speaks boldly. But he must obey the commands of the king of the Wapecanhoes; he must deliver up im-

mediately all his weapons, and then he may return in peace to his companions.

"By St. George! he'd better not get my North Carolina up; if he does it'll not fare well with his d—d red skin or his tersted cranium either. But I fear my dander is about to rise. If it does, the infernal, conceited, lying, treacherous dog of an accursed race, for aught I know, may have seen his last sunrise this side the black gates of death. I'll teach him a lesson he'll not forget in a lifetime; if he escapes the effects of my anger. I'll learn his most perisant Majesty how to assert his claim to the vassalage and require the obedience of a freeman; a native of the good old North State, and an alumnus of her University too! By thunder! its too bad," muttered Lorenzo Carivol, between his clenched teeth, while his eyes flashed fire, and every limb and muscle trembled with the violence of his emotions.

"Who told you," he demanded of the chief, with quivering lips and a voice fairly choked with rage, "who told you I was bound to obey your commands? Who informed you that you had the power to make me obey? Am I not

as free and as proud as thyself? Answer me, thou dastardly dog!"

As he propounded these queries to the chief, who still stood with his arms folded upon his breast, and a proud, contemptuous smile upon his curled lip, the savages, (whom it will be remembered, Wildcat had stationed some distance from the place of conference,) in obedience to a private signal from their chief; suddenly began to approach the disputants, bringing their front in the form of a semicircle. This movement, in itself suspicious, Lorenzo failed not to observe, notwithstanding his excitement. At first he was disposed to attribute it to motives of curiosity; but on reflection, he hastily concluded it was now their object to capture him.—But before he could find time to utter a word he found himself suddenly surrounded by the enemy, who, having formed a circle around Wildcat and himself, awaited the further commands of that dignitary.

Discerning at once the jeopardy into which he was thrown; Lorenzo now determined to strike a good blow in his defence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET SENT ME THE OTHER DAY BY MISS — OF CHAPEL HILL.

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Messengers of love and beauty, tell the maid  
who sent you here,  
That for her, and your sweet tidings I shall  
ever hold you dear.  
Worthy of an angel's record such delicious  
thoughts as these  
Let them live in golden letters on the page of  
memories.

Gentle heralds, ye are fleeting, but the language  
ye convey,  
To the heart there finds an echo which can  
never die away,  
There ye live in new-born beauty, memories of  
happy hours,  
When enchanted with the giver, we reposed in  
friendship's bow'rs.

## EMMA FITZHERNE.

During an excursion among the wilds of Western Carolina, upon a warm day in the month of November, weary with the exercise I had taken, I wandered to the top of a neighboring hill, whose well-wooded sides promised a refreshing shade. Gaining the summit, I was on the point of throwing myself upon the sward, when my attention was arrested by an object which in that vast solitude, appeared strange. Advancing, I pushed my way through a mass of wasteful bushes that had once been a shrubbery, *to a grave.*

In wonderment, I seated myself upon the edge of the tomb, and read the following inscription upon the plain slab of marble which covered it :

“EMMA FITZHERNE !”

“She died of a broken heart !”

Raising my eyes for a moment as if to gain some clue to this singular inscription, I saw below me a scene such as the soft pencil of a Rembrandt would have delighted to portray, or the wild imagery of a Salvator Rosa alone could depict.

It was a lovely evening. At that period of the year, when the rich canopy of the “Fall forest” reflects the calm rays of the Autumnal sun. The early part of the day had been dark and stormy, but towards evening, although the sullen clouds still hung o’erhead, yet a broad track of golden sky, from which

the rays of the setting sun, tinging the light frothy clouds with a purple and golden hue, was reflected in flickering shadows upon the beautiful landscape, and gleaming through the dripping leaves, lit up all nature with the melancholy smile of the “Indian Summer.” Below me lay a sequestered pond, so calm and still that the yellow leaf which lay upon its bosom, seemed floating in air. It looked like “innocence in the lap of wrath”—for around on every side arose a noble chain of hills, towering one above the other in the distance, covered with their native growth—now adorned with the bright hues of the autumnal season—the yellow of the hickory, the rich purple of the ash, the bright crimson of the dog-wood. Here and there, lying in the shadow of a cloud or some wild dell, on whose side the cabin of the woodsman peeps out from the foliage. No sound breaks the Sabbath stillness that reigns o’er the scene, save the occasional whistle of the partridge, of the tap of the log-cock. The murmur of a “hermit rill,” as it wended its way toward the tiny lakelet, would now and then be borne upon the evening breeze. All nature was hushed, and it seemed as if the “finger of God rested upon that spot, in calm and eloquent repose.”

Bending a last look upon the grave and the scenery around, as I turned me

from the spot, I mentally exclaimed—  
Solitude! fit emblem of rest for the  
broken heart!

At such a moment, when the senses have been absorbed in the contemplation of one of nature's beautiful pictures, the mind of the beholder unconsciously plunges into the "Sea of Memory." As I wended my way homeward with feelings altered by what I had witnessed, thoughts of the happy past came to mind, casting their flickering light upon the dark future. Anon, some sad tale would present itself or one of Irving's beautiful descriptive pieces. His beautiful definition of the "broken heart," which called forth the highest eulogiums of Lord Byron, from its connection with the present scene, was covered over with "interest kindled anew." The beautiful lines of Moore came forcibly to mind:

"Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams  
rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile in the  
West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow!"

At night when seated around the hospitable and cheerful hearth of my friend, I related the adventure of the evening, when mine host kindly detailed to me the following particulars of the sad story I shall relate.

"In the winter of the year in which I left college, I was sent by my parents to "finish off" by a few months travelling among the Northern cities.

Meeting with some of my class-mates and friends in the city of ——. I was induced to prolong my stay. One evening as I sauntered into my hotel, I was passed by a young man seeming-

ly in the prime of youth, but upon whose features the mark of dissipation was set. His brow wore a haggard look, and the extreme paleness of his face contrasted with the mass of dark brown hair which curled lightly about his forehead. His features were fine, though irregular. The eye once seen, would never be forgotten—full of expression and fire. His form although denoting strength, was tall and symmetrical. I was ever prone to be struck by any peculiarity of expression or air I witnessed in others, and be it acknowledged, there existed a slight tincture of romance in my composition! Here then was an opportunity for adventure, not to be thrown away by a boy who had just left College. In the appearance of this young man there was something that struck me forcibly, and I determined to seek him out and know him. In finding him I had little difficulty, for he appeared to seek every source of dissipation that wealth could command. In course of time we became acquainted, when seeing the deep interest I took in him, he threw himself entirely upon my friendship. The peculiarities of his character were many. When with others, his conversation was light and gay, and, except when his mind was steeped in the damning drug of hell, no one would dream of the "settled corroding anguish in his bosom that would be soothed neither by silence nor by speaking." His was that deadly disease of the heart, that withering agony that shows itself by the faint glow that o'erspreads the pale cheek when the victim is off his guard. With him, as the poet hath said:

"For it is the highest pride of human misery,  
To say it knows not of an opiate!"

We were regular attendants at the theatre, for Forrest was then in the meridian of his prime. One night the public were notified that he was to appear in his favorite character of Othello. The interest manifested to hear him was intense; so that when he appeared, the house was rent with applause.

As the play proceeded, I noticed that the feelings of my friend were becoming gradually worked up, until they shone forth in every feature of his expressive face, but when Othello in the wild anguish of his remorse exclaimed in heart-rending accents,

"Where should Othello go?

Now, how dost thou look now? oh ill-starred wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will burst my soul from heaven,

And fiends will catch at it cold, Cold my girl?

Even like thy chastity!"

With the glare of a maniac and agony working in every feature, he rushed from the box. I followed instantly, but he had disappeared in the crowd below as soon. I looked around in vain; he had gone, and forever, for I never saw him again.

I returned to my apartments, and upon a small secretaire I found a package which I have kept, no less as a souvenir of my lost friend than as a ressouvenir of the past."

Mine host approaching a small cabinet, took from it a MS. marked by the yellow of time. Being seated, he threw himself back in an attitude of ease, and

drawing the candle near him, began the following story:

"I am descended from an ancient house. My father in whose veins flowed the blood of one of the proudest of the ancient noblesse of Ireland, was for a short time a "meteor of fashion" at the court of St. James; but his career was as ephemeral as fashion itself. For overwhelmed with debt, consequent upon the life he led, he retired to the small remnant of the once broad lands of his forefathers, but which had now passed with time, into the hands of the stranger; and naught now remained to the once proud name of Fitz Herne save a small sea-lashed territory in the western part of Ireland. An old castellated building whose massive walls had withstood the assaults of time, was our house. Here, remote from the world and shut in by the wild barrier of the ocean, was passed my infancy. My mother, overcome by the fortunes of her husband, soon sank into her grave -- leaving my only sister and myself comparatively alone; for my father, ruined and heart broken, retired from all and we seldom saw him. The situation of our house seemed emblematical of the fortunes of the race; for around on every side, arose rocks of Alpine height, which sheltered it from the frequent storm which lashed the rock-bound coast, and heaving billows which seemed to sprinkle the brow of Heaven with their spray.

In this wild spot was passed my boyhood. When twelve years of age, a circumstance occurred, which I may describe as the opening scene of my tragic story.

One evening a courier presenting him-

self, requested to see my father. He was shown into his apartment—whence after a long consultation, the household were informed that measures were to be taken for the immediate breaking up of the establishment, for the purpose of a removal to America. Upon inquiry as to the cause of this sudden movement, we were informed that the younger and only brother of my father had lately died, leaving him the immense property he had amassed in America.

Upon my arrival in this country, I was placed at school, whence in due course of time, I was placed at one of the first Colleges of the Union.

Meanwhile, my father continued in the same restless and morbid state of mind. Accordingly having sold the residence of my late uncle, he wandered from place to place without any destination or object in view.

While travelling through Western Carolina, he chanced upon a spot whose wild and magnificent scenery so well suited his morbid state of mind, that having purchased it he erected upon it a stately mansion, showering upon it every embellishment that art and wealth could afford. Here he again dealt out that hospitality for which his race had ever been famous. His door was ever open to the stranger, of whom there were many who came to view the spot of which fame had already spoken.—Situated upon the brow of a hill from which a view extended for miles, was a building whose architecture gave it an antique appearance increased by the irregularity of its form and its gothic style. My father seldom left his home, which he had endowed with a splendid library; and his only delight was in

pursuits of a scientific nature, and in the education of my sister who was his only companion.

Time wore on, and years had passed since I had seen my parent and sister. I had passed through college with distinction, and having finished at the Law School attached, with equal honor, I returned to my home to spend a few months preparatory to entering upon the practice of my profession.

My sister, whom I had left a little girl, upon whose person poverty and neglect were but too visible, now bounded to meet me—the bright and beautiful being of seventeen, just budding into womanhood. An innate feeling of pride came over me as I stroked the dark brown hair, and gazed into the deep and dark hazel eye, softened by its long and silken lash, that was raised so trustingly to mine. She was all that woman could be—the pride and delight of her aged father, who had brought her up in the fondest indulgence, satisfying every caprice. To an observer, her character could be read in her eye. Her feelings were quick and ardent.—She was gay, tender, petulant and susceptible, and the sweetness of her disposition, well-practiced in self-control and the rule of her actions.

The susceptibility of her character was soon evinced in the person of a young man, who had accompanied me for the purpose of spending the few months of my stay. Indeed, Eugene was well worthy of the preference she showed, for he was well characterized to win a woman's love. But yet I, who knew him so well, trembled at the consequences that my knowledge of his character told me would ensue; and

yet, day after day, I watched his dark eye as with scintillating gaze, he seemed to draw the very soul of his intended victim, within his grasp. Day after day passed, and I formed plan after plan, formed but to be broken as soon as formed. At one moment I thought I would warn her, then a doubt would cross my mind; perhaps, after all, she did not love him—perhaps, in my long and intimate acquaintance with him, I might have mistaken his character.—The dark spot and sole ingredient of his character that I had ever looked upon as the overshadowing of the whole, I might have exaggerated in estimation. Besides, he was possessed of every quality, aided by shining and brilliant talents; such as enoble man.

In his actions he was guarded in the extreme, the more so, the more I distrusted this intercourse, now become intimate with my sister.

My father evidently looked with a distrustful eye at what was going forward. From the first, he had taken a dislike to Eugene. Why, he knew not. So that one day I was little surprised when Eugene was ordered in strong and peremptory terms to quit the house. I sought my sister, and then learned that she had confessed to her father her unfortunate attachment, and was forbidden to think of Eugene again. Emma, unaccustomed to be thwarted or contradicted, and from the vivacity of her spirits, ever apt to be hurried into extremes, gave way to ungovernable transports of grief and anger. Her spirits gave way, and no longer was the gay laugh heard.

Weeks flew by. One evening, Emma had gone on her accustomed ride.—

Being a splendid horse-woman, a servant alone accompanied her.

Night came on, when becoming alarmed, I followed her, taking the direction of a neighboring village; but, alas! I was too late. I met the servant, and alone. He had been detained per force. His mistress had met Eugene, who taking her to the village, had married her. A sickness crept over me in a moment. I shook it off, and heedless of a rising storm and the darkness, I flew madly toward the village, but they had gone! I returned to my now wretched home. The storm that was brewing now began. Dark clouds flew rapidly across the moon, now revealing, now obscuring her brilliancy. A few large drops falling upon my naked head, refreshed my burning brow. A sullen roar of thunder vibrating among the hills as I reached my home, told that the tempest was on the wing. Hastening to my father, I broke the intelligence to him. The effect was terrible. The betrayal of his daughter's guilt had the effect I had anticipated.—He sunk beneath the heavy stroke.—Night after night, and day after day, I watched by his bedside. Fever seized upon his brain, and in delirium his troubled thoughts found utterance. A few weeks passed, when a letter (the first) was received from Emma. It told of ruin and despair. The villain had betrayed her; a false ceremony had been performed, and under the impression that she was his lawful wife, she had fled with him. His forbidding her writing to ask her father's forgiveness at length aroused her suspicions as to his real character. She upbraided him—he laughed her to scorn, and

fiend-like told her what he had done, then fled and left her.

Leaving my father for a few days, I hastened to her. I found her, but oh God! how changed! That lovely face had lost its beauty. Death had set his seal upon her brow, and the beaming glance of that dark eye had given place to a fixed and frenzied stare, which told of the broken heart within. I bore her to her home. When she arrived, she flew to her father and implored forgiveness. It was granted! The moment afterwards he breathed his last in her arms.

A few weeks more, and she brooded over her sorrow as the timid dove moans the death of its mate; then as the lily which leans its graceful head upon some sylvan sheet, and moves to and fro as if in gentle dalliance with the wavelet upon whose bosom it reclines, is chilled by the night breath, and greets no more the rosy dawn with the glad smile of its opening leaf; so drooped and died this bright flower, culled by the reckless hand of man!

In obedience to her last request, I buried her on the spot, which, "while youth and beauty were her own," she loved so well. A single slab of marble marks the spot where sleeps the poor broken-hearted girl."

Mine host ceased, and leaning his head upon his hand, seemed buried in thought. Drawing the MS to me, I traced on its blank leaf the following impromptu lines on the death of her whose sad story I had heard:

"So still!"

"Tis a soft sleep! how beautiful she lies!"  
With her fair form, and the rich silken curl  
Resting upon that marble brow now cold  
In death. That brow, with a noble touch of  
Woman, blended in with maiden grace. Alas!  
Sweet girl! and dost thou sleep the sleep that  
knows

No dreams? Yes, thou hast sunk to rest at last,  
The sod thy pillow, the turf wrapped as a  
Mantle round thee. No more shall thy pale  
young

Brother's tear of agony rest on thine  
Icy cheek. Solitude! emblem of thy  
Broken heart, guards thy grave. Sleep on:  
Nought shall

Disturb thy last long sleep of death!

"TYBALT."

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTION.

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In the first volume of the Magazine, p. 182, our readers will find a very interesting historical article from the pen of the late Gen. Joseph Graham, entitled "CLOSING SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION."—We have now the pleasure of presenting in the subjoined letter, to

the late Judge Murphey, a correction of various misstatements which have found a place in history, in relation to events which occurred within our borders, during the memorable invasion of Lord Cornwallis, in 1780-'81.

The fact that the troops which gained so much distinction, under the command of General Pickens, were from North Carolina, and mainly from Mecklenburg and the adjoining counties, had until very recently, like the Mecklenburg Declaration, escaped the attention of our best informed writers. For the preservation of this and other interesting events in our revolutionary history, we are indebted entirely to the careful pen of General Graham. For a detailed account of the leading incidents which mark the history of his long, eventful, and useful life, our readers may turn to the 2d vol. of Wheeler's Historical Sketches, p. 282.

VESUVIUS FURNACE, }  
20th of December, 1827. }

DEAR SIR: Some time past, I forwarded you certain sketches relative to occurrences in the Revolutionary War in the Western part of North Carolina. I have since perused Johnson's History, of the life of Gen. Greene, and strictures on it, by Lee, Jr., and would beg leave to correct some errors into which they have fallen.

1. It is stated, not only by these Historians, but by most others, that after Lord Cornwallis arrived in Charlotte, he attempted marching to Salisbury. Tarleton's legion, and a battalion of infantry, after they had dislodged Col. Davis' command in the village, pursued six or seven miles, to Sassafras fields, (where I was wounded,) and returned the same evening. After this, no part of the British army went two miles on the Salisbury road, until they retreated from Charlotte, upon hearing of the disaster at King's Mountain.\*

2. It is stated, by the historians generally, that about, and on, the first of February, 1781, the Catawba river was swollen, and that this was the reason, why Lord Cornwallis did not pursue Gen. Morgan more closely. The statement is erroneous. During the three days immediately preceding the 1st of February, my command of cavalry or portions of it, crossed the river at different fords; and it was not flusher of water than is usual at that season of the year, until the rain, which fell, on the evening of the first of February.\* This, did occasion a rise in the Yadkin, which intercepted the British after Greene's army had passed, on the third of February.

3. Much is stated, and contradictory accounts are given, as to the part Gen. Pickens of S. C. acted, in that campaign. The facts are these: After the retreat from Cowan's Ford, on the 1st of February, Gen. Pickens with five or six South Carolina refugees, was in the rout of our troops, North Carolina Militia, on the same day, by Tarleton's Cavalry at Torrence's Tavern, six miles eastward of the river. Gen. Davidson, the commander of this force had fallen, and there were doubts and disputes among the field officers, as to who should succeed him. In this condition of affairs, while my cavalry were beyond the Shallow Ford of the Yadkin, hanging on the rear of the enemy, it was mutually agreed by the field officers to invest Gen. Pickens with the command of Davidson's troops,† amounting to six

\* Revolutionary His. N. C., 182. See also, Lee's Mem. and Lossing, for the error, here corrected.

† Rev. His. N. C., 188, 189.

\* Revolutionary His. N. C., 163,

or seven hundred men. This was about the 11th of February, and the South Carolina refugees might then amount to twenty or thirty men. James Jackson of the Georgia line, a Lieutenant, was appointed Brigade Major. He has since been a member of Congress and Governor of that State. After this organization, the Brigade proceeded, crossing the Shallow Ford of the Yadkin, through Salem, to Guilford Court House. Here intelligence was received of the movement of the enemy to Hillsboro'—and we took that direction, more condensed and cautious than before. Hitherto, the march had been regulated by detachments for the convenience of procuring subsistence.

Arrived at a mill, on Back or Stony Creek, some twelve or fifteen miles from Hillsboro', in the evening of the 17th of Feb., shortly after we had encamped, the Brigadier Major gave orders that Captain Graham should furnish twenty dragoons, and Captain Simmons, of Rowan, a like number of riflemen. As soon as these officers reported their quotas in readiness, Gen. Pickens himself came and gave these two officers orders, as follows, viz: "You will proceed down the road towards Hillsboro' with the greatest caution and circumspection. If you find any detachment of the enemy out, inferior to your own, attack them. If you discover a larger party beyond supporting distance from their main army, and you can keep yourselves concealed, give me notice, and I will come or send an additional force to assist you. But if you ascertain you are discovered by a larger party of the enemy return immediately. In any event, return early in the morn-

ing; for they will then hear of you from the inhabitants of the country. If I move from this place, you will find my trail up the west side of this creek and may join me by 10 o'clock to-morrow."— There were four or five volunteers who went with the party besides those ordered; but none of them were present when the orders were given. Among others I recollect Major Micajah Lewis, (a continental officer who was killed a few days afterwards at Dickey's,) and his brother Joel. But though of superior rank, neither Major Lewis nor any other, assumed any command over the detachment, or the officers who had received the General's orders. The party set out between sunset and dark. After proceeding several miles on the Hillsborough road, and when it was fully dark, met Robert Fosset, (usually called, as I understood, mad Bob,) and another person, whose name is not remembered. They were direct from Hillsborough, and gave us the first information of a picket at Hart's Mill, supposed to be about thirty in number. We determined to attack them at light in the morning. Gen. Pickens certainly knew nothing of this picket being at the mill when he detached us, although it is otherwise stated by Johnson.— Fosset at first thought we were a party of the enemy. We compelled him to be our pilot. If he is yet living, I would beg leave to refer you to him for subsequent events. In the morning, when we approached the picket, their sentry fired: and a sergent and file of men came immediately to his support. Simmons and his riflemen dismounting and tying their horses, the sergent and party fired in the direction of the

noise, for they could not see us. Major Lewis, myself and six others crossed into the road leading towards Mebane's, and charged down this road after the sergeant and party, who ran, until we came within sight of the picket. Major Lewis then suggested to me the advantage the riflemen might have, by passing to the right, under cover of the hill, until they should be masked by some out buildings, (I think a stable and smithshop.) We instantly returned and gave Capt. Simmons his instructions, and the cavalry moved off to the left, through an old field, above where buildings have since been erected, in order to attract the attention and fire of the enemy, until the riflemen should gain their destined position.— The plan succeeded as we expected.— Owing to the great distance, the cavalry sustained no damage from the enemy's fire; and as soon as the riflemen, at the distance of only fifty or sixty yards, in their concealed position, had discharged their pieces at the picket, the cavalry charged, and the whole, consisting of twenty-seven men, were instantly killed or taken.

Now, Johnson states, that this party was under the command of Col. Hugh M'Call, of South Carolina, and was of these who had been with him at the Cowpens. Some two or three volunteers were along, besides the Lewises as above-mentioned. If Col. M'Call was one of them, it is not remembered by me and others who were present, and of whom I have made inquiry, since the appearance of this statement: But if he was present, certain I am he had no part, either in planning, or in the execution of the capture of the picket refer-

red to. Nor did we consult respecting it with any other person, except Maj. Lewis,\* (who was a real soldier). His counsels were deferred to by us, knowing, as we did, his past service and experience.— But Captain Simmons and myself gave the orders, and felt the whole responsibility. If M'Call was along, he was no more than a spectator. Several, yet living, can vouch for this. When the Brigade was organized west of the Yadkin, no officers from the South were recognized but General Pickens and Major Jackson. For we had over our proportion of field officers from North Carolina, and didn't need them. When our party and prisoners arrived in camp, the Brigade immediately moved nearly a North course ten or twelve miles, and halted to forage, about mid afternoon, at a farm with high fences, having left a strong guard in the rear. In half an hour, there was an alarm by a man from the guard, who reported "Tarleton was coming." It being too late to retreat, a disposition was made for battle by lining the fences with men, and making gaps at suitable places for cavalry to move as circumstances might require. By the time these arrangements were made, a part of the rear guard and Colonel Lee's legion hove in sight. Lee had come upon our trail a few miles back, and we were most agreeably disappointed in greeting him instead of Tarleton.

I am confident that this was the first interview between Lee and Pickens, du-

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\* Major Lewis, was of Surry County, and a near connexion of the late Governor Jesse Franklin, who was a captain in this campaign. His grave, though neglected, is still recognized on Dickey's plantation, in Alamance.

ring the campaign, and my impression always has been, that previously to this time neither General Green nor Colonel Lee knew any thing about where Pickens was, or what was his force:—nor did Gen. Pickens know that any part of Green's command had re-crossed the Dan.

4. As I anticipated in the introduction to the sketches I furnished you, the historians of that War have greatly failed to do justice to the troops of N. Carolina. For example, every thing that was done by General Sumter's force at Hanging Rock, Rocky Mount, &c., while he commanded North Carolinians in 1780, and by that of Pickens, while he commanded Davidson's Brigade in 1781 as above related, is placed to the credit of South Carolina from the circumstances of those two Generals commanding.\* Judge Johnson even states that at the battle of Cowpens, Major Joe McDowell and his command from Burke county in this State were from South Carolina.

5. Col. Lee having written his Memoirs upwards of thirty years, after the transactions he relates, has omitted to mention many things, and of others he must have forgotten the circumstances: though upon the whole, he is more correct as far as I had a personal knowledge, than any other historian I have read. You may recollect that in his memoirs he passes unnoticed the skirmish at Clapp's Mill, although he had command of the party engaged. Col. Otho Williams calls it "the skirmish on the Alamance," and says we had but

three killed. On the day after the action, Pickens and Lee detached me with a party to the battle ground, and I got the inhabitants to bury eight of our men, (all militia, and two of my own company). I beg leave to refer you to what I have written before on this subject.

