

C378
UQm
1858-59, c. 2

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00035496784

***This book must not
be taken from the
Library building***

~~13 Nov '34 B~~

~~12 May 37 T R~~

~~27 Sep '38 A~~

~~88. ON~~

~~18 Jan '39 J O~~

~~27 Jun '39 E B~~

~~19 Mar '40 E B~~

~~24 Aug~~

~~5-10-52 in~~

~~JAN 20 1957~~

~~SEP 1 1957~~

~~NOV 27 1961~~

~~NOV 30 1962~~

~~NOV 16 1963~~

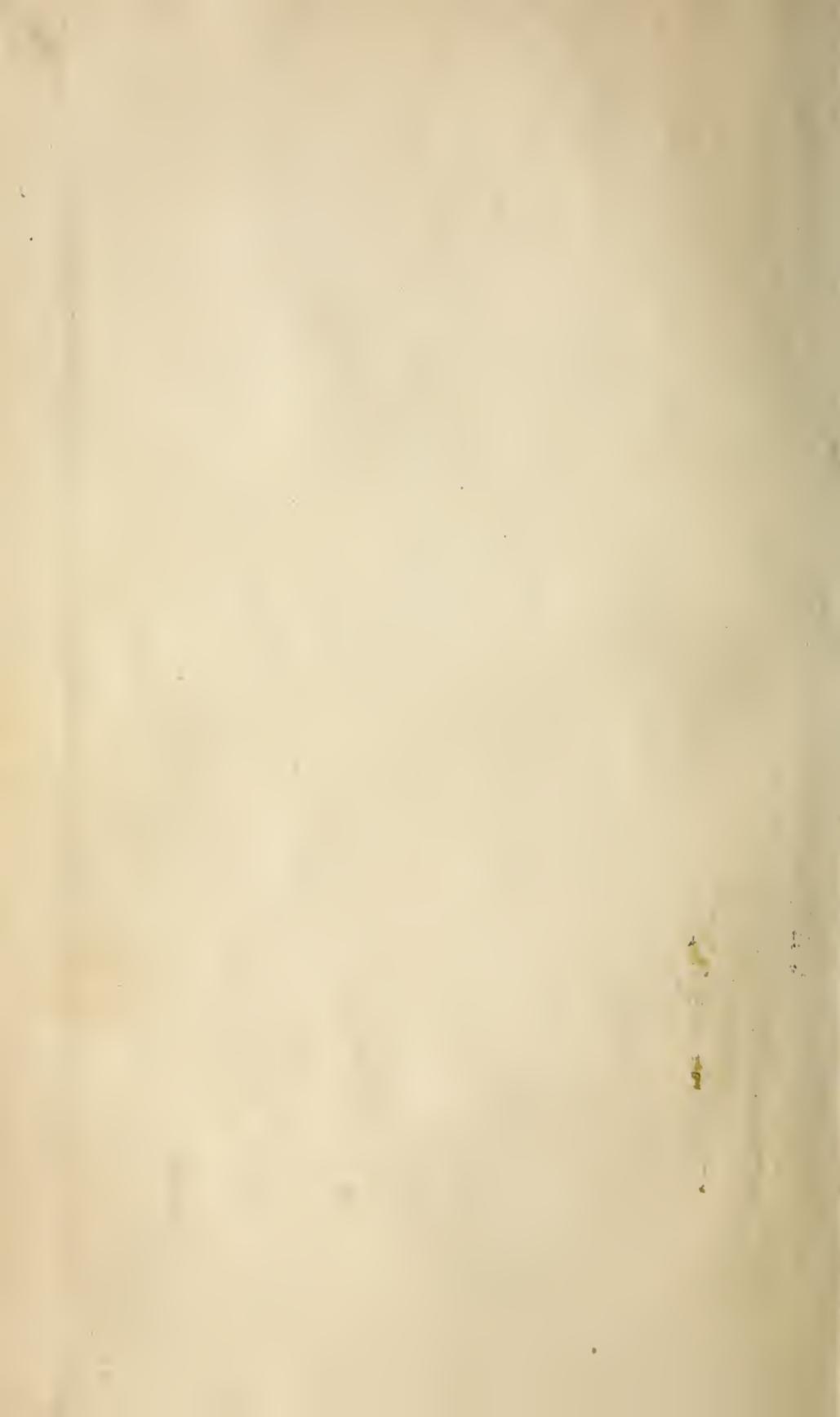
~~NOV 14 1966~~

~~JUL 27 1967~~

~~SEP 10 1969~~



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013



R. Barington



C378
Uam
1858-9
W.

NORTH CAROLINA

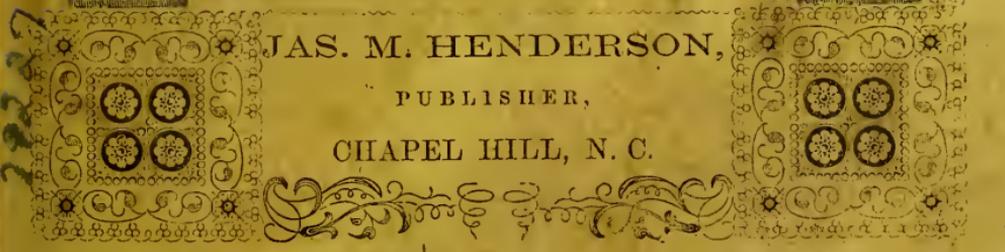
UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE

AUGUST,
1858.

VOL. VIII.

NO. 1.

JAS. M. HENDERSON,
PUBLISHER,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



19227

8

N. C. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

AUGUST, 1858.

CONTENTS.

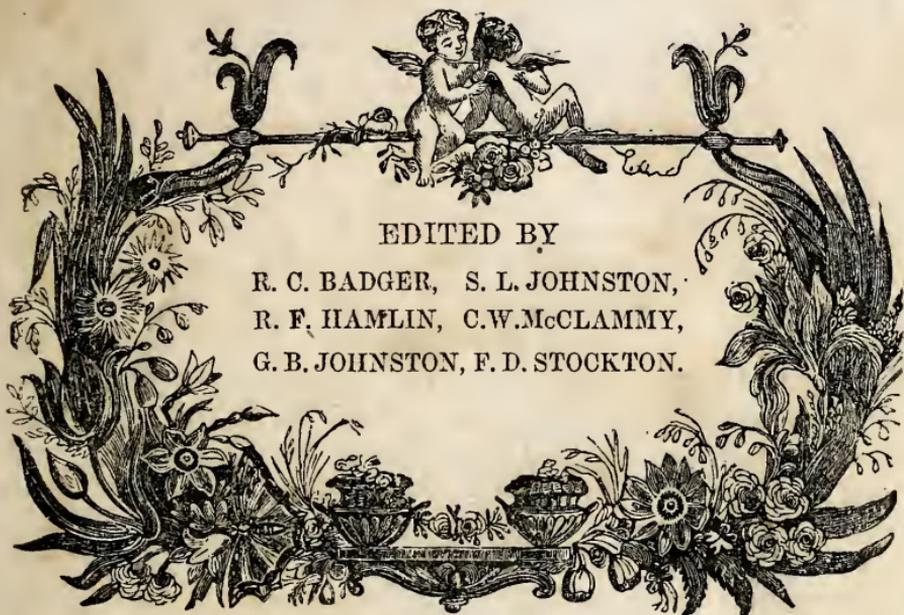
	PAGE
1. Life and Character of Samuel Johnston,	1
2. Mystery,.....	11
3. The power of Love, (Poetry.).....	14
4. How Zibes got Kicked,.....	15
5. Hope, (Poetry.).....	18
6. A Tale of the Albemarle,.....	19
7. Paradise and the Peri,.....	24
8. The Reign of Crinoline,	29
9. Was Napoleon a Patriot,.....	32
10 Three studies of Nature, (a Poem.).....	37
EDITORIAL TABLE.—Salutatory—Beatrice Cenci Life and Correspondence of James Iredell— the Vacation—the Fourth—Commencement— the Marshals—Married.....	

The Magazine is published about the first of every month except January and July.

Terms \$2 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Any person sending us five new subscribers and TEN DOLLARS, will receive a copy gratis.

Address Editors of the University Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.



VOL. VIII,

AUGUST, 1858.

NO. 1.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

FEW among the great men of our State more deserve commemoration than Samuel Johnston of Chowan, whether we consider his valuable services to our country or the intrinsic merit of his character. The stirring times of the Revolution called forth all his latent strength and gave him a noble field on which to display his virtue as a patriot and his powers as a statesman. His is one

of those bright names which adorn our early annals and which should be upon every North Carolinian's lips "as familiar as household words." This is the man of whose life and character I propose to give a slight sketch, hoping that ere long some more competent hand will take up the unfinished task and present us with a complete biography. Samuel Johnston was born in Scot-

land, at Dundee of the shire of Angus, on the 15th of December 1733, and was the eldest son of John Johnston and Helen Seymoure.—Dundee, the place of his birth is situated on the North side of the river Tay some twelve miles from its mouth. It was early the scene of important events, and one of the most considerable towns of the kingdom; there William Wallace, the great champion of Scottish liberty and freedom's noblest martyr, was educated; its spirited inhabitants drank in from their highland breezes principles of independence and were inspired by their proximity to the Ocean, that great civilizer of mankind, with energy and activity.—There, upon the bonny Hills of Dundee and along the rugged banks of Tay, in the midst of the hardy Scotch and under the influence of Highland traditions, was the Johnston family imbrued with those strongly marked characteristics ever shown by the race; fit nursery of patriots destined to aid in freeing an adopted land.

They were closely connected with many noble and influential families—and it is to this that we owe their early emigration to this country: for when after the stormy administration and tragic death of Gov. Burrington, it became necessary to appoint his successor on the strong recommendation of Spence Compton, Baron of Wilmington, the

Earl of Bath and Sir James Johnston (all his relatives or party-friends) the office was conferred upon Gabriel Johnston. He had been Professor of Oriental Literature at the University of St. Andrews, but was at the time of his appointment a political writer of much ability and some reputation in London. Gov Johnston arrived in the colony, October, 1734, and in the following month took the oaths of office.—His administration was the ablest of all during our existence as a colony—distinguished by his strenuous exertions to improve the condition of his province in every respect, but especially by his wise plans upon the subject of education. About two years after his arrival, he was followed by his brother John Johnston, who was made Surveyor General of the Colony; Samuel—the subject of this sketch, was an infant of three years. Mr. Johnston settled with his wife and babe, in the County of Onslow, of which he soon became the most active and influential citizen; and we have no doubt ardently seconded his brother in his patriotic plans. His fortune was large, and in every respect he ranked among the first men of the Province. I have no authentic accounts of Samuel Johnston's boyhood and early youth, but we can well imagine in what manner they were spent; blessed with an iron constitution, he must have delighted in

what, to others, seemed the hardships of his lot. The vast forest and dreary wilds surrounding him must have afforded congenial employment for one of his daring and fearless disposition. We can almost see him, a young, though manly form, as in some woody recess, he watches for the passing deer, or perhaps some more dangerous foe; upon his noble countenance, the sun and winds have set their mark, yet intellect beams from his clear eye and open brow; he is untrammelled by the bonds of fashion, yet a native grace is in his every motion; a frown is seen to darken that brow, before so serene; the lips compress, a look of stern determination comes over the changed countenance; the deer sport unharmed around, even the murderous wild-eat is unheeded, and why? He has heard of his countrymen's oppression, the Governor's unprovoked dismissal of the assemblies, or perhaps scenes still more dark have reached his ears; his proud spirit rebels, he yearns for redress. Such were the youths who made the men to dare and do in "1776." The advantages for education, were then slight in this country, compared to those of the Old World; that he faithfully improved his time and talents, is fully shown by his subsequent career. He studied Law at Edenton, under a distinguished member of the Bar, Thomas Barker

of Chowan; and rapidly attained eminence in a community, remarkable for its wise and learned men. About this time, or somewhat earlier, he married Miss Frances Catheart, the daughter of Dr. Catheart, a "gentleman of extraordinary fine sense and great reading;"* beautiful and accomplished, possessed of every charm of mind and heart, the lady was worthy of the man,—in very truth, "A help-meet for him." Mr. Johnston was owner of several plantations, but his chief place of residence, ever after, was at Hayes, near Edenton. This seat is beautifully situated in one of the loveliest sections of our State; on one side roll the placid waters of the Edenton bay, while in front the noble Albermarle stretches its wide expanse; opposite on the other side of the Sound, can be seen the mouths of Chowan and Roanoke, where they mingle their turbid steams and add to the mighty volume. Vast forests then shaded the shores of the far off Dismal, so dreaded, even in our day, by all save the hardy hunter. 'Twas in this region the first settlements of our State were made, and the waters of Old Albermale were early disturbed by the keels of adventurous mariners, followers of their great pioneer, Sir Walter Raleigh.

Edenton, itself, is finely situated at the head of the bay of the same

* Life and Correspondence of Iredell.

name, and is a place of many attractions, it was settled in the year 1716 and first called Queen Anne's Creek, but its name was changed in 1720, in honor of Charles Eden, the newly arrived Governor.* Its first name was doubtless taken from Anne, daughter of James II, and successor to the English throne, and who had died some two years before, (1714.) It then rivalled New Bern; and it was hard to decide which was the most important of the two. The number of inhabitants was between four and five hundred, but among them were included the very first of the colony, and it possessed an array of talent, unsurpassed by any place of its size in America. The society was refined, and even elegant, very high toned and gay. It was the court end of the Province; there, for many years, the Governors resided, and it was enlivened, at least yearly, by the convening of the Assembly. Such was Mr. Johnston's home, here it was that he first gained distinction, and here he spent most of his retirement. Living in such a community his house must have been a delightful resort for the elite of the settlement; it was at a convenient distance from the town and the walk to his place is still one of the pleasantest in that vicinity. Nor was the charm of female presence wanting to complete the

picture. But to return more immediately to the subject of this piece. He early attained eminence at the bar, and acted for some time as clerk of the Chowan Superior Court. His great abilities were recognized by his fellow citizens, among whom he was deservedly esteemed, and when chosen representative, he was for many years in the Assemblies of the Colony. Previous to the war, he espoused the American cause,—and devoted himself ever after with all his energy to its interests. With unyielding firmness, he opposed himself to all the encroachments of the Mother Country, and was among the first to resist, when resistance became necessary. The course of North Carolina, during the Revolutionary struggle, has been amply vindicated by many of her zealous sons, and no work is more calculated to remove the erroneous impressions concerning her abroad, than the exceedingly able and interesting Biography of Judge Iredell, by Mr. McRee.—Any digression by me on that subject I deem unnecessary, and shall only refer the inquiring reader to the pages of the above mentioned author, and the numerous lectures of Gov. Swain, Dr. Hawks and others.

The people of Carolina had always been an unruly and impetuous body; more than once they had resisted the government, nor were

*Wheeler,

their rebellions bloodless, as the plains of Alamance can testify.— But heretofore the Governor had been supported by the moderate and wise men of his province, and consequently always came off victorious; now it was far different. The very men of greatest influence, and most conservative minds, who had before constituted the strength of each administration, were its most unyielding, bitterest opponents. And what was the result? The Governor sank beneath their weight, his power was as nothing in the balance, and he found himself at last constrained to an ignominious flight. Among the men who were thus successful in their opposition, we find very prominent, Samuel Johnston, of Chowan. He, with Caswell, Harnett, Hooper and others, formed the committee of correspondence, appointed in 1773, by the Assembly; the services of this committee were great, almost invaluable. The Governor, Josiah Martin, made strenuous exertions to suppress the Assemblies of the people, and issued a proclamation for that express purpose; but all his efforts were vain, they did meet, and, influenced by such men as Col. Harvey (their moderator,) and Samuel Johnston his successor, their action was bold and decided. On the death of that lamented patriot, Col. Harvey, Mr. Johnston succeeded him as the leader of the Whig par-

ty in the State. His province was in the cabinet rather than in the field, and there he had few equals, no superior. With his worthy collaborators, as chairman of the provincial council and de-facto Governor of the province, appointed by the Convention of 1775 at Hillsborough, he strove zealously and with success, to do his duty by his afflicted Country. In 1776 he was chosen with the ablest men of the colony, to prepare a civil constitution; the labors of this committee proved abortive, from what cause I am unable to state, but probably the principles, which finally were the rock of division, to the two great parties of the Country, were clearly at work and caused dissensions in their councils.

A constitution was subsequently formed, by another committee, under which Richard Caswell was first Governor.

At the beginning of the Revolution, and indeed, some time before the financial affairs of the colony were in a most deplorable condition; attempts had been made to improve them, measures, which to be successful must have been the objects of wise legislation and careful supervision; yet, by the hasty conduct of Gov. Martin, and his predecessor, in dismissing the Assemblies as soon as convened, this was utterly impossible. These now greatly needed the revision and superin-

tendence of faithful and competent treasurers; such were found in the persons of Samuel Johnston and Richard Caswell, to whose labors we owed our comparatively happy condition, when the rest of America was sunk in want and misery. It was about this time (1776,) that the people of his district, influenced perhaps by proper motives, but rather, I am inclined to think, by the calumnies of designing men, withdrew from him their support, and he was defeated for the next Assembly. The radical party, those who were ultra in all their views, with whom it was sufficient to damn the wisest measure, to know that it contained anything English—feared greatly his influence, and the strength of his upright and conservative mind. They used every exertion to undermine his popularity, and for a time succeeded but too well. With crafty insinuations, they led the people to doubt his patriotism, even went so far as to accuse him of being an aristocrat, and a monarchist—him, who had from the first, been Tyranny's boldest opponent—the people's most zealous advocate. But these charges were well chosen, and had much influence over the populace—so jealous of their new born rights. His subsequent course gave the lie to their charges. The confidence of his constituents, however, was soon restored, and we find him again

their admired and respected favorite. To any acquainted with the history of the times, a defence of him from these calumnies is unnecessary, and I shall reserve my remarks upon his political tenets, for another place. From the year 1780—'82, he served in the Continental Congress. 'Twas at this time, especially, that such men as Mr. Johnston, were needed in our National council—men, who not only possessed the powers of good debaters, but whose sound minds, and comprehensive plans, could rescue their Country from the whirlpool of faction and anarchy, into which she seemed about to plunge. How nobly they labored, and with what success, let the result testify!

In 1775, he was elected sixth Governor, under the new Constitution. Without any disparagement to the other great men, then on the field of action, I think North Carolina was especially happy in that she had such a man at the helm, during that eventful period. 'Twas then that the Federal Constitution was framed, and discussed throughout the Union. Hitherto, the intellect and genius of America, had stood united in a common cause; now they gathered their strength in opposing lines, and met in the fiercest conflicts of debate. Verily, it was a battle of giants! Conventions were held in every State of the Union; the great question was: "shall

the Federal Constitution be received?"