6. Johnson's History is the only one I have seen, which notices the fact that, on the second night after the affair at Clapp's Mill, or Alamance, a detachment of British cavalry fell in with a party of Tories on their march to join the British, and that mistaking each other for adversaries, a number of the Tories were killed or wounded, before the mistake was discovered. But he appears to know nothing of our party teasing the British in the afternoon: and at night charging and dispersing their patrol, and capturing its commander, and that these were the reasons why a large body of horse were dispatched up the Salisbury road, which met the Tories and occasioned the mishap he mentions. This you will find in the sketches.

7. Lee states that at Pyles' defeat,\* the action was commenced by the firing of the Tories on the Militia, in his rear. Whereas, the fact was, that I riding in front of the Militia dragoons, near to Capt. Eggleston who brought up Lee's rear, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, pointed out to him, the strip of red cloth on the hats of Pyles' men, as the mark of Tories. Eggleston appeared to doubt this, until he came nearly opposite to the end of

\* Rev. His. N. C., 153.

\* Rev. His. N. C., 135 and 190.

their line, when riding up to the man on their left, who appeared as an officer, he inquired, "Who do you belong to?" The answer was promptly given, "To King George," upon which Eggleston struck him on the head with his sword. Our dragoons well knew the red cloth on the hat to be the badge of Tories, but being under the immediate command of Lee, they had waited for orders. But seeing the example set by his officer, without waiting for further commands, they rushed upon them like a torrent. Lee's men, next to the rear, discovering this, reined in their horses to the right upon the Tory line, and in

less than one minute the engagement was general. Colonel Lee being in front, and at the other end of the line, say forty poles, from where the action commenced, might have believed the Tories first attacked us. If, however, he had inquired of Capt. Eggleston, he could have informed him otherwise.

As to other events, of which I have a personal knowledge, there are misrepresentations, but it is not convenient for me to point out all of them.

I am sir, very respectfully,

Your most obedient,

J. GRAHAM.

The Hon. A. D. MURPHEY.

## MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

In the course of the last month we have read two Autobiographies, which afford in some respects a parallel, but in most, a contrast the strongest possible. In one, a woman tells the world what has been her manner of life and why, and a man gives us his story in the other. They are both eminently *earnest* characters—to borrow a cant word of the day—both know what work is—both have achieved the ends for which they labored—and neither, we think appear to have any apprehensions in awaiting the verdict of the public. But here the parallel ceases. The lives of Anna Cora Mowatt and Hugh Miller, were not more widely sundered

and discordant in sphere and object, than are the details and conclusions of their autobiographies. Mrs. Mowatt was born a butterfly, and lived the happiest, and most amiable, and most beautiful, and most fortunate of butterflies, till the weather changed. Then unlike most butterflies, she met the storm bravely and cheerfully, left her garden of roses, and went honestly to work. We do not quarrel with her field of labor. It was the one best adapted to her tastes and abilities, and in which by nature and education she was peculiarly fitted to excel. When a butterfly takes to work at all, we should not be too rigid in allotting it for her. What she did,

she did well and with all her might, honestly, and, we had almost said *manfully*—*womanfully* however, is a much better word. And now, as she retires gracefully and honorably from her chosen scene of action, let no one who values and applauds at any time well-directed, upright and persevering talent and industry, refuse her the appropriate wreaths and garlands.

Far different the estimate of this other life, far deeper the lessons taught, far higher its aims, and more enduring its rewards. Hugh Miller is one of the *men* of the age. As a man of science and of letters, he has made his mark, well defined and lasting, and needs no panegyric of ours—even were we capable of estimating all that he has done. But as a self-taught, self-made man, who owes his present position to no patronage of wealth or fashion, but solely to his own unassisted efforts, we find it good to contemplate and admire him.

An autobiography is very pleasant reading, when we have reason to believe it honest. It is enlarging the circle of one's acquaintance, one's sympathies and interests, without the formalities of introduction and the slow lapse of months and years. We shake hands with Mr. Miller over many a sentiment, enter into his speculations, share in his disappointments, and rejoice over his successes with all the zeal of growing friendship, and at the close of his book look once more at the steady manly face in front, as at that of a tried and trusted personal friend.

Descended from a race of brave adventurous sailors, of a family poor but eminently respectable, Mr. Miller tells us that he spent a daring, rambling and somewhat untractable childhood and

youth, in the town of Cromarty, on the wild seashore of Northern Scotland. The acknowledged leader of the town boys in all adventures and scrapes; excelling in personal strength and activity of body and mind, he yet lived alone, a life of his own, not profitable to look at, but yielding fruit at last. His long rambles on the seashore, and among the glens and mosses of the country gave full scope and exercise to an inquiring mind, and to the powers of close observation and induction, which we consider more a gift, than a habit of mind. If they are indeed a habit that may be acquired, they are the best substitute for genius the world will ever know, but if they are given, and one man may have, and another may not, then they are genius itself. He was a Geologist born. Where his school-mates saw only rough caves and precipices, shining bits of rock, and queer shells, he like the man in the fairy tale whose sight was cleared to behold gems and precious things where others saw nothing, was stirred to admiration and wonder, and inquiry, and study, and fresh discoveries, and finally to a larger life and hope than his comrades could ever know. He was a reader too of old ballads of Scotch worthies, of old books of travel and romance, for tho' a shrewd and sober and steady Scotch Presbyterian in every vein and thought, yet was he a poet withal, loving all things beautiful and noble from the bird singing in the breezy tree-top, to the hero lives of Wallace and the Bruce.

On arriving at an age to choose his business for life, with his preferences for out-door employment, and inevitable geologic tendencies, he decided upon

the life of a stone mason, much in opposition to the wishes of his family, who like most Scotch people, set a high value on education and distinction in some liberal profession. But as a boy, our friend had not availed himself of advantages for "schooling," and as a young man he was still unwilling to submit to such discipline of mind. His Schools and Schoolmasters were to be under the blue sky, in quarries and "old Red Sandstone" formations. But at the close of his biography he records his emphatic testimony against his own neglect, for which he paid the penalty of spending ten of the best years of his life in hard manual labor: arriving by slow and laborious processes at conclusions and benefits to which a systematic education would have smoothed and accelerated his progress.

Meanwhile we are selfish enough to be glad of his experience among stone-masons. We like to read about the people of a country. Not the gentry and nobility with their conventionalities and conservatories—nor the scientific men with their associations and theories—nor the literary men with their refinements and gossip, but we like to know what the men and women who live on oat meal and potatoes the year round think about, and how. Wherein the mechanic differs from the day laborer, and how far this difference is to be charged to difference of employment, since the operations of their minds are more affected and controlled by the occupation of their hands, than of those whose hands are employed by their minds. In one of his published works, one of the most delightful too—"First Impressions of England," we went hearti-

ly with him in his "Second Class" tour through the country. We are tired of letters of introduction, and invitations to dinner from Miss Mitford and Carlyle, and Earl Grey, and Mr. Peabody, and the stereotyped round of courtesies and hospitalities. When we go to England, unless indeed it be in an official capacity, Envoy Extraordinary from our beloved country, or some little matter of that sort, we shall go as did Mr. Miller, in second class cars, to second class, or perchance third class hotels—dealing largely as became that eminent geologist with the primitive formations of Society, the lower strata, so to speak. He has a hearty sentence in that book which is worth much fine spun philanthropy, and is a key to much of our enjoyment in association with our fellow men—"It is pleasant to throw oneself unknown and unrecommended on the humanity of our fellows, and to receive kindness simply as a man."

The life of a stone mason involved much hardship and privation among a class of men in no way calculated to forward Mr. Miller's plans and aspirations for self-improvement. When the hard day's work was done, he hurried off to the rocks and woods to get new lessons in geology and natural science, but so slow were the processes of an untaught, unaided mind that he often details in a few sentences, facts and conclusions, which were the result of years of toil and struggle to him. The lives of men of mark are not records of sudden intuitions of genius—at one bound as it were establishing their superiority and triumph—but of long and patient labor, persevering efforts towards a definite

object, often among unpropitious surroundings, and frequent discouragements. Step by step he won his way. Having his winters free, he employed every means to add to his store of facts and general information. A visit to Edinburgh, where he found employment for two years in stone-cutting opened fresh sources of interest, and gave him more confidence, a quality which he seems to have lacked, though possessing a full share of the national traits of self-respect and self-reliance. His first essays at writing attracted attention. Sometimes suggestive facts of his own observation in natural science, sometimes poetry, and sometimes dipping into the church questions in which every Scotchman feels a personal interest,—whatever he wrote bore the stamp of originality and clear sense. Friends were made, and influence established among the good and honorable, but it is pleasant to see his sturdy independence of all “patronage.” He was never ashamed of his occupation, nor afflicted with fears of criticism. An honest stone mason he was content to be, believing doubtless with Carlyle that there is a perennial nobleness and sacredness in work.

The large majority of men have their own way to make in the world. To the large majority then such a record as this should be interesting and valuable. The *atmosphere* of the book, if we may so speak, is in a remarkable degree healthful and invigorating. There is no cant, no weakness, no bigotry, no infidelity. A Christian man, working with his two hands for his daily bread, yet sending a keen and powerful mind far abroad among his Maker’s works,

exploring fresh fields and making new discoveries, admiring, adoring—and then recording for the benefit of his fellow men, is surely an object worthy of our admiration and emulation.

With many scientific details and speculations, there is much poetical feeling and expression in this volume, and indeed in all his books that we have read; and withal a vein of dry humor “cropping out” at intervals with wonderfully pleasant effect. He tells of a large eagle shot by one of his uncles, which he divested of its skin to preserve as a trophy. Some young fellows of the town seeing the eagle after the operation looking remarkably clean and well conditioned, sent it to a half witted old woman as “a great goose, the gift of a gentleman.” It was thankfully accepted, and the old lady’s cottage proved odoriferous for several days at dinner-time. Being asked how she liked the great goose the kind gentleman sent her, she replied, “Unco sweet, but O, teuch, teuch.”

We were led by this anecdote into speculation as to whether the race of eagles was quite as extinct in the neighborhood of Chapel Hill, as has been heretofore supposed. We are sure that “great geese” are not.

Since every good man’s life should disclose more or less of Love in its manifestations, we were unco glad to see the motto for one of the later chapters contain some hint of a “maiden’s ear.” We confess to much skipping of limestones and cephalopodus molluses, upon that discovery; for with all our admiration of fossils, ichthyolites, ammonites and the like, we have also a great desire for more information, upon

the mention of a pretty girl. We cannot help it, but truth is truth and must be told—we like to read about a genuine courtship, and the greater the man, the more curious are we to learn how he acquitted himself in the “nice art of love-making.” We remember that Chancellor Eldon’s life had an added charm for us as well as for Eldon himself when his “Bessie” made her appearance. We fell in love with her at first sight, when she wore a white frock and long curls like a child, and when she tied a wet towel round her forehead to keep herself awake to share her young husband’s toils and studies far into the night—our admiration knew no bounds. So when we spied the motto of the twenty-third chapter of Mr. Miller’s autobiography, as we said before, we made haste to get to it.

A very pretty story and very nicely told. Mr. Miller is hewing stone in somebody’s garden, some ladies stop to chat with him, when another “very pretty young lady”—“a light and somewhat petite figure”—“clear complexion,” and all that, runs artlessly down the walk, hurriedly speaks to one of the ladies, and is off again, without having seemed to notice the mason who stood by. The mason saw her, however, without dreaming of what he learned sometime after, that the hurried run down the garden was a premeditated artifice, to get a look at the poet mason whose name was beginning to be widely known. He, poor man, seems to have been hood winked at the first glance, and therefore cannot be supposed to have seen many steps of his after way. We, however, have our own opinion as to the sequences. How came

it, we ask, that this young lady happened (?) soon after that first interview to be walking along one of his favorite walks, “a tree-skirted glade”—“sauntering leisurely along, now and then dipping into a rather bulky volume which she carried that had not the least look of a novel,” and which proved to be an elaborate essay on causation? Pray, will any body tell us? We don’t say we know how it “happened,” but we do say that though Mr. Miller may have known a great deal about “*trap*,” it is very evident to our mind that he was not quite up to it. And we will lay a wager to any amount that that young woman knew a blessed deal more about effect than she did about cause.

It only remains to be added that they were married. After that treatise on causation we saw how it would be.—Soon after his marriage he was offered a place of trust in a Bank in his native town which he filled for a short time, removing thence to Edinburgh to take charge of a paper which under his hands has become one of the leading journals of the kingdom. Besides his duties as Editor he has given to the world a series of volumes which are no less admirable as contributions to literature than as scientific manuals. *Geology of the Bass Rock*, *The Old Red Sandstone*, *Footprints of the Creator*, and *First Impressions of England*, are all emphatically valuable and charming books.

We especially like his delineations of national traits, and his estimation of national character. “*First Impressions of England*” has more about the formations of church and State, Dissent and Radicalism, than about organic remains and Saliferous systems, and we find its

pages more attractive, than his more strictly scientific productions. As a book of travels it is eminently fresh and original, and for free and fair consideration of various social and religious systems, and national and individual peculiarities and prejudices we know not its equal.

As to Mr. Miller's geology, we would like to say something if the greater part of it were not as yet terra incognita to us. The theories of modern geologists make a near approach to the something "new under the sun" so many years ago pronounced unattainable. The science, however, as yet is but feeling its way to the formation of a complete and coherent system. The prejudices against it that have been entertained by good men and even the learned from the apprehension that its theories were in opposition to the revelations of Scripture, are fast subiding as apparent contradictions become less prominent and fresh grounds for reconciliation are every day more apparent. Cowper's well known lines are yet quoted, though with less and less confidence

"Some drill and bore

The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register by which we learn  
That He who made, and revealed its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age."

Geologists deny that its date was revealed to Moses, or that a date was assigned to any thing but the age of our race. Meanwhile the witnesses are being examined on both sides, and we doubt not they will be found to agree

at last, and Geology will take her stand with her sister Sciences as the handmaid of that Religion without which our world would be infinitely more dreary and uninhabitable than when brute monsters alone ranged its surface or rolled in its strange seas. The geologic systems and theories of Lyell and Miller, as far as we have read or comprehend them, are as beautiful as they are new, and even more grand than beautiful. The links that connect the lower orders of animal life with the higher are stretched to infinite extent; and for a vision of earth descending from her Maker's hand in full robed and perfect beauty "in the space of six days," we are taught that earthquake and fire and rolling oceans were at work for their appointed series of ages, preparing it by slow gradation and gradual progress for the final consummation of beauty, when it was pronounced very good, and fit for the abode of an intelligence created in its Maker's own image.

Yet Mother Earth is sadly changed to our filial eyes by these curious consideration. We lose the soothing idea of her kind natural bosom, where all her weary children long to be at rest. Consumed by internal fires raging fierce and untameable—washed by the hungry sea that prowls restlessly day and night around—tossed and trembling with strange throes and convulsions—ever changing and bearing within the wild elements of her own destruction—this cannot be our rest.

C.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE WAVELETS OF MEMORY.

BY A. P. SPERRY.

## A DREAM OF LOVE, IS THE GLORY OF LIFE.

A dream of love is the glory of life. It steals over the heart like the aroma of many flowers, and is the sunlight that gilds the dreamy past. It is the silvery lining to many a heart-cloud, and the melody of the present whose echo lingers among the broken dreams of the future, and then dies not, for heaven catches and prolongs the sound forever.

A dream of love is the glory of life. The infant on its mother's breast looks fondly to her eyes and the first gleam of glory that it catches on earth is a gleam of love; for, it was love that caused its entrance here, and in the arms of love shall it be reared. Its first sweet dream was a mother's love and its last was still the same.

A dream of love is the glory of life. The dark eyed maiden of the jetty curl has stilled the sigh upon her coral lips to listen for the step of love; and, the blue eyed beauty of the golden ringlet, has touched the harp string to awake its melody, still to them the voice of nature is the voice of love. The hum of insects or the note of birds, the rippling streamlet and the sighing breeze, still speak the same and tell them sweetly that a dream of love is the glory of life.

The youth will strive to climb the steeps of fame as he thinks of the dark-eyed maiden, and no study is too great for him. The warrior will restlessly pace his tent while dreaming of the blue-eyed beauty;—the one may meet with trials, but he still goes onward and upward; the other may stain his blade in blood, and yet faint not while the eye of love cheers him on to glory, but still amid the plaudits of fame, or the glory of victory, a dream of love is to them the glory of life.

O, what were life without love!—What is it when the soul of man is bowed down with business or care, that steals over the heart like an angel's smile or a gleam of sunshine? What is that makes the oases of the desert of life, and the "great rock shadow in the weary land?" Verily, verily it is that dream of love which is life's glory.

A dream of love is the glory of life. The miser, as he fingers his gold, will stop between the gingle of his dollars, and for a moment awake the years that are sleeping in the shadows of eternity, and see in the mirror of memory the face that once was dear. The ringlets dance as lightly on her brow as they did of yore, and the eye yet speaks that world of love. The lips are as rich and red, and the bosom as white and heaving, and the face as calm and holy as it

was long, long ago. Sad years have passed since he saw that form, and all else has been lost in the race for gold. The heart has been hardened, and the fountain of the eye has been dried, and he knew no glory but the glory of gain; but memory has softened the heart and the eyelids tremble, and lo! a diamond tear falls upon the sordid gold, gleaming like the dew of heaven on the wings of death. That tear alone is worth the wealth of years. It is the "mountain of light" in his treasury that no man can buy, for it was a dream of love that gave it birth, and softly floating through it are the sun-tinged hours of childhood as sweet and as pure as a seraph's dream of heaven, and as full of melody as a poet's heart.— Truly, a dream of love is the glory of life.

An aged man rests in the "old arm chair" close to the hearth-stone, and the breeze lifts playfully the thin white hair from the furrowed brow. His eyes close gently and he sleeps, but what a dient glory hangs around those aged lips! what a soft glow and sunny smile light that old face! Verily, it is like the blushing smile of spring on winter's lingering snow-drift. It is a dream of love; yea, he forgets how long it has been since her form mouldered into dust, and how deep and dark is her grave; and he forgets too, how long he has lived and wished and sighed to be laid in one as deep and dark beside her. He forgets all this, and his dream. He again presses a warm hand in his, and wanders through the green meadows and shady dills as of yore. Now, stopping at some crystal spring to taste its limpid waters, and now hushing their

half-breathed vows of love to catch the melody of some sweet bird's song, or watch the glittering of his brilliant plumage as he flits from some quiet grove redolent with many sweets. Or, now again watching the fleecy clouds turn their white sides to catch the golden sun-tints, or but half hide its brightness from the eye as he sinks in the West.

Now the scene is changed. Morning with rosy tint has chased the shadows of the night away, and dew gems are glittering on grass and flower.— Bright little birds are shaking the diamond spray from their tiny wings, and all seems bright and happy. Sweet faces are looking sweeter still, and bright eyes still are brighter for love, bright, happy love can make dull earth a heaven. And now he holds that hand in his. It trembles softly now as he leads her to the altar, there to consummate that long sweet hope, and call her all his own. And now the scene has changed again. Years have wandered by on flowery scented wings, or in snow-wrapped mantle, and little ones with golden tinted hair and azure eyes, are climbing on his knee, and running their little dimpled hands through his glossy locks; while she, the partner of his joy, sits singing at her work. Hush! the old man moves. His eyelids tremble, gently half open and then closes to sleep and dream. But it would be better to stop there, old man. Better to stop while thy soul revels amid the scenes of thy first happy home. Better to stop ere you see those little links in the chain of love, borne one by one and laid in the cold damp grave. Better to stop now while the sunshine of peace

gilds thy happy soul. Let thy dream be broken. Open thy eyes slowly and though a tear may fill them when you find 'twas all a dream, still it will soon be gone, and a sunny smile will flit over the wrinkles of thy face, and thou wilt say poor, poor indeed, is he who has no dream of love, for truly it is the glory of life.

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“ENCOURAGE THE BEAUTIFUL—THE USEFUL ENCOURAGES ITSELF.”

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How few there are who seem to be conscious of the many beautiful objects which surround them as they move along through life. We wander on in perfect callousness, not caring to pause one moment in our eager pursuit after wealth, and its concomitant fame—for wealth oftener than genuine merit brings fame—but hurry on as if there was nothing worth seeking for besides the popular applause—applause as evanescent as the rainbow's rays. How much happier would the world be if those who compose the ruling class of it—the literati, would endeavor to cultivate a love of the beautiful and good. Instead of sending forth from out their studios, the volumes of useless trash which lumbers up the shelves of the bookstores and the brains of half the young men of the present age; if instead of wasting their time, their talents and their love of virtue and truth—of which every educated man ought to have a large amount, they would employ them in a nobler field, and endeavor to turn the base minded from their wickedness and to improve the minds of those who love the beautiful and good for itself alone.

We have in this Western Continent more of the truly beautiful, more of the grand, and more to inspire the hearts of Americans, aye, of all the world than any other country on the face of the earth, and yet we know comparatively little or nothing about it.

Americans as a general thing have too great a hankering for European tours. Before they know their own country, they set out for Europe to travel on her classic shores and seek for scenes of beauty—a beauty of which she well can boast—a beauty that poets and painters from age to age have delighted to picture in verse and on canvas; a beauty that many of the dwellers on this side of the world, picture in their minds as superior to anything in their own country.

The Eastern World has many advantages over us connected with her magnificent scenery; that of legendary association with her places of beauty in

particular. Her ancient castles standing high up on craggy precipices, in bold relief against the sky, have each their thrilling legends of the times long past. Their ruins, now silent as the groves wherein their former lords have long laid sleeping, tell of things of yore, and carry one back in imagination to the days when their haughty lords sallied out upon their neighboring rivals for supremacy, and waged bloody war as a mere pastime, or in their mountain retreats, passed away the time with their retainers in drunken wassails, making the old castle walls shake "from turret to foundation stone" with their drunken mirth. Or perchance they were the castles of bloody tyrants, who filled their dungeons with helpless prisoners of all ages, sexes and conditions, to be led forth one by one, and immolated on the altar of his revenge by the axe of the executor, or else left to perish by slow degrees in the dark and cheerless dungeons where the light of day never penetrated. Her hills and valleys have their legends, all contributing to lend a charm to the ear, as her scenery does to the eye of the traveller. Tyrol with her high mountains and noble sons, is rife with scenes of grandeur and sublimity. Italy with her monuments, her statues, her paintings, her poetry, her Vesuvius, her mild and salubrious climate, and, last but not *least*, her lovely dark-eyed daughters, unsurpassed by any on earth; Greece with her records of the past, her many battle fields, her craggy rocks, her ruins of the most beautiful description, with which almost every one is familiar, for Greece has long been classic ground, and her

poetry is ever within our reach, though ages have passed since the multitude were swayed hither and thither by the lofty strains of her Homer, and the eloquence of her Demosthenes. The many well known scenes of beauties are well worth seeing, and we cannot blame any one for wishing to see them. In point of association, America must in a measure yield the palm to the eastern world. She is older, and therefore deserves it. But in point of beauty, real *natural beauty*, we need not yield the palm to any country on the face of the earth. Where'er we go in our part of the world, we are surrounded by the most beautiful scenery; beautiful objects are always before us. Our magnificent water courses are unsurpassed by any others; our mountains mingling their summits with the clouds, will compare to advantage with those of Switzerland, Italy or Greece; our vallies are broader, richer and more beautiful than the most beautiful ones of Italy; our prairies, with their herds of buffalo, horses, elk, deer, antelope, and many other animals; with their many scenes of unexplored and almost unknown beauty are boundless in extent, and afford to the lover of the beautiful in nature, an ample field in his own country, wherein to seek for gems of beauty. Our cataracts, lakes, springs and streamlets, have each of them some marks of beauty and grandeur to invite the poet, the painter or traveller; in fact, every one who is capable of appreciating beauty, to seek it amongst our many magnificent places. But beauty does not alone dwell among mountains, or on the prairies, lakes and streams. It is everywhere. Its limits are boundless, and within them there

are constant changes going on every moment; a beautiful object presents itself for an instant, and ere you can seize it, it has vanished, leaving only its traces on your mind, the remembrance of which remains for years.

One object succeeds another in rapid succession, affording an always varying field for observation.

As I before remarked, if the writers of the works of fiction—I do not mean such fictions as Walter Scott's, Cooper's, and many others of the same class, but such as write works calculated to

arouse the sensual passions in the human breast, and to eradicate all the finer emotions of the mind—would, instead of writing these works, employ their talents in collecting gems of beauty and truth, and in arousing the generous and patriotic feelings which animate the minds of most men, by descriptions in prose or verse, of the many beauties spread around them, they would soon raise the standard of taste and confer everlasting benefits on their fellow-men.

MONTAGUE.

## “MEN OF THOUGHT.”

Thought rules the world—and thinking men compose a class all must love and venerate—beings capable of that refining process which ennobles, sublimates the finer faculties.

Enriching alike the page of history, poetry and romance, with the rare fruits of that profound research which has sifted character “ad imo pectore,” and clothed truth with increased charms—well denominated operators on invisible objects yet producing visible results—extracting from the rich stores of a cultivated intellect, thoughts that soothe and startle by turns—falling like inspiration on the hearts of men awakening a new impetus in the thronged arena of literary and political strife.

Prepared to cope successfully with

the pure ethereal thought grasping it with a giant's energy, and compelling it to maintain their name and fame forever—portrayed in the ample volumes, through the very words of which wisdom distils—causing the well-filled pages to echo the voice of nature's own sublimity, where thoughts glide on like “soft Silia” fearful to offend—alling at one time gently as dew-drops distributing fragrance and beauty where'er they come—at another teeming out with fearful rapidity, challenging the world to doubt or dispute their veracity—such in some respects are “Men of Thought.” A class which has existed in all ages, under various circumstances—sometimes borne on the fetid breath of popular applause—at others plodding

their dreary way through the world's cold, cold charity—yet exemplifying most fully that sublimity of self-confidence identifying man with his object—lifting him above the paltry fear of danger and death; and communicating to all his actions superhuman audacity.

They have tested the effect of thought and action—they have seen earth's potentates bow to the silent wand they wield—an instrument more potent than purpled authority or "sceptred hand" can possess. But to gain this superiority what have they not endured?—study, labor, fatigue, pains, cares, disappointments sharp and bitter, hope, "which deferred maketh the heart sick"—fear which racks with anxiety—with hosts of other passions have in turn disturbed the weakened energies. But with all these the giant arm of iron resolution has contended, and a "Job-like" patience awaited the long wished for result. Such to a degree has been the life of the now immortal sages, poets, and historians, beings of a superior mould, prompted by an innate genius that illumined all it touched, lending to its fortunate possessor that nobleness of soul that raises him like a pillar of fire in the sea of time, shedding light and beauty and hope and life, giving energy through all ages and climes, calmly forgetting the bitter reproaches of less-successful rivals, spurning their fury at the "nobler man below," patiently penning lines for another generation to read, yet leaving so much of the impress of their own great, good, kind, noble character that all ages will behold and admire—while time the rectifier of all errors will cause a grateful

posterity to "rise up and call them blessed."

Thus we may view the man of thought as the portrayer of the half forgotten past—he possesses the key that opens the mighty arcana of the world's history—where age on age in one withered heap repose; there the great of former times rise before us in all their pristine grandeur, and all the splendor of the world's pageantry passes in solemn procession before us—kings rise, reign and pass away, thrones totter, palaces crumble, and dynasties would soon be forgotten, but the historian records them all—thus bringing before us all the long dim vista of former years, from that almost unknown period when man in primitive simplicity was wandering in paradisaical happiness to the last mighty achievement of this vast republic—thus becoming at once an interpreter of the past, a recorder of the present—without him history becomes an enigma—the past one vast mystery—and though he live amongst us—though he be a "creature of like passions with ourselves;" yet at times he seems to rise superior to his species, while with more than the skill of a "knight of the easel," he points the passions, personifies the proud, pities the weak, consoles the helpless—causing us to join in his hopes, and fears and anxieties, beholding him with admiration, secluded in his own gloomy domain, unheard of save through his works, yet exercising over the realms of thought a power little less than absolute—there in silence, alone, he pens lines that will long be read and admired—too noble to bend to the littleness of the age in which he lives, too great

for the generation with which he is surrounded, he exemplifies a patience more than manly, it is lofty, sublime, only possessed by those to whom we do reverence as they pass us on their way to immortality. Thus we may see the influence the man of thought possesses—wielding words at his will, and coining thoughts pure, original.

Before such an one the world may strew its gilded honors, but he stoops not to collect; this world's applause, so passing sweet to some, falls on his ear, but he is deaf to such acclamation, he dwells in a loftier clime, he breathes a purer air; while from his master spirit words springing fresh and bright, light on congenial hearts, and like sparks in

tinder kindle a flame, destined to agitate the dormant bosom of thousands and waken the noblest aspirations, and cheer the wearied energies to the most worthy actions. And now while with heart-felt pride we look on the monuments of those who have borne the name of *thinkers*; we can but rejoice that we live in a day favoured by the labors of so many great and good men, while their thoughts so deep, so clear, so penetrating, fill the precious volumes to which the world can point and say, here stand the monuments of *men*.

“Men whose lives glided on like rivers  
That water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but  
Reflecting an image of heaven.”

## POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

We admire the genius, but cannot commend the sentiment of the following song. We do not know the name of the writer. It was published originally in the Norfolk Herald, about forty years ago.

### VIRGINIA'S MINT SLING.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF NEW YORK.

Anacreon the Greek oft sung of his Wine,  
And though poor was his liquor, his verse was  
divine;

Whilst Horace, the Roman, wrote many puff  
In praise of Falerman, and such paltry stuff.

Your English Jack Falstaff, he had a knack  
Of puffing the virtues of good Sherris Sack;

While your *Scots* and your *Irish* their Whiskey will sing,  
And e'en candor must own, 'tis a very good  
thing.

But neither of these, nor all put together,  
Can weigh in my mind, the weight of a feather,  
Compar'd with the liquor divine, that I sing,  
The drink of all drinks, '*Virginia's Mint Sling*.'

'Tis a drink for the Gods, and the Gods used to  
drink it,

'Tis true as I'm here, tho' perhaps you don't  
think it;

It's the very same tippel, 'tis passed all conje-  
ture,  
They toped at Olympus, and call'd it their Nec-  
tar.

It made them immortal, by drinking they say,  
 One Julep just acts in the very same way ;  
 At least who ever quaffs it, by Jove it is odds,  
 But he tops Father Jove, and looks down on  
 the Gods.

If the Julep be cool, and the weather is warm,  
 It tickles the veins like a magical charm ;  
 And when you are cold, it is equally good,  
 For it darts like bright sunbeams, through life's  
 lazy flood.

When the dews of the morning exhale from the  
 plain,  
 And at night, when on earth they descend down  
 again,  
 To the wise and the prudent, no harm can be-  
 fal,  
 Who drink a Mint Julep, at rising and fall.

And if you are sleepy or languid at nights,  
 A glass of "*pure Julep*" will set all to rights ;  
 And if you are wakeful, why take but a drop  
 I'll bet you a thousand, you'll sleep like a top.

There's a season for all things, as I have heard  
 say,  
 A time to be sober, to drink and be gay ;  
 But the rule don't apply to such liquors as this,  
 For a glass of pure Julep can ne'er come amiss.

There's a *reason* for all things, as wiseacres  
 tell,  
 And if it be true, why its all very well,  
 But for some things there's more than one rea-  
 son I'm thinking,  
 There are fifty good *reasons* for Mint Julep  
 drinking.

Then gives us a Julep, and Wallace the young-  
 er,  
 Shall mix it for why? he mixes it stronger ;  
 Here's Henry's old toast which is just the neat  
 thing,  
 And next old "*Virginia*"—the land of *Mint*  
*Sling*.

And then to crown all, and my heart's the in-  
 toast,  
 Let's drink to good Brighton, Virginia's next  
 boast,  
 The seat of kind welcome, does any one blink  
 it?  
 Ah no! sober Taylor himself sure will drink  
 it.

O! long may the Lady dispense her good cheer,  
 And long may her children and grand children  
 here,

Live blessing and bless'd in their own happy  
 home.  
 And I find a welcome whenever I come.

From the London Courier.

THE BURRIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,  
 Who fell at the battle of Corruna in Spain  
 in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave, where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow,

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er  
 his head,  
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,  
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock told the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard the distant random gun,  
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

There is no ingredient in our whole composition so disgusting and contemptible as that of *egotism*. Of all men deliver us from an egotist, whether he be boasting of the books he has read, the female conquests he has made, or what not.

But there is one species of egotism which is sometimes admissible, especially when the precedent is established by such notable persons as Hugh Miller, Mrs. Mowatt and others. They wrote autobiographies, which were not only excusable instances of egotism, but were even favorably received and enjoyed by all "lovers of good things." Now *why* were these specimens of egotism welcomed into the world of letters? Evidently because the authors had such fine material to write about, as a matter of course, then no one should write or speak of himself, without having this foundation to start upon. The converse of this proposition will of course be granted by all, that those who have this *sine qua non*, may with safety write their autobiographies; and as the temptation to that class of persons is strong, *we* will be excused for *attempting* ours.

Whilst with our feet on the mantel and our fingers digging at the roots of our hair, as if endeavoring to pull them (the ideas) out by the roots, we had almost despaired of being able to write an autobiography. When fumbling amongst some old papers we saw a copy of an old manuscript which was buried in the corner of the South Building nearly a century ago. Knowing it was the very thing we wanted, eagerly seizing it we drew it forth from the—"Editors draw"—

## "I AM BORN,"

## CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass, in the reign of King David, in the month Abib, and the 14th day of the month, that there was a mighty noise in the Camp, as a coming together of many winds.

2. And then was a sound of the cymbals to call the Tribes together.

3. And the Elders and chief priests of the people held a convocation in the Tabernacle, and assembled together there all the Tribes of Israel, even the twelve tribes thereof.

4. And when they were all assembled together, there arose a mighty clamor in their midst, and it came to pass that one of the Elders was chosen of his fellows to rule over them, and when peace prevailed he spake as follows:

5. The spies which ye sent for to spy the land of Canaan, the same have returned unto us again bearing evil tidings.

6. They brought back an evil report of the land which they spied out, for the children of Isreal saying:

7. We saw there the giants, sons of Anak, and behold they were huge in stature, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their sight.

8. And they moreover said: We went to spy out the land whither ye sent us to spy, and behold it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

9. Howbeit, the people which inhabit the land are a mighty, and their cities are walled and high. And lo! the Amelkites.

dwell in the land of the south, and the Hittites and the Jebusites, and the Amorites dwell in the Mountains, and the Canaanites dwell by the sea, and on the other side of Jordan.

10. Then arose Siler, whose surname is Leonidas, and said, let us up and march against the Philistines, for we be strong enough to overcome them.

11. Then arose Gilliam, whose surname is Thomas, and said, we be not strong enough to go up against them, for they be stronger than we.

12. Then arose Barnes, whose surname is William, who dwelleth hard by the sea afar off, in the land which abounds in grasses, and figs, the like of them brought by the spies from the land of Canaan, and thus spake :

13. Verily, the land of Canaan is a goodly land, and floweth with milk and honey, and its cities are walled up and high and its people are mighty and strong. And their elders and learned men, take unto themselves parchment, and write upon it, and send abroad to all the nations of the earth, and get from them gold and precious stones, even the sardnes, and the topaz, and diamonds, and carbuncles, and amythists, and they thus tell unto the nations of the earth of their strength and power.

14. Then arose Slade, who surname is Jeremiah, who also cometh from the land hard by the sea, and said,

15. Arise ye men of Israel! Gird up your loins, buckle on your armour, and we can *make* ourselves a nation strong enough to overcome our enemies. Go to — appoint six Elders from your midst, and give unto them parchment, and *what to write thereon—have ye a mind to that* — and let's make unto you a *Magazine*.

16. And let it be a chronicler of the events and transactions of the twelve tribes of Israel, as they journey through the wilderness, and let it go to the utter-

most parts of the earth. And thus will we be a mighty nation, even mightier than the Amorites, and the Hittites, and Hivites, and the Jebusites, and the Perrizites.

17. And all the people rose to their feet, and cried out with a loud voice, "Slade, whose surname is Jeremiah, hath spoken well, we will have us a Magazine."

18. Then the chief of the Elders cried out with a loud voice, which reached even to the uppermost corner of the tabernacle: Get ye to your tents, O Israel! and be ye in readiness on the morrow, with your loins girt up, and when ye hear the signal, repair ye all to the tabernacle for to hear the decision of the Elders. And lo! the signal shall be the ringing of the cymbal that is placed on the lofty tower, hard by the well wherein the asses and camels of the tribe are watered, and which looketh towards to the tents on the south and on the east, and on the west. And they hearkened unto his words which he spake unto them, and they all repaired to their tents.

19. So did they.

#### CHAPTER II.

1. And it came to pass, on the morrow when the task masters had set them free, about eventide, that at the sound of the cymbal, the people all repaired to the tabernacle, with the chief priests and Elders.

2. Then arose up one, a man of much learning, and read in the hearing of the people, the statutes which the Elders had written concerning the Magazine, which are as follows:

3. Seeing that the Amorites, and the Hittites, and the Hivites, and Jebusites, and the Perrizites, have whereon to chronicle their deeds, and send them abroad, and by that means have become mightier and stronger than we, therefore, let us make unto ourselves a *Magazine*, in which shall be written the lives of the children of Israel. How they crossed the bull-rushes on the border of the Red Sea, in which

Pharoah and his host perished; how they travelled over the rocky country, and were not confounded by languages of the heathen tribes they passed through.

4. How they sometimes rebelled against the rulers of the people, and were driven from the tent, and went to the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, not very remote, and got intoxicated on the juice of the grape, and spent their substance in riotous living.

5. And the length of the Magazine shall be 1-2 cubit, and the breadth thereof 1-3 cubit, and it shall be inlaid on the inside and on the outside with letters.— And on the outer covering shall be graven a cherubim holding in one hand a spear wherewith to slay the Philistines, and in the other shall be a smaller cherubim with its wings unfolded. And the larger cherubim, shall have the face and attire of a woman, and the breastplate of a warrior, and the helmet thereof and the head of an owl.

6. And underneath the cherubim, shall be graven the names of the six Elders, which shall be chosen to preside over the Magazine.

7. And it shall be sent afar off to the East to be written on parchment, for the remote parts of the earth to read them. And it be written in by Cooke, whose surname is William, and none other but he shall write it, for he is a man mighty and valiant, and who is comely and well to look upon, and he will deal fairly with ye.

8. But have ye a mind that he must receive of you, for writing the Magazine pay, even 70 pieces of silver shall he receive for his labor thereof.

9. And ye shall all every man of his substance pay tithes unto the Elders, for them to pay the seventy pieces of silver to Cooke, for he is a worthy man and an honest. Neither shall ye lie concerning it and say ye have paid when ye have not, neither shall ye refuse to pay thereof when the Elders come unto you for it.

10. And the people arose to their feet and cried with a loud voice, all that he hath commanded, that will we do, so shall we.

11. Then the tribes appointed six Elders to preside over the Magazine, namely: Barnes whose surname is William, who cometh from the land hard by the sea which aboundeth in vines and figs and pomegranites. And Slade whose surname is Jeremiah, who also cometh from the same country.

12. And Burton whose surname is Thomas who cometh from the land where the fowls of the air are made to fight for the amusement of men, and their legs are armed with sharp pointed weapons.

13. And Siler whose surname is Leonidas, who dwelleth in the West country.— And Gilliam, whose surname is Thomas, who dwelleth in the East country, and who is a musician, making sweet sounds. And Smith whose surname is Alexander, who was of large stature, even as the sons of Anak.

14. And these be the names of the Elders chosen by the people. And they took the Magazine and presided over it, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, beginning with the month Shebat.

15. And all the people were well pleased and sent them wherein to put in the Magazine, and also faithfully paid tithes of their substance, whereof to support it. And the Magazine flourished even as an almond tree putting forth its blossoms.

16. And the six Elders received assistance from all the tribes and from the neighboring cities.

17. And it came to pass that there was a stranger in the Camp, one of the Philistines from afar, and when he saw the Magazine, he cried out with a loud voice and said, *the Magazine is unleavened bread outside, and also is it unleavened bread inside.*

18. And all the people *pitied* him in their hearts, and answered him to never a

word, and he passed away from their minds, and they never noticed him more.

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CHAPTER III.

1. And it came to pass after a while that the first six Elders left the Camp and other six were chosen in their stead, namely: Woods, whose surname was James, and Allen, whose surname is Vine, who is a learned man, and a mighty champion for the Magazine. And Black, who was also learned, and who was a noble man and a true. And Scales, whose surname was Junius. And White, whose surname was George, and Spencer, whose surname was *Magnus*, who was mighty in council, and whose speech was sharp as a two-edged sword, even to the dividing asunder of the bone and marrow. So was he.

2. And lo! about this time there arose a mighty clamor in the Camp; and behold the tribes became displeased with the Magazine, and complained that the writing thereof was not sufficient for them.

3. And moreover, the people neglected to pay of their substance as formerly.

4. Then King David's heart swelled within him; and he arose and girt up his loins, and said: I, even I, will assist the six Elders, and I will give them help in the time of trouble. Behold I will give them wherewith to put in the Magazine.

5. Then wrote he on parchment and gave unto the six Elders, and their hearts were glad within them and leaped for joy. And when they saw King David's stately form in their midst, they rejoiced exceedingly, and no longer feared the Amorites and the Hittites, and the Hivites and Jebuzites and the Perrizites. And behold King David is not *very* fair to look upon, but he is learned above the men of the East, and he hath a big heart, and he is a noble man and a true. So is he.

6. And after a while these six Elders left the Camp, and other six were chosen in their stead. Even Scott whose surname is William, and Bell, whose surname is

Joseph, who cometh from a far country, where the beasts of the forest are many and fierce, and where the wild ass brayeth.—

And Merritt, whose surname is Leonidas, who was a mighty man. And Moore, whose surname is James, who cometh from the land hard by the sea afar off.

7. And Nichols, whose surname is William, who also cometh from a far country. And Engelhard, whose surname is Joseph, who is a man fair to look upon, and who both speaketh and writeth well, and who did much for the glory of the Magazine, as in truth all these six Elders did.

8. And Moreover, the people did still refuse to pay of their substance as formerly.

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CHAPTER IV.

1. And it came to pass, that after a while these six Elders left the Camp of Israel, and other six were chosen in their stead. And behold and lo! when the astrologers cast their divinations, and counted the Heavens, and beheld the entrails of the victims, they predicted that the horn of the Magazine would be exalted, that the branches thereof would spread a shadow afar off, and that the fowls of the air would rest thereon.

2. And they also predicted that those who took the Magazine would increase, and be in number even as the sands of the sea-shore, and that *they would pay their tithes unto the Elders, even without their asking for them (?)*

3. And the reason why the Astrologers predicted that the horn of *this* Magazine would be exalted above his fellows, was on account of the six Elders that were chosen to preside over it.

4. And behold they were chosen because they were the wisest men of the tribe, *even in the whole camp*; and they were mighty and valiant, even as a fierce war-horse, when he neigheth for the battle even the dust of the battle afar off. And they made the Philistines to

fear before them, neither did the children of Israel any more fear the Amorites, and the Hivites, and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Perrizites.

5. Moreover, the six Elders were exceeding comely and well to look upon, so that all the daughters of the tribes, and also those afar off, did exceeding love them—even without measure—and *desired greatly that they would take unto them wives from their midst.* But the six Elders answered them to never a word.

6. And the names of the Elders are, Boyden, whose surname is Nathaniel, of the tribe of Ephraim, who cometh from the mountainous country, and whose office it is to collect tithes from the people.—And Yellowley, whose surname is Charlton, of the tribe of Manassah, on the other side of Jordan,

7. And it is his office to read in the hearing of the six Elders, that which is sent to them for to put into the Magazine. And McMillan, whose surname is Henry, of the tribe of Judah, who dwel'eth in the country where the juice of the Pine is made to flow for the enrichment of man. And he is a mighty man, and doth speak loud and wisely before his fellows—so does he.

8. And McIver, whose surname is Evander, of the tribe of Asher, who is mighty in counsel, and who writeth much and well. And Campbell, whose surname is James, the brother of John, of the tribe of Dan, and who cometh from the isles of the sea afar off.

9. And behold he writeth sweetly of the flowers, and birds of the air, and the starry firmament; and lo! he is exceeding fair to look upon, and whom the daughters of the tribes wish for with a great love, and behold James also loveth the daughters of the tribe—so does he.

10. And Hall, whose surname is William, of the tribe of Benjamin, who dwel'eth hard by the sea in the land where the voice of the turtle is heard, and whose

daughters are exceeding comely and well to look upon.

11. And his office is to write to those afar to send whereof to put into the Magazine, when the children of Israel fail'eth to send that which is necessary.

12. And these be the names of the six Elders chosen by the people to preside over the Magazine. And they began to preside in the month Abib, so did they on the fourteenth day of the month.

13. And the people acted kindly by them and sent them whereof to put in the Magazine, but did not pay the wherewith, even the two pieces of silver as they had promised.

14. And the Elders were in sore trouble, and were put to it, how to collect the tithes of the afar off people, and also those near by. When lo! the good King David, who careth for the Magazine, and desireth that it should flourish, even as an almond tree—said,

15. Let not your hearts faint within you, be ye of good cheer. Go to—Get ye some pieces of parchment, and write thereon that the Magazine will surely sicken and die unless each one pay the two pieces of silver; and send the parchment afar off to those who have not paid the two pieces of silver.

16. Then the six Elders answered and said, this will we surely do, but not yet. We will wait until the month Shebat, when the Magazine starts anew, and then will we also send the pieces of parchment—so will we.

17. And behold there arose one about that time, one mighty and strong for the glory of the Magazine, even a virgin of the children of the priest of the tribe of Levi.

18. And she is one that hath much learning, far beyond her sex. Behold she is as wise as the wise men of the East.

19. And when the Elders saw what she had sent them, their hearts leaped for joy, and they said, we will not fear, whilst *this* daughter of the tribe of Levi, and

King David be with us. And behold the daughters of the Earth shall rise up and call her blessed.

20. And there was a mighty man of the East, who spake a speech before the people of his tribe, about his language which was the same language, that the children of Israel spake. And behold he sent it to the six Elders to be put into the Magazine. And when the people saw it, and read it, they clapt their hands for joy, and said: the man of the East hath spoken well and wisely, he hath learning above his fellows, and is skilled in many tongues.

21. And behold there were certain Philistines, Heathens, who also wrote upon slips of parchment and sent them abroad. And the same spake against the Magazine. And what they said had none effect, for they were looked upon by all the tribes as unclean birds and beasts of the field.

Here much to our disappointment the manuscript suddenly "broke short off"—being we imagine, both tired of the subject itself, and fearful of wearying its readers.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS—CLIPPINGS, ETC.

HENRY OF OFFERDINGE—A ROMANCE.—

This delightful little book is on our table. Seldom have we felt such pleasure in the perusal of any author of romance. The author is a German. His "nom de plume," is Novalis. We confess that German writers have until lately figured in our imagination with metaphysics, transcendentalism, day-dreamers, &c.; but a slight acquaintance with their writings through an English medium hath corrected these impressions and inclined us favorably towards them. Issuing from the realms of a superstition teeming with the sublime and beautiful into the light of a high civilization, the German presents characteristics peculiarly its own. It first reluctantly left the supernatural endeavoring un-

der its magic spell to unite it with the real. This is beautifully illustrated in that rare production "Undine," in which two worlds are united mysteriously, yet beautifully. And now resting on a deep philosophy and building her knowledge thereon, she ornamented the structure with beautiful tracery, the conception of the past, giving life and grace, and attracting every curious observer.

The preface tells us the author's life is shadowed forth in the work. Making every allowance due to a work of this description, we find it hard to indulge in such a pleasant belief respecting even a German. But perhaps this is a Yankee notion which time may dissolve in some German Paradise, and with this we proceed to our brief and pleasant task.

It consists of two parts, the engagement and the fulfillment. Pleasant ideas, especially to the young, whose new born fancy ever roams in that direction. But they will please to learn that our author, together with their ideas had other conceptions of a higher order. These were the two phases of a poet's life. The first, Henry is preparing for, and looking to some lofty destiny. He is introduced with his soul rapt in some wild tale he had just heard. He falls asleep and dreams. The sweet influence enchains him until his mother gently whispers in his ear that the morning is far advanced. He relates his dreams, and receives a lecture from his good father which might do honor to any intellectual philosopher and to crown the desert, the old gentleman relates one of his own youthful dreams in which the boy discovers a strange coincidence.

Here is the very type of a poet at once before us, the beginning and the end; we might almost divine the rest. We might conceive a Byron, or a Poe, or any of the children of song. But our new poet is cast in a different mould from all these.—The soul of sensibility is indeed his, the creative genius, the beautifying spirit, the

glance that pierces the inner nature ; but the world troubles him not; he is not a part thereof. Calm, contemplative, apart he beholds it all, superior alike to its pleasures and its pains. Anger, remorse, despair ne'er move the cords divine in his bosom. The spiritual predominates, pervades, absorbs all things else.

His education too is different from the most of poets. He is not tossed about on various seas. Now lost in scenes of love, now burning with hate. We remember reading somewhere of one who killed a lovely young girl in order to become poetical. And in general something outre is the prologue to a poet, if we believe the heralds of their fame. We should conjecture that their poetry would partake of the spirit that inspired it. Strange ideas these on so familiar a subject.

Every event of his life brings him nearer to the desired object. The travel, the tale, the pure pleasures of friendship and the purer still of love raise his soul, purify it and then it bursts out into song, yea becomes sweet music, until in exstacy he sings—eternity is mine.

Let all lovers of the beautiful read this little volume. They will fall in love with the character and the author and thank us for leading them to such a fountain of pleasure. We would make some extracts, but our limits are too narrow to do them justice.

WE rarely, perhaps, too rarely, poach upon the domain of our neighbors, even in the preparation of an "olla-podrida" for our Editorial Table. We are indebted, nevertheless, to one of our exchanges for the following salutary and spicy paragraph. It may be received and digested without the possibility of injury by any of our juvenile friends. Give children an education. Parents are anxious to give, instructors are struggling to give this inestimable boon; but how can it be given, if children instead of pressing to slake

their thirst at the fountain head, turn from the refreshing, healing, invigorating waters with loathing and disgust? "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but" \* \* \* \* \*

"Give your children fortune without education, and at least one half of the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps to ruin. Give them an education, and they will be a fortune to themselves and their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor. They can never spend nor lose it; and through life it ever proves a friend, in death a consolation."