In no State was the struggle more bitter and vehement than our own. The convention, consisting of two hundred and eighty members, met in the Presbyterian Church at Hillsboro', July 21, 1778, its session lasted till about the first of August, and over it presided Gov. Johnston. He was a firm advocate of the Constitution, and, though kept from taking a very active part in the discussion, by his position, the weight of his great influence and powerful arguments, were sometimes ably exerted in its favor. The chief labor of its defence, fell upon the shoulders of James Iredell, who nobly sustained his reputation and cause on that occasion. The opposition ranks, also numbered many talented and influential men, among whom, Willie Jones of Halifax was most prominent. After great exertions on both sides, it was at last decided against the Federalists, by a majority of one hundred.* From this time to that of its adoption by a subsequent constitution, a period of about sixteen months, North Carolina was an independent Republic, out of the Union. The arduous task of administering her government under these circumstances, devolved upon Samuel Johnston than whom no more suitable

person could have been chosen.* Our prosperous condition during that period bears ample testimony to his wisdom as a Statesman and ruler. At Fayetteville, Nov. 2d, 1789, met the same time, the State Assembly, and a second convention on the Federal Constitution. Gov. Johnston, as before, presided over the latter. His reputation and influence, were then higher than ever; his strict integrity and great ability, gained the admiration and respect, even of his political opponents; and we see him placed in the Gubernatorial chair, by a unanimous vote.† The Federalists now also triumphed and the Constitution was adopted by a majority of 118.— We are now to see him removed to a still wider field, for at the same Assembly he was elected first U. S. Senator for North Carolina, without a dissentient voice. His successor, as Governor, was Alexander Martin of Guilford. Gov. Johnston reached New York, the then seat of Government, the 28th of Jan. 1790, and took his place as member of the Senate the following day. He served till 1793. Says Jones of his course there: "He nobly sustained the great reputation he had acquired, in the former service of his Country," which is fully shown by the journals of that Congress, and correspondence. The

*Same.

*Life and Cor. of James Iredell, vol 2, p. 234.

†Life and Cor. of Iredell, vol. 2 p. 270.

paucity of the reports do not permit us to form any just idea, of his labors in the councils of his Country, but we find him appointed on many of the most important committees, where, no doubt, his services were invaluable. He early discerned the conflict of interests, between the different sections of the Union, and, so soon as March 11th, 1790, we find him alluding to them, as exhibited in the debates of Congress. No doubt his sagacious mind looked with anxiety to the future and was filled with forebodings of what was to follow. Although for so long a time he had neglected his Law, he was still second to none in the profession of his choice. In 1800, he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, which high station he ably filled till 1803, when he resigned. This was Gov. Johnston's last appearance in public life. He had now attained the advanced age of seventy years; had filled every office in the gift of the people, the ardor of his youth, the prime of his manhood, the wisdom of his age,—all had been devoted to his country's service. He had seen her enter, weak in her infancy, with nought to encourage her, save the justice of her cause and the valor of her sons, upon a contest with the giant empire of the world;—with anxious heart and ceaseless solicitude, he had watched the pro-

gress of the bloody struggle; ever and anon, his wise councils and cheering words, urged her on. The end came. He had seen her come forth more than conqueror! How his noble heart must have rejoiced as he imagined her future career! But his task was not yet done;—that beloved Country was still hemmed in by dangers on every side; clouds, black and threatening, overhung her political firmament; deadly foes without, treacherous friends within, raised their hydra-heads, and her course, but just begun, seemed destined soon to end in ruin and destruction. Once more the wearied patriot, stepped forth among his compeers, once more his wise voice was heard in their deliberations, and his strong arm aided to sustain the tottering Constitution and government. But now 'twas past, the clouds were clearing away and he saw this same country impatient, "Rejoicing as a giant to run his course."

With satisfied mind, and heart content, he withdrew—forever!—He had fought the good fight; the admiration of all, the warm friendship of many followed him into his retirement. For thirteen years he enjoyed a blissful repose, in the midst of his lovely and beloved family surrounded by devoted friends looked up to and respected by all. The mind so long wrapt up in the affairs of nations now relaxed itself

amid rural pleasures, and the heart so long harassed by cares and anxiety found solace in communion with those he loved. Yet, still from this Hermitage of Carolina came forth words of sound advice and kindly warning to his successors in the field, to some of whom he was as a political father. But at last even his powerful body and lofty mind yielded to the mighty conqueror, and the patriot sank quietly into the grave, covered with years and honors, (1816). He was buried at Hayes where still rest his sacred remains. Gov. Johnston had five children, of whom one only now survives, viz: James C. Johnston Esqr; Hayes is still in his possession and long may it continue so as he is the worthy representative of his noble father.

The character of Gov. Johnston will amply repay careful analysis and investigation; in it were combined all the elements of true nobility. He was emphatically a Scotchman and possessed many qualities characteristic of that great nation. His personal appearance was truly imposing; his large and powerful frame, bold and open countenance, erect and stately carriage furnished a type of manhood in its best form. "Strength" was written upon his every feature; strength, an iron will, an indomitable resolution, was the essence of his character. His mind was the Webste-

rian mould,—deep, conservative, comprehensive. He joined the graces of the scholar to the wisdom of the Statesman. At an early age he attracted the attention of the discerning by his able correspondence with Alexander Elmsley, agent for the Colony in England, upon the questions then at issue.—In after life he fully accomplished the promise of his Youth.

Gov. Johnston was a Federalist, in politics and with unwavering steadiness supported the principles of that party; those have long since been condemned by the popular voice of America, but were then entertained by a great majority of the wise and patriotic throughout the Union. Upon them it is not my province to decide, but they defended their positions with many and weighty arguments. They kept under control the fanaticism of the Radicals and preserved the golden mean. Even in the hottest part of the conflict Governor Johnston never was carried away by that ultra-spirit, sometimes even indulged in by the good and wise of his party. While resisting the Government of England for its unjust measures and tyrannical course, he still had candor enough to admire and revere the principles of the British Constitution; he was far from confounding, as many others did, those principles, undying changeless in themselves, with the temporary perversion

by the party in power. Through the whole course of the war therefore we find him strongly opposing that spirit of radicalism which if allowed to go unchecked might have made us anticipate the French Revolution. At one time these well-known and oft expressed opinions brought upon him the distrust of his fellow citizens, and actually exposed him to the charges I have before referred to, viz: of being an aristocrat and monarchist,—charges so justly odious to a free people. They however soon perceived their mistake, and looked with still greater admiration and respect upon the man who was superior to the petty prejudices and influence of the passing moment,—who had the wisdom to discern, and the boldness to assert what was right, without fear of the consequences. Such is the triumph of Character! Gov. Johnston might have been taken as the proto-type of the man so graphically described by Horace in his ode beginning.

“Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, &c. &c.”*

In the Social circle he was as distinguished as in public life. Generous, hospitable and cordial, his friends were numerous as his acquaintances, and many of them loved him with brotherly affection. The one who, next to his brother, seemed nearest and dearest to him of all was James Iredell, who mar-

ried his sister Hannah Johnston. Their intercourse commenced in the law office of Mr. J.—under whom Judge Iredell studied; it did not end nor was it for a moment interrupted till the death of the latter, who left his bereaved widow and infant children to the care of his faithful friend. And faithful indeed did he prove to his sacred charge, watching over them with paternal interest. William Hooper also was a friend of his bosom; when his property had been destroyed by the ruthless invaders, his wife and babes driven defenceless from their home, 'twas in Edenton and at the house of his sympathizing friend that he found relief and comfort. In his own immediate house-hold, Gov. Johnston, was almost worshipped, and by the whole community he was looked up to as their oracle. A list of his friends, those who stood by him in public life and with whom he kept up a correspondence on public affairs, those who admired his powers or loved him as a man,—would include every distinguished man of his State and many more beside. In Edenton alone there were Hon. Charles E. Johnson, Jos. Hewes, Jones and Iredell, not to mention other less brilliant lights yet men of note in their day.

Such was Gov. Samuel Johnston, as a patriot, uncompromising, firm, as a friend, noble and generous; as a father and husband tender, wise considerate. In every respect one whom the mind delights to dwell upon.

*Odes of Horace 3d Book Carmen 3d.

M Y S T E R Y .

It will be my very humble endeavor in the following thoughts to show the universality, the power, the good and evil effects of Mystery.

Mystery! There is a shadow in the very sound of the word,—a shadow which veils the secrets of God, and the secrets of men.

When God endowed man with the noble faculty of reason he gave him power to enter the temple of Nature, to rove from corner to corner through its intricate mazes, prying into its wonderful arcana. But there is a step beyond, where man cannot tread. There lie the secrets of the immortal God Himself. No human reason can discover, no imagination can fathom, no mortal eye can behold them. It is the invisible, immutable cause, which balances Creation and works through every fibre of the vast machine, its effects are ever present, ever seen; but *how* does it work? That is a secret hidden in the bosom of Eternity.

Who knows but that it may be the very essence of the Divinity himself? Yet who knows that it may not be?

Who can tell the *reason* why all things tend towards the centre of

the Earth—*why* it is that the life blood bounds with thrilling warmth through the millions of veins and arteries that fill man's frame, *why* he moves and acts in obedience to his will, and *why* the planets move through the Heaven when they are totally destitute of that will.

All this is mystery, and these are the secrets of Jehovah. Perhaps the Creator wisely intended to increase our veneration for Himself by adding inscrutable mystery to the agencies by which he works such magnificent results.

But God has mysteries which are still more darkly concealed.

Who can comprehend the mystery of Eternity. The legend of ten million years cannot recount its birth, and no phrase can express its duration except its own name. What finite mind pretends to solve the mystery of the God-head, where three are united forever, yet with a separate and independent existence!

Such, and so wonderful are the secrets of God!

The mind of man may curiously explore till he has reached this threshold, but here he either shrinks back appalled and affrighted, or—

seems to be blindly struggling as if in need of a new sense to afford him light for further investigations.

If mystery assumed no other forms than these, it would be a delightful theme to contemplate.

In this part she appears like an angel speaking from behind a cloud, beckoning us on to the investigation of nature's laws, and the wonderful attributes of the Creator; and the good and wise should always hear and obey her voice.

But we must turn to another picture. Behold the dark and shadowy form of Mystery when it becomes a tyrant, dragging after it the proudest faculty of the mind in claims, our noble Reason. See in the fruitful mother of Superstition, and, by it, the grand-mother of unnumbered curses on our race. In its track follows meek Religion with the stamp of insanity upon its countenance, and so bedecked with unbecoming pomp that you could scarcely discover the outlines of its native purity and charms.

By the power of its tyranny even the noblest intellects have been made to stagger.

The faculties of a Bacon have reeled under its influence. Its offspring, Superstition, has infected the mind of the astronomer, causing him to convert the order of nature into a panorama of fancied images. It has entered the dreams of the Chemist, instilling the blissful

belief in a philosopher's stone which would convert the world into gold, and life into eternal youth. Its grave accents have been heard from the Delphic oracle speaking in phrases of doubtful meaning, at whose response a nation has listened, and trembled. It lent power to ancient Mythology with all its degraded faith, and demoralizing influences, and yet it touched some parts with exquisite beauty.

It kindled the fires of Smithfield for the torture of thousands of witches, who were supposed to have the Devil's mark upon their bodies, to whom they had bartered their souls for Damnation in the future world, in order to gain the power of tormenting their fellow-creatures in this. In short it set its seal upon the dark ages, during which it most effectually dethroned Reason, and reigned sole sovereign, leaving its poisonous influences to be traced in the wreck of literature, the corruption of religion, and the depravity of every passion of the Human Soul.

But mankind has not yet entirely recovered from this overthrow. The march of civilization and enlightenment has not yet put to flight the arch enemy; and it is doubtful whether it ever will until our nation changes and a part of the indomitable curiosity of the human soul is stifled.

Proteus—like, it assumes a new shape whenever it is vanquished, and it now appears with the pretension of connecting the visible with the invisible world; of casting a bridge over the chasm which we have heretofore supposed to separate the finite from the infinite, and for this purpose it instils the belief in some minds that they can “Call spirits from the vasty deep,” which shall reveal its hitherto undiscovered wonders. These are some of the evils of Mystery, when its influence is developed in the malignant form of Superstition.

What useful lessons may we draw from this story of Mystery—from the follies and wisdom of our ancestors?

It may be remarked that although Mystery is the parent of Superstition, and accountable for all the evils of its offspring, yet they are not inseparably connected. Superstition is that which causes us to refer a strange effect to a supernatural agency. But that which, to-day, is a cause of superstition, may to-morrow turn out to be one of the laws of nature, and although it thereby ceases to be a source of Superstition, it is as great a Mystery as ever.

Now it is a fact which cannot be denied that in proportion as mankind have been enlightened, that they have found more sources of mystery and fewer of supersti-

tion, and from this *progressive* argument we may establish a probable conclusion against allowing ourselves to fall victims to any superstition whatever. The difference between the scientific and the ignorant is that the former are accustomed to trace mysteries to a higher and nobler origin, from whence spring unnumbered prodigies of Mysteries which they every day behold in the ordinary course of nature.

So that science and enlightenment do not explain mysteries, they only throttle superstition. For instance, if a wild Arab in wandering over his desert plains should by chance discover a magnetic needle, which invariable pointed to the pole, and could not be made to change its direction, he would think it possessed a superior, spiritual power, and would in all probability fall down and worship it.

Now the ultimate mystery of its movement would be equally as inscrutable to a man of science, but it would have no such effect upon him as a feeling of reverence.—In India, the sorcerer who charms his patient into dulcet slumbers, and perhaps, expels a malignant disease, is held to be endued with supernatural attributes. But in the present age of enlightenment, he, who by means of the same mesmerism, brings the subject under his complete control, fills him with joy, or dispels real pain, is thought to

be no more than our equal ; because we do not ascribe his power to that of man alone, but to an uniform law of Nature. Yet the mystery—the *how*, the *why*—is as darkly hidden from us as from the benighted Indian.

In proportion as men have been wise they have ceased to refer unexplained phenomena to an immediate Spiritual agency, and if we cannot from this fact establish an argument against making such reference in any case, we can at least draw the incontrovertible conclusion that no mystery whatever is *good ground* for superstition.

If a single man or a single age cannot discover the workings of nature's laws in any given phenomenon, it is no reason that another

man or a future age more wise and enlightened may not.

Let us not then fall prostrate and adore every strange result which is presented. It is rather our duty, with experience and reason for our lights to endeavor to trace it to a source too high for superstition.— This indeed is the noblest prerogative of man, and it is the proper exercise of this power which distinguishes the enlightened and civilized from the rude and benighted part of our race.

Not until this becomes the universal maxim of conduct, will the golden age of Common sense and Reason appear to bless the world, and put depraved credulity to route.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

TO MISS N. J.

Tell me not that loves sweet chains,
Are thrown aside at pleasure,
That he only surely reigns
In the sweet days of leisure.

Firmer than the strongest steel,
He wraps his bands about me—
Makes me ever sadly feel,
How dear is life without thee !

Vainly distance rolls between,
And other cares beset me,
Whate'er be felt, *whate'er* be seen,
I never can forget thee.

Cause the steam that flows along
Into the boundless ocean,

To hush its ever murmur'ing song—
To cease its endless motion.

Cause the vivid lightning's flash
To linger on the Heaven,
Still the thunder's deafning crash,
As the dark cloud is riven.

And yet can'st thou ne'er restrain
My constant heart from loving,
So long as in a single vein
The vital stream is moving !

So long as on thy fair brow,
The sweet impress is given,
Of truth—of innocence as now,
I there shall look for Heaven !

WENTOR.

HOW ZIBES GOT KICKED.

It is with some little compunction that I have brought myself to the determination, to expose Zibes' affair with the only girl whom, he assures me, he ever truly loved. Like other young men Zibes has flirted with, and perhaps, wounded the hearts of some most estimable young ladies: such things, however, were mere youthful indiscretions, and will, I know, be forgiven him by the young ladies of this place who are so fond of the same innocent amusement. What is a heart to them but a little, red pin-cushion to dangle from their apron-strings, or lie hidden at the bottom of a box among fifty other worthless trinkets? But to my story.

"Old Zibes is a case," I have often heard repeated among his friends, and it struck me as a remarkable truth; but I never heard any of them say what kind of case he might be. Some one suggests that he is a *liquor case*, but from such a slander as that I will clear him by giving it as my opinion that he is a *show case*, differing from the show cases of our merchants in as much as he puts all his show on the outside, and they on the inside.

Whether there are any slumbering fires of genius in him, I am not able to state, at any rate I have had no indications of it from himself, and for this reason would not like to state *positively* that there were. Zibes once informed me that he thought there was genius in him, but that it was so effectually hidden, that he, nor any one else would ever be able to find it. However, he is quite eccentric, and, as that is considered a mark of genius by some persons, his friends will have to use that as a shield to defend his character from calumniators. As my meaning may have departed from the *straight forward*, since I have acted the part of his biographer, I will make one more statement to extenuate, if possible, whatever error I may have committed in speaking of him. It is this: he once wrote "an essay against *profane* swearing" which he sent to the editor of a cross-road newspaper with the remark *to me* that if the damned rascal did not publish it he would lick him like the devil.

The habit of gazing into the fire is a common one with many peo.

ple; and to these fits of abstraction Zibes seems to be peculiarly subjected. One cold, blustering night last winter, I sprang suddenly into my room out of a snow-storm; and the first thing that attracted my attention, on closing the door, was Zibes gazing at a big coal of fire now glowing with a white heat.

"Hallo, chum!" said I slinging my hat to rid it of the snow, "what's in the fire that attracts your attention so closely."

Without giving so much as even a look, he seized the poker and made a furious attack upon the coal; and, when he had completely demolished it, he calmly filled his *meerscham* with the fragrant weed and proceeded to dissipate his thoughts in smoke. I watched him silently for about five minutes, at the end of which time he took the pipe-stem from his mouth, cocked one eye at me, threw himself back in his chair with his legs at an angle of forty five degrees with each other, and inquired demurely "what did you say."

"A pretty time to ask what I said; I thought you had a glimpse of heaven, or its antipodes. May I inquire what was the cause of your abstraction?" "Ah chum!" said he with a mournful shake of the head, and a real heartbroken sigh. "Worse than that—a thousand times worse: I was watching a woman tantalize me with promises, and allure me on

from that comfortable corner where I was seated with her, in imagination, until she got me into the fire where I was writhing when you came in, but had not the power to recall myself from my mental torments."

"Do you feel many severe mental burns?" I inquired sympathizingly.

Again his eye sought the bed of glowing embers, and he seemed totally unconscious of aught beside; but he was only collecting the thread of a narrative, which I will permit him to relate in his own peculiar style. He soon began as follows.

"You remember some time since I was telling you about my dancing with a girl, and getting into a mighty queer box about that same?—Well, I was thinking it all over and picturing it out to myself just before you came in: I was *tuck* in that time, I'll confess, but if I didn't pay her back with interest you may take my head for a foot ball."

Here was something that I had been anxiously desiring; to hear for a long time, and, as he had volunteered to tell it, I begged him to proceed, which he did in this wise.

"I called the following morning and had a good laugh, and a phrenological discussion about the bump in the centre of my forehead: she said it was *bibativeness*, or something of the sort; but for the sake of hav-

ng an opinion of one's own, I considered it was musical talent suddenly developing itself. I did not like the sly way she had of hinting at my drinking propensities, and had half a mind to bow myself out of the house for ever, as politely as possible; but the other half of my mind was strongest and bid me remain, in fact that half was in love with her. I staid about two hours trying to get a chance to say something to her, but could not and left. That evening I called again and stayed until after twelve, in _____."

"Why did you not stay longer?" said I interrupting him.

"Because I could not get the others to leave and give me a chance to say any thing; and moreover I saw the *gal* nodding behing her handkerchief, which I considered as a hint for me to make tracks immediately."

"A hint indeed?" said I really surprised, "it was a _____"

"Oh! never mind that: I don't care whether you would have considered it a hint or not, but I did and a strong one at that. I was now pretty well acquainted with her; and after revolving the thing over in my mind a time or two, I resolved to call again next morning, the earlier the better,—and decide my fate. I spent a sleepless night and rose early to prepare for my intended visit. The sun had not

more than fairly got up, when I found myself at the door; and as good, or bad luck would have it she came out at that moment to get a snuff of the morning air.—She was perfectly beautiful, as fresh and blooming as a rose, and a thousand times sweeter to my eye than any rose that ever sat on thorn or shook the diamond dew-drops from——"

"Whew!" said I with eyes wide agape, "what put all that stuff into your head?"

"Love, chum, love and sentiment" said he puffing a cloud of white smoke from his mouth that completely veiled his expressive countenance for a moment; but when the cloud rolled away all traces of emotion, if any there were had finally disappeared, and left his face as calm as a summer's day."

"I was alone with her, but what would I not have given to have been at home! The happy moment had arrived, but I felt such a *palpitation at my bosom* that I could hardly speak. She put me at my ease by at last telling me that she was going to leave shortly, and that it grieved her very much for she had really formed an attachment for our town. Now, after this declaration, what could I do but offer her a home there, and my escort to her *other home!*"

"You did right I think; but how did she meet your generous offers?"

“Oh! as to that she accepted them both, but threw a damper over the ardor of my affection by inquiring the price of the home which I offered her. “Thunderation!” said I ‘what do you think can be the price of it except your own sweet, darling self?’ Here I took hold of her hand and kind’r squeezed it a little by way of enforcing what I had said; but, instead of returning the gentle pressure, she hastily withdrew it and gave me the *darndest* slap, right on the jaw, that I ever had, I was perfectly astounded and inquired quite innocently if I had in any way offended her, she drew herself up to her full height, while a smile played for a moment around her beautiful lips, and said, in a tone that pierced my very heart, “Go home to your mammy boy;

you are not weaned yet.” Now chum, this hurt my feelings: I did not mind getting slapped or even kicked, but the idea of being called a boy made my face glow with the indignant blood that rushed there to defend my character from what this woman had said; and I replied with some show of spirit, that she need not put on so many airs about it, and that I was only joking and would not marry her to save her life. I am not certain what she would have done,—it seems to me that she was going to fix her hair,—but when she raised her hand again and made a step towards me, I was taken with a leaving and made the best of my way home, with a red face and a poor appetite for breakfast.”

HOPE.

Should fortune seem against thee set,
The future all a cheerless gloom,
Should thee thy closest friends forget,
And many bitter woes be met,
As of they are above the tomb;
Still hold thyself above despair;
Think that thy sorrows will not last,
But that a day will soon appear,
Whose brilliant sky will dry the tear,
And cause thee to forget the past.

There never was a day so drear
As to expel all light away,
And ne'er did midnight gloom appear,
That was not followed by the clear
And soothing brilliancy of day.
Then never yield to dark despair,
Which ne'er was known to cure the pain.
That rises from a load of care;
For in its soul-tormenting snare
There lurks a blacker, deadlier bane.

A TALE OF THE ALBEMARLE.

BY ROANOKE.

THE shores of the Albemarle sound are rich in all the varied beauties of a low-land scenery.

No hills rise in succession behind each other; no distant mountain ranges, dyed in the gorgeous sunset hues, feast the eye with their ever-varying tints; no moss covered rocks invite the weary traveler to a pleasant resting place, and secure retreat from the scorching rays of the sun; but views more interesting if not so imposing, are every where to be seen.

From the very verge of the precipitous banks, broad farms extend for miles over a surface scarcely broken by a mound, and magnificent dwellings occupy sites favorable for an extensive water-view, and which present a truly picturesque appearance, from the decks of the numerous steamers and other craft that are incessantly plying these waters.

Every point of land possesses historical interest. Every little bay hides in its bosom the knowledge of some dark and bloody tragedy, enacted by the original own-

ers of the soil. Every wave, that breaks upon the sand, whispers, in the language of the red man vows caught there centuries ago. The returning billow of a thousand years, lordly in its pride and foaming with rage, rolls upon the shore exhausted, and seeks to kiss your feet in token of the homage due its former masters. All, every thing here reminds you of the red man and his sad fate.

This is the region of the grape and honey-suckle, and the land of the bee and of flowers. Here no miasmatic vapor floats in the evening breeze scattering disease and death in its path; but the fragrant odor of the primrose and woodbine, of the lilly and the jessamine greet the senses and impart a delicious languor to the frame, which can only be felt in such a land as this.

Near the mouth of the Scuppernong river the sound widens; and the pines on the opposite shore are just visible in some places only, and present the appearance of a dark and undefined something rising just above the surface of the water.—

The banks rise precipitately, to the height of fifteen or twenty feet and are cut into innumerable little gullies by the heavy rains. These red banks, veiled near the top with a thick impenetrable mass of cedar roots, which hang down like the shaggy locks of some fabled monster of old, form an almost impassable barrier, except where they have been dug away and formed into steps.

I have wandered here for hours over the broad, white beach, with the little wavelets continually breaking on the pebbly shore with a soft—almost musical murmur, watching the king-fisher dart at his prey from his hole in the bank or following with my eye the lazy flight of the gull as he circled slowly above my head.

I love those dark old waters; I love the little ripples that play on them at even,—their gentle iniquitude,—their ceaseless murmur, so emblematic of life. I love the billow lashed into fury by the winds: like a warrior he comes, clad in his black habiliments and snow-white plume. I love the waters in their rest, where they mirror the twinkling stars and glitter in the pale moon-light. Often have I wished for the light foot of a water-sprite that I might trip along over their surface, and gather up the gold and purple mantle dropped there by the retreating king of day. There is a

charm for me in the war of the elements that I cannot resist. The yawning troughs between the waves seem to invite me to cradle there my excited soul,—to lull to slumber again the awakened spirit.

Here, on the beach, in the cool summer evenings is a pleasant retreat, from the cares and bustles of life, where one can dream away a few hours of existence, and speculate on the probabilities of the future without fear of interruption. Here many a lover's vow has been whispered and forgotten, sooner, perhaps, than the waves obliterate the marks left on the beach; and here, it may be, is the scene of many a sanguinary conflict.

One fine afternoon, having walked faster than was my wont, and being weary, I longed to stretch my limbs beneath the cool cedar shades above me. As I ran my eye up the almost perpendicular bank, I unwittingly drew out my pocket-knife, and began to cut footholds in the soft, yielding earth, and by means of them to clamber up.—When within a few feet of the top I caught hold of something, which, projecting a few inches from the side of the bank, afforded me a convenient means of facilitating my ascent. My weight however proving too much for it, I was precipitated along with a huge mass of dislodged earth upon the soft sands below. Not a little frightened I

sprang to my feet still holding the author of my misfortune in my hand. On examination I found this to be the thigh-bone of a human being, which very naturally directed my attention to the mass of earth which had just fallen.

Horror of horrors, what a spectacle there met my view! On the very offset of the pile, there grinned a human skull in all the ghostliness of decay, while close by a lonely hand protruded and seemed to point with its skeleton finger towards myself as if in mockery of my fear of corruption. With loathing and I will not deny it, with fear I turned and hastened from the spot.

When I arrived home, I related my adventure and received in explanation of the circumstance, the following story.

Many years ago two little boys, brothers, were playing near this spot with a boat, when by some unlucky chance they disagreed in their sports, and the elder, to punish the younger brother, leaped to the shore shoving the boat off violently at the same time with his foot. In the attempts of the younger to regain the land, he only caused the boat to recede the farther from it, until it was irresistibly drawn into the current of the Scuppernong. Up to this time he had manfully mastered his emotions; but when he perceived the boat carried slowly but steadily from

the land and heard his brother's shout of revenge, he threw down the unavailing oar and yielded himself a prey to utter hopelessness and tears. Imploringly he stretched forth his arms towards the shore and besought his cruel and unnatural brother, in heart-rending tones, to come to his assistance; but only a derisive shout came back to him over the waters as he saw his brother disappear in an adjoining thicket.

After some hours spent in loitering through the woods he was sobered from his angry feelings and returned to the beach with the faint hope that his brother had succeeded in regaining the land, and regretting sorely that he had not gone out and brought him back.

Vain, vain regret! Far away to the eastward, over a wide expanse of waters, he saw the boat now a mere speck in the horizon. His heart sank within his bosom at the sight, and for a time its pulsations were stilled, so intently did he gaze upon that dark, fast decreasing speck; but the faint hope-star still shed a ray of light across the midnight blackness of his heart and inspired him with the resolution to do something however small it might be.

He wept; but what amount of tears would it take to wash away the consciousness of such guilt! He waded out until the waves laved

his bloodless lips and stifled the prayer for his brother's safety; and his agonized cries for that brother's return were but half uttered, resembling the shrieks of a tortured fiend rather than the repentant voice of a human being. Night drew her sable curtain round the world and spread a veil over the deep. The stars came forth and were reflected from the glassy surface of the billows, and the fish sported close to the ear of the unconscious boy; but he heeded nothing; longingly he strained his eyes towards the east and intently listened to catch the voice of his returning brother. The winds rose and their sad moanings seemed to upraid him; but he would not return: his brother was not there and what was life to him! He resolved to go to that brother whom he could not bring back; and prayed and a shriek were borne along by the winds as the remorseless wave swept over his head, and rolled on majestically to the land.

When the dead body was found on the beach the next morning it was rather hoped, than conjectured that the other boy was safe in the boat, since neither, the boat or the boy could be found; and a search was immediately instituted to recover him if possible.

Many a sinewy arm was volunteered for the service, and ere long the air resounded with the lumbering noise of oars moving in the row-

lock. The bright oar-blades flashed in the morning sun, and for many a weary mile the sturdy oarsmen exerted all their strength, but all hope seemed to have fled. Stout hearts grew faint, and the strokes of the oars become less frequent as the end of the day drew near.

Despair seemed to have cast the shadow of her wing over all save one, the unhappy parent of the boys. He it was who from time to time exhorted his companions to continue yet a little longer in the search, until at last the glad shout of "the boat" was echoed by every stout pair of lungs in the little fleet.

But where was the welcoming form, that stood up in the solitary boat and cheered them on with his joyous shout of anticipated deliverance? Alas; no such form was there! "He sleeps, doubtless," said the agonized father. He indeed slept, but it was the terrible precursor of the sleep that knows no waking here.

When they came up with the boat the boy was found crouched under one of the seats, apparently dead; but, by means of restorative that the hardy fisherman is seldom without, he was again resuscitated.

Wrapped in the warm sailor-jackets and under the influence of the generous brandy, which had been poured down him, he soon revived sufficiently to relate the circumstances which I have just narrated.

He never reached the land ; but, with his eyes fixed upon the beacon that guided them home while reclining in his fathers arms, he died, at times upraiding his brother as the author of his sad misfortune ; then again smiling sweetly he would address him by the most endearing epithets. It was clear to all that his reason had fled, and some rejoiced at this for they knew that he would die.

Both the boys were buried in the same grave near the beach, where the rude winds and the towering wave nightly houl their requiem, in concert with the more mournful cadence of cedars that grow over their last resting-place.

It is still believed by the superstitious, that this spot is haunted by the ghosts of the two little brothers ;

and nurses are accustomed to frighten their charges into silence, by telling them that the two little drowned boys will come for them.

There is an old legend, implicitly believed by many, which says that nightly a boat glides from this shore, while a white figure may be seen standing erect in the stern.— Noiselessly the boat glides along, immovable stands the figure, until suddenly a shout,—a piercing cry for succor is borne towards the shore, and a strange mocking shriek, so wild and shrill that the blood curdles to hear it, is immediately heard within the thicket and all is still again ; but the boat glides on and on, until it becomes a mere speck and fades slowly from the view.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

BY LYNN.

THIS is the title of (in my estimation) one of the finest and most beautiful relics, that has given immortality to the name of Tom Moore.

This little poem was then the spontaneous outflowing of the fruitful imagination of Feramorz, the highly accomplished young poet to whom, "Lala Rhook" the heroine was betrothed. Although she was even now his by betrothal, yet he chose to win her by his personal accomplishments. Now let us look on Feramorz as a servant to make sport and pastime for the fair lady as she journeyed from Delhi to Bucharria.

Then passing to the story; the first fact is that the very occasion which gave birth to this lasting production, was one that cannot fail to touch the tender chords of the coldest heart, and even cause it to heave with love and admiration. What was it? To realize the facts you must become as it were an attending servant in that royal journey, and look on the young Poet as a servant, trying to make the heavy hours of an irksome trip fly sweet-

ly by, imagine yourself even now in the presence of your intended: know that you have by your former song won her highest admiration and love, seeing as did the young Poet; approval beaming from every feature of her queenly face, and true love streaming from her heavenly windows.

And with this much so promising you sit down with her in the most delicious spot that the hand of Nature's God has made. Now hush! for all nature seems to have listened in forgetful admiration to the silvery tones of that fair one, as she whispered to the young Poet. "Oh I can fancy this the abodes of the flower loving Nymph whom they worship in the Temple of Rathay, or of one of the Peris; those beautiful creatures of air who live on perfumes: and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost."

These words so beautiful and inspiring fills the young hero with courage, and poetic fire, and he with manly address; turns to the

cold hearted misanthrope, and thus begins,

"One morn a peri at the gate
 "Of Eden stood disconsolate
 "And wept to think, her recreant race,
 "Should ere have lost that glorious place."

This must teach every person of reason who reads, the important lesson, that every man must meet his misfortune.

"The truaat boy with laughing eye
 "Chasing the winged butter fly"

little anticipates the Charybdis on which all his hopes of future fortune, are to be wrecked. And, it is even so with man when dame Fortune spreads her fostering wing over his many cares; he goes on little fearing the dread misfortunes, which are kept from his joyous gaze by the misty vale of futurity.

It must also teach us the truth of the text. "In the midst of life we are in death." When Adam was in Eden, where God had supplied every thing that his craving nature knew, why should he yet risk life, that most precious boon, to taste of the only forbidden fruit? Does it not also show that he died in the "midst of life" and at the highest conceivable point of liberty and priceless blessings?—And that too of a wound inflicted by his own hand, while in the fair land of Eden.

This must also impress us with the truth that we too often, when in the midst of God's mercy and love, strike the fatal blow that seals our destiny in ceaseless woe.

By the Story of the Peri we are led to contemplate the inestimable value of a home in Heaven, listen to the beautiful language of that lovely Creation of air, as she tries to describe the worth of a home in that land of pure delight.

"Go wing they flight from star to star,
 "From world to luminous world as far,
 "As the universe extends its flaming wall
 "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 "Multiply each through endless years
 "One minute in Heaven is worth them all"

Here we may almost realize the meeting of Mercy and the weeping creature of the air, Mercy says "there is yet hope for the Peri; for whosoever brings to the eternal gates the gift that is most dear to Heaven shall be forgiven."

"Go search it, and redeem thy sin,
 "Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Now the Peri with new hope and healing in her wing sets out for Earth; enumerating every valuable treasure of which she knew,—but decided that none could win back that holy place. But as she thus mused and flew through ether pure; she turned her course earthward

"And beheld a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone beside his native river"

But the tyrant lived and the hero fell,

And notwithstanding she wept to see that noble young warrior fall, yet she marked the spot, and when the din of war, and the horror of bloody carnage was over, she descended with much hope where the hero lay; and caught the last drop,

"Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 "Before his free born spirit fled."

How happy was this beautiful Peri now, when she Heavenward starts with this priceless gift, Oh! yes when she had just said one minute in that holy, happy land, was worth all the pleasures, of all the spheres multiplied by endless years; just think she has the gift to redeem it forever. But alas, when she offers the gift it is refused. And now instead of hope dancing on every feature look and smile, we see dark despair brooding over every look and instead of angel like smiles we are made to view on that fair brow, the sad frown of disappointment.

Now if we will draw a little comparison this will remind us of our own uneven journey through life. At one time we see ourselves in the full enjoyment of all our craving souls can ask, our very smile, look, and word only tell that our heart is the home of happiness and content. But perhaps the next moment it is sized by the cold hand of hollow-hearted misfortune, and every member which told of pleasure in the one case, only tells in the other of the many troubles which rack our poor hearts (the homes of confusion.)

Now if the Peri had given up the noble task as man would under such circumstances too often do,—she never could have gained entrance at the gates of Light. Then let me implore every one, who is en-

gaged in a praise-worthy calling to follow the example of the persevering Peri, viz: take new hope in disappointment and let your labor be in proportion to the difficulty which opposes you, and your reward will be in proportion to the labor.—With new hope that persevering disposition directs the Peri earthward again, to find the gem which will gain that home in Heaven.—And soon we see her gazing upon one of the most sickening fields of carnage, that the pen of man has ever described. You may have read of the suffering soldiers under Napoleon, in the Russian snows or upon the scorching sand of Egypt. You may have almost thought you saw the mangled bodies, and heard the shrieks and groans of the half dead soldier. But even this will not compare with the place of human suffering where we next see the lovely Peri, it is at a place where it is said even the buzzard grows sick, and leaves his prey.—Nothing seeks refuge there but the mean hyænas, and no sound breaks the stillness but their light step as they stalk through the deserted shades. It is from this scene of suffering that the Peri singles out a half dead young soldier, who has gone to the fairest spot he can find to lie down and die

“There was only one thought which shed
“Joy around the soul of this dying one”

viz: his only love was free and safe

from all this horror of human misery, but just then as he raised his eyes and looked through the dim moon-light, he saw that lovely form approach, embrace and kiss his dying body. She gave herself up to him, and died with him, she was (*if ever there was one*) a woman of pure affection, she went and died imparting kisses to her lover, when cultures refused to go. The Peri saw her die in giving the last kiss and said,

Sleep on, and she softly stole
The farewell sigh of that dying soul.

She bids farewell to earth below,
and wings her flight to Heaven, and offers this last sigh of "self sacrificing love."

With high hopes she offers it, yea, she even thought she saw the gates fly open as she reached that heavenly harbor. But not so, the Angel said, your gift may be pure but it can not unbar these Elysian gates.

Again her bright hope of success is a gloomy mist. She sighs and earthward starts again. She sails over lovely lands, midst flowers of rarest hue, and all sorts of the most delicious fruits she sees. She perches on the lofty Cedars of Lebanon, and looks wistfully over the fruits and flowers of the lands of Earth, but her anxious eye finds nothing from these

"Naught can charm her luckless eye
"Her soul is sad, her wing is weary."

But Heaven yet smiles and she is

still anxious to search for that "charm" which will so soon direct an erring race to a home in Heaven. And as she flies, thus musing and sad she sees a beautiful, sweet, innocent little child playing among the many beauties by which he is surrounded,

"As rosy and as wild as they

"He chased with eager hands and eyes,

"The beautiful blue damsel flies

"This lovely child plays and knows not harm"

tires and sleeps on the cool beds of flowers, awakes and plays again, a stranger to the bloody deeds and ruthless crimes of yonder one who dismounts from his foaming steed and sips the pure waters of the "Incarret." Look on his haggard brow as he gazes upon innocence and love.

Now here we see the innocent boy, and the grown man saturated with crime of every kind in the forest together where no eye can see them but God's. Now it is the custom of this boy to kneel and pray at his regular hour, of devotion, that hour arrives, the boy starts from his repose and play, kneels and lisps the well known prayer his fond Mother has taught him to say: it was there he looked as the Poet said "Like a stray babe of Paradise,

"Just lighted on that flowery plain

"And begging for his Home again."

But where is our man of crime as sweet little innocence bows to the majesty of his God. Alas! in

deep forest solitary and alone with no merciful God to guide his erring footstep, no innocence to soothe his burning brow. His thoughts flit back to the days when he was a sinless child, he sees a cloud begin to arise in the distance and grow larger and more angry as he traces his life to his present state of sin and corruption, he knows the inevitable consequences unless he seeks a shelter from the storm of destruction: Where is that shelter? In the tranquil harbor of God's love and mercy, and he knows it. And he falls in tears and prayers and asks God for help.

When the Peri saw those tears flowing from this truly penitent

heart, she was overjoyed and seemed to know that she had the gem that was most dear to Heaven.— She seems to have known, that, that which could quell so much grief in that one bosom; could effect something if offered at the gates of Grace.