The following beautiful lines on the death of the young and gifted Horace Lacy, were written by one of the present corps of Editors, "the College bard:"

He passed away

In beauty to the spirit land--  
So gentle was his flight, we gazed  
And scarce believed that he was gone  
To brighter realms, where all is love.

He passed away

From light to love, around him stood--  
A shining throng and whispered come,  
He smiled and slept in their embrace  
And woke in bliss and smiled again.

He passed away

In loveliness—a purer strain  
Fell on his ear than mortals sung.  
It was the song of Moses and the Lamb,  
On harps of gold that angels strung.

Farewell rapt spirit,

Though far away, we see thee yet--  
But far more lovely—pure and bright  
Than aught of earth, and e'en on earth,  
Indeed 'twere sweet to look on thee.

A saddened heart

Is ours, we would not give thee up  
So soon, so young and full of hope,  
Thou wer't so gentle, true and kind,  
The pride of all, the loving friend.

A saddened heart

Thy parents feel; oh were it not  
That God hath promised that his hand  
Should all sustain who trust in him;  
The thought of Death were hard indeed.

Tell them sweet youth  
 'Tis sweet to die ere yet the heart  
 Hath lost the freshness of its beauty  
 And to depart, were all shall know  
 Eternal happiness, and love.

THE following clipt from an exchange, shows so well the "blind idolatry of a young mother's love," that we here insert it, for the especial benefit of that interesting class of individuals :

PAN OF GRAVY.—Ba-a-a Ba-a-a-a!—shricks a half naked infant about eighteen months old.

What's the matter wit' mamma's thweet yittle ducky? says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young sarpint in return digs its talons into her face.

"Daden, Missis, I know what little massa Dim wants," exclaimed the cherub's negro nurse.

"You black hussy! why don't you tell me then?" And the infuriated mother gives Dinah a douse in the chops with her shoe.

"Why, he wants to put his foot in dat dar pan of gravy wots on de harf," whispers the unfortunate blacky.

"Well, why don't you bring it here, you aggravating nigger you?" replies the mother of the bawling young one.

Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim puts his bare feet in the pan, dashing the milk warm grease about its sweet little shanks to the infinite delight of its mother, who tenderly exclaims :

Did mamma's thweet lump of thugar, her yittle Dimmy, withh to put its teeny-weeny foothy—toothys in the gravy?

Dare den, it thall paddle in the pan as much as it choosey—wo seys, so it thall and then thall have its pooty yittle red frock on, and go and thee its happy—appy—pappy—Ad infinitum.

A Freshman of our acquaintance, a few evenings since, about candle light, finding

that he was just "out" of the above named article, requested his servant to step to the nearest store and purchase some for him.

Upon the negro's asking what sort he wanted, the Freshman's countenance immediately "fell." After trying every expedient to recall the word, (the old negro in the mean time wondering what was the matter, and repeating the question,) he gave it up in despair, and yelled out "*Elementary.*" Wha—what sort you say sah? replied the servant, if you mean *adamantine*, Mr. M—— has got plenty of them, but I never heard tell of *Elementary* candles before.

"*Darn it!*" said the Freshman, "*that's* the word, *adamantine*, I never could recollect big names."

OUR EXCHANGES.—We welcome the Western Democratic Review for September. It contains several capital articles, especially "the Past, the labor of man, the Future that of woman," and "Russia on the Danube." Indeed all the articles are good; the simple fact that an article is accepted by "Geo. P. Buell," is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. We hope and predict that this valuable periodical will have a wide circulation in our State.

The Farmer's Journal is also before us, containing much valuable matter. Being as it is, the only scientific work of the kind in the State, it should be in the library of every farmer in Carolina.

We give the hand of fellowship to the Georgia University "Mag," and welcome on the stage our brother Editors, E. K. Bozeman, D. Scott, R. C. McGough, J. A. Stanley and W. D. Wash. We wish them all success, and hope "their shadows may never grow less."

We acknowledge the due receipt of the Raleigh Register, Star, Standard, Christian Sun, Biblical Recorder, Spirit of the Age, Southern Weekly Post, Rowan Whig and Western Advocate, Pee Dee Star, N. C.

Whig, Milton Spectator, Wilmington Weekly Commercial, Republican Banner, People's Press, Hillsboro' Recorder, Wilmington Daily Herald. (The Journal has never noticed our exchanges.) Ashville Spectator, Greensborough Patriot, Guardian, Warrenton News and Metropolitan.

The most of these papers are very punctual, and frequently flatter our variety with kind and neighborly notices. This evinces a charitable spirit, which is decidedly encouragement to "Tyros."

CONTRIBUTIONS.—The poetry entitled, "To Jeanie," by "J. W. F. J.," is declined. There are *some* fine ideas embodied in it, but we would suggest a more careful revision before publication, and withal a *little more practice in the "Ars Poetica."* We will inform the gentleman that his *love* has been given to J. H. Pool, as he requested.

The article on "duelling" is such a terrible *squib*, that in pity we forbear to fire any shots at it. He certainly would have written much better in "old times," as his name signifyeth.

"Death's Song," is respectfully declined. We would, however, say to the writer, "push on." We would be glad to hear from him again.

"Reflections on a twilight dream," are by far too lofty and *sweet* for us. Give us something more practical, my dear sir. Take pity upon us, remembering that the *Eagle soars* where the *Mole* cannot—we can't follow. We will take the gentleman's advice, and light our segar with the Reflections, assuring him that as we are not at all anxious to find him out as *Junius*, we will not "enquire of Sir John Franklin at the South Pole." Indeed we would not go to the South Building to know.

DIALECTIC HALL, Sept. 24th, 1854.

Whereas, the awful dispensations of an All-wise Providence has taken from us our late gifted and beloved fellow-member, BASIL M. THOMPSON, who passed from earth to eternity, surrounded by all that could soothe a passage through the valley and shadow of death, and with dazzling prospects for future usefulness and honor.

As a faint tribute to his memory and as a testimony of our grief,

*Be it Resolved*, That as members of the same Society, to which he manifested an ardent love, and in which he gave evidence of a high order of ability; and as a fellow-student exhibited an amiable bearing and friendly disposition, we much lament his early death.

*Resolved*, That we will endeavor to imitate his strict morality, religious deportment, and his many other good qualities; and that we will cherish the warmest recollection of his standing among us.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely condole with his bereaved and much afflicted relatives, and that we will mingle our tears with theirs at the common altar of sorrow.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be recorded, a copy of them sent to his relatives, and also a copy to the University Magazine, N. C. Argus and Raleigh Standard for publication.

W. J. MONTGOMERY,  
J. W. EWING,  
C. DOWD, } Committee.

DIALECTIC HALL, Oct. 4, 1854.

WHEREAS, by the all-wise providence of the Almighty, death has again invaded our ranks and enfolded in its icy embrace one of our brothers.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. John Hill, the Dialectic Society has sustained a loss at once deplorable and irreparable. That a name forever blotted out from existence, which whilst it was associated with that Society, reflected but credit and honor upon it. Unquestionably the first scholar in his class, he maintained a position equally high as a consistent Society member. Inflexible in the pursuance of his duty, conscientious to the extreme in his actions, his character imparted a moral tone to every circle he moved in.

*Resolved*, That as there is another breach made in a circle more sacred than ours, we would not wish to rudely invade its sanctuary,

but we would desire to offer our condolence and sympathy to the bereaved family of the deceased, and to pour out on the same altar our demonstrations of grief.

*Resolved,* That as the funeral pall trails through our midst, and we drop a tear at the blight of the flower, cut down so soon, that with his relatives we take consolation from the promise vouchsafed to those who walk in the ways of the Almighty, and although the mortal career of John Hill is ended, and "the place which once

knew him shall know him no longer forever," still we feel that he has gone to possess an inheritance beyond the skies.

*Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions, with the request to publish them, be sent to the Wilmington Herald, the Raleigh Register, and University Magazine.

WM. H. HALL,  
H. NICHOLSON,  
G. J. PILLOW, } Com.

THE

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 10.

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## REVOLUTIONARY SERVICES OF GENERAL JOSEPH GRAHAM; LETTERS AND MEMORIAL OF JUDGE MURPHEY.

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Among the sources of the History of the Revolution which have not yet been well explored, as we believe, are the records of the Pension Office at Washington. The Declaration of Gen. Graham, which is given below, is a specimen of what may be found there. In statements of this kind the minuter incidents and anecdotes which give a character of life to the larger transactions in connection with which they occurred, and which have yet no place in history, are very likely to be found. We do not doubt that a careful search in that department would bring to light much that we have thought lost, and furnish the means of rectifying much that we had supposed to be already well established. The fact, for instance, that the first recognition of the Tory character of Piles's men, and the first attack on them, are due to the militia, appears first in the testimony of Gen. Graham. Such narratives too have a certain picturesque worth, being the statements of eye-witnesses. The letters of Judge Murphey are added, partly to show his

high regard for Gen. Graham's reminiscences, and partly also with the memorials to recall the efforts he made, and the judicious means he used, to preserve the memory of past events among us. The very valuable narrative of General Graham, to which he refers, passed into the keeping of Mr. J. S. Jones, and it has been found impossible, up to this time at least, to recover it.

### DECLARATION OF GEN. JOSEPH GRAHAM,

*In order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress passed June 7th, 1832 :*

On this 30th day of October, personally appeared in open Court before the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the county of Lincoln, in North Carolina, now sitting, Gen. Joseph Graham, a resident of said County and State, aged seventy-three years, who first being duly sworn according to law, doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress passed June 7th, 1832.

That he enlisted in the army of the United States early in the month of

May, 1778 and served in the 4th regiment of the North Carolina line under Col. Archibald Lytle, in Capt. Gooden's company; a part of the time; and the balance as Quarter Master Sergeant.—The terms of the enlistment were to serve nine months after arriving at the place of rendezvous, which was stated to be at Bladensburg in the State of Maryland.

These troops assembled in Charlotte, Mecklenburg co., where he then lived and by slow movements marched on to near the Virginia line detaining by the way for the recruits from the other counties to join. The field officers on this march were Col. Wm. L. Davidson, Maj. Wm. Polk, and Henry Dickson, (commonly called Hal. Dickson,) Capt. Smith Harris and others. When all assembled, encamped in Caswell County at a place called Moon's Creek. At this place received intelligence of the battle of Monmouth, and that the British were gone to New York—that our services were not wanted in the North, and after some delay, the men become uneasy: their term of service had not yet commenced, and they were uncertain when it would; a mutiny took place, which, was suppressed with some difficulty; some officers broke their swords, and some of the soldiers were crippled.

It was afterwards proposed to such of the soldiers as would, to take furloughs until the fall, that their term of service should then commence. Most of those from the upper counties took furloughs; of whom this deponent was one, and he returned home, to Mecklenburgh, where he then resided, about three months after he had left, say some time in August in the year 1778. He was again

called into service and marched from Charlotte on the 5th day of November following, under command of Gen. Rutherford with his brigade of five months militia men, (Col. Lytle commanded the regulars) to the 10 mile house, above Charleston, where he drew arms and camp equipage, from thence to Purysburg on Savannah river, where Gen. Lincoln commanded; and the regulars from North Carolina were organized in two regiments under Cols. Lytle and Armstrong; the brigade under Brigadeer Gen. Sumner; and this deponent, and company under Capt. Gooden; which company and one commanded by Capt. Wm. Goodman, were shortly after transferred to a regiment of Light Infantry, which, after Gen. Ashe was defeated at Briar Creek, was augmented by some companies of militia and placed under command of Col. Malmedy, (a Frenchman,) and Major John Nelson, of the North Carolina line. From the time the regiment of infantry was formed, this deponent acted as Quarter Master Sergeant to the end of the campaign. Lieut. Hillton (of the regulars) who was appointed Quarter Master, being in bad health and dying about the last of the year, this deponent discharged the whole duty, most of the time. During this service he was in a skirmish with McGirt who commanded the British cavalry before Tarlton's arrival. Said regiment of Light Infantry was twice detached under the command of Count Pulaski, in one of which services, a Lt. Chavelier Devallile, (a Frenchman,) in a rencountre with a British *picquet*, received a mortal wound; he was in the battle of Stono, on the 20th day of June, 1779, was discharged near Dorchester, S. C.

he thinks by Col. Archibald Lytle some time about the beginning of August, 1779: said discharge, and many others relating to that service, were given up to the Board of Commissioners, who sat at Warrenton in the year 1786, for the adjustment of the claims of the North Carolina line.

Was taken with the bilious fever a few days before the term of service was up, and had much difficulty, but by the assistance of a friend, after sometime got home: and was not fully recovered at the end of two months. The terms on which this service was performed were to be exempted from military duties for three years after. His spirits, were so depressed by the fever and recollection of the hardships of a southern campaign in the summer, along the seaboard, he was disposed to avail himself of the privilege allowed him by the law, until about the latter of end May, when Col. Buford was defeated, and it was announced the enemy were within 35 or 40 miles; when the militia were ordered out, *en masse*. This deponent joined them, and from the experience he had in military duties, was appointed adjutant to the Mecklenburgh regiment. From that county, being a frontier, and no other force to protect it, a part of said regiment, and sometimes all, were kept in the service most of the summer, and this deponent with them. The foot, under Gen. W. L. Davidson, encamped south-east of Charlotte, and the horse, under Col. Davie, were patrolling the country as far as Waxhaw, and the adjoining counties in the west, which were disaffected. On the 25th of September, heard that the whole British Army were on the march from Camden.

Gen'l Davidson immediately decamped, marched towards Salisbury, and ordered this deponent to Charlotte to join Col. Davie, and take command of such of the inhabitants as should collect there on the news of the approach of the enemy—50 odd collected. In the disposition, Col. Davie made for resistance as the enemy entered the village, this deponent commanded the reserve, and sustained the retreat by molesting the advance of the enemy for four miles against their whole cavalry and a battalion of infantry which followed; at last they charged, when Col. Davie was not in supporting distance, and this deponent received nine wounds, (the scars of which this court testify are visible at this time,) that he was left on the ground and afterwards taken to the Hospital, and it was upwards of two months before his wounds were healed; that after he recovered, the enemy were said to be in Winnsborough, S. C. The term, of the militia, who had been in service under Gen. Davidson and Col. Davie, had expired.

Gen. Davidson, some time in the month of December, stated to this deponent, that it was the opinion of Gen. Greene the enemy would again advance into North Carolina as soon as a reinforcement and some stores on the way from Charleston should arrive: and that a call must be made for another draft. He wanted a part cavalry, and as Col. Davie was now Commissary General with Gen. Greene, he did not expect him furnish it. If this deponent would raise a company or more, he should be entitled to such rank as the numbers would justify; that as an encouragement, each man who would find his own horse and

equipments and serve at that time for six weeks, it should stand in place of a tour of duty of three months, the time required by law.

This deponent, therefore, set out among the youth of his acquaintance and in two or three weeks had upwards of fifty. The principal difficulty was to procure arms—they generally had rifles—carried the muzzle in a small boot fixed to a strap fastened beside the right stirrup leather, and the butt ran through their shot-bag belt, so that the lock came directly under the right arm; near half the swords were made by blacksmiths of the country. Those who had a pistol, had it swung by a strap the size of a bridle rein, on the left side over the sword, which was hung higher than the modern way of wearing them; so as not to entangle their legs when acting on foot. Their equipments were not splendid; they were the best that could be procured at that time, and in the hands of the men, who used them ultimately as serviceable, as arms that looked much finer; they had at all times, all their arms, with them, whether on foot or on horseback, and could move individually or collectively, as circumstances might require, without depending on commissary quarter master, or other staff.

After Tarlton's defeat on the 17th January, 1781, the enemy in pursuit of Gen. Morgan came to Cowan's Ford on the Catawba, on the 1st day of February. This deponent had two of his company killed opposing their passage, and his was the only company that went off the battle ground in order and covered the retreat; at the same time our Gen. Davidson fell. On the 7th of February, this deponent's company, hanging on the

rear of the British, on their march from Shallow Ford, on the Yadkin to Salem, routed a small party, killed one, and took five prisoners, (regulars); after this the North Carolina militia were placed under the command of Gen. Andrew Pickens, of S. C., and this deponent's company, with others under Col. Joseph Dickson, passed on over Haw river; was dispatched by General Pickens, in the evening, with part of his company, and some riflemen from Rowan, forty-five in number, marched in the night of the 17th—at light next morning, surprised, and killed or took prisoners a guard of an officer and twenty-six men, at Hart's mills, one and a half miles from Hillsborough, where the British army then lay—the evening of same day formed a junction with Col. Lee's legion; a day or two after this Tarlton, with his legion set out over Haw river to join Colonel or Doctor Piles and Pickens, and Lee after him. This deponent's company and all the militia equipped as dragoons, were placed under Lee, in rear of his dragoons—on falling in with Piles and the Tories; instead of Tarlton, Lee passed along the front of their line in a parallel direction. Although, he knew, their character, his men, who had recently come to the South, did not: but when the militia came near and discovered the strip of red cloth each man had on his hat, they made the first attack on the Tories\*; some of our blacksmith's swords were broken, others bent, &c. Tarlton, who was then in the vicinity, as soon as in-

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\* See Lee's Memoirs, &c.

formed of the result, set off for Hillsborough—we pursued about half way, and not overtaking, turned to the left up the country. The next day, he having got a reinforcement, came after us, attacked our picquet guard in the night, in the firing killed Maj. Micajah Lewis, a continental officer and compelled us to move; after various movements, and both armies having got to the south of Haw river, near Alamance creek; on the 2d of March a detachment of about 600, all militia, except Lee's legion, advanced in three columns under his command. This deponent and company in front of the left with orders to support the left flank: after passing through a farm, near Clap's mill, and entering a coppice of woods, encountered a large party of the enemy drawn up in position—a smart firing commenced, and after three or four rounds, our line gave way; the ground was so hampered with thick underbrush, and the Tories pressing us on the left flank, the retreat was effected with difficulty—retreated about one mile to the Ford, on Big Alamance, where Col. Otho Williams, the regulars under his command, and Washington's cavalry, were drawn up to support us; the enemy did not pursue more than five hundred yards; in the affair two were killed, three wounded, and two taken prisoners of this deponent's company, seven in all. On the 1st of March, the term of service, for which the men had engaged was up, and about 2-3 of them would go home, the others were persuaded to stay longer, being daily in expectation of a general action.

The day after the battle, at Clap's mill, Col. Lee ordered this deponent to take

25 men and go to where the battle was, and see if the enemy were there, if gone take their trail, credit no report of the inhabitants, but proceed until we actually saw the British troops. At the battle ground found the British had gone after burying their own dead and leaving ours; took the trail; in the evening, came in view of their sentries on the Salisbury road, within one half a mile of their head Quarters, and directly dispatched a Sergeant and six of the party to inform Lee—the rest of our party moved after dark through the woods with a view of taking two sentries we had seen in the evening. In this we failed—but after they had fired at us, we went briskly up the main road. In a half a mile met a patrol of their cavalry, about equal to our number; after hailing, briskly, discharged a volley in their faces, they retreated and took to the woods—we took their officer prisoner, the rest escaped. We turned out of the road in an obscure path—in a half a mile halted to take some refreshment. On the great road opposite to us a quarter of a mile distant heard a scattering fire and considerable noise which lasted for some time. Two days after we learned from a deserter, that on report of the sentries in the evening, the patrol was sent up the road after us, and were returning when we met and dispersed them. When they came into camp from different directions—upwards of one hundred cavalry were sent up the road after us, and at 11 o'clock at night, met a company of Tories coming in to join them: not doubting that it was the party which had defeated their picquet, they instantly charged them and considerable slaughter was made

before it was discovered they were friends. These small affairs did more to suppress toryism to the South than any thing that had before occurred. A few days before at Piles' defeat, they had been cut up by Lee's men and ours, when they thought it was their friend Tarlton, in the present case they were cut up by the British when they thought it was the Americans. It is not known that any of them attempted to join the British afterwards.

This deponent and company some days after was in the action at Whitsell's Mill, on Reedy Fork, under command of Colonel Washington, when Col. Webster with the elite of the British army, for twelve miles pressed us so closely as to compel Col. Otho Williams, the commander to fight at this place. The men whom I had persuaded thus long to remain for a general action, being disappointed, and having nothing but heavy skirmishing, in which they still had to act a prominent part, determined to go home: which being represented to Gen. Green, he ordered this deponent to go with them and keep them in a compact body until they got through the disaffected settlements on the East side of the Yadkin river. We passed that river on the 14th of March, 1781, and on the 17th most of the company got home. Altho' the company were engaged to serve only six weeks, about two-thirds of them served upwards of two months. From the time I undertook to raise the company—until I returned home, about three months. Owing to the early death of Gen. Davidson, under whose orders I acted, I had no written commission—but Col. Dickson under whom I was afterwards

placed, gave a written discharge some time after. In this service, was in eight battles or skirmishes, and lost nine men by the enemy, viz: four killed, three wounded, two prisoners.

After the battle at Guilford, the enemy marched to Wilmington and left a garrison there, but no militia services were called for in the West until the month of August, 1781, tho' the tories under the protection of the British had possession of the country South of Cape Fear up to and above Fayetteville. And Col. Fanning of the tories surprised Hillsboro' and took Governor Burke prisoner. Gen. Rutherford, who had been captured at Gates' defeat, and with other distinguished citizens confined for twelve months in the castle of St. Augustine, had been exchanged, and returned about this time. He sent this deponent orders to raise a troop of dragoons, in Mecklenburg. Many of those who had served the preceding winter joined it. There were but four married men in the troop. Our head quarters were near Pedee. Deponent did not receive the commission herewith sent until several days after the organization. His reason for applying for it, was that, on former occasions, officers who had acted under verbal appointments, and had been taken prisoners, had not been respected as officers but treated as common soldiers. When all the drafts were assembled a legionary corps was formed under the command of Col. R. Smith who had been a Captain in the North Carolina line—it consisted of three troops of dragoons, about ninety-six troops, and two hundred mounted infantry. This deponent was appointed Major as will appear by the Commission and other pa-

pers herewith. Two days afterwards the Gen. having information, that the Tories embodied on raft swamp—upwards of 600 in numbers were about to retreat, before him, towards Wilmington; detached this deponent with the dragoons and 40 mounted men with orders to endeavor to hold them at bay or impede their march so that he might follow and overtake them. When they were overtaken, the ground appearing favorable, they were charged by the dragoons and entirely defeated and dispersed, twenty or thirty being killed and wounded, entirely with sabre.

This deponent was afterwards detached by Col. Smith with one troop of dragoons and two companies of mounted men. At A. Moore's plantation, a mile below the ferry at Wilmington, surprised and defeated about one hundred Tories, killed and wounded twelve—next day was in an unsuccessful attack on a British garrison in a brick house that covered the ferry opposite Wilmington—had one of our party killed.

This deponent was afterwards detached, by order of Gen. Rutherford, with three companies, one of which dragoons, by Brunswick over Lockwood's, Folly and Waccamaw rivers: at a place called seven creeks, near the South Carolina line—was attacked about midnight by the noted Colonel Gainey of South Carolina, who was then under a truce with Gen. Marion, but it appears did not consider it binding in North Carolina—had one of our party killed and two wounded, and four horses killed. The cavalry charged and defeated the Tories and killed one of Gainey's party.

For the further evidence of this service, see Gen. Rutherford's order to this

deponent, (after the British had left Wilmington,) dated Wilmington, Nov. 18th, 1781, and the orders this deponent gave to those under his command when acting in pursuance of said order. The whole service was something over three months. Lost two men killed and two wounded, and was in four battles.

RECAPITULATION OF THE FOREGOING SERVICES.

*In the Regular Service.*

From the month of May, 1778, until the same time in August, when furloughed to go home 3 months.

From the 5th day of Nov., 1778, to the 5th Aug. 1779, 9 months.

*In the Militia Service.*

From about the 1st of June, 1780, until the 17th of Mar., 1781, including the time lying in the Hospital and disabled from service, except about 2 weeks after, got well of wounds say 9 1-4 months, 9 1-4 mos.

From about 20th of Aug., 1781, to 1st Decem. to Wilmington, 3 1-4 mos.

24 1-2 mos.

The deponent states, he has a record of his age—that he was born in Chester county Pennsylvania, on the 13th day October, 1759—that he removed to Mecklenburgh county in the State of North Carolina, when about ten years of age—was present in Charlotte on the 20th day of May, 1775, when the committee of the county of Mecklenburgh made their celebrated *Declaration of Independence* of the British Crown, upwards of a year before the Congress of the United States did at

Philadelphia—that he resided in Mecklenburgh county until the 1792, and since that time in the county of Lincoln.

He hereby relinquishes every claim whatever to a pension or annuity except the present, and declares that his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any State.

Sworn to and subscribed, the day and year aforesaid.

Signed, J. GRAHAM.

TO JOSEPH GRAHAM, ESQ.,

*Greeting :*

Reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct, and fidelity, I do hereby nominate and appoint you Major of Lieut. Col. Robert Smith's legionary corps in my brigade. You are, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Major by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging; and I do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command, to be obedient to your orders as Major.—And you are to observe, and follow from time to time, such orders and directions as you shall receive from your superior officers according to the rules of military discipline and laws of this State.

Given under my hand in Camp, at Rock-Fish Bridge, October 7th, A. D. 1781.

Signed,

GRIFFITH RUTHERFORD.

State of North Carolina.