This shows that the tear drops of repentance is worth all the blood from a thousand heroes' hearts.— That it is worth all the sighs of pure self sacrificing love. She is conscious that she now has the true gift. For when she starts towards Heaven again, listen at her words,

"Farewell ye orders of Earth that die

"Passing away like a lover's sigh

"Joy, joy, forever my task is done,

"The gates are passed and Heaven is won.

THE REIGN OF CRINOLINE.

“Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
’Tis to their changes, half their charms we owe.”

MESSRS. EDITORS: The above quotation, no doubt, expresses the full conviction of many of our ladies. So implicitly do they rely upon its truthfulness, and so characteristic is it of that fickleness which seems to pervade the whole sex that, in their constant changes to win men’s hearts, they often adopt fashions, fancies and whims which seem to transcend the bounds of modesty and baffle all convenience. Of this the recent exhibition at our commencement affords conclusive proof. We have had the *grande toilette* fully displayed for our admiration or abhorrence, and I imagine many of us here had our legs *grandement* banged by those cudgels which lie concealed under broad skirts.

Being an ardent admirer of all the women, I shall attempt no criticism on the prevailing fashion of our ladies, nor would I be apt to censure any fashion they might adopt. Were they to become sensible of the folly of their ways, which I think is little probable, and determine to retrench the present useless expenditure for dress, by

conforming to the economical and unpretending costume of Mother Eve, before she ate the forbidden fruit, I should love them still. The present style of wearing hoops seems not to be admired by every one, as you will perceive from the story of one of our young friends; whose adventures for a night during commencement week, I will endeavor to relate. He is quite handsome, and will make a ladies’ man after a little experience.— When he told the story, which I will repeat as near as possible in his own words, he little expected that I should make this communication, I must therefore, in justice to him, avoid calling his name, but for the sake of familiarity will designate him by Dandy.

Dandy it seems had walked to the Chapel, with a lady, on Wednesday night; and on Thursday joined a small group who were reposing beneath the shades before one of the College Buildings. He took a seat near by myself. The conversation soon turned on the beautiful and gay throng of ladies, for many were at that time strolling over the Campus. Dandy, after listening for a short time, re-

marked in a very indifferent manner; "I tell you fellows I caught her—I last night with a woman."—Some one quickly asked, "what did she do to you Dandy?" Dandy was slow in his reply, but after making a deep sigh said; "That Crinoline or these muffed petticoats are hard things to contend with. I took dancing lessons expressly to fly around this commencement but I find it will not pay." "Why," said one of the by-standers, "will it not pay." Dandy brought another sigh and began his story.

"Last night I sent my card down to the Hotel and very soon received an answer from Miss C. accepting my escort. That threw me almost into raptures, and I hastened off, to my room, to put on my spike and brush my hair. Being desirous to make an impression on Miss C. and say many fine things to her, I resolved to do my best. When the bell rang to assemble at the Chapel, I walked into Col. Guthrie's parlor and awaited the appearance of Miss C. She soon came in, though on approaching the door she made several efforts before she entered, and to me very much resembled a young gosling, with a yoke on, trying to get through the railing. Indeed she was superbly dressed in silk, with her flounces, Crinoline, and every thing else to an enormous amount, rather more dry goods than I had been accustomed to see on one lady. I really believe her dress at the floor would measure thirty feet in circumfer-

ence. My first thought was, should I ask her to take my arm. For this I greatly desired, that I might have a better opportunity to converse with her. After asking her to take a seat and placing my chair as near as possible without being on her dress, I soon determined not to make the proposal, for I had heard some horrible tales about Crinoline's bruising shins and was by no means anxious to experience the fact. I now began to regret the necessity of foregoing the pleasure of conversation and the opportunity of revealing my first love.—At first, I felt somewhat confused and in an effort to compose myself drew my chair a little nearer; but found I was on Miss C's silk. I immediately rose from my seat and suggested that it was now time to walk to the Chapel. Miss C. sanctioned the proposal and stepped forward with a mighty rustling of silk. I preceded and opened the gate that leads into the street.—Miss C. followed though met with some difficulty in passing through." Seeing Dandy begin to smile I expected something very good and remarked. I suppose you had fair play when you entered the street.

"Mirabile dictu!" replied Dandy, "fair play you say! I was more out of place than ever. Miss C's dress just filled the side-walk and I had no place to get-to only before or behind. Yet as I had to hold the gate until she passed, I unavoidably fell into the rear.—This I thought an unbecoming place for a gallant, besides we had but a few paces to go before we reached the gate that opens into the Campus. I was now at my wits how to pass Miss C. without getting my shins scarred; for she occupied the

whole space between the wall and a small ditch which lay between the side-walk and the street. Desirous to avoid contract with those broad flounces which beat heavily against the wall, I jumped over the ditch and ran past Miss C. and then jumped back in full time to open the gate. We were now in the Campus, but I discovered there was not room enough on the walk for Miss C. and myself; without I walked behind. This I determined not to do, and placed myself off to one side amid the flower beds." Thinking Dandy rather disposed to exaggerate. I here interrupted him by asking did he say anything while walking so far off.

"Very little," replied Dandy.— For when we got against Dr. Caldwell's monument, Miss C made some remark about the monument and I looking towards it struck my foot against a rose bush and came very near falling. During the remainder of the walk I took care to keep my feet and said but little. When we approached the Chapel Miss C. took the lead and the Marshal conducted her to a seat. For my part I felt very sad and many gloomy thoughts crowded my mind. However I took a seat among the gentlemen and soon found my soul absorbed in devising some plan to walk nearer Miss C. without getting my legs bruised by those infernal hoops.

Finally I resolved to make the attempt, and at the close of the exercises, walked near Miss C. before she rose from her seat, and presented my arm. This I did, you may be well assured, with the expectation of being severely slashed.— But I walked a little before and met no difficulty in getting out of

the Chapel. Alas! for my future fate. We had advanced but a few steps from the Chapel on our way to the Ball-Room, when that Crinoline which I so much dreaded began to dangle about my legs and beat me almost into fits. Miss C. would occasionally gather it to one side and for a few steps I would be unimpeded. But all her efforts could not keep it from encircling my legs. And in a moment I found myself completely hampered. Her dress seemed to be wrapped several times about my legs and then made fast by large bolts of wood or iron. I found that I was unable to keep my balance or make another step, and in making an effort to unfetter myself, fell prostrate on the ground. From the loud breaking and tearing I supposed that I had taken off about half of Miss C's skirt, and being greatly confused and not knowing what to do, after rolling over about twice on the ground, I resumed an erect position and determined to run. Second thought never came more aptly. I immediately approached Miss C. and asked pardon for damages. Greatly to my surprise and gratification she informed me that she had sustained no damage and sympathized with me. Whatever damage Miss C's dress sustained I am not able to say; though I noticed she was careful afterwards to hold a portion of it in her hand. Thus I, with my tight pants on, encountered Crinoline, but was prostrated, beaten and fled, leaving the victory undisputed on her side.

Here Dandy closed his story with a sad look and chagrined soul, for he declared he saw no pleasure during Commencement after that night.

WAS NAPOLEON A PATRIOT?

A DISCOURSE BY _____

IN the early part of May 18—, it was my privilege and pleasure to visit the spot where repose the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte, and a more beautiful day never dawned upon Sunny France; not a cloud floated in the air, not a ripple disturbed the slumbering Seine; not a leaf trembled amid the luxuriant groves of the Tuileries; and Nature smiled as she only does in "the land of the Gaul." Crossing the Pont Royal, one of the most beautiful of the bridges which span the river,—I strolled leisurely along the quays alternately listening to the cheerful song of the watermen in their barges, watching groups of loungers in the palace grounds, recalling the historic incidents connected with all around me,—and drinking in inspiration and pleasure at every turn. After a walk of some twenty minutes I reached the "Hotel des Invalides," and having presented my Passport and Permit,—entered that portion of the building which contains the tomb of Napoleon.—I had visited Westminster, where England's honored dead take their last repose, and examined the cost-

ly and beautiful monuments with which a grateful country seeks to perpetuate their memory. I had climbed to Passilepa's moss-crowned height and viewed the classic spot where stands the tomb of Mantua's bard, the immortal Virgil. I had stood beneath the shadows of Saint Peter's and gazed upon the mausoleum of Hadrian, as it frowns in stern majesty upon the yellow Tiber at its feet.

I had strolled along the ancient Appian way to that

Stern round tower of other days.

which tells where Metalla sleeps—"the wealthiest Roman's wife."

And I had lingered at the tomb of the Scipios.

"Whose sepulchurs lie tenantless,
Of their music dwellers."

and dreamed of those glorious days when Africanus returned in triumph to the Capitol,—the deliverer of his Country, and the conqueror of Hannibal. But in all my wanderings by sea and shore, I never had gazed on so magnificent a picture, as that which presented itself within the walls of that edifice where Napoleon is buried. The towering dome glow-

ing with the frescoes of sunset; the capacious crypt, surrounded by a balcony, sculptured with reliefs representing battle scenes, and implements of war: the floor of rich mosaic glitterings with the soul-stirring names of Marengo, Elaw, Jena and the Pyramids; the magnificent altar adorned with serpentine columns of black Egyptian marble, covered with sacred vessels of burnished gold, and overhung with the richest silks from the looms of the Orient; the statues of his marshals; the graves of his faithful generals the trophies of his splendid conquests; the flags which he had torn from his enemies, midst the clash of arms, the shock of opposing ranks, and all the wild confusion of the battle field; the elaborate pedestal of Final marble upon which art has exhausted all its skill in rendering it a fit coffer for his ashes, and the Sarcophagus of porphyry, gigantic in proportions, wonderful in rare devices, and yet chaste, beautiful and appropriate in its coarse ornament, all conspire to produce an effect, which description cannot remedy, which the brush of the painter cannot equal—which the pen of poesy itself cannot picture, and which will live in memory until mind itself

"Shall dissolve, and take the baseless fabric of a mind,

Leave not a wreck behind."

And whilst standing at his tomb,
drinking in the splendor around me,
vol. viii 2

reveling in the associations connected with this most wonderful individual, glowing with admiration at the skill by which so beautiful a mausoleum had been reared, and reflecting on the genius of him whom France had thus delighted to honor and to deify—the question involuntarily presented itself to my mind:—Was this man a patriot?

With your permission, Messrs. Editors, I will discuss that question here, and labor to give such an answer thereto, as will prove entirely consistent, alike with the truth of history—the teachings of philosophy, and the rules of accurate logical investigation.

Patriotism signifies a love of Country, and demands devotion to its honor, regard for its welfare,—watchfulness over its interests, a life consecrated to the promotion of its happiness, and an energy which never falters in the effort to secure its advancement in all that makes a nation great and powerful and glorious. It is a principle which whispers to the heart of man, that there is but one beloved spot on earth, which prompts him to deeds of daring in behalf of home, which guides his thoughts over trackless seas and deserts—back to the scenes of boyhood, and which offers the bosom's richest blood, and the spirit's most ardent prayers for the safety and prosperity of that land whose breezes soothed the slumbers of his

infancy, and within whose soil are garnered the ashes of his Fathers. It is a passion which seeks to gratify itself continually, not by idle boasts or empty protestations—not by inflated declamation, and poetic rhapsodies—not by glorious reminiscences, and brilliant dreams, but by studying the wants of the people, comprehending the genius of their institutions, laboring to gratify their tastes and aspirations, and devoting time, energy and talent to the task of developing the resources of the State, loving it with ardor, and accomplishing its highest destiny. It is that active sympathy—that noble enthusiasm—that glowing love which has nerved the hero's heart as he rushed upon ranks of glittering bayonets to pluck the gory laurel from the cannon's mouth—which has trimmed the Student's midnight lamp, as he explored the dusty pages of ancient lore, seeking for pearls of thought to deck the cabinet of his intellect,—which has bound the martyr to the stake and secured for him the boon of immortality. It is that feeling which, to some extent, glows in the heart of every one, prompting him to seize his gun and hurry to the field at the first notes of the invokers' drum—filling him with delight when the story of some victorious day, is told by the historian or poet of his country—causing his bosom to heave with emotion,

when the world unites in braiding a chaplet around a compatriot's brow—swelling the pulses of his heart to a heaving flood, at the thought that his name may add a beam to the glow which encircles his native land—and inspiring him with the noble resolution of contributing his genius, his property or his blood to the preservation of his country's peace—the promotion of its greatness, and the defence of its honor and its rights. This sentiment, although noble in itself, originates in that principle of human nature, which improperly, and for the want of a better term, is denominated SELFISHNESS. It is a phase of self love; and thus becomes a modification and an illustration of that desire to secure individual happiness, which is as natural and as necessary to the heart of man, as its very pulsations; and an additional proof to my mind, that no explanation of the philosophy of man's moral nature, can stand the test of enlightened criticism which derives the principle of "utility" at its fundamental proposition. In fact, all duty, right, obligation and rules of morality, spring from this one source—the adoption of means to their legitimate end—the satisfaction of the tendencies of our nature—the realization of that system of universal order which God has established for his own glory, and the supreme happiness of his crea-

tures. For, destroy this ideal, and there is no longer anything sacred or reliable in itself to the eye of reason; all obligation to respect the laws of our nature is nullified; the difference between our various ends and actions is obliterated; the universe becomes a riddle, and human destiny is reduced to a fathomless mystery, but restore this principle, and man and the Universe become intelligible; an end presents itself for every creature; a final cause for each mental endowment and moral attribute;—the great law of human development is unfolded and enforced; and man discovers some tangible and satisfactory, as well as merciful objects for which he was created, a sacred order which he is bound to respect, because it reveals his duty to himself, his fellows and his God. The great ruler of Heaven hath created the Universe for his glory and honor. He has given to each object of his handy-work, some special attribute, whose final cause harmonizes with this object of creation. He has impressed certain definite and immutable laws upon all things, the execution of which secures the accomplishment of their destiny, and the perfection of that system of which they are constituents. In a word, he has established a principle of order, around which all things in Heaven and earth revolve in appropriate, appointed and

consistent circles. Beauty, harmony and peace are the delight of his heart, the breath of his nostrils, the atmosphere in which he moves and has his being, the means which he voluntarily has employed throughout Nature, to secure his glory and honor. While on the other hand, those candidates which are the opposite of these are distasteful to him—are inconsistent with his character—are in antagonism with his designs, and are utterly at variance with the ends and objects of creation. He made man, and lavished every objective blessing upon him. For him the voice of Divinity exclaimed—"Let there be light."—For him was the moon hung up in the firmament, and the "stars, which are the poetry of Heaven," scattered through the sky. For him were the waters called back from the land, and gathered together into the Ocean—that image of eternity,

"Dark leaving boundless endless and sublime."

For him was the earth fertilized—watered with broad rivers—carpeted with verdure, covered with magnificent forests and adorned with aspiring peaks, rolling hills, cool valleys and refreshing fountains.—For him was the rainbow painted on the clouds, the flowers pencilled with roseate hues, endued with perfume, and strewn, like precious pearls, along his pathway; and the seasons given their appropriate

places, their proper offices and their peculiar beauties. For him the forked lightnings flash athwart the sky—the roar of nature's dread artillery reverberates through the air—the winds of Heaven sweep the seas, and the elements yield their ready homage, and become willing slaves. For his welfare and comfort, the great inscrutable himself, has condescended to labor in beautifying, adorning and fertilizing the earth; and hence, it becomes evident, not only that God is merciful, but that *objectively* considered, man was designed for *happiness*,—and that *this end* coincides with the grand object of nature. But this external provision for man's well being, implies a corresponding internal faculty of appreciation, whereby the beauty, harmony, adaptability of the objection world may be discovered and engaged, and it follows, a priori that *subjectively* man was created for happiness also, and that the attainment of that result constitutes the law of his being.—But this fact can be established in a different manner. Every rational creature is conscious of possessing certain mental attributes, such as passions, notions, faculties, will and reason. He knows also, that independent of chisms, there is and the source of pleasure and pain, and experience teaches him that the exercise and gratification of these mental qualities is a source

of happiness also. Reason not only teaches him in what manner the greatest amount of gratification can be secured, but it propounds the questions successively: for what were faculties given me? Why are susceptibilities bestowed? What is the end and object of my being?—whilst at the same time, it declares that it would be inconsistent with the wisdom of God to have engaged in an unnecessary work, that it would be incompatible with his character for goodness to have made man susceptible of happiness without intending that he should desire and profess it; and that it would have been at variance with his plans and precepts to have established a destiny for the human race which did not redound to each individual and to his own glory.

Besides all this, it is evident that the Creator would never have contradicted himself in his own works—and hence, God has made the earth for man's comfort, he has surrounded him by every object calculated to render him contented, and to minister to his pleasure, it follows, that his mental and moral natures were given him for that object, that he was created for happiness, that the attainment of this end is the law of his nature, and that in seeking this one great object, he is accomplishing his highest destiny.

[CONTINUED IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.]

THREE STUDIES OF NATURE.

Miss M. P. Bowen

A POEM.

BY F. W. H.

Nature displays her charms to every eye,
 Her glad, green earth, her blue, ethereal sky ;
 The mountain lifts its reverend, snow-capt head,
 Old Ocean tosses on his sleepless bed ;
 And all may gaze where Alpine turrets soar,
 And all may list to Ocean's solemn roar,
 Yet each eye wears its own peculiar glass,
 And new paints Nature's pictures as they pass :
 Far varying notes the listening soul may hear,
 As Nature's music plays upon the ear.

* * * * *

Stretched on the grass, with half closed eyes,
 A languishing Italian lies,—
 Romantic youth of one and twenty,
 Tasting the "dolce far niente."
 Lightly the clouds are chasing by,
 Softly the evening breezes sigh ;
 Nature has just applied her brush,
 And Western skies begin to blush,
 And all that Italy can show,
 In Heaven above or earth below,
 Lies opened wide before his gaze—
 His weary head he scarce can raise
 More passive than the dooping flower
 When grateful falls the Summer shower,
 The idle soul drinks in delight,
 And listless yawns—"A glorious sight."
 Yet as the drops refresh the rose,
 Till beautiful again it grows,
 So, though the mind be half asleep,
 Some impress 'twill forever keep
 To tell that one delighted hour,

Was held a slave in Natur's power.

* * * * *

Far from sea and sky retreating,
 In some barefloored and dreary study,
 A pale-faced man his brow is beating,
 His work goes slow, his brain is muddy ;
 His task is Heaven's mathematics,
 And many an earnest student ponders,
 In airless, sunless, cheerless attics,
 On Natures bright and sunlit wonders,
 No nightingale enchants his ears,
 His soul to Natures sounds is dumb ;
 No lovely hue that Nature wears
 With power to his dull heart can come ;
 Yet fired his thoughts on starry courses,
 How whirl the myriad worlds of space,
 How Phoebus' fiery chariot horses
 Preserve their never-ending race ;
 As Science spreads her eagle wings
 Far from the reach of mortal eyes,
 To search for Nature's hidden springs,
 Fearless on comet's track he flies ;
 Guided by giant orbs of light—
 The Sun, puissan king of day
 The Moon, fair emblom of the night,
 And courtier stars that crowd her way.
 From scouring heaven at length returned,
 He pours o'er algebraic sign ;
 Hear him, his magic lesson learned,
 " List, rolling orbs, these words of mine,
 When days, years, centuries have passed,
 Each star of heaven its place shall hold,
 Yea, surely as the world shall last,
 The place my numbers have foretold. "
 When days and months and years are gone,
 The search is made—each world is there—
 Such things by mortal man are done,
 Such things do Nature's students dare !
 And when this wondrous work is o'er,
 Are all the student's treasures known ?

Is he who stands upon the shore
 Gazing on boundless sea—alone,—
 Inspired with all the sight can teach,
 When two pure elements are found.
 Of every wave that strikes the beach
 With all its tumult—lulling sound ?
 Who by this law has powered the sea ?
 Who bade the spheres obedient roll !
 Darkness was light at his decree,
 Chaos ——— creation's glorious whole—
 If it be aught sublime, to know
 Some counsels of eternity.
 How passing human thought 'tis so,
 This full eternity to be !
 In giant characters 'tis writ,
 On Heaven's blue vault, on earth's green sod,
 By all the lights of Heaven lit,
 Bow low before the present God !
 Yet all the earnest soul would feel,
 Can stores of science ne'er reveal,
 Nature yet higher truths imparts
 To longing listening human hearts.

* * * * *
 With throbbing brain and wildly kindliu eye,
 Another comes, to learn of earth and sky,
 No langour him oppresses—no rich feast,
 His senses lazily delight to taste—
 Nature's fair form he dares not to dissect,
 Newtonian systems he dares not to erect.
 Yet in each stream that flows, each bird that flies,
 Each flower that buds and blooms and fades and dies,
 In Spring's wild dances o'er the fragrant earth,
 In Summer laughing with sedate mirth,
 In Autumn sadly clothed with golden light,
 And aged Winter robed in saintly white,
 He hears full many a word of truth from Him
 Who sits enthroned between the cherubim,
 The many colored crown that Autumn wears,
 The golden wreath that decks the waning years,
 Clear to his soul of heavenly music tells
 That our lip's last solemn moment dwells.
 He dreams these views catch their glories bright ;
 So o'er the deep dark vale, that lies between
 Things known to man and things by spirits seen,
 Some rays are thrown, that crown the heavenly birth
 And cast their halo o'er the last of earth !

Thus each eye wears its own peculiar glass,
 And new-paints Nature's pictures as they pass ;
 To senses, intellect, imagination
 She shows the thousand wonders of creation ;
 To eye and ear she offers rich delights—
 Leads star-eyed science on her eagle-flights ;
 And yet nor ravished sense, nor all compelling mind,
 But yearning-poet hearts her truest riches find !

EDITORIAL TABLE.

SALUTATORY.

WITH a bow of grateful acknowledgement of the very high honor conferred, in electing us Editors of the magazine, we now enter upon this new and untried field, with some misgivings 'tis true, but still resolved to do all we can. That *all* rests with you, and will increase or decrease as our subscription list grows large or small. You have placed us here, and we feel confident that you will not leave us to fight the battle alone, or, if we must fight, just furnish us with arms and ammunition, and we will seize supplies enough to last us through the campaign. We will make no further promises, until you comply with our only request, which is moderate enough, and easy enough granted, since, if only three fourths of the men in college would subscribe to the Magazine, we have it in our power to make it better than it ever has been. Please take this into consideration, and try to make the NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE better than that of any of her sister colleges! We know you are not entirely dead to pride, if every feeling is extinguish-

ed within your bosoms. In palliation of whatever faults may appear in us this time, let us plead unskillfulness; and those of the future you may attribute, not to negligence or want of zeal in the proper discharge of our duties, but to an inability which we promise shall not rest entirely with us.

We are not unmindful of the great responsibility that rests with us, but having solicited that responsibility, we are determined to bear it on our shoulders, or sink beneath its weight, Be ours the disgrace of a failure, if we should fail with the names of three fourths of the students on our list! Be that disgrace indelibly fixed, as a stigma to our names, if, with half the remaining fourth, we do not increase both the size and beauty of the Magazine!

From our labor, we can derive no benefit, except that which pertains to us all, yourselves included, in fact we sacrifice a great deal of time to gratifying your several tastes, which might be employed much more profitably in studying our text-books; and, but for upholding the reputation which we

have acquired, as a progressive, energetic body of young men, we have no inducements whatever, to exert ourselves in the cause.

Since our connection with the University, we have watched, with much interest, the growing beauty and increased merit of the pages of the Magazine, and we say with pleasure, that we challenge any one to produce a number of the Magazine, exceeding, in a single point, either of the last year's issues.

Very many of the students are disposed to grumble about the matter contained in the Magazine. All we can say to the disaffected is, that there is a pleasant little story, in a book which we fear they have sadly neglected, about a beam and a mote, that could be read with advantage to all such critics as they are. We ask you, are you conscious of having done your duty towards improving that matter? and do you read every piece you take upon yourselves to criticise *so severely*?

With many assurances of the fixed determination to do all in our power, to further the interests of Mag., and raise the standard of literature higher among you; we now submit the first fruits of our labors to your inspection, and respectfully invite your attention to a careful perusal of its successors.

BEATRICE CENCI.

WE do not, as yet, propose to criticise any work, however little merit it may possess; our intention is to give our views, on such books as we shall have read, to those who feel inclined to read them.

That this book has merit, we think no one can deny, but the general outlines and plot we do not like. The style is a good and easy one, and will not weary the reader. The information it contains is general and interesting. Its principal aim is at the head of the Romish Church, and seems to have been prompted by a vindictive spirit.—Everything in the book will lead the reader to this conclusion, but more particularly a note, at the bottom of one of the pages, in which it is stated that the author was in prison when he wrote it, will confirm this notion, since it is highly probable that he was imprisoned by order of the Pope.

The author is evidently well acquainted with human nature, but he throws aside this knowledge,—and over-draws his characters.—Count Cenci, the father of the heroine, would shame the devil himself, in acts of atrocity and cruelty. That you may form an opinion of him, I will relate a short story from the work. The Count gave a magnificent entertainment to his friends and acquaintances. The guests, remarking his unusual hi-

larity, asked him the cause. After a few remarks, the Count pulls some letters from his pocket, and tells them to read that *two more of his detested children were dead, and nailed up in two oaken coffins that he had had prepared for them.* What a sentiment for a father to utter concerning his children!

Now hear his toast:—

“ Oh! blood of the vine, that, grown in the sun’s rays, sparkling and bubbling gaily in the light of the candles, as my soul leaped and exulted at the news of my sons’ death—oh! were you their mingled blood, matured beneath the fire of my curse, and shed as a sacrifice to my vengeance, I would drink you as devoutly as the wine of the Eucharist; and toasting Satan, I would say: ‘Angel of Evil, burst forth from hell; mount with swift wings after the souls of Felix and Christopher, my sons, before they can approach the gates of Heaven, and drag them down to eternal woe, and torment them with the most atrocious agonies that your diabolical imagination can invent. And if you cannot find enough, consult me. I trust to find new tortures to which your fancy cannot reach. Oh! Satan! to your health I inebriate myself into an abyss of joy. Triumph in my triumph!’ ” With this he dismissed his guests and gave himself up to tormenting his wife and daughter.

Beatrice, the heroine of the story, is described as beautiful and virtuous as the angels, yet, for the imputed crime of parricide, which she disproves before her judges, she is tortured until her bones are broken, and the blood made to ooze through the white skin of her twisted arms. Finally, she, along with her brother and mother-in-law, is decapitated; and all for a paltry few thousand of ducats, which the pope and his cardinals wished to get *legally* from the family.

There are many beautiful ideas interspersed throughout the dark and bloody pages of this book,—which suggest to the mind of the reader a chess-board, with gilt lines dividing the red squares from the black. Read the book, by all means, and judge for yourselves; you will derive much benefit therefrom, tho’ it will be like gleanng a wheat-field on a sultry day.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES
IREDELL.

THE first volume of this work, was noticed by a correspondent in the last (April) No. of this Magazine; the second is now before us, surpassing in value and interest, *if possible*, even its predecessor. It contains matter of the greatest importance to the Historian, Lawyer and general reader, and should be immediately placed in the library of each. In beauty of exterior and typogra-

ay, it is unsurpassed by any work issued from our press. This book eminently North Carolinian, written by and treating of a native of our State, and we hope the author will meet the favor he so justly deserves. The contents of this volume are Historical Summaries, &c., Letters of all the great men of our State then living, Papers of Judge Edell on various subjects then under discussion, many of his charges and addresses to grand juries, as well as of the associate justices of the Supreme Court. One of the ablest and most interesting papers in the whole work, and one which all could read, is "Answers to Mr. Mason's Objections to the New (Federal) Constitution, recommended by the late Convention at Philadelphia." "This publication preceded that of the 'Federalist,' but the earliest numbers."*

THE VACATION.

As such of our readers as have never had the good fortune to remain at Chapel Hill during vacation, there is no conception of the many good things to be enjoyed here then. The people of this place seem to possess a peculiar tact in making themselves enjoy himself when nearly all of his fellow students are away; they seem to sympathise in his behaviour, and to endeavor by every means in their power, to con-

tribute to his sources of enjoyment.

As for our part, we heartily wish the vacation had lasted longer, for at no period of our uneventful life do we remember to have spent a more pleasant six weeks.

Chapel Hill improves on acquaintance, or, I should have said, you like it better when you have become acquainted with the ladies, than when, no town or village in this or any other State can lay claim to a more beautiful set. God bless the ladies! to them we are indebted for the numerous *pic-nics* and *sociables* that have gone the round; and at which every one seemed to enjoy him or herself finely.

"Roaring Fountain," the scene of one of the *pics*, is a most pleasant retreat in summer, and we would advise all who have never visited it to go at once. Despite the name, there is not a more quiet fountain anywhere; in its rocky basin it seems to sleep, so still is the fountain and everything around it, until the approaching footstep wakes the echo of the hills around; but when you bend and place your lips to the crystal contents of the basin, in an affectionate kiss, the escaping waters seem to whisper to you, so gentle is their murmur, and the diamond drops will cling to your lips long after you have taken them away, as if loth to part.

We have spent many a pleasant afternoon at roaring fountain, read-

ing poetry or some thrilling romance, but none so pleasantly as that on which we watered a small party of thirsty girls from a sylvan cup, made of a large oak leaf.— Their bright eyes and rosy cheeks were reflected from the surface as from a mirror, and since then we have directed our steps thither to look again at the bright picture, but 'twas gone. No merry laugh resounded among the trees, no happy voices mingled in a musical confusion; the moss on the rocks looked greener, and told the heart how it was forsaken; and the bright waters followed the winding course of the valley as if in search of some one to admire them, and listen to their gentle, ceaseless murmur.

How faithfully the mind retains such scenes! every little circumstance and event of that afternoon is as well remembered as if it were but yesterday that it occurred.— Even now there is an image before our eyes, of a maiden whose cheeks are red with the exercise of that walk; she leans gracefully forward to receive the frail cup from our hand—she raises it to her mouth, but ere she can touch her lips to the refreshing draught the leaf bends in her fingers and the contents are emptied on her dress!

How very tantalising that must have been, and how heartless in the water to fly such rosy lips!

Had we been that cup—; but pshaw! we could have controlled ourself no better than the leaf did.

Pick-nicks, routs, and all, adieu the session has commenced; and getting up to prayers in the morning is calculated to dispel all our pleasant dreams. The people of Chapel Hill, and especially the ladies, shall ever have our best wishes, and assistance when it is needed. We want all the girls, who are anyways anxious, to be provided with good husbands; but we do not want them to be in too great a hurry about it. Even one taken away from the dancing corps, would materially affect the arrangements of the young people, in the way of enjoying themselves at parties.

THE FOURTH.

THE weather has been quite sultry during the whole vacation, and has added fuel to the flames of the patriotism of our citizens. For more than a month previous to the great day, the several committees were exerting themselves to have a fine time of it on the Fourth, and to make visitors well pleased with themselves, and with the preparations for celebrating the anniversary of our Independence.

At an early hour in the morning we were awakened from sleep by the ringing of all the bells in the village, and by the deafening report of fire-arms.

About 9 o'clock, A. M., the Orange Guards, invited down from Hillsborough, made their appearance "with drums beating and colours flying." They drew up in front of the Union Hotel, and heard a very appropriate address from Mr. S. F. Phillips of this place. We watched their evolutions and maneuvers with much pleasure; and it is our opinion that they are a well drilled and orderly company. Captain Phillips deserves much praise, for the care which he and his handsome company contributed towards the celebration of Independence Day at Chapel Hill.

After the Oration in the College Chapel, all the guests were invited to partake of a large dinner, prepared expressly for them, and served up in the College Campus. We were not at the table during dinner, but from the amount of food which we saw on and around the table, we can well say that all had enough.

In the afternoon the "Rip-Van-Winkle Rangers," armed and equipped in a fantastic style, made their appearance on horses and mules, which the renowned Don Quixote and Sancho Panza would have been ashamed to back.—In the company there were clowns, jugglers, lights, devils, sailors, hogs, sheep, deer, dogs, monkeys, and even old men. At the *tournament*, the *rose collar* was taken by a knight

of Malta, and an old Gipsy woman, "ugly as a horse's mammy," was crowned with it, as the queen of *love and beauty*. She seemed quite conscious of the honor conferred, and was surrounded, during the remainder of the day, by a horse-back crowd of admirers. She was disposed to be coquetish, however, and to work upon their feelings, crowned a *bona fide* negro with the collar, and then rode off to get a drink.

At night we were all rewarded for the labor of looking at everything throughout the day, with the privilege of looking at the splendid fire-works, in that part of the campus fronting the Drug Store. Seats were arranged in the street for the accommodation of the ladies, but most of them preferred a seat under the trees in the Campus, where they could enjoy the conversation of the beaux without interruption.

We fear that we interrupted some pleasant *tête a têtes*, but if we did it was unintentional on our part, and we beg pardon for the same.—We purposely avoided several couples whom we saw seated on the grass, and who did not appear to be looking at the fire-works.—Every one is at liberty to interpret such signs his own way; for our part, we are inclined to think that conversation was more interesting

than the fire-works, although they were very good and various.

During the whole course of the day, everything went "merry as a marriage bell." There was *very* little drunkenness, no brawls, no unnecessary noise, and nothing to interrupt good feeling in any way. Order and decency characterised the whole proceeding and all seemed satisfied that it could not have been better.

COMMENCEMENT.

It has been so long since Commencement, and there has been so much said by all the papers in the State, that if we did not come near forgetting it altogether, we thought it unnecessary to say very much about it.

For the benefit of those who were not here, and have not seen it elsewhere, we will state that it was the grandest time we have ever had.—The Ball-room was not half large enough to accommodate all the dancers, though it is the finest one in the State. The Chapel was not a third large enough to seat the guests, or even give them room to stand up. We six could not get a seat within a hundred yards of the scene of operations, and consequently did not see much, and heard positively nothing but a little applause now and then. About the exercises in the Chapel we can only speak from hear-say, but what we have heard we are willing to state.

The exercises opened by an address from Dr. Hawks, on "Washington's Farewell Address," for which we can only say that the effort was worthy the man. We had he studied his subject, and most clearly, learnedly, and eloquently did he comment on the lessons to be learned from that address. Several times during the week previous to Commencement, did we hear the Doctor preach to crowded houses, and we can safely say that, to more eloquent sermons we have never listened.

The sermon to the Graduating Class was delivered by Dr. Curtis of Hillsborough. His text was 2 Cor. iii. 18: "*But we all, with open face, as in a glass, see the glory of the Lord—are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*" The Doctor elucidated his text in a remarkably clear and forcible manner; and we went away fully convinced, that inasmuch as it was his greatest honor before the fall, to reflect the image of his Creator, so it is our Father's greatest mercy to us to restore that image.

Dr. Wheat, one of our Professors, delivered the address before the two Literary Societies. We heard a part of the Doctor's address, and were very much pleased with it.—There is not a student here but is deeply indebted to the Doctor for this address. The subject was "the

mutual interactions of the head and heart." From our knowledge of Dr. Wheat's capabilities, we unhesitatingly pronounce it both well written and eloquently delivered. We could say much more with regard to the merits of the Doctor's speech, but a want of time and space prevents.

Mr. Cameron of Hillsboro,' delivered a eulogy on Dr. Caldwell, the first President of this Institution. Report speaks very highly of it;—we could not hear it, though we would have been much gratified to do so. At the time of delivering the eulogy, there were twenty of Dr. Caldwell's pupils upon the rostrum, including Lawyers, Planters, Divines, Judges, Statesmen, Governors and the Doctor's own successor. How his noble heart would have swelled with honest pride and gratitude to God, to see the seeds which he had sown, turn out such good fruit!

For the first time in forty years, the Commencement exercises were conducted without the presence and assistance of the late lamented Dr. Mitchell. The Alumni have taken measures to have his eulogy delivered at their next meeting.

The Fresh. declamations met with but little praise from the visitors; in justice to them, we must say that we think they did quite as well as the Sophs, *considering*.

Among the Sophomore declamations, there were some remarkably

good pieces. Among the best were Mr. Royster of Raleigh, Mr. West of Mississippi, Mr. Coleman of Concord, and Mr. Walsh of Alabama. As a whole, it was the best declamation we ever heard.

The prize for excellence in composition, was awarded to Mr. Geo. L. Wilson of New Berne; and was presented by Dr. Hawks. After some weighty remarks concerning the English language, he assured his young friend that it was not the least source of gratification to him, that he gave the prize to his townsman.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts, was conferred upon ninety-three young men; that of Master of Arts upon twenty; that of Bachelor of Science upon three; and upon three that of Bachelor of Laws.

Among the speeches delivered on Commencement Day, were three poems which were very fine efforts, and would do credit to older heads. The Latin Salutatory fell, by lot, upon Mr. Mason, of Virginia; the Greek, to Mr. Hammond, of Wadesborough; the French, to Mr. Anderson, of New Hanover; and the German, to Mr. Morehead, of Greensborough. All of them elicited much praise from those who were acquainted with the languages in which they were delivered. The Valedictory was understood, and we may say *felt*, by all who heard it. The first honor in the Senior Class was conferred upon Messrs.

Anderson, Dowd, Hammond, Lord, Mason, McAfee, Morehead and Perry. The second upon Messrs. Bell, Buchanan, Gilmer, Groover, R. Harris, Harvey, Hay, Hill, R. Johnston, Jones, Lusher, and R. Marsh. Messrs. Faison, Morehead and Walker, have been absent from none of the 4,700 attendances on religious and scholastic duties during the four years.

The first honor in the Junior Class was conferred upon Messrs. Harris, G. Johnston, and Stockton.

The first distinction in the Sophomore Class was conferred upon Messrs. Battle Brooks, Bryan, Cooper, Royster, Strong, Wilson and Wooster.

In the Freshman Class the first distinction was conferred upon Messrs. Allen, Dowd, Clarke, Morehead, Steadman, Wright and Yancey.

THE MARSHALS.—The good order that prevailed during the whole week, reflects great honor upon Mr. Boyce and his good looking *subs*, Messrs. Bein, Cole, Perkins and Smith. They succeeded in seating all the ladies comfortably, after a great deal of backing up the aisles, and running the Fresh out of the reserved seats, though many of the gentlemen were compelled to stand during the whole of the exercises. On the whole, they were a very efficient set, and deserve, not only

the *kisses*, but the kind wishes of all the ladies who attended our Commencement; and the hands and hearts of the fair ones, who bore away the *coveted regalias*.—Concerning the Ball Managers, we have not now to say much. At some future time we may give them a *puff*, though they did not “treat” us. We can only say that we hope they did not do their *best*, for we have seen things done equally as well elsewhere and here too. The supper was very good and served up to suit the occasion.

The ladies must excuse us this time, from saying a great deal about them. Let it suffice for them to know, that we looked at them at much as any body and admired them more. That we too wished for *regalias*, with which to deck our *jewlarkies*, and for which *we* might have got a kiss, or have been permitted to take a game of whist with them in the Campus.

Much has been crowded out of the Editorial Table this month, but we will guard against such a result. The receipts will all be acknowledged in our next number, and those whose names do not appear will please inform us of it on the earliest opportunity.