I do hereby nominate and appoint Joseph Graham, captain of the troop of horse during this present expedition; he is, therefore, to conform himself to

all the rules and regulations of the army, and is to obey his superior officers; and I do hereby require and command all officers and soldiers under his command to pay strict obedience to his orders.

Given under my hand, this 12th day of September, 1781.

Signed,

GRIFFITH RUTHERFORD,  
B. G. M.

This is to certify that Major Joseph Graham, with a troop of horse served a tour of six weeks duty agreeable to Gen. Davidson's orders under my command.

(Signed) JO. DICKSON, Col.

July 25, 1782.

TO MAJ. JOSEPH GRAHAM :

SIR—You are hereby authorized and directed to take command of the whole of the dragoons and mounted infantry of Col. Smith's corps, who are now on the leftward of the Northwest. You are then to join Col. Leonard and take such a route as will tend most effectually to disperse and finally subdue such Tories and disaffected people as continue embodied in the settlements bordering on this State and adjoining to South Carolina; and you are to continue in this service as long as may appear to you necessary for accomplishing this purpose. Then to march your command home, not suffering them to disperse until you may have crossed the Great Pee Dee, then regularly discharge your troops. (Signed)

GRIFFITH RUTHERFORD,  
Nov. 18, 1781. B. G. M.

CAMP MAGY CASTLE, }  
 Nov. 21, 1711. }

ORDERS:—Officer of the day, to-morrow, Capt. Cummins: Guard to consist of one Lieut., one Serg't, twelve Privates; every person in camp to immediately enrolle with Capt. Carruth, Cummins, or with Lieut. Baldwin; those who have been officers during the campaign to be called on duty as such: troops to hold themselves in readiness to march precisely at six o'clock in the morning. And it is required that the most profound silence and greatest order is observed on the march, throughout the whole of this route.

N. B. Returns to be made by eight o'clock this evening.

(Signed) JOS. GRAHAM,  
 Maj. Command'g.

CAMP ENNY'S BRIDGE, }  
 Nov. 22, 1717. }

ORDERS:—Officer of the day, to-morrow, Capt. Carruth, troops to be on the alarm Post at five, and march at six.—Lieut. Baldwin with his troops to continue at the Bridge until the other troops have passed the Swamp, then return such a route as he may think best.

(Signed) JOS. GRAHAM, Maj.

CAMP, MR. BARNES PLANTATION, }  
 Nov. 23, 1781. }

ORDERS:—Officer of the day, to-morrow, Capt. Cummins; Guard to consist of but ten Privates, Officer and Serg't troops to march at six o'clock in the morning. Guard two hundred paces in rear, two swordsmen the same distance in rear of them; no detached party, or guard on the march to fire a gun if it can be avoided, except at a party or when we may stop to forage, at individuals. JOS. GRAHAM.

The correspondence which we give below, is closely connected with the preceding narrative. The facts stated by Gen. Graham, are of great interest, and of the very highest authority. The letters of Judge Murphey well illustrate his earnest and laborious, though, unsuccessful efforts to rescue the history of our State from oblivion. His memorial is itself now part of our history.

Gen. Graham's chronology of revolutionary events. His corrections touching the affair at Hanging Rock. The three expeditions of the militia in 1775 and 1776. Judge Murphy's letters relating to his contemplated history, and his memorial on the same subject to the legislature of North Carolina.

VESUVIUS FURNANCE, }  
 Nov. 27, 1820. }

DEAR SIR:—

\* \* \* \* \*

I will give you a kind of chronology according to my present views. From Ramsour's in three days after the battle Gen. Rutherford marched against Col. Bryant in the forks of Yadkin. Bryant heard of his coming, and on the 30th June, crossed the Yadkin, marched rapidly and joined the British at Cheraw hill. Rutherford pursued until below Abbot's creek and returned to Salisbury. From there, in a few days marched with the men designated for a tour to join Gen. Gates, when in the pursuit of Bryant at Salisbury, he detached Col. Wm. L. Davidson with 250 men down the west side of the Yadkin; at Colson's these troops attacked the Tories, superior in numbers, and defeated them, Colonel Davidson and one other wounded.

The British advance simultaneously

on each side of the Catawba; General Sumpter invested with command of South Carolina refugees and North Carolina men: movements preceding battles of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock, which took place the 1st and 6th of August, are well described by Lee, incidents only are omitted by him. On 16th of August, Gates's defeat; all the historians describe it better perhaps than could be done again. After Gates's defeat, Sumpter's 18th August.

Succeeding events about Charlotte Camp at McAlpin's creek—Gen. Sumner arrives—Davie's affair at Wahabs, (Waxhaw,) well described by Lee—British arrive at McAlpin's creek 24th Sept., Tarlton detached after General Sumpter to Bigger's Ferry, who has notice crosses the river and escapes.—26th September British advance, Tarlton joins two miles below Charlotte, rencounter in Charlotte and at the Cross Roads very imperfectly described; form of British encampment and conduct while in Charlotte; on 3d of October, send a foraging party 450 infantry, 60 cavalry, 40 wagons on the road to Beattie's Ford, divide at McIntire's farm, are attacked by Capt. Thomson, Geo. Graham, Robt. Robeson, Esq., 14 in the whole, whose names I have. Killed a Captain and seven men—wounded 12, the party returned to Charlotte with less than two loads of forage. 7th October Ferguson's defeat; Dr. Wm. McLean and Capt. Saml. Caldwell, who were there, say it is not well represented in any of the histories—(I was then in the hospital,)—they propose giving a description, &c. The British hearing of Ferguson's disaster, leave Charlotte 10th of October; incidents on

their return-march, by way of old nation ford; arrive at Winsboro' about 1st Nov.—Camp at six mile creek—arrival at the south of Gen. Greene and Morgan—militia management until 17th Jan., '81. Tarlton defeated—British advance in pursuit of Morgan by way of Ramsour's—30th Jan. Morgan passes Sherill's Ford; same day Greene, Davidson and Colonel Washington held council at Beattie's Ford—next day 1st February, battles at Cowan's and Beattie's Ford and at Torrence's, not well described. 3d February, the British advance; attack the militia in Morgan's rear at night near Trading Ford on the Yadkin. On 7th February Graham's troop of cavalry killed and took seven prisoners of the British on their march—between Shallow Ford and Salem—11th Gen. And. Pickens of South Carolina, invested with command of all the forces, collected in rear of the British, marched by Guilford on to Stony creek, 10 or 15 miles from Hillsboro'; detached twenty of Graham's cavalry, some of Simmon's riflemen, forty in the whole, who marched in the night, at light in the morning attacked a picquet at Hart's mill, 1 1-2 miles from Hillsboro', killed and took the whole 25. Lost none, though closely pursued by Tarlton's whole corps—brought prisoners all safe in; Monday was joined by Lee's legion—succeeding transactions, of the affair of Piles at Holts, well described, but unaccountably, though Lee was present, he makes no mention of the affair at Clap's mill 5 or 600 aside; it was a pretty stiff business. The British had a Captain and 16 killed—we had nine. Out of my command two killed.—Ford (of Charlotte,) and Johnson

Robert Harris, Esq., Samuel Martin, and Jack Barnett, wounded; John Stinson (nigh Charlotte) and Jo Mitchell, prisoners; seven in the whole.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours, &c.,

JOS. GRAHAM.

HAW RIVER, Orange County, }  
January, 1821. }

DEAR GENERAL:—Col. Connor delivered to me in Raleigh, your account of the battle at Ramsour's, which I have read with much interest, for it was the first time I had any correct idea of that affair. I have the account in my possession, and will shortly give it to the public. Your letter to Col. Connor I have copied and now enclose the original to his care.

Twelve months ago, I suggested to a few friends the propriety of making an effort to rescue from oblivion the incidents of the Revolutionary War, which occurred in this State. The leading events only are recorded. A detail of inferior events in character, is wanted not only to gratify curiosity, but to make out a portion of our history, which is likely to be soon lost. It is due to the men engaged in them. It is due to the character of the State, to have collected and embodied, all the events of the Revolutionary war, which occurred in this State and in the upper parts of South Carolina. I have mentioned the subject to Col. Polk, who very readily promised his aid; and he has contributed very liberally, and promised to contribute more upon his return from Tennessee. I had intended long since, to address you on the subject, but a succession of severe afflictions and the pressure of a variety of business,

suspended my attention to the subject, until lately. I think with you, that the union of a few men will do much in a little time, towards collecting materials for a regular and minute detail of all such events as are worthy of being recorded. In all the events of life, great things depend so much upon a complication of small ones—that it is desirable to get a history of *everything* that in their bearing could any how contribute to the *principal events*. Anecdotes, likewise, connected with the thread of the narrative, are useful and amusing. They show the character of the times, and of the principal actors. After, therefore, drawing up your narrative, give in *notes*, all the anecdotes that you have stored up in your memory. Speak of the character of particular men, and give biographical notices of them; point out the motives which probably influenced them in taking sides. Describe the manner in which bodies of militia were from time to time hastily raised; their equipments, arms, &c.

We have no regular account of the *military police* of the State at that period. Describe the gradation of military authority; who commissioned the officers; who called them out upon emergency; by what authority were the militia called out; how long were they bound to serve; who supplied their arms and accoutrements, &c.? Give a regular account of the militia system at that period.

Give an account of Gen. Rutherford. What section of the State did his command embrace? What was his education, his pursuits in life, &c.? Say all you know of his expedition against the Cherokees.

I beg you to fill up in detail the outline contained in your letter, and add to it, as much more as you can.

The general tory war seems divisible into distinct periods, and distinct districts of country. Trace the origin of the tories; their first assemblages; their leaders and their opponents; get the history of the battle of King's Mountain, with the principal circumstances leading to, and following it; the history of Col. Cleaveland's operations against the tories; and of other distinguished whigs in the west; get the history of Col. Bryant's operations; his character, place of residence, and ultimate fate; and the principal anecdotes connected with his marauding adventures.

Add to your account of the battle of Ramsour's, such facts and anecdotes of the principal actors on each side, as you may be able to collect.

Collect all the information you can of Fanning's adventures, and of the tory war on the Cape Fear; also, of the retreat of Cornwallis, (which I believe is not mentioned in your memorandum.)

Write a detailed account of General Davies' transactions. I wish to know something of his family, his education, his entrance into the army, and his exploits as a soldier.

This letter is confined to *particulars*. Your memorandum is the outline of the general narrative. Write at length, and be not afraid of saying too much.

In addition to the events of the Revolutionary war, I beg you to write out a history of the *regulation* under Gov. Tryon. We have nearly lost all this part of our history; say, therefore, *everything* you can learn upon the subject.

That period of our civil history immediately following the close of the Revolutionary war is very interesting. Devote one chapter, at least, to that.

I shall be glad to keep up a correspondence with you, and I will from time to time submit to your perusal, such narratives as I may collect. I feel some zeal upon the subject, for a large portion of our history now lives only in the recollection of a few survivors of the Revolution. We must soon embody it, or it will be entirely lost. Write to me at the Haw River post-office. My best respects to your son James.

Yours, very truly,

A. D. MURPHEY.

Gen. Jos. Graham.

MARCH 9, 1821.

DEAR SIR: In the sheets forwarded herewith it is omitted in its proper place to state that when Gen. Sumpter was on the expedition to Rocky Mount, Major Davie cut off a detachment of Bryant's tories near the British lines, &c.—for the particulars I refer you to Lee's account, and generally his statement of the Hanging Rock; but some incidents are omitted. When the men under Sumpter and Davie united had made their disposition of attack, their guides though well acquainted with the ground, were not with the position in which the enemy was encamped, and unfortunately led them on Bryant's tories instead of the British. Their attack was so impetuous the tories fled on the second fire, and the ardour of Davie's cavalry was such they could not be restrained, but pursued them. On the first alarm, the British near a quarter of a mile distant, detached a party of

about 100 men to support them; they arrived on the eminence directly after the tories had left it, and commenced a fire by platoons in succession, overshot their opponents, who, by taking steady aim, and in a half circle around the eminence, in a short time caused one-third of them to fall; the rest retreated to the main body, and were briskly pursued by Sumpter's men. When the British joined their comrades, the action became general. After a few discharges they retreated, taking their artillery with them for about 300 yards where they rallied, though somewhat scattered and out of order; and the action was renewed—the whigs more scattered, some intoxicated, others plundering in the British camp; however a respectable number still facing the enemy and pressing them closely, they were compelled gradually to give ground 200 yards further; at last formed a square, &c.—I refer you to Lee's statement for the rest. When the firing became slack, and the enemy maintained his position, Gen. Sumpter had his men withdrawn a small distance and formed, and as many stragglers collected as he could, intending to renew the action.

He rode along the line personally inquiring of each man his stock of ammunition; it was found they had not on an average three rounds per man, which was the true cause of his retreating.—The great blunder committed in this action was in suffering Davie's cavalry to charge the tories in their retreat at so early a period, which neither Davie or Sumpter could prevent; it was not doubted after it was over that if they had been kept in a compact body until the main body of the British were forced

from their camp by the gallantry of the infantry, and had turned their backs for 300 yards, a charge of 70 cavalry would have made them surrender, but at that period, but few of the cavalry had returned from pursuit of the tories and they were yet unformed. The whole number lost on each side was never ascertained. Of the militia from Mecklenburg, Capt. David Reid, a man equally distinguished for his patriotism and piety, and eight others were killed, and Lieut. D. Flenigen, Ensign McClure and ensign Flenigen, and 12 privates wounded. In no action were there more acts of individual heroism displayed, or more hair's breadth escapes. Col. Robt. Irwin who commanded the North Carolina militia, had his clothes perforated with four separate balls, and escaped unhurt. Lieut. Geo. Graham, who commanded Capt. Reid's company after he was killed, (early in the action) and many of the soldiers, had their clothes cut in like manner. On the British retreat from their position after being forced from their camp, on the right of their line, they kept firing a three pounder. Capt. James Knox of Mecklenburg gave order to his men to load their guns, and when that piece fired the next time, they would take it—on the discharge of the gun they started in full run, and before the artillery could load, got within forty steps and began to fire, the British retreated, and Knox and party took the gun and turned her on their adversaries, but unfortunately none of them knew how to manage or load her, though in their possession several minutes. The enemy rallied and came on with fixed bayonets and retook the gun. From this time

until after Gates's and Sumpter's defeat on the 16th and 18th of August, I refer you to the details of Marshal Ramsay and Lee as being more accurate than I can give.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your most obed't serv't,

J. GRAHAM.

A. D. MURPHY, Esq., Atto. &c.

—  
VESUVIUS FURNACE, }  
July 14, 1821 }

DEAR SIR:—About the time of the last Superior Court in Salisbury, I wrote to you, and at the same time forwarded several sheets in a separate package containing the narrative of transactions in the Revolutionary war, from the time of the battle of Ramsour's, (20th of June, 1780 until Gates' defeat, 16th of Aug., which I am in hopes you have received. I have continued my narrative from the battle of Hanging Rock, 6th of August, 1780, to the battle of Guilford, 15th March, 1781—it contains 20 sheets, (omitting the battles well described by others,) chiefly relative to the militia in this section of the State; perhaps it goes too much into detail, though on reading it to some who were then in service, they thought otherwise, and suggested several things omitted, they wished to be noticed.

If I had time to make another draft I would improve it, but my avocations will not admit; the facts stated, may be relied on.

Shortly after the battle of Guilford, North Carolina ceased to be the seat of war, except in the south-west, towards Fayetteville and Wilmington, where Major Craig commanded the British;

and the tories ruled as high as Drowning creek.

After Governor Burke was captured, about the middle of September, 1781, an expedition was fitted out from the west, under Gen. Rutherford. A sheet or two will contain all I have to communicate from March until September. From that period until the British evacuated Wilmington, I can give the whole details, as it was the last campaign I served, in that war. My object is to state nothing but what I have a personal knowledge of.

Before I was old enough to enter service there were three campaigns by the militia in the west, viz:

1. Against the Cherokee Indians under command of Gen. Rutherford in the fall of the year 1776.

2. Against the tories or Schovillites, usually called the snow campaign on account of a heavy snow which fell while they were out. This expedition was made in the month of December, 1775. Col. Martin had two companies of regulars, one from the first regiment under Capt. George Davidson, and the other under John Armstrong of the 2d regiment. Exclusive of these, there was about 200 men from Rowan county, under Col. Rutherford, 300 from Mecklenburg under Col. Polk, and 100 from Tryon under Col. Thos. Neel. This body joined Gen. Richardson of South Carolina, and Col. Thomson of the 3rd South Carolina regiment, at Saluda river, about the 16th or 17th December, when the tories broke up the siege of "Ninety-six," and returned to Saluda river on the 22nd, they were surprised and 400 taken prisoners. They

were commanded by Paris, Cunningham, and Fletcher.

3. A large body of militia marched to Fayetteville about the time or just after the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, with Gen. Caswell, in 1776. Colonel Polk served in the 2d, and was wounded. Gen. Geo. Graham, in the 1st and 3rd.

I am, sir, very respectfully,  
your most obedient,

J. GRAHAM.

A. D. Murphey, Esq.,  
Attorney, &c.

HAW RIVER, }  
July 20th, 1821. }

DEAR GENERAL:—On yesterday I received your letter of the 14th inst. I must beg your pardon for not before acknowledging the receipt of the packet directed to me at Salisbury. A continued series of affliction in my family, added to a great pressure of business, had withdrawn my mind until lately from the subject of your communications. They now engage my attention almost exclusively, and will continue to do so, for eight or ten days. I entreat you to continue your narrative, and give to it all the detail your memory will enable you to give; and notwithstanding you have filled 20 sheets, fill 20 more. I am in correspondence with several gentlemen on these subjects, as well as other parts of the history of North Carolina; but from none have I received communications so circumstantial, connected, and interesting as from you. I wish you to progress through the Revolutionary war, and I will submit to you *heads* for a further narrative, embracing the prominent points of our history since 1783.

Your letter to Col. Connor, first suggested to me the plan of a work, which I will execute if I live. It is a work on the history, soil, climate, legislation, civil institutions, literature, &c., of this State. Soon after reading your letter, I turned my attention to the subject, in the few hours which I could snatch from business, and I was surprised to find what abundant materials, could, with care and diligence, be collected; materials which, if well disposed, would furnish matter for one of the most interesting works that has been published in this country. We want such a work. We neither know ourselves, nor are we known to others. Such a work well executed, would add very much to our standing in the union, and make our State respectable in our own eyes. Amidst the cares and anxieties which surround me, I cannot cherish a hope, that I could do more than merely guide the labours of some man who would take up the work after me, and prosecute it to perfection. I love North Carolina, and love her the more, because so much injustice has been done to her. We want pride. We want independence. We want magnanimity. Knowing nothing of ourselves, we have nothing in our history to which we can turn with feelings of conscious pride. We know nothing of our State, and care nothing about it.

It adds to one's mortification on this subject, that the printers of this State are so little minded, that one will not copy from another any article of public interest, which is *communicated*. If papers were sent for publication to New York, they would be published from the New York papers in all the papers

of this State; yet, if sent to Raleigh, Hillsboro', Salisbury, &c., they will be found in only that paper to which they are sent. The editors at Fayetteville form an honorable exception. They search out and give place to *everything* they can find respecting North Carolina—a man can't write for every paper, and no one paper has a general circulation—much more would be written, if all the papers would give it publicity, because more information would be thereby distributed through the community. We want some *great stimulus* to put us *all* in motion, and induce us to waive little jealousies and combine in one general march to our great purpose.

The events of the years 1780 and 1781, will fill a large octavo volume, and I will exert myself to complete it during the ensuing winter. You have entered upon the subject with more zeal than any other man, and I beg a continuance of your labors. Extracts from the work, as first written, without corrections, will be published in the *Recorder*. I directed this paper to be sent to you, and I am sorry the account of the battle at Ramsours' has not reached you. I will get a paper and send it to you. Have you received the papers containing the remarks "on the history of North Carolina?" This was the first published, in January last. Have you received the account "of the first Revolutionary movements?" The printer made a mistake and said, "*in the United States*," instead of "in this State." This was in March.

I will publish another paper shortly.

\* \* \* \* It would give him great pleasure to see you, and I hope you will come to Salisbury. In the meantime

prevail on your brother to lend his aid to the work, and draw up an account of the expeditions, in which he took a part, and from which you were absent. I hope providence will spare your life "till something can be done for the honor and glory of North Carolina."

Yours truly,

A. D. MURPHEY.

Gen. Jos. Graham.

Request your brother to give a minute detail of Rutherford's campaign against the Cherokees, in 1776. The number of troops? The place of rendezvous; the causes of the war with the Cherokees; the march of Rutherford; the preparations of the Cherokees; their chief's names, and characters; their place of abode; operations of the army; force of the Cherokees; route of the army over the mountains; Cherokee towns taken and burnt; anecdotes of the campaign; the treaty; the commissioners, both on the part of the Indians and the whites for making the treaty; miscellaneous particulars; return of the troops; their being disbanded; where and when; how paid, and how much, &c.; also, similar account of the campaign under Caswell in 1776-'77; request him to go into every detail.

A. D. M.

HILLSBORO', Nov. 27, 1822.

DEAR SIR: I received on yesterday your kind letter of the 10th Oct. last. It had lain in the Post Office here for some time. I returned from Tennessee on Friday last, and on Monday came to this place to attend our Courts.

\* \* \* \* \*

I shall in a few weeks resume the work which I have at heart, *Compiling the History of North Carolina*. I have

collected a considerable mass of materials for several periods of this history, and in doing this have been kindly aided by a few of the officers and soldiers of the North Carolina line, but by none so liberally as yourself. I am glad, you are disposed to aid me still more, and beg you to commence your work as soon as your convenience will admit.— Col. Polk of Raleigh, is engaged in such a work, and to refresh his memory, I submitted to him before I went to Tennessee, and left with him until my return, your manuscripts. Maj. Donoho, of Caswell, wishes to read them, and I have promised him to go to his house and spend a week or ten days with him, and get all the information his memory can supply.

The work which I wish to publish, it

is my ambition to prepare in a style worthy of its subject; it will embrace views of the climate, soil, geology, mineralogy, moral and political character, state of society, of literature, &c. of North Carolina. Time will be required to prepare such a work; but if a few others felt the same zeal that you feel, and were as much disposed to lend their aid, the work would progress fast.

It will give me great pleasure to hear from you frequently. Direct your letters to *Haw River Post Office, Orange County.*

With great regard,

I am, dear sir,

Your obed't serv't,

A. D. MURPHEY.

Gen. JOS. GRAHAM.

## STATE OF THE MIND IN SLEEP.

The condition of the mind in sleep is a subject about which men of science have long differed, and a question which, on account of the impossibility of making the necessary observations, they are not likely to solve. It is a matter of pure speculation, upon which persons who are fond of such employments, may theorize without restraint, without fear of doing harm, or hope of demonstrating their views.

We may however make some nearer

approximations towards a rational conclusion than has ever yet been done.— The curve approaches the asymptote which it is never to touch. There are some who suppose that in admitting the possibility of a passive state of the soul they lose one of the strongest supports of their faith in the immortality of our nature, and they therefore maintain, with great tenacity, the essential activity of the soul, without perhaps sufficiently considering the tendency of

their opinion; for that appears to us much less friendly to the doctrine of a future state, than the opposite view. It is very plain that *essential activity* expresses a function, rather than anything substantive, and suggests the inquiry, what is it a function of? It is very promptly replied by the materialist that it is a function of the brain, which is ever kept in motion by the pulsations of the heart. Living matter is essentially active, and we can here see that to insist that the soul is essentially active, is to reduce it to conditions which belong only to organized matter. Our immortality rests upon higher and less assailable ground.

Whatever manifestations of a thinking, feeling nature, we may observe in ourselves, are evidently produced either by some bodily organ, or by a distinct and independent substance, which we denominate the soul. Were the former true, I should be inclined to think that there is always activity of the thinking organ, as well during sleep as at other times, inferring it from physiological phenomena, and familiar observations; for it is well known to all that the circulation of the blood, upon which depends the performance of every involuntary bodily function, does not cease during sleep, but continues uninterruptedly, with but few morbid exceptions, as in apoplexy and syncope. But as it is proposed to bring forward some reasons to show that there is no active thought in a sound healthy sleep, we think that the argument, if plausible, will powerfully react; since it is to be presumed that, if sleep is a state in which we do not think, thought is not a function of the brain which is constantly in motion.

The first remark to be made is that the moral faculty, which is beyond doubt our noblest endowment, cannot be ordinarily active during sleep; for however wicked thoughts may visit us in our *dreams*, there is still wanting to them that consent of the will which constitutes the ground of moral responsibility. There may be cases indeed when the individual is nearer the waking than the sleeping state, in which guilt may properly be charged against him; but we may confidently appeal to the general sense of mankind, whether a sleeping man may be truly considered a moral man, so far as his actions are concerned—for we do not refer, of course, to that inborn depravity which belongs to all states, to infancy and imbecility, as well as to sleep. There may arise a degree of responsibility from the indulgence of improper passions during the waking state, which thus conduces to the occurrence of the supposed dreams; but this cannot affect the question, and there is yet to be found a man of hardihood sufficient to contend that sleep is a state of moral responsibility.