MARRIED :—It is with much pleasure we announce the nuptials of Mr. JAS. C. JOHNSTON, jr., of Edenton, N. C., to Miss KATE H. WARREN of the same place, on the 7th of June 1858. We congratulate friend James on his happy choice, and hope the whole life of the young couple will be as happy and full of promise as the beginning of their married state.



The Chapel Hill Literary Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Foreign and Local Intelligence, the Markets, Agriculture, &c.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

IN

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,

At \$2 Per Annum, in Advance.

TO CLUBS:

"THE GAZETTE" will be furnished to Clubs, (all sent to one Postoffice,) at the following rates:

ONE COPY, One Year,.....	\$2 00
FIVE COPIES, One Year,.....	8 50
TEN COPIES, One Year,.....	15 00
TWENTY COPIES, One Year,.....	25 00

Every person getting up a club of five or more subscribers, and forwarding us the money for the same, will be furnished with the sixth copy gratis.

The subscriber would respectfully announce that having recently made large additions to the

JOBGING DEPARTMENT

of his Office, he is now prepared to execute every variety of plain or fancy Printing, such as

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, HAND-BILLS, COURT
BLANKS, VISITING, BUSINESS, AND WEDDING
CARDS AND TICKETS, LABELS, &c., &c.,

In the neatest manner and on reasonable terms. Orders by mail or otherwise for job work will be promptly attended to.

Address,

JAMES M HENDERSON,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER,

1858.

VOL. VIII.

NO. 2.

JAS. M. HENDERSON,

PUBLISHER,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

N. C. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,
SEPTEMBER, 1858.

CONTENTS.

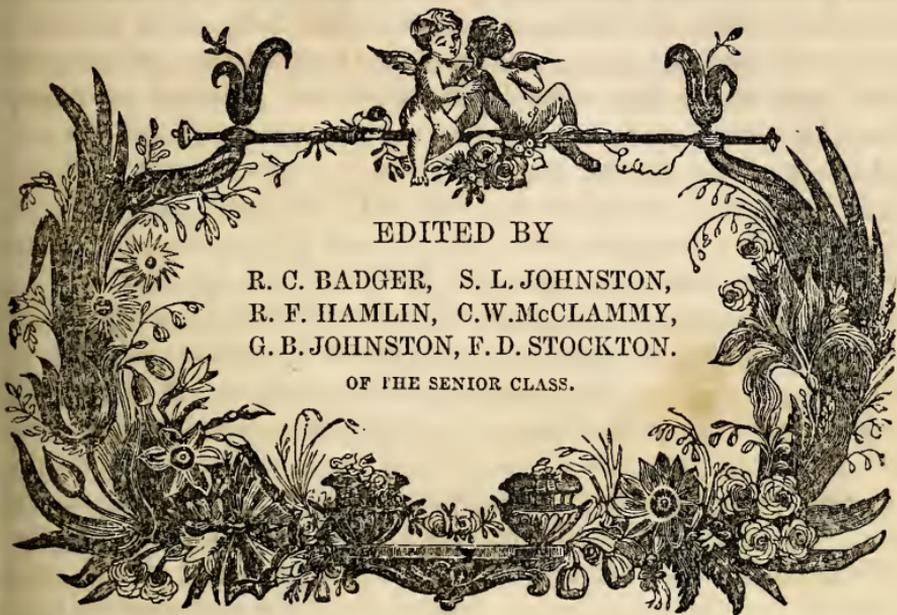
	PAGE
1. The Roman Empire,	50
2. Life and Death, Poetry,.....	65
3. Mutability, a Poem,.....	66
4. A Glance at some of the Influences that mark the Character and rule the Destiny of Man,.....	70
5. Our Mountain Trip, a Poem,.....	76
6. Consequences, a Tale,.....	83
7. To Miss E. O. C. of Alabama, Poetry.....	87
EDITORIAL TABLE.—Summary of Matters and Things in General—American System of Edu- cation—School days at Rugby—Our Exchanges To Subscribers—Guy Livingston—Sophomore Presentation—Storming of Quebec—New Tu- tors—Tributes of Respect,.....	88—96

The Magazine is published about the first of every month except January and July.

Terms \$2 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Any person sending us five new subscribers and TEN DOLLARS, will receive a copy gratis.

Address Editors of the University Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.



EDITED BY

R. C. BADGER, S. L. JOHNSTON,
R. F. HAMLIN, C. W. McCLAMMY,
G. B. JOHNSTON, F. D. STOCKTON.

OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

VOL. VIII,

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

NO. 2.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE THROUGH FIFTEEN CENTURIES.

AN HISTORICAL COMPEND.

THE legendary history which furnishes us with all we know or think we know of Rome's earliest days, relates that her founders were two brothers, Romulus and Remus, who were born in the forests and suckled by a wolf. It is certain that wild and almost savage freedom and independence, marked the first years of this kingdom.

VOL VIII 1

Little,—probably nothing, can be ascertained with certainty, and the origin even of the Roman Republic, is wrapt in no thin texture of mystery and fable.

Under the consuls, who were executive officers, annually elected by the people, and under the dictators, who were extraordinary officers, appointed to defend or save the

origin of the great Eastern or Greek Empire. Let us pause, therefore, and examine the life and character of Constantine, and the situation and general aspect of his creature and name-sake Constantinople.

The father of Constantine was one of two inferior Emperors, appointed when Diocletian divided the Empire, giving one half of his domain, the western, to Maximin. Diocletian appointed for himself,—and Maximin also for himself, a subordinate whom he called Cæsar, the emperors retaining for themselves the higher title of Augustus. Constantius, the father of Constantine, was the Cæsar of Maximin. He was engaged in a war with Britain at the time when Diocletian retired from the throne, and his son Constantine, who was then living nearer the centre of the Empire, finding himself the object of suspicion, to the remaining Emperors, fled to his father's camp. Constantius was killed in Britain, and Constantine succeeded to the command of his army, and to his position as Cæsar. With great rapidity he marched the army towards Rome, and finding his claims resisted, both by the rightful Emperors and others, he met in battle and conquered all his enemies in the West, and entered Rome in triumph. For a while he remained in quiet possession of the Western moiety of the Empire, while two other Emperors

ruled in the East. These having quarreled among themselves, and one of them being dead, a disagreement arose between Constantine and the remaining Eastern Emperor, Licinius. It was not long, however, before Licinius was defeated and slain, and Constantine remained sole monarch of the Roman world.

From this time forward, his whole energies seemed to be devoted to the work of increasing his own power and revenue, and extending and adorning his own city. He had always been favorably disposed towards the Christians, and now put an end at once, to the persecutions and the sufferings to which they had been exposed, by proclaiming Christianity the religion of the Empire, and placing the cross instead of the eagle, at the head of his legions. This course of action was probably dictated, in part at least, by policy. The Persian system, which Diocletian was desirous of establishing, was made, by Constantine, the rule for the arrangement of his Court, and the whole machinery of government. In the provinces, he caused the exactions, which the governors were always guilty of practising, to be effected legally and in compliance with established forms. In the very institutions, which owe their origin to Constantine, are contained the germs of that magnificent rotten-

ness, which afterwards so wonderfully marked the government, which he founded. Forms were provided, which would give the appearance of propriety to a corrupt administration, and of prosperity and wealth to the court of a monarch, whose Empire was impoverished to keep up this appearance.

The character of Constantine presents to our view a strange combination of apparent inconsistencies. If you look at him, alone with his army, suddenly left in command by the death of his father, in the face of desperate enemies, without a friend among the ruling powers at home, a long and painful march before him, nothing but fierce obstacles presented at its end; if you look at him under these circumstances, not only triumphing over all these obstacles and leading his soldiers through trial after trial to victory after victory, but winning their love and devotion by his gentleness, kindness and generosity, sacrificing his own comforts, lest they should suffer, we conceive an exalted opinion, not only of his courage and daring, but of his hardihood and vigor, his self-denial and patience.

When on the other hand we see him standing alone at the head of the Empire, his enemies all vanquished, overcome; his suffering all departed, we find him luxurious, effeminate, self-indulgent, suspicious and tyrannical. The patriot Roman gen-

eral, seems transformed into the cruel Persian satrap. The one act, which above all others, brands the latter and prosperous portion of the life of Constantine with ignominy, is the murder of his own son Crispus of whose fidelity he had conceived some groundless suspicion. That he was an instrument in the hands of Providence, for bringing outward prosperity to the Christian Church should not blind our eyes to the defects of his character.

The city, which he founded and called after his own name, Constantinople or Constantinople, when Anglied, is probably as well situated for purposes of defence as any city in the world. It stands at the end of a cape, stretching out into the Bosphorus; two of its sides are flanked by water, and the only practicable way of approach to the city by water, may easily be guarded, by simply throwing a chain across the mouth of the harbor. The same circumstances which render the situation of Constantinople almost impregnable, make it at the same time exceedingly beautiful; and Constantine spared no efforts to render the city worthy of its location. He exhausted the treasury to pay his workmen. He bro't from Rome many splendid works of art. He carried forward the enterprise with so active a zeal, that the new city rose, as it were, from the waters, and seemed to grow ev-

ery day, as if under the influence of magic.

If I were directing your attention to that branch of historical inquiry, to which my chief attention is ordinarily given, I should here dwell at some length, upon the influence exercised by Constantine, upon the spread of Christianity and the fortunes of the Church. As it is, I shall pass over this topic with a mere notice of the fact, that during the reign, and at the call of Constantine, the famous council of Nice was held, whose decisions, concerning certain articles of faith, are rightly held in great respect.

The sons of Constantine, after his death, were, for some time, engaged in a struggle for the Empire, the partition of its territory among them, not being acquiesced in. Two of them, Constantine and Constans having been slain, one by the hands of his brother's army, and the other afterwards by conspirators, the third son, Constantinus, having conquered his brother's murderers, ascended the throne. He was shortly after succeeded by his cousin Julian, whose relatives, and he himself also, had been treated with great cruelty by the family of Constantine.—

Julian was a man of remarkable daring, and of great military enterprise. He was learned also in the philosophy then taught at Athens, chiefly that of the followers of Plato; he produced one or two works,

which gained him celebrity; and especially one against the Christian religion, which he had been induced by the instruction which he had received in his youth at Athens, to renounce and condemn. Claiming to be a philosopher, he despised the ordinary civilities of life, and was famed for the disgusting squalor of his dress and person. His military fame was acquired by two campaigns, one against the Germans while he was general of the troops of Constantine, and one after he succeeded to the throne, against the Persians. This latter especially was marked by a celerity of motion, a rapidity of execution and a defiance of danger, which placed Julian by the side of Alexander and Napoleon, as a military leader. While employed in leading home his victorious army, he was killed in a skirmish with the enemy, and all his conquests were soon resigned by his successor, the pusillanimous Jovian.

During the reign of Julian, the Christians, though not directly persecuted by his order, were nevertheless subjected to some distresses by the restoration to power and influence of their enemies, the pagans. Jovian was a Christian, and after his time, the Christian religion always continued to be the religion of the Empire. He reigned but a short time, and was succeeded by Valentinian, who was acknowledged

by all to be the man of all others to take control of the Empire. Almost his first act, was the division of the Empire, and the assignment of the Eastern moiety to his brother Valens, while he himself assumed the government of the Western. From this time forward, the monarchs and their successors were engaged in a constant struggle, for their very existence, with the barbarians of the North of Europe, who were constantly pressing closer and closer, upon the borders of the Empire. These barbarians were mostly, especially in the East, various tribes of the vast family of the Goths. They had first made their way into the Empire, in such a manner as to be formidable about a century earlier than the period of which I am speaking. As yet, they were almost wholly confined to the East, and the wars of Valentinian, in which he was uniformly victorious, were with the Germans, and in Britain with the Scots and Picts. The Goths, whose blood is largely mingled with that of all the Western Europeans of to-day, emigrated southward from Scandinavia, and the regions, bordering and surrounding the present kingdom of Denmark.

The wars of Valens against these barbarians, though not at first entirely disastrous, yet revealed his weakness, and prepared the way for future boldness, which before

long became so great, that they did not scruple to treat with contempt and ignominy, the ambassadors of the august Emperor of the East.

But the neighborhood of the Goths to the Empire, became so fraught with ten-fold danger, on account of the distress to which they themselves were exposed, from the sudden incursions of the Huns, who poured down in countless numbers, upon the East of Europe. These barbarians, fiercer even than the Goths, took their origin from Scythia, and the vast plains of Northern Asia. Some terrible conflict among themselves, drove a whole nation of them Westward, and like a black cloud, ready to deluge the European world with a flood of anarchy and terror, they rose into view on the Eastern horizon of the Empire. Furiously attacked by the Huns, the Goths sought the protection and assistance of the Greeks, but having obtained that assistance, and also a firm foothold almost within their limits, they united with their first enemies in the work of assaulting, defying and weakening the friends who had saved them. There was little love lost, however, the protection had been rather demanded than besought, rather forced than yielded.

Upon the death of Valens, who left behind him a reputation scarcely surpassed for weakness and inconstancy, the sceptre of the East

was conferred by Gratian, who had succeeded his father Valentinian in the West, upon Theodosius, a brave general, and a man of unusual vigor of intellect and force, and excellence of character. He brought the war with the Goths to a successful termination, defeated a usurper who had gained possession of the Western Empire, established the opinions which he held, and which were opposite to those of Valens, as the religious faith of the Empire, and displayed in all the operations of his reign, the marks of eminent genius. In one or two instances, he exhibited a cruel and implacable disposition, for which he was sternly rebuked by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, his friend and mentor, and for which he was deeply penitent.

By the imbecility of the son of Valentinian, Valentinian II, whose dominions he had wrested from a usurper, and restored into his hands, Theodosius became the real bulwark of the Western as well as of the Eastern Empire, and after the defeat of a second usurper, who seized the reins of government on the death of Valentinian II. Theodosius assumed the throne in the West. Upon his death, the East was left to Arcadius, the West to Honorius, his two sons.

Both of these Emperors were as imbecile as could well be imagined; and during their reign, the Goths

made rapid strides towards obtaining the mastery of the Empire. It was at this time, that Alaric, who had at one time been in the employ of the Eastern Emperor, formed and executed the project, of ravaging their richest and most productive regions. He first invaded Greece proper, devastated the whole country, sacked several of the ancient cities, such as Corinth, Sparta, and Argos, but was finally expelled by Stilicho, the leader of the forces of the West. Alaric, in his retreat from Greece, displayed a coolness and skill, which reminds me of Xenophon and his ten thousand.—Far from resting satisfied, with the result of his invasion of Greece, Alaric soon determined to carry his arms into Italy. There was but one man in the whole country, that was capable of arresting, or even hindering his progress—the same Stilicho, who had driven him from Greece, and at the battle of Polentia, Alaric was repulsed by Stilicho, and during the life of this brave Roman, between whom and Alaric a friendship grew up, the King of the Visigoths deemed it prudent not to attempt a second invasion. But after his death, Alaric marched to Rome without any difficulty, spreading consternation and dismay in his path. Three different times, the city was attacked and taken by the Goths, and the third time it was given up to the soldiers

to pillage, fewer outrages being committed, however, than by the soldiers of Charles the Fifth, a thousand years after. Alarie was far from being the wild and ferocious barbarian, that he is generally supposed to have been. The respect shown by his army, who, with himself, were Christians, for everything in any way connected with religion, is especially remarkable. The vessels belonging to the Churches, being, in many instances, exceedingly rich, this respect involved the loss of no small amount of treasure.

Upon the death of Alarie, the command of the Goths, devolved upon his relative Adolphus, who possessed many of the mild virtues of civilized life. He entered into an alliance with the West, marrying the Empress Placidia, and, as general of the Roman forces, defeated the Suevi and the Vandals, and firmly re-established in Spain the power of the Goths, who continued, for some time the allies of the Romans.

From this period, the progress of the West, in its downfall career was rapid, and its existence continued but a short term of years longer.—The same Placidia, who had married Adolphus the Goth, afterwards governed the Empire, and her son Valentinian III, with prudence and spirit. Her reign was distinguished also, by the career of two able generals, Ætius and Boniface.—

They were rivals for the favor of the Empress, and Boniface, having been unjustly treated by her, raised the standard of revolt, and invited over from Spain, to assist his cause, the fierce nation of the Vandals, under their savage and vindictive leader Genseric.—He afterwards had reason, and the whole world had reason, deeply to deplore this treasonable act. For turning their arms, not only against the Empress, but against the Empire, and especially all professors of the Catholic faith, they being Arians, Genseric and the kings who followed him, with their hords of ruthless followers, put to the sword multitudes of Roman subjects in Africa, sacked the city of Rome itself, and were not far from subjugating to their bloody sway the whole of Italy.

Ætius, on the other hand, formed the bulwarks of the Western Empire, against the attacks of Attila the Hun, who, after his nation had settled itself firmly in Hungary, sallied forth on a career of conquest, subdued Scythia and Northern Asia, and carried his arms even as far as Persia. Returning, he pressed hard upon the dominions of the Constantinopolitan Emperor, invaded and extensively ravaged the province of Gaul, and, but for the caution and valor of Ætius, would have overrun the whole of Italy. It was by a company of refugees, who fled thith-

er upon the approach of Attila, that upon the Islands of Aeyeau, was founded the world-famed city of Venice.

The Western Empire, now upon the brink of final ruin, assuming,—for a while, the appearance of stability, during the wise administration of Marjorian, passing then by voluntary surrender, under the control of the Emperor of the East, and finally by the victory of Odoacer over Orestes and his son, Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor of the West, in the year 476, fell into the hands of the Goths.

Meantime Arcadius, himself utterly destitute of independence, ruled, by the aid of ambitious ministers, a weak and impoverished Empire.—His reign was distinguished in the city of Constantinople, by the powerful eloquence and varied fortunes, of the great Chrysostom. In the very name of this great father of the Church, is preserved the strangest possible testimony, to his powers as a sacred orator. It is formed of two Greek words, which signifies “golden mouth”; and the accounts, which history furnishes of the wonderful effects of his eloquence, corroborate this testimony. Indeed, it was to this eloquence that he owed his fall from the high position as Patriarch of Constantinople, as well as his triumphant restoration to office, for a time. Offending the Empress Eudoxia, by

the vehemence with which he denounced the vices of the Court, Chrysostom was assailed by her followers, and driven from the city. Reinstated with tumultuous applause, by the people, he was again, by the same faction, forced into banishment.

The government, after the death of Arcadius, fell into the hands of his daughter, Pulcheria, who, as regent for her brother, Theodosius, administered the government with a wisdom, and an energy, worthy of Elizabeth of England, or of Isabella of Spain. The wife of Theodosius, the Empress Eudocia, was of a different character from Pulcheria; with less of masculine vigor or of intellect; she possessed a purity of heart, and a genuine religious zeal, almost unparalleled in the history of Queens.

While Theodosius, under the direction of his wife and sister, administered the government of the Eastern Empire, the safety of his realm was threatened by the menacing aspect of Attila, and the Huns.—The Empire, however, was only insulted and laid under tribute, and not invaded by these barbarians.—The embassy, however, sent to the Court of Attila, was attempted to be awed and terrified, by a display of rude magnificence, such as has seldom been equalled among savages. Their is nothing in the career of Marcian, Zeno, and Anas-

tasius, the successors of Theodosius, which demands especial mention; nor in that of Justin, a rude soldier and shepherd, whose energy and spirit, without any commanding abilities, raised him at last to the supreme power.