If, therefore, that faculty which elevates us heavenward in the scale of creation be dormant during the sleep of the body, it would be almost superfluous to attempt to show that such is in all probability the case of the several other faculties, which belong to our intelligent nature. But though it be admitted that the will, which is the sovereign among them, is capable of repose, it is still contended that various other powers that minister around it, continue on guard, and act without cessation.—Now, supposing such to be the case,

let us accordingly inquire what faculties would be most apt to discharge this onerous duty of perpetual vigilance.— We may justly infer from this doctrine, that sleep exerts a useful influence upon the waking man, having for its end, so far as the mind is concerned, not repose, but certain changes in the intellectual state, which must contribute in some way to the good of the individual. For it will not do to separate the waking from the sleeping man altogether, which would be nothing less than to make two distinct beings of the same. It is fair to suppose that those powers whose exercise is exerted upon the materials already furnished, would be, in the case supposed, employed in modifying the ideas previously obtained. And yet, these are among the most elevated functions of mind. Whilst the wayward will and treacherous senses are wrapt in repose, our reason is engaged in the higher spheres of intellectual effort, combining, analysing, and comparing the elements of knowledge derived from the humbler employments of the waking state! Indeed, so far as the intellect is concerned, this theory must maintain that sleep is the most favorable time for its exercise; which ought to be true, if it act at all, since nothing so much contributes to its successful operation as the repose of the senses, and the passions. The doctrine destroys itself, making sleep our highest intellectual state, and reducing the waking man to a mere purveyor in subservience to it.

Now it may be said to be beyond all question, that our sleep is subordinate to our waking state. It is true, in regard to the body, and much more should

it be considered so in regard to the soul. We would not say that, because the body needs repose, the soul also requires the same thing; but if the repose of the body is for the advantage of the individual awake, the state of the mind during sleep must be such as to contribute to the same end. The good of the man, asleep and awake, must be the object for which this condition was constituted. If so, we may reasonably inquire what that good consists in which sleep is supposed to contribute to the welfare of the individual, and what proportion of it is due to the state of the mind. We know that rest is necessary to various organs of the body, which are denominated, by way of distinction, organs of relation, embracing, in general, those concerned in sensation and voluntary motion. Sleep was evidently designed, in part at least, to revive the organs depressed by a continuous action, and to repair certain little molecular injuries which the organised masses sustain from their activity.— Here then we see at once that it is in fact a condition of the mind itself. Indeed it is a matter of surprise that sleep should ever be considered a condition of the body. All of its phenomena, except the absence of motion, belong to the soul rather than to the body. The will sleeps that the muscles may enjoy repose. The perceptive power sleeps that the delicate organs of sensation may revive from their fatigue and repair the wastes of life.— The mind in fact sleeps, that the body may rest; which is very different from asserting, directly or indirectly, that the body sleeps to afford a season of undisturbed reflection to the mind.

It is plain then, that sleep belongs to the soul, and that it was designed in part, for the resuscitation of the depressed organs of the body. But there are no doubt some, who, whilst they are ready to admit what has been said, still insist that *some* of the faculties must continue active during sleep, without being able to produce sound argument in support of their views. It has been already shown that it leads to an absurdity. But in these remarks we refer to the *ordinary degree* of activity, whereas, it is maintained by others that, although the soul enjoys in sleep a considerable repose, yet it does not amount to a total cessation from active exercise, a thing from which they instinctively revolt. It is with them a very delicate point; but that delicacy should be entirely removed by the reflection that the doctrine of the soul's substantive existence, independent of action, is much more consistent with a belief in its immortality, than that theory which makes its existence inseparable from action. That the soul loses much of its activity during sleep, and for the purpose of giving rest to bodily organs, is freely admitted by many who shrink from a belief of its perfect quiescence. But they are plainly liable to the charge of inconsistency, if the preceding remarks are correct; for when it is once admitted that some degree of inactivity on the part of ALL the powers of the soul, is necessary in order that the body may be refreshed, much stronger reasons lead us to conclude that there is in good health, a perfect cessation from mental operations. If, as it is here supposed, every act of the soul puts in exercise some part of the body, a per-

fect rest of the soul, must be essential to a perfect rest of the body. The brain is, perhaps, justly considered the organ of all mental movements, and if it needs repose, that repose should be as complete as possible. We do not refer to the organic changes connected with growth and decay, but to the movements upon which depend the various manifestations of animal life.

The phenomena of dreams, if viewed in their proper light, very much strengthen this position. Those are the most vivid impressions which are most distinctly remembered; and as our remembrance of the most brilliant dreams cannot compare in distinctness with that of events which occurred in the waking state, it is fair to infer that the mind is less active in dreams than in our ordinary waking condition; and it follows that it must be still less so in that state, the observations of which, if it have any, we do not remember at all. Indeed, so far as facts are of weight, we have no reason to believe that the soul is active in a dreamless sleep; but rather the reverse—for the want of evidence of action is in such a case the highest evidence of the absence of it. Although when at evening we look back upon the events of the day, we may not remember many of them distinctly, we have still a clear consciousness that we have been actively observing the things that surround us, or that occurred within us. Is not the want of such a consciousness, after a season of sleep, very satisfactory proof that we have not been actively employed?

There are facts in the history of some minds, which, were they more generally

experienced, would tend very much to confirm these opinions. Sleep is in some cases habitually profound and undisturbed by dreams. The writer, at least, has observed in himself that when some particular subject has been before his mind, and remembered as the last impression of the waking state, the identical view of it under which he went to sleep, recurred immediately after waking, without having undergone the slightest possible modification from subsequent thought. It has presented itself in the same aspect, and in the same relations, and associated in his memory with the hour of retirement. All this seems inexplicable on any other supposition but that of perfect quiescence of mind during sleep. The occurrence of these observations have been too frequent to allow of their being considered merely fortuitous, and the coincidences are so striking as to claim consideration, if not to produce conviction.

If any one should say that it is impossible to conceive of a soul in a state of inactivity, such an avowal, in our opinion, would amount to a denial, if not of the immortality, at least of the immateriality of the soul. What! can not the soul exist without the exercise of its functions? Is every diminution of mental motion, a diminution *passu* of the mind itself? Then when memory fails, as it frequently does, a part of the soul is lost! When conscience ceases to reprove, free agency and moral responsibility also cease to belong to our nature, and nothing but a new creation can restore the mutilated mind to its original integrity! When idiocy overwhelms the intelligence, and paralyzes all the powers of thought and

feeling, we must conclude that the immortal part has been reduced to almost total extinction! These are startling but legitimate inferences from the doctrine referred to, which strike at the root of one of the dearest articles of faith, or rather conflict with the highest evidence of consciousness.

Let us now review the evidences on both sides of this question, and see in which direction we are pointed to the truth. On the one hand, it is argued, or rather asserted, that our very notion of the soul is of something active, that it is impossible to conceive of a passive soul, and that if it may sleep now it may sleep for eternity, which amounts to a denial of its immortality. But on the other hand, it may be replied that, admitting that our idea of the soul is of something active, that idea refers entirely to the soul awake. The soul is not to be detected by the senses tangibly, and all our notions of it must be derived from its operations, which implies a state of action. Our conceptions therefore should not limit the capabilities of the soul. On the contrary, although we observe it in exercise, it is a necessary inference that there is something, which not only can *act*, but can also be at rest. Of course we cannot *conceive* of a passive soul—that is, we do not know enough of its essential properties to form a group and impress upon the mind an image composed of them; but still there is no absurdity in supposing it—it is merely incomprehensible. And is not the same true of an active soul? It is a familiar mystery, the bottom of which imagination cannot fathom. But though it may sleep, it does not follow that it may sleep forever. It cannot

cease to be without the will of its master, and sleep does not imply non-existence. If endowed hereafter with a spiritual body, not subject to fatigue or disease, the end of sleep will be removed, and the physical law which now governs it will be revoked. It might sleep eternally, if such were the will of the Creator, but we can see no reason for apprehending it, when separated from those material organs for the reparation of which sleep was designed. The difficulty consists in confounding sleep with annihilation, since after all, sleep is a state of the soul rather than of the body, and it will not do to deny that the soul does sleep, which would amount to denying that there is any

such thing as sleep. The only question that can be raised is how far the inactivity of the mind extends—whether it is perfect or imperfect. We contend that it is perfect when we have no recollection of its operations, or even of its having been in an active state, and that this opinion is most consistent with the end for which sleep was constituted; for which reasons have already been given. But this perfect rest is temporary in its nature and design, resulting from the connection between the soul and the body, and must cease to be exacted when that connection is dissolved, and another mode of existence is adopted in a future world.

## LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK'S SPRING.

BY "TOUCHSTONE, JR."

### CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile, a scene of an interesting nature was transpiring in the midst of the little party of hunters. When they observed the dangerousness of the situation of their recently elected leader, his evident embarrassment, and the sudden and unexpected movement made by the savages, in surrounding him, fear and apprehension for his safety, took the place of that passivity and *nonchalance*, with which they looked upon the party.

But hazardous as was the experiment, they determined upon the adoption of the resolution, of immediately rescuing their captain, at any risk; vowing death and destruction to as many of the assailants as should be unfortunate enough to fall into their avenging hands. Accordingly they re-shouldered their rifles, adjusted their huge, unmanageable horse-pistols at the saddle-bow, drew their bowie knives, and hastily remounting their horses, dashed up to the scene

of contest, leaving Henderson to guard Alice and her aged father. Both were overcome with fear, and trembling and agitated, they sat side by side, occasionally exchanging rapid glances, in which terror mingled with affection. At one time Henderson became so much excited at the danger which surrounded his former companion, that he involuntarily drove the spur into the side of his high mettled and impatient Bucephalus, causing him to suddenly make several bounds forward.

This occurrence occasioned the timid girl great alarm and uneasiness. Thus actuated, she brought her horse alongside that of Henderson and exclaimed in an imploring tone, "Oh! *Mr. Henderson*, if you are, as I take you to be, a *gentleman* of refined feelings and exalted ideas, who, lion like would scorn to withhold protection and succour from those who are weaker than yourself, I beg of you, by all you hold most dear and sacred this side the grave, and the gloomy, mysterious portals of eternity, not to leave us to the mercy of the Indians, to be scalped and murdered. Good Heavens! how horrible the thought!"

As the pleading girl said this, her clear, serene blue eyes, lifted to those of Henderson, beamed with a ray so soft, a look so winning and bewitching, and a manner so artless, unaffected and natural, that it would have touched with pity and sympathy, the most stony heart, of most hardened and cruel tyrant that ever swayed the blood-red sceptre of slaughter and oppression, over the fallen destinies of his fellow men. On hearing this, Henderson turned half round in his deep Spanish saddle, to contemplate the lovely countenance of his fair supplicant; the fiery look of

defiance and scorn with which he had been contemplating the combatants in the distance, changing into one of tenderness and compassion, as his black piercing eyes fell upon those lovely orbs, in whose mellow light, he quickly read inscribed in golden characters, the short history that growing passion, whose germs had already begun to exist in the heart of the pretty fair one.

"No, no, Alice," said he, "do not trouble yourself on that score; fear not; I will not leave you. Know, fair girl, that he who now addresses you, would willingly lay down his life, as a sacrifice to your happiness. He would without a moment's hesitation, do every thing in his power, that would conduce to your pleasure, or promote your general interests. No, no, my fair, bright, sunny, beautiful nymph of the mountain streams, do not be afraid. I will attend you, as long as my poor right arm can afford protection, to one whom he esteems above all others of her sex."

"Great God!" suddenly screamed the terrified girl, heedless of her companion's last remark, "look yonder; Lorenzo is felled to the earth by the chief; but see he rises; he unsheaths his bowie-knife; it gleams wildly in the air; he buries it to the hilt in the heart of the Indian; another falls; and still another. Now, Heaven be merciful to us! Look *Mr. Henderson*, they all fight, hand to hand. "My God! listen to the groans of the dying, and the muttered curses and half stifled execrations of the wounded. But our little army is overpowered; they retreat; the battle is lost and won. Oh, *Mr. Henderson*, let us fly! or we are taken captive!"

The warning, however, came too

late; for just at this moment, half a dozen savages dashed up, and drawing their bows, made signs for the old man, Alice and Henderson to surrender.

The remainder of the savages, had scampered off, in pursuit of the fugitives, who with Lorenzo still at their head, had made for the river, with all possible haste, which they reached in a few minutes, and betaking themselves to the recesses of the mountains bounding it on either side, hoped to remain secure from the pursuit of savages, as well as to elude all their attempts at discovery.

Henderson was about to hold out resistance, but the old man raising his finger to his lip, bade him in a feeble voice to submit, as all attempts at escape or resistance, would be extremely vain and unreasonable.

The whole band of savages having now returned from pursuing the vanquished, and numbering upwards of fifty, gathered around the affrighted trio; some peering over the shoulders of those who intervened, and gazing at them with evident surprise, as though they believed them to be the wandering and misguided inhabitants of another world, and as if they had been utterly unknown to them before; others exhibited their risibility and contempt for the prisoners, by warping their tattooed faces into a thousand horribly fiendish grimaces, accompanied by occasional cries of delight, which, as they grew more obstreperous, swelled into a deafening yell, which fluted gloomily over the mid night air, sad and melancholy as the sombre notes of the slowly tolling funeral bell, and gradually died away in the distance. It would be difficult to im-

agine the terror of Alice, and the embarrassment suffered by her modesty, at being so suddenly exposed to the insulting looks, and contemptuous, disgusting laughter of the captors, who probably in the absence of better enjoyments, used all possible means of annoying their captives, and making them feel as intensely as possible, their degraded situation and momentary inferiority. She shrunk timidly and blushing away from their eager gaze, and clung pale with fear, to the side of her father, clasping him around the neck at every fresh outbreak of barbarous yells and savage ferocity.

But amid the inhuman hootings, taunts and insults of his conquerors, Henderson alone remained cool, self-possessed and immovable, like some cliff towering above the surface of the sea, whose maddened billows, lashed by the infuriated winds of the raging tempest, in vain expend upon it all their treasured rage and fury. No shade of fear passed over his calm and collected features, no passion betrayed itself in his countenance, except the fiery flashings of his deep dark eye, as some indignity was offered to Alice or himself. Many an individual in that excited crowd, with an involuntary shudder, cowered before the intensity of his penetrating glance; many a rude nomad hung his head in shame, when on attempting to offer a tribute of scorn, he found himself overcome by the haughty gaze of the prisoner, whose eye seemed to look into the inmost depths of his soul and read his most secret thoughts. So great was the influence he exercised over their untutored minds, that they were restrained by, they knew

not what, from offering him any violence; so great is the universal dominion of MIND over matter.

Somewhat exhausted by their wild demonstrations of joy, the captors now proceeded to make sure of their prize, by using every means to guard against escape. Henderson without a murmur, allowed himself to be bound, so as only to be capable of holding the reins of his horse's bridle, which considering the circumstances was a very severe restriction. But as the Chief approached Alice and made signs for her to cross her hands, at the same time touching her with his brawny right hand, in which he held a strong leathern thong, she violently thrust him from her, bestowing upon him a look of scorn, disgust and affronted modesty, piercing and cold enough to have congealed the crimson blood within his veins, had he been endowed by nature with the capability of feeling. She then clasped her aged sire tighter than before, and allowing her terror which almost amounted to madness, to sway the sceptre of empire over her reason, she entirely forgot the peril of her situation; that coolness and presence of mind which the occasion demanded, and broke out into a series of wild and unconnected exclamations, which caused a tear or two to trickle sadly down the deeply furrowed and time-worn cheeks of the old man.

The conviction now forced itself upon the minds of both Raphael Henderson and old Simon Herrick, that matters had been injudiciously wrought up to that crisis, when, as is often the case, the scale of fortune is turned by a father's weight. They also judged from past experience, that the Indians would

not, unless their nature had very suddenly and materially changed, long suffer themselves to be delayed in their expedition, or prevented from the attainment of their object by such whimsical and almost childish exhibitions of passion in such incoherent exclamation, as now assailed their ears. They too, knew beyond a doubt, that if the mind of the terrified girl could not be rendered calm, submissive, and resigned to the present perilous circumstances, as well as whatever casually might befall her in future, that the savages, naturally disinclined as they were to mercy, becoming enraged, would soon be possessed of their scalps; Alice too, would fall the first victim to their cruelty, and be laid a fair and beautiful sacrifice upon the altar of their burning and unlimited rage. Old Simon therefore, who, though antiquated and enfeebled by age, yet possessed that energy of character and decision in acting so seldom to be met with in old men, taking advantage of the close proximity of his daughter, and the unintelligibility of his language to the Indians, seized the opportunity to whisper a few hasty words of advice into her ear.

"My dearest Alice," said he, "resign yourself and not take on so, or we'll all be murdered on the spot; don't despair; all things will work right yet; only have patience. Mr. Henderson and myself will attend you; so don't be afraid. Lorenzo and his companions will, I am sure, follow our trail and recapture us. Besides, you know we have many friends up among the mountains, who, when they are informed of our misfortune, will join him, and aid in our rescue. So my daughter, cheer up."

"Well, father," replied Alice, brushing the bright, crystal tear-drops from her beautiful eyes, "if it is your will, I suppose I must, and hope for better things."

Her fair, gentle hands were accordingly bound with a thong, and beauty was led captive in the polluted hands of the savage. The Indians now made signs to Alice and Henderson as if they wished them to mount their horses, which they did without delay, the former being assisted into the saddle by her father, who, to his astonishment, yet remained unfettered. It was clearly evident to him, from this fact that the enemy either meant to scalp him on the spot, or what was not very likely, suffer him to escape unharmed. A few moments sufficed to prove the latter hypothesis true; for the Indians having seen their prisoners safe in the saddle, and fortified against escape, lost no time in mounting themselves, when the entire company, old Simon excepted, moved off at a swift gallop across the plain, in a northeasterly direction.

What were the feelings and contending emotions of the aged, time-worn, and feeble Simon Herrick, as he beheld with tearful eyes, his daughter, that being, whom he loved most of all earthly things, borne swiftly away, perhaps, to an untimely death, or for aught he

knew, to lead a life of shame, degradation and misery!

At first, paternal affection inclined him to follow the Indians, and share the fate of his daughter, since, the anxiety and solicitude he must naturally feel on her account, would, in his opinion equal the most terrible reality. But on reflection he concluded to seek his lost companions, acquaint them with the capture of his daughter, and urge them to pursuit and if possible rescue, since no good could result from his following alone, the savages.

The resplendant Empress of Night, clothed in a halo of celestial beams, and attended by a train of a thousand brilliant stars, had just passed the illuminated zenith of the midnight sky, and traversing in her course illimitable fields of ethereal space, had just begun to descend in the unknown vaults of the mighty West. The Northern sky was illumed by the red light of the Aurora borealis, while in the South blazed a fiery comet. Far away to the North-east could be seen the dim outline of the receding troop. In nearly an opposite direction, speeding towards the rocky shores of the Rio Pecos, could be distinguished by the pale moonlight, the stooping form of Simon Herrick, urging his steed to his utmost swiftness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A BEAUTY IN AGE.

To the vulgar, there is no beauty, but that which is manifest in the outward appearance. A fairness and delicateness of complexion, waving ringlets and glossy "beau-catchers" (or spit-curls) a delicate foot and a graceful walk, constitute the chief points of beauty to their minds, as respects the female sex; and in general, to them, beauty lies wholly in the first impression. The eye is attracted by a brilliancy of colors or the symmetry of figure. Hence it is so common to say, "such pleases the eye;" when, in reality, it is the mind that evinces pleasure. If, then, it is the mind, that perceives the beauty of objects at first sight, it is also capable of discerning beauty beneath the surface. But, though the vulgar cannot go beyond the first impression, the cultivated mind can, and sees beauty where, to others there is naught but ugliness or hideousness. If beauty arises, by the exciting of pleasurable emotions, then there is beauty in whatever tends, either in its own condition or in the relations and associations connected with it, to create these emotions.

It is no new idea, that we may, by continued and repeated contemplation, discover beauty and loveliness in what we once looked upon with abhorrence. Still, many will think, to speak of beauty in the relics of time, is an ill adaptation of the term. How many pass by,

without noticing, or give but a glance, and declaim against the deformity of such an object, as an old tree! The wood-man regards not its antiquity; and without feeling or compunction lays the axe to its sacred root. But, think, is there no beauty in the old gnarled oak, whose shattered and decayed branches speak of the wreck of time, and are typical of passing generations? May not the immense trunk, well represent the greatness and strength of some mighty empire long gone, or now fast sinking into ruin; its rough and shaggy bark, and knotted and crooked limbs, may indicate its defects, or prefigure the evils and bad effects, it will leave behind; while, the yet leafy boughs, and the evergreen mistletoe, may beautifully point to the nation's not yet departed glory, or foretell the rise of a smaller, but more perfect and more lasting kingdom. To think, too, of the scenes of childhood, that may have been transacted under its refreshing shade—or of the wooings of manhood, that were perhaps breathed forth, while the moonbeams gave a silver hue to its newborn leaflets, and the swaying boughs and gentle rustling alone, heard the heart-burdened offering, and the grateful response; and the aged tree flapped its boughs in joy, and smiled innocently at the happy scene—all these, with many such associations,

fix a charm about the stately ancestors of the leafy tribe, and the aged parent of the grove.

Many are the historical reminiscences, connected with the decaying and almost leafless oak, of many centuries growth; so that, indeed, it would be no uninteresting book, which would give a history of trees. The Royal Oak of England, in which Charles II concealed himself, for several nights, and thus eluded the search of his pursuers, has become incorporated in a nation's history. The Charter Oak of our country, has in a similar way obtained immortality, by preserving in its hollow trunk the Charter of the colony of Connecticut, when demanded by the King's emissary. Indeed, not only has it become enrolled in American history, but when it could no longer sustain the winds and storms of nature, it was manufactured into bowls and spoons and other such things, to adorn the mantel-helf of father and son, to all succeeding generations.

Here and there, both in this country and elsewhere, some noble tree stands up proudly and boldly, marking the spot, where the battles of liberty were fought; where civil commotion first found an outburst; or where the martyrs of religion breathed their last, in full view of heaven. The savage tomahawk has indented itself in many a tree of the forest, as it severed the head of the defenceless pioneer of the West. It stands too, sadly commemorative of the dangers of sport: it received the fatal arrow, which gave the death-wound to England's King, and marks the spot where fell England's second William.—The huntsman points you, while his

soul swells with emotion, to the well-known tree, which afforded him shelter amidst the whizzing bullets of his excited and careless companion.

Some, though silvery with age and wasting under the hand of time, still bring to mind, some favorite classic allusion, or perpetuate a famous myth. The beechtree recalls the famous Tytyre, in recubans sub tegmine fagi—; the bay reminds us of insatiable love, the transformation of Daphne, when almost overtaken by Phœbus. The graceful Lombardy Poplar will always call to mind the deep affection of sisters, for a brother, whether the myth be real or not, which fixes the origin of this beautiful tree, in the event of the death of rash Phaëthon, and the mourning of the Heliades, who were thereupon changed into it.

Our own classic grove, affords, at least, one notable instance to the point. The otherwise unattractive old poplar, which stands near the middle of our campus, assumes a new phase, and really looks beautiful, or will to other generations at any rate, when thought of as affording shade to that committee, which selected this spot for a college, and under which they took a social lunch, after thus well discharging their duty.

Here allow me to surmise, the many pleasing associations, that may attach themselves to the various old oaks, which surround us and overshadow us. Our predecessors, on returning to these groves, see beauty in some particular ones, which to us always seemed horrid. It was beneath this staid old oak, says one, that, with book in hand, I wrestled with abstruse mathematics, or willingly

assented to the improved truths of mental philosophy." To another, that moss-spotted hickory, marks the spot, and fixes the date of some happy resolution of charge of conduct; and to no few, there may have been a vow of love, firm unalterable love, uttered and sworn, as he sat on the stone beneath the red oak's shade, when "the bright silver moon" was above him.

It is true, such may not be our associations yet, but after years of absence, they will revive with all their delight. Already, has the lovesick swain breathed forth his own originality, with deep devotion, in unknown measure,

"O Luna, thou art the mooner."

With so much of history, of religion, of affection, of emblematic integrity, and commemorative resistance to tyranny, interwoven in the growth of the aged tree, say you not there is a beauty in its time-honored form?

The vulgar sees no beauty in the ruins of a city, in the massive walls yet standing, or in the carved statuary of a thousand years: it is all alike to him, a mass of rubbish. But, go, thou man of science, view this wreck of time; thou canst feel, thou canst see beauty in the heaps of ages!

These vast portals, declare it to have been no small village: as far as the eye can reach, are scattered great stones, slabs, pillars of different architecture, the Doric, the Ionic, and Corinthian, and all tell of greatness. It was here on this slab, once so handsomely carved the judges sat; this deep basin, was undoubtedly, the great pool or reservoir; and near it are columns still erect which may have supported a covering,

under which the king or governor sat, enjoying the refreshing coolness of an artificial shower. These huge walls, extending over several acres, were of the King's palace. Yes, the entrance declares it; for though time has sadly worn the exquisite carvings, enough is seen, to tell its beauty and grandeur.— Here was the great hall, surrounded by column after column; and just in front where there is so plainly a jutting out of the wall, with finely wrought columns on each side, and slabs of Parian marble scattered around, was the throne.— In another place, stands a lone wall, with other indications, which declare it to have been the great temple. To the man of science, those strange characters, give a new delight; and revives discoveries long lost to the world: hieroglyphics are but unmeaning scratches to any but the man of learning and acute observation.