Justinian, however, the successor of his uncle, Justin, was remarkable, both for his own qualities and the events of his reign. His character was marked, more by policy and tact, than by those traits generally considered the evidences of greatness. Though it is difficult to say, among the almost infinite variety of ways, in which natural superiority of intellect manifests itself, in what, precisely, this superiority should be regarded as consisting. It is sometimes judged by the degree of success, which a person attains. If this be the true criterion, then, though the exploits of his generals, and the apparent influence of his ministers, were certainly greater, to all appearance, than his own works, or his own power, we must accord to Justinian, all that applause and admiration, which belong of right to those, who are eminent among men. He gained command of the Empire, and also great influence in that high position,—which he held, by pandering to the tastes and the desires of the populace of Constantinople, and by winning the favour of the dignitaries of the Church. To notice first, some of

the events within the limits of the Empire, which deserve especial mention. His own marriage introduced upon the stage, one who by the natural strength of intellect which she possessed, as well as the vices of her character, played an important part, and exercised a wide influence. Theodora was the daughter of a man who had charge of the animals exhibited in the circus, and was even more abandoned in her principle and life, than might be expected from the position which she occupied. By her cunning and her beauty, she won the love, or the passionate fondness of Justinian, and his constancy and devotion raised her to the throne.

Probably the Empress herself, owing to the office which her father had filled, added new fuel to the flames of rivalry and hatred, which burned so fiercely between the rival factions of actors in Constantinople, and their respective supporters. The conflicts between these factions, called blue and green, from the color which they displayed in some part of their dress, several times caused the streets of the city to run with blood, and seemed at one time, about to bring on Constantinople a civil war, which would throw, not only the city, but the whole Empire into a state of complete anarchy, and constant bloodshed. The Empress Theodora, be-

longed to the faction of the greens ; and the Emperor, therefore, stood in constant danger of a revolt, incited by the blues. On one occasion particularly, having defeated, and in a measure won over to their party the opposite faction, the blues raised a sedition in the city, which, but for the firmness of Theodora, would not only have dethroned both her and the Emperor, but have laid Constantinople in ruins.

The introduction of silk works, consequently of the manufacture of silk, was an event which gives interest to the reign of Justinian.—Silks had been formerly imported from India and China, but they now became a source of large income within the Empire. Yet great distress was felt throughout the dominions of Justinian, and the people were impoverished to keep up the profuse magnificence of the Court and its dependents.

The splendid Church of St. Sophia, converted, after the conquest of Constantinople, by the Turks, into a Mohammedan mosque, was built during this reign, and remains to this day, a splendid monument of the favour lavished by the Emperor, upon the Eastern Church.

But that which has conferred upon Justinian a greater fame, than that derive from any other act, connected either with his internal or his external policy, is the codifi-

cation of the Roman law. Commencing, as in all nations, that have made laws for themselves,—without borrowing from any other people, in a few rules of extreme simplicity, the laws of Rome, before very long, became a mass of an almost infinite number of edicts of the Senate, the people, the tribunes, and rescripts of the Emperors.—Law was not made a study, until the time of Cicero, or at least before that time, it had not begun to form anything like a distinct science. When it did assume this form, there were two distinct schools among those who made it their study, and two distinct theories entertained, concerning the interpretation of Roman jurisprudence. One of these favored the people, in the construction which it put upon the law, and the other the power of the Emperors. Of course the principle, which had prevailed for many years before the time of Justinian, was that which conferred upon the Emperors the greatest authority.

The man to whom Justinian committed the difficult task of codifying and reforming the law, was eminently fitted for the task, as is shown by the result of his labors,—both in this field and in many others. For the versatility and the wide range of his genius, as well as for an avaricious disposition, which stains and deforms a character, in

any respects admirable ; he has been compared to Bacon, whose wonderful genius did not protect him from falling a victim to the love of money, and accepting a bribe, while he set upon the bench of the highest Court in England. The likeness between the two great men is obvious and striking.

The work assigned to Tribonian, after long and arduous labor, was successfully performed, and the fragments of Justinian, having been accidentally discovered in Italy, form the basis, and nearly the whole substance of the civil law, which is highly esteemed in Europe, and which has been adopted by one of the States of our Union, as authority for the decisions of its Judges.

With Persia, Justinian waged a war of some importance and of long duration, but it was in Africa and Italy, that those battles were fought which conferred upon Justinian, but more especially and deservedly upon his two generals, Belisarius and Narses, a brilliant military fame. The Vandals in Africa, had for a long time oppressed, and murdered in battle, the Catholic Christians of that country, and the interference of the Imperial power in their defence was loudly called for.

Having decided upon a war with the Vandals, Justinian entrusted the command of the army to Belisarius, who had gained some distinction in the Persian. But the con-

quest of Africa, which he easily achieved, was but a part of the exploits of Belisarius. Crossing over into Italy, he defeated the armies of the Goths, who held the country under the successors of their King, Theodoric, rescued Italy from their dominion, and restored it to the Emperor of the East. It is not,— however, for his warlike achievements alone, that Belisarius is eminent. If inspired history had not given us an account of the sufferings of God, Belisarius might well be taken, throughout the world, as the great model of patience. After adding a whole country to the dominion of his master, he was treated by Justinian with suspicion and cruelty, almost unequalled, till finally his eyes were put out, by order of the Emperor, and was left to drag out, in hopeless darkness, the last few days of his eventful life.— But this was not all ; his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, led the life of a courtesan, and frequently acted as his enemy. Yet he never murmured against the Emperor, or refused to obey any unjust requirement of his, such as a summons to Constantinople, when in the midst of his triumphant Italian campaign, and the appointment of another general in his place, and he refused to the end, to believe the stories which he heard of his wife's infidelity. Such was the patience of Belisarius ; it places in no envia-

ble light, the character of his ungrateful sovereign.

The conquest of Italy was completed, and the Franks and Germans repulsed by the Eunuch Narses,—who, though inferior to Belisaris, yet, for those arts which make a skillful general, as an accomplished courtier all diplomatist, all which he had learned at Court, stands among the first of tragic military leaders. The larger part of Italy was soon conquered by the Lombards, under their King, Alboin.

Upon the death of Justinian, he was followed upon the throne of the Empire by his nephew, Justin II, during whose reign a new nation of barbarians, the Avars, swarmed upon the Empire. The means employed to terrify their ambassadors, by a show of greatness, which did not exist, are thus described by the historian of the Empire :

“From the palace gate, the spacious courts and long porticoes were lined with the lofty crests and gilt bucklers of the guards, who presented their spears and axes with more confidence than they would have shown on a field of battle. The officers, who exercised the power, or attended the person of the Prince, were attired in their richest habits, and arrayed according to the military and civil order of the hierarchy. When the veil of the sanctuary was withdrawn, the ambassadors beheld the Empe-

ror of the East on his throne, beneath a canopy or dome, which was supported by four columns, and covered by a winged figure of victory.”

Tibenis and Maurice, who were the successors of Justin, were both possessed of integrity and courage, and defended the Empire with bravery, against the barbarians.—But the first Emperor after Justinian, who deserves especial and prominent mention, is Heraclius. He led from Africa an expedition against Phocas, an odious tyrant,—who had for eight years governed the Empire, to the mingled terror and indignation of all its subjects. Having obtained command of the Empire, Heraclius entered upon a war with Chosnoes, King of Persia, who had invaded the Imperial domain, and threatened the very existence of the Imperial power. This Persian campaign of Heraclius, may be characterized in very much the same terms with that of Julian, nearly three centuries before. It was brilliant, rapid and successful. The treaty of peace which followed this victorious campaign, merely restored the boundaries between Persia and the Empire, as they had existed before the conquests of Chosnoes. The almost uninterrupted wars between the two nations, changed but little the limits of the territory possessed by either.

The character of the following emperors, through a long series of wars, scarcely deserves to be noted, and the events which claim attention, from the time of Trajan, to the taking of Constantinople by the turks, had their origin without the Empire, though they very materially affected its destinies.

The first of these events is the rise of the great impostor, Mahomet.

He was born in Mecca, a few years after the death of Justinian ; he devoted the larger part of his life to study and retirement, and his conversion to his new religion, was attended by the death of a few of his immediate relatives; he fled from Mecca, and taking refuge in Medeira, he there raised an army, and marched against his enemies ; these being defeated, he received the submission and obedience of nearly the whole of Arabia ; before his armies had further extended, by their conquest, the Mahometan faith, its founder and the author of its Koran, departed this life, it is an open question, whether deliberate imposture, or blind fanaticism, formed the controlling principle in the life and character of Mahomet. Probably a genuine fanaticism, dictated his earlier movements, but there is good reason to believe, that when his ambition was once fired by success, he did not scruple to deceive others, even when he himself was not deceived.

It is certain that the followers of Mahomet, were animated with a fatalical zeal which has seldom been equalled ; and led by generals of wonderful genius and courage ; for they spread with the swiftness of lightning, over Persia, Syria and Palestine, Egypt and Western Africa, the Mediterranean Islands and Spain, and wherever they went, their enemies seemed to melt before them. Constantinople was twice besieged by them, and only defended by the use of the Greek fire, then discovered, which consisted of some ignited combustible matter, which the flames could not be extinguished by water.

So soon as their military achievements, had given them control of a large part of the known world, the Arabs began a career no less brilliant and surprising in the path of letters ; the libraries collected, the number of original works produced, and of scholars educated at Bagdad and Cordova, have been the wonder of all succeeding ages.— But both the political power and the literary glory of the Moslems was of short continuance. Two centuries, from the first appearance of Mahomet, they both began to decline, till the Caliph of Bagdad, became a tool in the hands of one or two tribes lying east of his capital ; and at last the Arabs were totally subdued by the ferocious Turks, who poured down upon

them from the north and east of Asia.

The policy of the Arabs, had been one of toleration towards those Christians, who acknowledged their political supremacy; but when the Turks obtained possession of Jerusalem, and the larger part of Asia Minor, they exceedingly molested and troubled the Christians of Palestine, and those pilgrims from Europe, who came in large numbers to visit the sepulchre of Jesus.

This roused the anger and religious zeal of the European nations, and brought on those remarkable religious expeditions, the Crusades. In these we are interested, so far as they concern the Eastern Empire. Alexius Comnenus, who ruled the Empire at this time, the eleventh century, having at first urged the monarchs of Europe to undertake the Crusades, terrified at the sight of such immense hordes of men, and among them so many dauntless knights, pursued a policy towards the Crusaders, which was intended, while it wore the appearance of furthering their attempts, to weaken in reality their strength, dissipate their forces, and make them harmless alike to the Turks and the subjects of Alexius. The conduct and character of this subtle monarch, as well as the literary genius and achievements of his prolix panegyrist, and affectionate daughters, are well represented

by Scott in his novel styled Count Robert of Paris.

But the fate, which Alexius had feared, and for the time averted, at last fell upon the Greek Empire.— Having been invited to assist an unfortunate Emperor, against treasonable usurpers; first conquered the usurpers, and afterwards their claims having been refused or reluctantly complied with, by their Imperial protegee and ward, wrested from him the throne, and appointed a Latin the Emperor of the East.

Their dominion did not last long, however, and Michael Palæologus recovered the Empire for the Greeks, to be wrested from them in turn by the Mohammedan Turks.

Just at the crisis, however, when Constantinople was about to fall into the hands of a tribe of this great nation, known as Ottomans; their career was arrested, by the sudden appearance, from the far off regions or Tartary, of the great Timour Tamerlane; he was probably the greatest of all unlettered monarchs, and perhaps the first of all military leaders. But he kept aloof, it seems almost by accident, from the Empire, and instead of overthrowing its power, and extinguishing its existence, as he might have done, if he had directed his attacks upon it, contented himself with subduing the immediate enemies of Constantinople, the Turks.

Upon the death of Timour, no man of sufficient genius, arose to lead the forces of the Tartars, and his army was either dispersed, or what remained of it was conquered by the Turks. And now the day had come for the ruin of the Greek Empire. It had lived during eleven hundred years, a life of ostentatious decrepitude; many a time it had seemed ready to fall to pieces of itself, and often it had seemed about to be dashed in pieces by its foes. It has been said that invalids are often the longest lived people. It appears as if it were true of nations, that the feeblest lasted the longest. For where in the annals of the world, shall we find a dynasty longer lived than

that, which governed in the East from Constantine to Constantine? 'Tis here we find a government, more destitute of all that truly constitutes a state, than that of the Empire of the East.

Its life has been rapidly traced; its death was heroic, like that of a martyr. Constantine the last, left, without effectual aid from Europe, without resources and almost without spirit among his people—struggled with an ardor of desperation seldom equalled, for the life of the Empire, and perished upon the walls of Constantinople, the last Roman Emperor that ever lived,—and not the least noble of them all. The Ottomans ruled in the East.—The Roman Empire was extinct.

◆◆◆◆◆

LIFE AND DEATH.

I was standing one beautiful morning in May,
On the green mossy bank of a fountain,
And watching the water that rippled away,
In its course 'round the foot of a mountain.
Directly my eyes were directed away
To a meadow of fresh living green,
Where a sweet little girl, who had wandered astray
From her playmates, stood viewing the scene.

For awhile she remained as if held by a charm,
Which the beautiful landscape excited;—
Then bounded away with a heart light and warm,
And seemed to be wholly delighted.
Sweet emblem of innocence—picture of health!
Can she be a victim to pain?
Can pride and ambition, and longing for wealth,
In her heart ever scatter their bane?

Thus I thought—time rolled a few years around,
And I stood in an elegant hall,
Where melodious music was heard to resound
To the mirth of a grand festival.
Amid this gay throng there was one whom I knew
Though altered materially now:
It was she that I saw when the sweet flowers grew
The child with the mild placid brow.

She danced, sang and played, far superior to all,
Was the idol of every soul:
Not one of the suitors attending the ball,
Denied the fair maiden's control.
The festival ended and years have passed by,
But where are those mirthful and gay?
Behold yonder grave-yard! 'tis there that they lie,
In their cold, cold apartments of clay.

I heard the church bell, toll the death-knell
Of one who had lately departed;
They told me 'twas *she*, known alas! but too well
To those she had left broken hearted.
The fair one was mortal, and doomed to depart,
And be laid in the cold ground to rot;
But her image is graven on many a heart,
And her name will be never forgot.

And now you may see where the wild flowers grow
And the myrtle and green willows wave,
A slab of smooth marble as white as the snow,
That marks out her lone little grave.
Ah! who when he passes that place will not sigh,
As he thinks of the sleeper within,
And remembers that he too must sicken and die,
Ere the glorious crown he can win

MUTABILITY.

I had a strange, mysterious, startling dream,
 Awaking dream, bright visions of the mind;
 A certain curious fancy, that did seem
 As though it would my frail conception blind;
 A mood that, when it comes, works on the heart,
 And draws it from all other things apart.

Who can describe the mysteries of mind?
 They whose perceptions are so very keen
 That though they should through intricacies wind
 Until all other mysteries are solved and seen
 And shown to an astonished world e'en they
 Could not such great perception then display.

To One and only One belongs perception;
 'Tis He who rules the boundless universe,
 Who speaks and it is done without correction,
 Who has the power to hurl down with a curse
 Into eternal darkness, hell's infuriate train,
 And sink it deep beneath that dread domain.

But to proceed with that mysterious dream.
 Conveyed by wand'ring thoughts through fancy's field
 In mutual reveries absorbed, whose stream
 With ceaseless current flows along and yields
 Such signal power o'er the heart, I saw
 All nature beautified by nature's law.

Lost in imaginations wildest flight
 While gazing on the beauties of the fields
 That lay afar out-stretched before my sight,
 Observing all those sweets that nature yields,
 My soul was filled with joy and boundless love
 And veneration for the God above.

While musing thus and walking slowly on
 Through this scenery stretching far and wide,

An angel near on brilliant wings was borne,
 Wings tipt with golden plumage brightly dyed:
 A wreath of amaranths and roses crowned
 Her head set off with sparkling diamonds round.

A scroll of parchment in her hand she bore
 On which was marked in letters fiery-bright
 The destiny of all; the great, the rich, the poor.
 I knew not what to think of that strange sight;
 So beautiful, yet awful did it seem
 As it approached me in a radiant gleam.

When near, she stopped and stood with her bright wings
 Extended still: As silent as if Death
 Himself were there, with many flutterings
 Of my heart, repressing every breath;
 I gazed and longed to hear what she should say—
 Could mischief dwell beneath a form so gay?

Recovering courage, soon I would have spoken
 Had not she at that moment stretched her hand
 Toward flow'ry fields and distant mountains broken
 With rugged cliffs, in every aspect grand!
 And with a voice that slowly died away
 Said "earthly beauties all must soon decay."

Then quicker than the lightning's vivid flash
 The angel vanished to be seen again
 No more, perhaps, until that awful crash
 Of world with world which shall declare the reign
 Of chaos come again, when God shall say,
 "These things I made, and they must pass away."

I was alone. No human soul was near
 To break the silence that then reigned around:
 But hark!—that sound which strikes upon my ear!
 "Change and decay!" O mystery most profound!
 Whence came those words that seem to have such power;
 And cause the long remembrance of that hour!

Change and decay still sounded in my ear
 As on I went o'er hill and dale, o'er brook and rill
 Through parts unknown to me, yet without fear
 Of being lost, when soon I stood upon a hill

Much loftier than the rest, and was amazed
To see a sight so worthy to be praised!

A mighty city populous and grand,
Whose lofty steeples held their hoary heads
Above the brilliant palaces, and seemed to stand
As monuments of some great hero's deeds,
Or some great nation skilled in all the arts
Know to mankind through earth's remotest parts.

Confounded, yet delighted too was I
To see grand temples, royal domes and spires
As dazzling as if built by Him on high,
For holy angels and the happy sires
Who dwell around the eternal throne of heaven,
To whom its highest happiness is given.

Nor this alone: but all around, the scene
Was picturesque and grand: far as the eyes
Could reach were flowers, herbage fresh and green,
And everything that makes a paradise.
O how my soul with joy began to swell,
Rising in raptures that no tongue can tell!

What the fair angel spoke was now forgot;
But while enraptured by the charming scene
Of all the beauties round that lovely spot,
While not a voice was heard, but all serene,
A heavy rumbling sound that seemed to shake
The universe caused my faint heart to quake!

Scarcely was I conscious when behold! there stood
The same fair angel that I saw before;
But oh! how changed from what she was; how could
So sad a change have come so quickly o'er
The spirit of my dream? That cheerful look was gone
Which in her gentle face before had shone.

She pointed to the charming scene and said,
"Behold! 'tis spring-time now, and nature's God
Has o'er the blessed earth his verdure spread;
The air now fragrant from the flowery sod
Brings pleasure to the soul, but soon that dread
Consuming blast now shut up in the North,

On snow-flaked pinions quickly darting forth.
 Will with his frosty breath blight all the trees ;
 And all this loveliness will fade to please
 The great destroyer's heart : then grief shall reign,
 And every soul throughout be filled with pain.

Thus spake the angel, and that instant fled
 On golden wings high in the ethereal blue :
 A glory streamed from her illumined head,
 As far through endless space abové she flew.

I turned to look upon the polished walls ;
 The temples, gilded spires and palace halls—
 How sank my heart within me at the sight !
 That city was a waste as drear as night.

Those hanging gardens and those brazen gates
 And golden statues yielded to the fates ;
 And that fair landscape now no more is seen,
 And all is desolate that was so green.

The whole wide earth had lost its lovely hue ;
 The chilling blast had nipt the flowers too ;
 And earth and sky wore each a deeper gloom
 As all seemed rushing into one vast tomb.

And as I stood amid this desert land
 Reflecting on the greatness of the power
 Which God has shown by his most skillful hand
 In making e'en the simplest leaf or flower,
 The thought as lightning flashed upon my view
 That what I saw in vision now was true.