What of interest would there be to a traveller, in so desolate a region as Palestine, but for her many spots, covered with ruins, which have associated with them, scenes important, in their bearings to the world, in all time. Any place however ancient, presents beauties to the man of letters; but when it is connected with the events and great principles of christianity, it becomes doubly interesting and pleasing.

Does Logard see no beauty in his, as it were, own created Nineveh? The barbarian, long ere it was covered to its present depth, and while the ruins were yet above ground, may have sped his way carelessly across this deserted plain; neither regarding what it might have been nor caring for its future.

The antiquarian, however, finds in

this, and all such places, much to instruct, and no little to delight; while the philosopher finds data for more general deductions, and the geologist substantiates his old theories or adduces new ones.

There are said to be ruins, on our western borders; these are yet to be fully examined, and thus to yield years of pleasure, to the searcher of knowledge, and unfold wonders to the world. There are, also, monuments of time, here and there over our land, in the shape of huge mounds: there is a beauty in these yet unknown. They tell of the savage in his native purity; when America was his own; when the war-whoop instead of the cannon reverberated in the wilderness; when the tramp of sweeping tribes, in nature's garb, shook the aged oak on the plain from toproot to waving leaflet: a striking contrast to the rustling of the bushes, as each one went skulking and sneaking along, in after-times, to avoid the sight of the pale-face.

It is thus with time: It makes the splendid city, the magnificent palace, the sacred temple, the lofty monument—all a mass of ruins. It destroys nations civilized or uncivilized; it casts down the proud, and sinks into oblivion the names of tyrants, who would vainly attempt to immortalize themselves, in their peoples' degradation: as did the vile king of Egypt, who burdened and murdered his subjects to construct the Pyramids, as a tomb for his lifeless corpse. But which rather serve to perpetuate his infamy, and caused his secret and ignominious death and unknown burial: and now stand, though touched with age, the grand monuments of human folly.

But, though time crumbles stock and stone, or buries in the depths of the earth living cities, it leaves a beauty in those very remains. A grandeur, and sublimity is there displayed, such as earth may never witness again. In any such scene, there is a lesson taught more forcibly, than by the words of the moralist. There is beauty in the thought, that it is the work of Him, who is mighty in majesty and power.

There is another class of objects, to which our thoughts naturally turn when we speak of age: to speak of beauty in these, I fear, too many will hoot at the idea. What! a beauty in the old man! a beauty in gray hairs! What! assign beauty to that state, to which we ascribe all that is ill-shapen and deformed, and personally disliked, would indeed seem a contradiction of terms.

But, though others do not agree with me in respect to the term beauty, I must say and feel, there is in old age, something that affects us peculiarly; arouses our tender sympathies, and draws delight from its very infirmities. Notwithstanding, the tottering frame, the palsied hand, the wrinkled cheek, the quivering lip, and dimmed eye, we feel its force, its loveliness: in fact these very parts unsightly in other objects, allied to gray hairs, tend to heighten this undefinable feeling. At the sight of true old age, there is a blending of all those feelings, of which the human soul is capable; and among these, awe and reverence are predominant. Who ever met the man of years, without having his heart throb, or his whole body thrill! If one could, coldly and despitefully, pass the peaceful old man, he would assuredly forfeit his position in

the scale of humanity, and to assign him a place with the superior order of the brutes, would be above his desert.

To this peculiar feeling, awakened in the human breast at the sight of calm old age, I am at a loss to give a name. To call it pity, seems harsh, and does not really define it. It may be pity in some instances, that give it this bent. In truth, if there is pity in the case, it should be for us. We, who in the bloom of youth, or in the prime of life hide beneath a placid countenance, a fretted mind, an aching heart, or a troubled soul. But the good old man has none of these things. He has passed the troubled sea. Life has no more storms for him. Though weak in body, in spirit he is strong. He has had his evils in this life: and now, calm and tranquil as the bosom of ocean after the storm has long passed, he awaits but his Master's summons to an eternal rest.

I speak not, of that churlish and peevish old man or woman: much less do I mean to include, that worse than brute, a drunken, profane, and lewd old man. Old age thus degraded is truly pitiable, nay, is contemptible. It is to the pure and upright, especially, to the christian man of years, we would direct our thoughts.

We speak sometimes of age as a second childhood. True: it has many of the characteristics of infancy, or, at least, such peculiarities, as more nearly resemble the simplicity and innocence of childhood, than aught else we know of. Infancy has its charms, but to say that old age agrees in all points, or at all mentally with the infant, is disparaging to a well-spent life, and more also a

sleer on Heaven's providing care, and a detraction from the exalted destiny of man.

This life is, at most, but a pilgrimage, and a school preparatory to Eternity.— If, then, we end it as we begun, has our Creator's purpose been accomplished, and have we been benefited? If the truth were known, perhaps, this apparent state of dotage, is a superiority in soul and mind, which our near-sighted faculties cannot distinguish, or appreciate.

Who has experience and wisdom?— Is it the beardless boy of fifteen, or the conceited youth of full twenty-one?— They may claim it, with undaunted arrogance, mingled with ridicule for the aged sire, but, you will learn of them to your sorrow. The mouth of the aged speaks true wisdom, and hearing you may rejoice, that such is your privilege.

Youth glows in conceits, is full of mockery: aping is its very life, and instability its sustenance. In manhood, all the feelings and actions, of the former period, assume a reality, and stand forth in bold relief. Emulation seeks a stronger hold in ambition, which wars continually with self and all else. Honest pride falls back under the usurping influence of lotty vanity, and fair-handed rivalry gives way to the yellow hue of jealousy.

Such is life up to a green old age, when almost by necessity all this turmoil ceases, and a peaceful quiet ensues. The man of years no longer dreams; he has stood the brunt of the battle and well-earned a peaceful and happy repose. He now lives on the fruits of his former industry, or the requirings of

gratitude, for benefits once conferred on others.

To say that he looks with no delight on our joys, is no less false than it is detracting from a spotless character.—None view, with more interest, the pleasures of youth, than does the hoary head; his sainted smile speaks more than words; his cheerfulness increases the hilarity of many a boyish group; while his hearty laugh puts all at ease, and calls forth infantile energies, or invigorates the dull monotony of business life. Call to mind the happy days, spent under the shade of some old favorite tree, with aged sire or grandsire; how we enjoyed his merry joke or burned with patriotism, at the recital of some thrilling anecdote of Revolutionary times.

Is there, then, no beauty in age? It awakes, in its appearance, our tenderest feelings, blends our sympathies with its pains, vibrates the feeblest cord in humanity's bosom, and calls forth our highest admiration. It has wisdom to the farthest limit of human knowledge; experience to perfection; intelligence to a degree next below heaven's host's;

and magnanimity equal to that of the greatest hero or philanthropist. What is that image, shutting out physical decrepitude, perceived by the mind, but beautiful?

Who, then, dreads to be an old man? Alas, that there are any who look on old age with abhorrence; who shrink from its hallowed touch; who mock and deride its noble sentiment! Wo to such as bring misery on gray hairs! Let them repent it, or the vengeance of Heaven awaits them.

While I live, then, I will honor the face of the old man. I will joy in his joys, laugh in his delights, and at last close his eyes in peace, and wish that my last end may be like his.

There's beauty in the child just born,  
 There's beauty in the sunbright morn;  
 There's beauty in the boy's bright dream,  
 There's beauty in the moon's pale beam,  
 There's beauty in the manly form,  
 There's beauty in the howling storm;  
 There's beauty in the lettered page,  
 Ah! a beauty, too, in old age.

ESTO.

## THE KIND STRANGER.

In this utilitarian age when the soft pleadings of pity and mercy are so often unheeded, when the imperious demands of self stifle all the nobler attributes of our nature, it is indeed, consoling to know that there are *some*, at least, who can "feel for another's woe," and in whose bosoms the "milk of human kindness" is yet gushing warm and free. The following incident of disinterested charity actually occurred in New Orleans during the last dreadful plague.

## THE KIND STRANGER.

Day after day the plague raged—hundreds by hundreds they fell—till all the living had him, each some loved dead to mourn. Many, indeed, there were who stood "alone, all alone," with no one else to weep for, and not a tear to fall on them. The gloomy hearse alone broke the heavy stillness of the city, and like hail falling on the house-tops of the dead, their wheels rattled along the stony pavement. But no, there were others—there were some generous spirits—some angel men—who would not desert their brothers. From house to house these blessed ministers moved, benevolence in their hearts, and blessing following them, thick, as shadows along a lighted street.

Among these merciful ministers, one there was, who seemed to know not tiring—who night and day breathed at the stranger's bed-side words of comfort and with skilful hand did all that could be done to stay the fell disease. He, it seemed, bore a charmed life. No hovel was too low, no den too pestilential

for him, if the sigh of the sufferer fell on his ear. Throughout the whole reign of the terrible scourge he was an untiring laborer in the cause of charity. And many were the hearts that grew sad, as it was announced one morning, when the scourge had almost abated, that "*the kind stranger*" was dying—for so he was called by those who knew *him*, but not his *name*. Never did king or emperor buy for his gold a requiem half so sweet as that which accompanied his soul to Heaven. Who he was, or whence he came, no one ever knew—not even his name. These lines so sweet, so sad, so full of anguish are all that is known of this minister of kindness. They were found written on a leaf in his note-book :

I came but they had passed away,  
 The fair in form, the pure in mind ;  
 And like a stricken deer, I stray  
 Where all are strange and none are kind ;  
 Kind to a worn and wearied soul  
 That pants, that struggles for repose ;  
 Oh ! that my steps had reached the goal  
 Where earthly sighs and sorrows close !  
 Years have passed o'er me like a dream,  
 That leaves no place on memory's page ;  
 I look around me and seem  
 A relic of some former age ;  
 Alone, and in a stranger clime  
 Where stranger voices mock mine ear,  
 In all the lagging course of time,  
 Without a sigh—a hope—a fear.  
 Yet I *had* hopes, but they are fled,  
 And fears, and they were all too true ;  
 And wishes too, but they are dead,  
 And what have I with life to do ?

'Tis but to bear a weary load,  
 I may not, *dare* not, cast away,  
 To sigh for one small, still abode,  
 Where I may sleep as sweet as they.

As they the loveliest of their race,  
 Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,  
 Whose worth my soul delights to trace,  
 Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep;  
 To weep forgotten and unknown,  
 With none to smile, to hear, to see—  
 Earth can bestow no dearer boon  
 On one whom death disdains to free!

I leave a world that knows me not  
 To hold communion with the dead,  
 And Fancy consecrates the spot,  
 Where Fancy's earliest dreams were shed;  
 I see each shade all silvery white,  
 I hear each spirit's melting sigh;  
 I turn to clasp these forms of light  
 And pale morning chills mine eye!

But soon the last dim morn shall rise—  
 My lamp of life burns feebly now;  
 Where stranger hands shall close mine eyes  
 And smooth my cold and dewy brow.  
 Unknown I lived—so let me die;  
 No stone nor monumental cross  
 Tell where his mouldering ashes lie  
 Who sought for gold and found it dross!

The desire of this sad relic of a once perhaps numerous race, was honored by those to whom in life he had been an angel of kindness. Nought but a simple slab of marble bearing the inscription, "THE KIND STRANGER" tells where rests one of nature's noblemen.

## EDITORIAL TABLE.

## LONGEVITY—NATURAL AND OFFICIAL.—

The HON. HENRY POTTER, of Fayetteville, the patriarch of the North Carolina Bench, was born on the 6th of January, 1766. He was appointed Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of North Carolina, by Mr. Jefferson, on the 9th May, 1801, and is understood to be the only person, whom Nathaniel Macon ever recommended for appointment to office, under the General Government. He was Secretary to the Commission which adjusted the accounts of North Carolina, with the United States, for expenses incurred in the prosecution of the revolutionary war; was, subsequently, Secretary of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina; was appointed a Trustee in 1799, and has been, since the demise of Col. WILLIAM POLK in 1834, the patriarch of the Board. JNO. D. HAWKINS, Esq., and Chief Justice NASH, appointed in 1807, are the next in succession.

ROBERT HENRY, Esq., of Buncombe, is supposed to be the patriarch of the North Carolina Bar, and he like Judge Potter, will soon enter upon his ninetieth year.—Mr. Henry was in early life a land surveyor, and we have no information with respect to the precise time at which he first entered the legal profession. In 1796, he and the venerable Col. WILLIAM DAVENPORT of the county of Caldwell, were surveyors, on the part of the State, to the Commissioners appointed to run the dividing line between North Carolina and Tennessee. We do not know which is the older of these two gentlemen.

Mr. Henry was Clerk and Master in Equity for the District of Morgan previous to the extension of the Superior Court system, to all the counties in the State, under the act of 1806. He was transferred from that office to the Clerkship of Buncombe Superior Court of Law, (by Judge LOCKE we believe) in the spring of 1807, and continued to discharge the duties of the office until the autumn of 1830, when he resigned.

About the beginning of the present century, Mr. Henry had considerable reputation as a lawyer, in the range of counties bordering upon our western frontier. His experience as a surveyor gave him great advantages over most of his contemporaries, in the numerous questions of boundary, which in those early days occupied so great a portion of the time and attention of the Superior Courts. His familiar acquaintance with the manners, habits and modes of thinking of the yeomanry of the country, enabled him to elicit the truth from an unwilling or a stupid witness, when it might have eluded the skill of an advocate of greater ability and erudition. Homicides and other capital felonies were less rare, in that region, then, than at the present day, and he was ordinarily relied upon to select the jury. There is probably no lawyer, now living in the State, who has been concerned in the management of a greater number of capital cases, and he was not unfrequently associated, as junior counsel with DUNCAN CAMERON and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, when these gentlemen were in the zenith of their professional reputation.

Nearly fifty years ago he received in requital for professional services rendered in a land suit, a title to a tract of about 1500 acres of land, in the bend of Elk river, immediately contiguous to the village of Fayetteville, in Lincoln county, Tennessee. This estate he retains at the present day. There is no improvement upon it, but a small field enclosed many years ago in order to unite possession, with the paper evidences of title. This single tract covered, with small exception, by the primeval forest, is worth more money, than, in our day, ordinarily rewards the life long services of successful lawyers.

Some twenty years since while carrying water to reapers in the harvest field, he discovered the Sulphur Springs, four miles west of *Asheville*, now a watering place of much celebrity and great value, which was managed during the past summer by his two sons, under his supervision.

From the Bench and the Bar, the transition to the *custos rotulorum*, is easy and natural. WILLIAM H. HAYWOOD, Esq., of Raleigh, is, so far as our knowledge extends, the veteran Clerk of the State. He is, moreover, the Clerk of the Court in which Judge Potter presides.

Mr. Haywood married and settled in Chapel Hill, as a merchant early in 1796, and here his oldest child (who died in the government house at Raleigh, the wife of Governor DUDLEY, in October 1840,) was born. His other children, Mrs. Governor MANLY, and his son, WILLIAM H. HAYWOOD, one of the most distinguished of our Alumni, and the predecessor of Mr. Badger in the Senate of the United States, were born in Raleigh. Mr. Haywood removed from this village to Raleigh in 1799, and has resided there ever since.— He was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States, on the 29th December, 1802, which office he holds at the present time.

WILLIAM HILL, Esq., the venerable Secretary of State, entered the Secretary's office as a clerk, in 1796. Upon the death of Secretary WHITE, in November, 1811, he was elected his successor, and has retained the office with universal acceptance, under the old constitution, by *triennial*, and since 1836, by *biennial* elections, in every instance we believe without a competitor. It is some years since he has had a contemporary in any department of the State government.

The Senior Professor in the University of North Carolina, arrived at Chapel Hill on the last day of January, 1818, and entered upon his duties the following day. During the intervening period of nearly thirty-seven years, his absences from his chair on account of sickness, visits to the seat of government and elsewhere, and from all other causes, have not been greater on an average than three days in a year. Indeed, it may be safely stated that throughout the entire period, his days and nights, in term time and vacation, have been devoted to the duties of his station, and no one of the hundreds of students who have been connected with the University during the last generation will be able to recall the memory of his absences from either morning or evening prayers, but as a rare exception to a general rule. If he shall visit Raleigh during the next winter, he will have little difficulty in collecting from the members of the General Assembly, and the other departments of government, a class of his old scholars respectable in numbers as well as in the ability and station of those who compose it; whilst, at home in the discharge of his daily avocations, he has the pleasure of finding a class probably not less numerous, of the children of former pupils—his intellectual grand children now clustering around him.

The following letter from T. H. Pritchard, occurred in a late number of the Bib-

lical Recorder, and as we intend replying to a portion of it, we copy it entire.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, }  
September 23, 1854. }

DEAR BROTHER JAMES: Since last addressing you I have visited the Tar River Association, held with Reedy Church in Warren.— While there a plea in behalf of Wake Forest College was submitted to the Association, and a scholarship (\$500) was the generous response. The thanks of all friends of education and the College, are due the brethren, who so ably advocated the cause and so liberally came forward to her relief. The Association was one of peculiar interest. Measures were taken for the speedy establishment of a good classical school preparatory to Wake Forest College, and arrangements were made for supplying the destitute parts of the Association with missionary labor. Much liberality was manifested, old wounds were healed, a progressive step was taken, and such the pleasant spirit pervading the whole body, that more than once we saw the suffused eye, and heard the joyful exclamation, "Behold how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Permit me again to urge upon your readers the consideration of Associational scholarships for aiding the College, and educating young preachers.— There are twenty-seven Associations in the State. Let each take a scholarship in shares of fifty, twenty-five, or even ten dollars, and though the tax to each would be light, the College would receive the handsome sum of thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. The young men to represent these scholarships will not be wanting.

The country is full of young men anxious to preach, some are already in the ministry who feel the need of education, and who would gladly avail themselves of such means to acquire knowledge and mental discipline. The Convention would in this way be relieved of much expense in educating beneficiaries also, and could do more for the cause of home and foreign missions. Surprise is sometimes expressed to me that Wake Forest does not prosper. Will the College be always a beggar? they ask. It is in fact, bro. Editor, a matter of much greater astonishment that Wake Forest does not now belong to the past. She was dwarfed in her infancy by heavy debt. She has never been self-supporting, and this debt was hence accumulating by interest and otherwise, her professors have been necessitated to board the students that

a sustenance might be secured; some have betaken themselves to the more lucrative business of teaching in our academies. Yes, many of the professors of Wake Forest College have disregarded inviting proposals from other states, and from year to year remained because they believed that the interest of the College was identical with the interest of the Baptist denomination. Many brethren in the State have given liberally, but the burden has fallen very unequally on the board of trustees. We would say they merited our hearty sympathies, did we not feel that they have in the recollection of their worthy deeds and the prospects of the College a consolation and reward for all their anxious hours and money spent.

Wake Forest is free from debt at last. Nearly half of a sufficient endowment has been secured. Having passed through a long and sickly minority, it is now twenty-one, and only asks for its patrimony. Let the denomination do but one-half that the State has done for Chapel Hill, let the Baptists of North Carolina do what Virginia has done for Richmond and Columbia Colleges, what South Carolina has done for Furman University, what Georgia has done for Mercer, aye what almost every other State and every other denomination have done for their respective Institutions, and Wake Forest will never again assume the attitude or the habiliments of a beggar, but will lift her modest head among the proudest Colleges in the land. Ye forty-six thousand Baptists of North Carolina, have you no denominational pride? You have paid more tax to Chapel Hill than any other denomination in the State, an institution in which from its foundation you have never been represented. Will you still aid an institution where you have been thus unjustly treated, which has a large investment and nearly three hundred students, and neglect Wake Forest, the child of your own Convention, and the church of your own principles? Forbid the cause of denominational education, and the cause of Christ, you are the men and you have the money. Let every friend but address himself hastily to the work, and Wake Forest will be handsomely endowed in six months.

We heartily rejoice to learn of the bright prospects of our sister Institution; how from small beginnings she hath at length arrived at the age of twenty-one, and bids fair to lift her head among the "proudest Colleges of the land!" We rejoice for

her own sake, and for the cause of knowledge, and our joy shall be full when Colleges and Academies and public schools shall spangle o'er the earth, like stars in the firmament of heaven, shedding the rays of "truth divine" on every human heart. So eager are we to behold this grand consummation, that we care not under whose auspices it comes forth. To bring it about we would, not only raise our voices to the "forty thousand Baptists of North Carolina," to the nine hundred thousands of North Carolina's sons and daughters, but to the nine hundred millions of the globe. We would appeal to the denominational pride of no sect, but we would appeal to the nobler part of man, his aspiration for truth and happiness. Knowledge is knowledge wherever found, truth is eternal, unchangeable, the same in all climes, under all circumstances. Man only mars it, with his weak reason; but he can destroy it only in relation to himself. This is the philosophy and philanthropy we are taught in our beloved Institution. Truth is the seed we would sow, and nourish; the universe would be our field of operation. To use a scripture phrase we would break down the "wall of partition between truth and error, and let the former go forth conquering and to conquer, o'er sea and land, till all the world should own its sway."

But our appeals to the better part of man will never be entirely successful while counterblasts from envy's trumpet are constantly sounded in his ears, ringing various notes, to move pity, or swell untoward pride. Now, if we could personify envy making a wish, that wish undoubtedly would be "to pull down" and keep under all that is not I and mine; and pride would overthrow and destroy it. There are principles essential to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge which these feelings are calculated to distort—manimity and liberality.

But we leave these reflections to can-

did mis ds, and proceed to notice some of the assertions in our transcript, candidly and briefly. First, it is affirmed that the Baptist denomination has paid more tax to Chapel Hill, than any other in the State. Now, as this is a simple assertion, suppose we deny it and call for the proof. We know not whether a denominational tax-list is found in the archives of our University, or elsewhere. We might presume there was one at Wake Forest to support this affirmation. Send it up for our special benefit. And again: the period is rounded by the following clause, "in which you have never been represented." This is a sweeping assertion, and should not be made unless supported by the evidence of public documents, which are in the hands of every intelligent man. But the term representation is ambiguous, and leaves us uncertain whether the writer alludes to the Board of Trustees, to the College Faculty, or to the corps of Students. In either case the assertion is uncharitable, especially as it is followed by the question, "will you still aid an Institution in which you have been thus unjustly treated." This is nothing but the argument *ad invidiam*. Let it be suspended in letters of gold from the wings of angels, and carried from one end of the earth to the other. Permit us to ask, "unjustly treated!" how, where, and when? for we take nothing in such a case on assertion, except what comes from well-tried authority. Is the writer laboring under the fatal delusion that because we increase, he must certainly decrease? A few glimpses into Baptist Wayland's Political Economy will dispel that delusion from any candid mind. And then, to give spiciness to this climatic, he ejaculates, "forbid the cause of denominational education and the cause of Christ!" Now as to this whole matter of representation, we have to say on examining our catalogue, we find Samuel A. Holmes the very second Professor, which shows that

there was a friendly feeling to that denomination in the infancy of the University. In looking further on, we find the name of the Rev. William Hooper, L. L. D., who is not only one of the most gifted men of that denomination, but one of the first men of the church of Christ. Still further we find Abner W. Clopton, who for a number of years was a member of the Faculty, and who afterwards took charge of the preparatory department. These must have been a nonentity in the writer's mind when thinking on representation.

In regard to the investment, we shall endeavor from reliable authority to enlighten our dogmatical friend. We extract the following from Judge Murphey's Report, which is to be found in the August number of our Magazine :

"This Institution has been in operation for twenty years, and has been eminently useful to the State.

It has contributed, perhaps, more than any other cause, to diffuse a taste for reading among the people, and excite a spirit of liberal improvement; it has contributed to change our manners and elevate our character; it has given to society many useful members, not only in the liberal professions, but in the walks of private life; and the number of its pupils who are honored with seats in this Legislature is a proof of the estimation in which they are held by their fellow-citizens. When this institution was first founded, it was fondly hoped that it would be cherished with pride by the Legislature. But, *unfortunately, the nature of the funds with which it was endowed in a short time rendered it odious to some, and cooled the ardour of others.* The torrent of prejudice could not be stemmed; the fostering protection of the Legislature was withheld, and the institution left dependant upon private munificence. Individuals contributed not only to relieve its necessities, but to rear up its edifices and establish a

permanent fund for its support. At the head of these individuals, stood the late Governor Smith, Charles Gerard and Gen. Thomas Person. The first two, made valuable donations in lands, and the last, in a sum of money with which one of the halls of the University has been erected. To enable them to complete the main edifice, the trustees have been compelled to sell most of the lands devised to them by Mr. Gerard; and as the lands conveyed to them by Gov. Smith lie within the Indian boundary, the trustees have not been able as yet to turn them to a productive account. With the aid thus derived from individuals, together with occasional funds derived from escheats, the institution has progressed thus far. The Legislature after exhausting its patience in endeavoring to collect the arrearages of debts due to the State, transferred to the trustees of the University those arrearages. But no better fortune has attended their efforts than those of the State, and this transfer has proved of no avail to the institution. The surplus remaining in the hands of administrators, when the next of kin have made no claim within seven years, have also been transferred to the trustees; but this has yielded a very small fund, and probably never will yield much. The Legislature have enlarged the rights of inheritance, and in this way have nearly deprived the institution of the revenue from escheats. Amid all these embarrassments, the trustees have never lost sight of the necessity of accumulating a fund in bank stock, the annual proceeds of which would enable them to continue the operations of the institution; and they have succeeded so far as to be able to support two professorships, and employed two or three tutors. But there is little prospect of adding to this fund, until the land given by Gov. Smith can be sold, and if that period be waited for, the institution must necessarily languish and sink in respectability. It is at this moment almost destitute of a

library,\* and entirely destitute of the apparatus necessary for instructing youth in the mathematical and physical sciences. Add to this that one-half of the necessary buildings have not been erected.

In this state of things, and at a moment when former prejudices have died away, when liberal ideas begin to prevail, when the pride of the State is awakening and an honorable ambition is cherished for her glory, an appeal is made to the patriotism and the generous feelings of the legislature, in favor of an institution which in all civilized nations, has been regarded as the nursery of moral greatness, and the palladium of civil liberty. The people who cultivate the arts and the sciences with most success, acquire a most enviable superiority over others. Learned men by their discoveries and works, give a lasting splendor to a national character; and such is the enthusiasm of man, that there is not an individual, however humble in life his lot may be, who does not feel proud to belong to a country honored with great men and magnificent institutions. It is due to North Carolina, it is due to the great man who first proposed the foundation of the University, to foster it with parental fondness, and to give it an importance commensurate with the high destinies of the State. Your Committee deem this subject of so much interest, that they beg leave in a future report to submit to the two houses a plan for increasing the funds of the University.

This institution has uniformly labored under the double disadvantages of a want of funds, and the want of subsidiary institutions, in which youth could be instructed preparatory to their entering upon a course of the higher branches of science in the University. This latter disadvantage has been so great, that the

Trustees have been compelled to convert the University, in part, into a grammar school." &c., &c.

It should be borne in mind that this document came from Judge Murphey, a graduate, for many years an Instructor, and afterwards a Trustee, which shows an intimate acquaintance on his part with the affairs of the University.

The following is an extract from a memorial from the Trustees of the University to the General Assembly of North Carolina, by Governor Owen, President of the Board: We regret we cannot give the memorial in full:

"The endowment of the University out of the public treasury, consisted of the arrearages due to the State from receiving officers of the present and late governments, up to the first day of January, 1783; upon which the sum of \$2,706 41 had been collected by the Treasurer of the State, who paid it over to the Trustees in the year 1789, in conformity to an act of incorporation passed in that year. In the year 1791, the Legislature loaned the further sum of \$10,000 to the College, and subsequently made an absolute donation of it. It is believed that no other advance has been made from the treasury.

By other statutes, grants of all escheated property and of certain confiscated estates were made; and by an act passed in 1809, all monies remaining in the hands of executors or administrators, seven years unclaimed by legatees, or next of kin, and debts due to the State up to Dec., 1799, were vested in the Trustees. The arrearages and debts due to the State consisted almost entirely of old judgments or other stale demands against officers, who had removed or become insolvent; and the donation proved to be nearly unproductive. Considerable sums were received from the sale of confiscated property, and collected from the purchase of lands from Henry Eustace McCulloch, whose estates were included in the confiscation acts, and

\* It is so still, 1854.

in the grants to the University. The amount thus realized was vested in the funded debt of the United States, as the foundation of a permanent fund for defraying the annual expenses. But, by an act of 1804, passed upon the decision of the case of McCulloch against Ray, in the court of conference, that grant was revoked and the Trustees required to transfer their stock to the State. In obedience thereto they paid and transferred on that account, in February, 1805, the sum of \$5,933 38; in December, 1806, the sum of \$1,123 32, and in November, 1807, the further sum of \$103 88, making in the whole the sum of \$7,160 58 re-imbursed to the State out of the donation of confiscated property.

The funds of the institution were further augmented by the grant of two lotteries, from which by much exertion and risk, the sum of \$5,080 80 appears to have been realized.

With these exceptions, this great and useful school was established for nearly forty years by funds derived from escheated estates and the donations of beneficent and patriotic individuals, influenced by a zeal for the morals, learning and liberties of the State, &c., &c.

The faculty consists of a president, at a salary of \$1600, four professors, at \$1240 each, and two tutors, at \$400 each. To this is to be added the salaries of the secretaries and treasurer, and superintendent, repairs and other incidental expenses estimated in the whole at \$840. The annual charge upon the institution may then be estimated as follows:

Salaries of the Faculty,	\$7,360 00
Other officers and incidental expenses,	840 00
Interest upon the debt, viz:	
\$20,124 55,	1,207 47
	<hr/>
Making and aggregate of	\$9,407 47
Deduct probable tuition fees,	2,400 00
	<hr/>
Leaving a further deficiency of	\$7,007 47

Which may be farther reduced, if the State will assume the debt to the banks, by a deduction of the charge of interest on the same,

1,207 47

Ultimate deficiency, \$5,800 00

To make up the above mentioned deficiencies, the trustees have no certain or active funds. The bank stock is unproductive; and the escheats having been greatly curtailed by the acts of the General Assembly, have finally from other causes, nearly ceased to yield anything.— It does not comport with the honor of the General Assembly and the State, that the board should again seek alms from private persons for the purpose of supporting a public institution. Indeed, if such applications were proper, it is believed they would now be useless, as few are able to give, and fewer willing," &c., &c.

This document bears date, November 26th, 1830, and must be a correct representation of the condition and prospects of the University at that time. But let us follow its history up to a more recent period.

Here again is a brief extract from a "Report on Escheats to the Trustees, by B. F. Moore, Esq., Chairman of the Select Committee, at the annual meeting, in 1850." Mr. Moore at this time was Attorney General of North Carolina.

"The Committee regret that the truth compels them to state, that the supposition that the endowment of the University is a munificent one is a mistake. The institution is at present, in an unusually prosperous condition. The number of students is more than double, and the tuition money quite treble, what it was fourteen years ago. By the practice of strict and systematic economy, during a long series of years, the trustees have been enabled to sustain it, and gradually enlarge the sphere of its usefulness, until it has acquired a reputation at home and abroad quite equal to the anticipations of its

ardent friends. The whole received from its endowments, nevertheless, are small in comparison with the sums received by the Universities of Virginia, Alabama and Georgia, and less than half the amount of the direct grant from the treasury to the South Carolina College. If an unforeseen calamity should befall us, the large support now received from the students, in addition to the regular income derived from the endowment, will enable the trustees not merely to sustain the institution, but continue the system of gradual improvement, adverted to above. Much, indeed, has already been effected in proportion to our means, but much more remains to be done, which we have no adequate means to effect."

Our friend may see from what we have already written that the beginnings of our institution were small and precarious, that her progress was retarded at almost every step by misfortunes, embarrassments and prejudices; and that not by a remarkable stroke of fortune, but through the toil, energy and perseverance of a few devoted and self-sacrificing individuals, she is placed in her present elevated position, and we had almost said beyond the shafts of petty calumnies. The history of all who interested themselves in her behalf is worthy of being read and pondered by the lovers of knowledge. They acted from the noblest and most disinterested motives, from a conviction of the necessity of such an institution in order to the enlightenment and prosperity of freemen, to the glory of the State and the United States, to the amelioration and elevation of man. They looked from no sectarian point of view on the interesting object before them. Their principle of action was the good of North Carolina, and nobly have they carried out this principle through every opposition. The most gifted sons of Carolina have spent themselves in her service, while brighter prospects were held before them elsewhere. They chose rather to

forego the splendid rewards which their talents might command elsewhere, and devote themselves to the fostering and strengthening of the infant institution of North Carolina. With few exceptions, the most ardent devotion to the interests of the University, characterized those whom our friend calls her representatives. It is pleasant and soul-cheering to enter into the spirit which animated them. And the mantles of these first devotees have fallen on their successors; they are worthy of the trust committed to their charge. They are giving a lofty character to our Institution at home and abroad; and it is directly to their efforts that the character of our college is set on a firm, and it seems, an enviable basis. But amid all this trial, and devotion and self-sacrifice, we do not find any one denomination foremost in the strife.

This fact does not stare at us from our past history to excite remorse for our uncivil conduct in regard to representation. We have already shown that the high character and prosperity of our institution is as much owing to her instructors as to any other cause. But our friend insinuates that it is owing to the fostering care of the State, and complains that the members of his own denomination have never shared in that prosperity and honor. We ask, when did we ever send one worthy of that honor away? The institution must have men to do its work, and if the members of any one denomination choose to withhold their services, we must avail ourselves of the aid of others. If we know anything of the spirit that established this institution, it was far from being sectarian. There could not be a more absurd foundation to build upon than the compromises which such a spirit necessitates. Instead of a side-thrust from our friend who seems to misapprehend our character, we would be pierced on all sides, and destroyed by the very authors of our existence. The University is as truly the

child of the State, as Wake Forest of the Baptist Convention. She, therefore, regards with the same respect all denominations. How absurd then for a citizen of North Carolina to disparage her own sectarian grounds. Let him consider her position with respect to the people at large, and he will not find the shadow of a denominational argument against her.

But we wish to know how our friend came to the conclusion, "that Wake Forest would lift her modest head among the proudest Colleges in the land, if the denomination would do but an half that the State has done for Chapel Hill." We see two ways in which they might do this, first by bestowing on her just one half as much as the State has bestowed on Chapel Hill—that is just one-half of ten thousand dollars; secondly, one-half proportioned to numbers. In the first case we can not see how a basis of five thousand dollars would enable her to lift her modest head among the proudest Colleges in the land. But if the five thousand must be scaled according to numbers, the fact becomes much more improbable. There is only one condition on which it is possible, and that is the assumption that our College is as tall again as all the rest. If our friend has made this assumption we thank him for the compliment, and bow our lofty head in acquiescence. But while on this topic, let us endeavor to correct the erroneous impression which this remark of his might tend to create. Chapel Hill has at present \$100,000 in bank stock, and from \$40,000 to \$50,000 in other securities, yielding annually from \$8000 to \$9000. This sum is evidently inadequate to all her wants, and therefore she cannot be as wealthy as he would have the world to believe.

To conclude, we are sorry that we have been compelled to say so much in self-defence; we had thought that our actions had placed us beyond reproach; and we trust to be no more compelled to such an

unpleasant task. "We would do unto others what we would that they should do unto us."

1. We have received the Georgia University Magazine for October. The following are its contents: The Mormons—Extract from a Lecture on Chemistry—A Legend of Cherokee—Fond Memory, (Poetry)—The Study of Mathematics—Rational Pleasures—The Motherless, (continued)—Woman—Literature—Bureau.—This is an excellent number, and reflects credit on "Young America!"

2. The Western Democratic Review for the past month is on our table. This is a good number. "The aspect of the times, No. 2," a single article is worth the whole subscription.

3. Some friend has sent us a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Wilmington Light Infantry, organized on 22d Feb., 1853, pursuant to an act of the General Assembly of this State, ratified the 29th Jan., 1852. We are glad to see this movement in Wilmington; we think our State heretofore has been somewhat deficient in military pride.

4. We are glad to see the new dress in which the Wilmington Herald, has lately appeared. Its sheet is enlarged on nearly one-third its original size, and its usual piquancy and raciness is increased in the same proportion. We heartily wish the Herald success, it has been one of our most regular exchanges, and always has a kind word for us.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.—A great many distinguished poets have displayed a peculiar genius in certain pieces. Gray has done this in his Elegy, Pope in his Essay on Man, Moore in his Lalla Rookh, Milton in his Paradise Lost, Cowper in his Task, Scott in his Lady of the Lake &c. Goldsmith included, in his Deserted Village. It seems that the whole

genius of these poets was concentrated in these respective pieces, that putting forth their utmost powers, they centered them to make their grandest displays. I conceive the most brilliant rays of their talents exhibited in these pieces. They all were possessed of an immense quantity of beauties, which were susceptible of being spread over a large space, but in these instances they were heaped on one spot, the beauty of which is so varied and complicated, and at the same time remarkable, that it can only be appreciated by much research.

But speaking more particularly of Goldsmith, his genius certainly culminated in the *Deserted Village*.

“Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring  
swain,  
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting Summer’s lingering blooms delay-  
ed”

It seems that the ruins of the beloved village so inspired him as to call forth his loftiest conceptions. It reminded him of the past—with him a sad retrospective. At present, it was a fair specimen of the instability of earthly affairs. He needed no poetical license; the scene before him was sufficient without any flights of the imagination; the real substance was there. The relics of “Sweet Auburn” spoke plainly for themselves, and only needed a Goldsmith’s pen to proclaim their words to the world.

Monuments of decay are always themes calculated to arouse the most dormant powers; but as no one but Gray could write the *Elegy on a church yard*, so the ruins of Auburn were alone indicated for Goldsmith. The quill of the swan was placed in his hand, which penned a piece that needs but to be read, to be admired and praised. Not only all of the author’s powers were concentrated in this piece, but traits of his whole nature were exhibited; some of which are very worthy and will admit of imitation.

There is a spirit of humor in the piece that is by no means objectionable. It is pointed and such as is usually indulged by master minds. His deep filial affection is very striking, as is also his lasting regard for old friends and associations. He had experienced many cares in the world but memory still fondly clung to his boyhood haunts. He now beheld them in ruins; the home of his childhood had passed away; it must have added another pang, as blighting the hope so beautifully expressed:

“As a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return---and die at home at last.”

But where Auburn once was, its ruins lay, it had not where to rest the wanderer’s head:

“Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-  
drawn.”

N. C. LITERATURE.—North Carolina is surely nearing the borders of her promised land, and on the eve of the advent of that glorious time when she is to rival her neighbors and astonish the world in the splendor and variety of her home manufactures—her *domestics*. We dwell no longer amid types and foreshadowings of what may or will be done, but have already some of the veritable grapes of Esheol as an earnest and foretaste of still greater things to come. Within a fortnight have appeared two of the first fruits of North Carolina literature—books that we are glad to see and glad to recommend to the kindly notice of our reading public.

Dr. Caruthers’ “*Old North State in 1776*,” is, we hope, only the beginning of a series of such well directed efforts to preserve in a popular form the Revolutionary History of our State. It is a book which should be in every farmer’s house throughout our borders, wherever there

are boys and girls to be taught what our grandfathers and mothers did to secure us the commonest rights and privileges of our daily life. It is one thing to read a general history of the struggle for Independence, and quite another to learn the individual sacrifices and sufferings in that cause; these being the *illustrations*, the living pictures as it were, which should always accompany such Histories, which fasten the details and deepen the impressions on our minds, and give us clearer conceptions of what it was to live in 1776 and love our country. And it accords with our sense of justice that the plain farmers and their wives who risked their fortunes, lives and honor equally with the great and gitted whose names stand blazoned high upon the rolls of fame—that these plain men and women should also be remembered, and their sacrifices be recorded for the benefit and the admiration of posterity.

Dr. Caruthers' style of writing is exceedingly plain and unpretending. We rather think that an additional recommendation, since his narratives are of the simplest order. Treating of military operations does not necessarily introduce us to the "pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war"—and there is no need of the graces of rhetoric in telling how Mrs. Milliken's yarn and feather beds were burned, and how poor Marion McMarren lost and regained her web of cloth. The outrages and depredations of the Whigs and Tories among the country people of that day, upon each other, though characterized by much cruelty and bloodshed, have very little air of romance or chivalrous adventure. It is a plain story of hard-headed fighting, and sometimes running away, jumping over fences and hiding under beds, beating the women and children, shooting the men down like dogs, or swinging them to a limb of the nearest tree, plundering and burning the house and barn, and then galloping off to the next farm

house to re-enact the tragedy. There is not much in all this to stir the fancy, but quite enough to stir the blood, and set us to thinking that there must have been a good deal of earnestness in the men and women of that day, and a deep, rooted appreciation of the value of that liberty for which they so freely suffered.

The exploits of Col. David Fanning, that most eminent of North Carolina rascals, occupy a large part of Dr. Caruthers' book, as during his infamous career he necessarily engrossed a large share of public attention in the country whose scourge he was. He seems to have been a man of considerable talent—what we should call *business* talent, admirably adapted for the Guerilla mode of warfare in which he was so successful. Bold in plan, decided and prompt in action, and remorseless in his cruelty and revenge, scouring through the country with his band of ruffians, we think of him as the evil genius of our State, commissioned to destroy, but only for a time. If we could collect any traits of generosity, of soldierly honor and fair-dealing, of forbearance or humanity to women and children, we should not be unwilling to pay him a certain amount of respect and liking due to a bold and generous, if unscrupulous foe; but as it is we dismiss him to a dishonored old age, exiled from his native land, where "his memory shall rot." We may add that a gentle confusion of ideas prevails in our mind as to his place of exile, since the "*Islands of New Brunswick*" and "*Nova Scotia*," mentioned by Dr. Caruthers are not set forth on any maps within our ken. We would fain propound a respectful inquiry as to their whereabouts?

It is curious to note what a softened interest is added to this record of bad men and their crimes by the introduction of Fanning's beautiful mare, the "Bay Doe." We read of her feats eagerly as a pleasant relief, and are confirmed in our creed that a good horse is a much more

respectable and interesting object of contemplation than a bad man. Capt. Hurter's timely escape and scamper on the "Bay Doe" from under Fanning's very hand is a spirited incident, and ought to suggest a bit of poetry that might be recited in our common schools, and be read with the "Song of Marion's men." Our D. D's. and L. L. D's. may write and publish as many learned lectures and volumes on our State History as they choose—long life and success to them—but verily half a dozen stirring popular ballads, set to catch the people's ear, and touch their heart, would do infinitely more to bind us to each other in common in earnest and pride, and foster the State love we so need. Judge Gaston's "Old North State," in this light, was a valuable present to our commonwealth, and should have been only the forerunner of many such that should be sung in all parlors, and read at all firesides, rich or poor, where North Carolinians preside.

Again we say, Dr. Caruthers is to be thanked for this single-handed effort to preserve many valuable and interesting records of our Revolutionary struggle.—Some fifty years hence shall some bold book-monger owe the chief interest of his "thrilling romances" to the materials furnished by this unpretending volume; and arraying Col. Balfour's sister Peggy in sword and tartan, and copying with great effect her simple and touching correspondence with the young widow of her murdered brother—or portraying Philip Alston's brave wife walking calmly out into the fight to confront Fanning and dictate terms of surrender for her party—shall curiously omit all mention of the source whence he draws his life-like narratives, or of the author to whose present industry he is so much indebted.

It is with becoming diffidence that we approach the discussion of the merits of the second "cluster of grapes." What North Carolinians do or say is always ea-

sily apprehended. Hard knocks and plain words require no prophet to expound them—but when North Carolinians take to writing poetry, wooing the tuneful Nine, caroling in short—let no dog of a critic bark. Hence ye profane.

There is in truth much about these two modest volumes, entitled "Wood Notes" to bespeak a kindly reception at the hands of our literati. Selections they are from the utterances of our native poets, made we believe, by an accomplished lady of Raleigh, whose own graceful effusions are among the most charming of the whole, and issued in a neat and creditable dress by an enterprising publisher of that place. It is the first attempt to preserve in a durable form whatever lays may have been sung throughout the limits of our State worthy of such preservation, and North Carolina may well say in regard to them, in the words of another, "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."

In one of the libraries in Chapel Hill there is a small 12mo. volume entitled, "Attempts at rhyming by an Old Field Teacher," published by Lemay in Raleigh, in 1839. Whether the author was a native of our State, we know not, but his "Attempts," as such, are not altogether unworthy of notice. The lines to "Chapel Hill," are smooth and flowing:

"Wood-crested hills and verdant vales among  
See North Carolina's learned retreat,  
Where arts and letters and the poet's song  
Adorn with majesty the Muses' seat."

\* \* \* \* \*

"To merit more than fame thy sons aspire  
In useful arts and happiness to live;  
They seek no wealth, no pleasure they desire  
But what fair Science and the Muses give."

We cannot but think that last stanza evinces fine imaginative powers! Among,

the "Wood Notes" there are many pieces of decided poetical merit, sweet and pure as mountain springs, which if not evincing in the highest degree the possession of "the faculty divine," are pleasant and safe reading, since there is nothing to offend either good taste or good morals. A melancholy interest is attached to some of these "Notes" as legacies from the early dead and gifted sons of our State, whose memories are yet fragrant, and will be embalmed in the tender regrets of all who mourn the premature decay of genius and manly worth. The names of Abram Forrest Morehead and Philip Alston are still cherished by their Alma Mater—young men who perished in their prime, having fairly given in their brief career rich promise of future eminence. "Whom the Gods love, die young," is still true as when first uttered. — There is beauty and originality in the address to "The Mississippi," and real life and vigor in all that Morehead wrote. The contributions of Alston's Muse are thought by many to be the best in the collection, and though not awarding him the palm, we willingly accord our tribute of praise to his free and spirited lines.

Among those selections to which our attention was more particularly drawn by respectful interest in the name of the author, are the lines by Mrs. Jos. Gales. We are especially pleased that the earliest collection of North Carolina poetry should be adorned by contributions from *her* pen who many years ago gave grace and variety to the society of Raleigh. Mrs. Gales was a woman never to be mentioned without respect and admiration—a lady of the *old school*—of whom alas! but few remain—of whose wit and grace and rare benevolence, the traditions that have come down to us have raised in our minds a high standard of what a North Carolina matron should be.

As reviewers, however, are "nothing if not critical," we will venture to confess

that we laid down the "Wood Notes" with a half defined feeling of disappointment that a book of "Carolina Carols" should be so little *North Carolinian*. With few exceptions there is nothing here that might not as well have been written in any land where there are "love and doves," "hours and flowers," "waves and graves" to rhyme withal. The exceptions to this remark are to us the most interesting of the collection, even were their poetical merits less—since in a work noticeable chiefly on the ground of its birth, we look first for the national and family traits.

The lines to the river Swannanoa are *North Carolinian*. They sing the beauty of the loveliest of streams within our own borders. They are individually marked and characteristic, and as such alone are worth preserving. They have also "one rare strange virtue" among these lays—*they may be scanned*. O that our poets would consider this thing! Their *rhythm* is good as well as their rhyme, and the whole piece is as musical in its flow as the Swannanoa herself. The address to "Alamance," "Waccainaw by moonlight," "The Genius of Dan," "Carolina," and the "Lines suggested by the address of W. W. Avery at Chapel Hill in 1851," have all the peculiar kind of merit of which we long to see more in our native poetry, something that shall breathe of our own air, our own mountain slopes and wild streams, something that we shall love, and learn by heart unconsciously, and teach the children to say or sing, not only because it was written by a North Carolinian, but because it is itself North Carolinian.

In conclusion we may be permitted to say that it was with no little pride we noticed the frequent references in Dr. Caruthers's book to the pages of the University Magazine. There have been "carols" too in our Magazine that we would fain hope, may not be unworthy a place in the second edition of Wood Notes which will

no doubt be called for by our reading public.

C.

This number of the Magazine will be the last for this year, and will close our third volume. The question relating to the propriety and expediency of having a Magazine in connection with the University, is now affirmatively decided and acquiesced in by all parties. If there ever was a doubt in the mind of any, relative to the ability necessary for the successful conducting of a Literary Periodical by our students, this doubt must now be given up; for we have been in successful operation for three years. And, we say it not in a boastful spirit, that we have been the means of giving to the world many valuable thoughts from some of Carolina's distinguished divines, scholars and poets; it has also wrested from the devouring progress of time many valuable manuscripts relative to our early history and caused them to assume a more durable form.

Before our next issue there will be a vacation, a Christmas and a New Year. Vacation always brings with it a train of pleasant and melancholy thoughts. We are delighted with the idea of being freed from the rigid discipline of College, and of returning to our homes, to receive the greetings of kind friends. We always regret to sever the ties that bind us to our fellows, even for a short period, and of parting, for a season, from those who watch over us with parental anxiety. It is that period in College affairs when the grey-haired Professor ceases to be annoyed by the gay, thoughtless and rude stripping, and when he gives up his study and recitation room, and retires to the bosom of his family, there to enjoy all the sweets of domestic happiness. No longer is his furrowed brow contracted with care—no longer does he hang low his head and slowly take his accustomed walk, revolving the problem of College responsibility; but

freed from care, he moves hastily along, his countenance lit up with a smile, rejoicing in the consciousness of having discharged faithfully all his duties.

This is the time when there is a scattering to every quarter of the boys, and each is wending his way to his distant home.—Now the harsh, unmelodious, tones of the "old College bell" are exchanged for the silvery tones of the country or village *belle*. No longer are we *fillip'd* over the "pons asinorum"—no longer are we *fettered* by the roots of that language in which Demosthenes spoke—no longer are we *harassed* by the language in which Racine wrote—no longer is our little car of learning bogged up to the *hub*, or entangled among the Roman productions of the Golden Age; but foot-loose, we are wandering over the land, saying and doing things up *brown*—occasionally stopping to regale ourselves in the *pools* of pleasure, and *look as though* we meant nothing by it. No longer is quartz, feldspar, old red-sandstone or *mica* slate the subject of our thoughts—no longer are our dreams disturbed with the *ideal theory of the old philosophy*, for we have converted it into *pure intellect*; and now having anchored our *ship* of science, "we are out," like jolly *swains*, enjoying vacation which is emphatically the *wheat* of College.

In bidding a short farewell to the University, we wish the "old place" a quiet time. May the Faculty have rest, peace and happiness during our holidays; may all the *boys* find their friends well—have "lots of fun;" may all our contributors, subscribers and mankind in general, have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. *We are oph.*

N. B.—On Christmas morning, our "Santa Clause" bag will be found hanging at No. 31, South Building.