That splendid city, Babylon of old,
 With all her pride and pomp and wealth untold,
 Why into shapeless ruin doth she fall ?
 Jerusalem, doth she for vengeance call ?

Euphrates, lasting as Himmaleh's range,
 Through ages rolls along with scarce a change ;
 While what was once the beautiful Babylon
 To utter desolation is o'erthrown.

Thus Time moves on in his majestic way,
 In future, wasting what springs up to-day ;
 And those who live when we shall cease to be
 Far diff'rent things from what are now may see.

And what does *human life* to all display
 But scenes of constant changes and decay,
 Whose short-lived beauties do but mock the eye ?
 Its mometary glories fade and die ;

Yet these, we trust, like the immortal soul,
 O'er which the sting of death has no control,
 Now rising from their temporary tomb,
 In Paradise regained for aye shall bloom.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF THE INFLUENCES THAT MARK THE CHARACTER AND RULE THE DESTINY OF MAN.

It is an element of our nature to be influenced by external objects, and circumstances. This principle is not applicable to any one class of individuals, but to all; is not limited, but universal. Napoleon was the greatest warrior the world has ever seen; yet the sword was not his birth-right. Demosthenes was born no orator, the gown was not his swaddling-band. Martin Luther was not predestined by Nature, if by Heaven, to reform the Church and the world; nor were the cradles of our own great and patriotic forefathers, hewn from the tree of liberty. By no unyielding decree of his nature, is man made a savage or a vagabond. Every one is born a prince, a royal potentate; within him are the essential principles, that may be nurtured and cultivated, so as to make him the best and noblest work of the great Creator, or the foulest plague that pollutes the earth. Take an infant from the lap of civilization and refinement, and transport him to the bosom of an Indian squaw—let him be reared in the wigwam, and tread the pathless forest, and he becomes a savage; bear him

away to the sultry land of African blackness, and his nature belying his hue, makes him a genuine negro; take him from the lordly palace of his birth—put him in a sty and surround him with swine, and indulging but a slight hyperbole, he becomes a hog. The influence of person, place and circumstance has moulded the destiny of every individual on the face of the globe. I do not mean to say that all are created equal, but simply that those influences by which they are surrounded, mark the characters and rule the destinies of men. The young are most susceptible of these influences; their natures are pliant and yielding, and so the least action makes its impression upon the soul. Hence the great necessity that the young should understand the channels through which these flow, and fully ascertain their force and bearing.

How redundant and multiform are the sources whence we derive our impressions, and how various the means given us by Providence to receive them. A child is born; the world opens its arms to receive, and all nature sympathizes with

the new-born babe. With tender care he is provided for in his helpless state, his many wants supplied, and his early days watched over by an eye only less vigilant than that of the Omniscient. He grows strong—his feeble faculties expand—he steps forth upon the earth, and the inanimate world rushes to meet and spread out its glories before him. Ten thousand beauties catch his eye and win his heart; the velvet carpet beneath his feet, and the flower-bespangled meadow;—the bright green foliage of summer, the russet of winter; the richly painted plumage of the tropic bird, and the gaudy colors of the insect tribe; the myriad of twinkling gems that bestud the azure vault of heaven, and the pale sentinel that threads her circuit through the midnight sky; the saffron glory of the rising sun, and the golden halo round his evening couch; the vivid flash that plays upon the bosom of the sable storm-cloud, and the many-colored rainbow, sweet harbinger of peace amid the elemental discord; the terrible grandeur of the ocean, and the lofty sublimity of the heaven-aspiring mountains; everywhere—above, below, around him, is spread out one grand panorama of harmony, majesty and splendor. He lends an ear, and the countless voices in nature's choir, from the whispering hum of the honey-bee, to the roar of the cataract; from the cheerful

note of the song-bird, to the awful music of the 'deep-toned thunder, hush his voice and thrill his soul with solemn ecstasy. But why need I attempt to enumerate the countless glories in this world of beauty, or climb the scale of nature's diapase?

"Enough for me, that where her mountains rise,
Her torrents charm, her awful heights surprise;
Enough for me that at her mute command,
From all her vallies every heart expand."

And surely, He who has given us the faculty to receive and enjoy all these blessings—who has formed a sense that catches the perfumes of every clime—another that relishes the savor of every fruit—another that drinks in the melody of earth's orchestra—and another that explores every painting upon her gaudy canvass, gave them for no idle purpose. No; He has given them to show man his exalted position, and to lift his immortal soul high up above the level of the base and vulgar herd. He has laden every breeze with delicious odors, hung tempting clusters from the teeming vine, and every branch with luscious fruit, and made the earth but one great cornucopia to minister to our wants and our enjoyment; tuned every voice with richest melody, from the lark who scatters his morning song among the fleecy clouds, to the thrush whose vesper hymn shuts up the eye of day; sown every meadow and lawn with variegated flowers, tinted the land-

scape and painted the rainbow in the cloud;—and for the due appreciation of these blessings has given us powers fully commensurate with their immensity. Truly man is a brute by no law of his nature, but a born prince, a sovereign, a royal potentate.

These impressions are all well stamped upon the heart, and exert their due influence upon the life; but there are other agencies that wield a mighty force upon the characters and destinies of individuals. Man finds himself not in a world of inanimate objects only, but surrounded by those of the same nature, and of sentiment, disposition and feelings congenial with his own. Though local attachment be strong and binding, yet he is a social being, and as such, turns from the contemplation of the inanimate world, however much it may elevate him towards its great and glorious Maker, to seek communion and association with those of his own celestial world. First then are felt the pure relations of parent and child, and there is kindled in his heart, a holier feeling than that of mere admiration. These feelings grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. His love for the locality, and especially for the friends of his childhood, grows into enthusiasm. 'Tis there he learns to imitate, for there he learns to admire; 'tis there

he learns to follow, for there he first finds a leader. The early lessons of a devoted mother, and the high aspirings of a proud father are impressed upon his soul; the glad music of a sister's charming voice, and the fond expectations of a brother, all have effect in the formation of his character. The place and the persons combine to throw around him a spell that no magic hand can break—to bind him in fetters that no time can unloose.—In vain may the hapless exile seek to banish from his thoughts the spot that gave him birth—the spreading tree that shaded his boyhood—the wildwood and the lawn, the hills and valleys, and the many objects that environ that terrestrial Paradise; they are indelibly stamped upon the tablet of his soul. In vain may you endeavor to conquer this love of home by transport to a fairer, gentler clime. There is a hot and arid land, whose long sultry days are fanned by no gentle gale, and whose lone wilds have never yet been pressed by the foot of civilized man; and yet the simple native, torn from this barren region, will cast a wistful eye across the rolling ocean, and heave a sigh to re-visit the thirsty, burning sands he has left. Or would you seek that rude, inhospitable shore, whose form, high up amid the Arctic rocks, is shrouded in eternal waste and perpetual snow—whose breast is

forever beaten by the chilling ocean blast, and around whose head flicker and dance the lurid, sickly lights of the fantastic auroras ; there is, to the inhabitants of that hyperborean zone, no kinder heaven than that of his own ice-girt home.—Strong—strong indeed, are the many hallowed recollections that bind one to the cherished spot of his infancy. He may wander far away from the path of virtue ; may even sink a hundred fathoms deep in vice and degradation ; he may be visited by adversity or blessed with prosperity, yet in every circumstance and in every season, will bloom and freshen in perennial greenness the memory of by-gone days and friends.

These agencies are all powerful to control the character and rule the destiny of man ; but not less potent are subsequent associations. Man is an active being, as well as an impressible one, and must mingle with the world in which he lives. Many impressions and diverse are likely to be received in this necessary intercourse, especially in youth. The sentiments and feelings of certain exemplars whether received from them in person or through the medium of their publications are adopted. By necessary association with vice and crime, we become more and more vulnerable ; and when we can tolerate licentiousness, profanity or

drunkenness in a friend, there is but one more step to an entrance into it. When one can read an infidel work, he is within the very jaws of infidelity. Let no one say he can resist these influences—that he can read an infidel publication and not be corrupted. No one can take a live coal into his bosom and not be burned. Believe me the Sultan's cimetar in an Eastern story, the shadow of which at twenty paces cut off an enemy's head, was nothing to the influence exerted by the gifted but dissolute man. He attracts the vulgar body of society, and too frequently those who boast of refinement and moral culture, as a mass of quicksilver does the light particles that float around it. Condemned criminals upon the island of Java are sent to the deadly Upas Tree, and if they obtain a certain quantity of the poisonous juice, are pardoned; but by the register there kept, not one in four is said to return. Of the young men in our country, who are forced by their associates into the baneful shade and pestiferous air of vice in whatever form, I would rejoice to know that one in a score returned morally alive. Ours is a glorious country ; the most prosperous and happy, and the most desirable to live in, in the aggregate of any beneath the sun. Our hills are crowned with villages, churches and school-houses : our teeming fields smile in

healthful beauty—our long coast swells with a brisk and thriving commerce, our large cities gleam with gas-lit streets; the lightning-winged messenger, speeds his rapid way from city to city; the scream of the engine is heard in the land, and we have the noblest exemplars for our imitation; but yet we are not perfect. I love my country—I respect her laws—adore her religion—venerate her institutions, and glory in the remembrance of her mighty deeds; but there are many customs in our land, which I do abhor. Let the good-natured brute; who has served us in many a time of dire necessity die, and his flesh is given to the carrion bird for food, while the debauchee and swearer, who have degraded themselves beneath the lowest reptile, are entitled to holy sepulture. Let the poor man, in an unguarded hour, pilfer from his wealthy neighbor a crumb to feed his starving babes, and he is under the penalty of the law; while he who cheats and defrauds the honest laborer of his scanty hire, is a gentleman.—Let a man, in the moment of deep provocation and insult, take the life of his worthless fellow, and public honor and indignation, like an avenging Nemesis demand his blood—but he who deliberately, day after day, deals out the liquid poison, or sends forth his filthy productions that destroy both body and soul, is

too frequently a person in high esteem. Are these not evils—monstrous, crying evils? And to where shall we look for redress? To whom but the sensible, promising, young men of our beloved land?—That they, by precept and example, resist and repel these vices, and force back the overwhelming torrent. To them we look, and in them and heaven we repose our truth.

The government and religion under which we live, has much to do in the formation of our character. Let all power be in the hands of rulers, or let them be irresponsible, and they become tyrants—the people are soon degraded and become brutes. Let them be too little, and the government is weakened—the people become lawless and anarchy ensues. Good and wholesome laws are sure guarantees of national and individual success and prosperity, and of private happiness. The religion, too, of a nation or an individual, is the sure index of his character, and the still more certain token of his destiny. What sinks the polytheist in his shocking licentiousness, or steepens the pagan in crime and wretchedness, more than his religion? And what so elevates the Christian in the scale of being? How degrading is that religion which teaches its votary to invoke his patron saint, as he commits the blackest crimes, and mut-

er a prayer as he does the deed of murder ! How revolting the character of him whose *pater noster* is but the prelude to death, and who maliciously crosses himself above the body of his victim ! It is to religion that a nation is much indebted for its condition, and an individual for his character. I do not believe that this our own country, could long maintain its present ascendancy, under another than the true religion ; and unless He, whose wisdom is beyond that of our statesmen, and whose hand is high over all, should continue to direct its course, and preserve its original strength and purity and freedom. If this be so, should not every American citizen deem it his imperative duty to maintain in all crises and at all hazards, our pure religion and wholesome laws, even as rare virgins kept bright the sacred fires upon the altars of Vesta, 'till their shrine and code and worshipper perish in the ruins of a shattered empire. Are not our characters much influenced by being formed in this country of which we are so proud ? Who does not breathe more freely, and whose step is not more bounding as he treads American soil ? Whose pulse does notrob stronger, whose eye does not beam brighter, whose heart does not leap to be called an American citizen ? Is there one who is not

gladdened by the return of our national jubilee ? Whose enthusiasm is not enkindled at the remembrance of the framers of our Constitution ; and whose character is not elevated, that he can share in the goodly heritage of this great confederacy ? But who shall tell the influence of the laws and religion of a country upon its inhabitants ? It is saying but little too much, that in the person of each individual, is the representative of his nation ; and as the tropic plant and Iceland moss, reveal the genial sun or winter snow—so the American and the Turk tell us of a climate of freedom or of bondage.

In this world of conflicting influences, it behooves each individual to look around him and see whither his steps are tending. That he is neither being led, nor leading others into error. His life and character should be spotless as his influence and example are potentate. Let him cultivate a high-toned moral feeling and moral courage, to resist vice in every form—to foree back the torrent of a misguided public opinion—to disregard the scoffs and sneers of the ignoble multitude—the vulgar rabble ; and stand as a beacon upon the tempestuous ocean of life, to warn the heedless mariner of breakers and a lee-shore.

OUR MOUNTAIN TRIP.

SEE ye those boys equipped hear ye the drum ?
 List to the merry laugh, the lively hum,
 That ripples through their ranks ; the laughing eye,
 Proclaims enjoyment—proclaims pleasure nigh.
 Now a loud shout is heard, the huzza rings
 Through the still air, until the echo brings
 It plainly back : “ On to the mountains ! On !
 Where health and hospitality are born ! ”
 ’Twas a Spring morning, ev’ry bird and flower
 Awoke to welcome us. The early hour,
 Our strange costumes the unaccustomed walk,
 The unrestraint, the gayness of the talk,
 All served to charm us ; then we were to roam
 Where e’rc we pleased, we carried with us—home.
 The forest gave us fuel, earth a bed ;
 And for a covering our tent we spread.
 Our tastes were simple, and our wants were few ;
 We sought for change of scene, for something new.
 We passed the routine of a college year,
 With changeless studies, and with changeless cheer.
 Vacation came, our hearts beat light and fast,
 Now could we change the well-known scenes at last ;
 And we were on our way—with quickened pace,
 And bant’ring shout, we ran full many a race.
 The wond’ring farmer viewed us from his door,
 Enjoying long a sight ne’er scen before ;
 His wife and children, friends and servants, all,
 Ran from their occupations at his call,
 And peering at us with astonished eye,
 Gazed till the very last had passed them by.
 One question seemed to agitate each breast ;
 Who are those handsome* men, so strangely dressed ?
 “ Who can they be,” says one, “ but railroad hands.”

A fact ; more than one person inquired about those “ handsome men.”

Another cries : " One of the Gipsy bands. "
" Ye both are fools," another says, " be still !
Have you no eyes ? They're students from the Hill ! "
Thus they guessed, gazing at the wondrous sight,
And seldom was it that they hit the right.
Enough of these—I'll tell ye of the way
We passed our nights, and how we passed the day,
The day comes first, though I have put it last,
To make my rhymes run slick—we mostly passed
Our days in walking, but we stopped to dine,
When hungry stomachs told us it was time.
When every one had eaten to his wishes,
Eli first washed, then put away the dishes.
The horses then were hitched, and on we went,
Each following his nose where'er it bent,
When in the western sky, the setting sun
Warned us that 'twas high time our march were done,
When our feet blistered by pegged shoes confessed
That they were tired, and sore, and needed rest.
We pitched our tent full near some bubbling spring ;
Where the cool waters never fail to fling ;
Their bright and gladsome sparkles, and the sound
Of rushing waters murmured sweet around ;
And grateful to the heart dashed the wild foam,
When the soft night had brought her thoughts of home.
But supper is no place for sentiment,
And Eli's call soon brought us from the tent.
" Give me a knife ! a knife ! " was then the cry,
From those who were afar, and from those nigh.
And why was this ? There were not knives enough,
And Eli often cooked our chickens tough.
The sticks about the tent were not so clean,
At least, where hogs and dogs before had been ;
None of us liked to lick our fingers too,
Although we washed them, they would hardly do.
Imagine supper over, each one wipes,
His mouth with his shirt-sleeves—then forward pipes
On stumps of trees, reclining on the grass,
A social hour in smoking then we pass.
The tent receives us next, we welcome sleep,
And soon is heard a snoring loud and deep.

Thus pass our days and nights, at early dawn,
 Again we're wakened by the captain's horn,
 Imagine a week passed, in Salem now,
 I turn again, and make you all a bow.
 O'er pleasant roads, through many a splendid scene,
 Through many a forest waving village green,
 Our route has lain; but in a town once more,
 I listen to the city's busy roar.
 O! land of beauty! city of fair girls!
 How, when I think of thee, my bosom whirls!
 But who shall say these fair ones are not rude?
 Who'll even dare maintain that they are good?
 I say they're robbers—"How's this?" some one cries,
 They rob men of their hearts by their bright eyes.
 And they are rude; because they do not care
 How much their beauty strikes men—they don't spare.
 Who but an idiot would dare appear,
 Before this phalanx of bright looks nor fear?
 I lost my heart at first, each of the rest
 Declared that his would not stay in his breast.
 O! cruel ladies! Why did you consent,
 To assail us poor lads with such intent?
 But let this pass, I've much to tell you yet,
 About my journey, unless I forget.

But I must change my style, I wish to tell
 How grand the Pilot looked; how fair the swell
 Of mountains in the distance, like the sea;
 Where waves rise upon waves so wild and free.
 Upon the Pilots' pinnacle I stand,
 And gaze with rapture on a fairy land,
 Who would behold true beauty, seek it here,
 Let your eyes roam the country far and near!
 Behold! On this side lofty mountains rise,
 And lose their summits in the kindred skies.
 O! could I paint the glory of the scene,
 Resplendent in the sunbeams' early sheen;
 Could I describe the changeful loveliness
 Of each far peak, decked in its sunniest dress;
 The gladd'ning contrast of green vale and hill;
 The melody of Nature soft and still;
 Oh! could I fairly paint yon flashing steam,

Zigzagging, bright'ning, in the morning's beam,
 I'd feel my mission ended—but behold !
 Where in the east the sky is girt with gold,
 Unbounded in extent a wooded plain,
 Mingled with fields of rustling, laughing grain.
 Anon, appears a cottage white and clean,
 Adding both grace and beauty to the scene.
 A sweet vivacity the landscape gives ;
 And all of nature waves, and moves, and lives.

But shall I pass the Mount, nor say a word
 In its behalf ? shall not its praise be heard ?
 He has no soul, who can behold the gloom,
 That hovers o'er this Mountain, like a tomb,
 And feel no awe, no reverence, no fear—
 Who does not feel that something dread is near !
 I look upon it all as holy ground,
 So grand it is, so gloomy, so profound !
 'Tis true, tradition does not mark the spot.
 Upon these barren rocks there is no grot,
 No cool, secreted place, where Gods might dwell.
 But are there no traditions ? Who can tell
 How when the Indian o'er the land did roam,
 Guided by this true mark, he found his home ?
 Cannot imagination paint the rout,
 The savage dance the no less savage shout,
 This Mount has witnessed ? Here the Indian maid
 Wandered at eve, and here her lover strayed ;
 Here whispered love into her willing ear,
 And bade her through the war-hunt not to fear.
 Here 'round the council fires, the grim old chiefs
 Sat in grave council, and told o'er their griefs.
 Here the dark warrior wielded words of fire,
 And made the echoing woods repeat his ire.
 Here too perchance, the dark eyed children came,
 Beneath these trees, and played their savage game.

But all has changed—and my theme too must change,
 Over the Blue Ridge now let fancy range.
 All hail the Blue Ridge ! hail the favored land,
 Where healthy breezes, heart and breast expand !
 Through many a day of plodding, tiring, toil,

I've trudged along, and thought of this the while.
Charm follows charm, surprise succeeds surprise !
How grand ! how silently these mountains rise !
Now list we to the water's crashing fall,
The jagged rocks seem one huge watery wall,
Now that I see it—oh ! how beautiful !
Dashing and foaming, breaking nature's lull !
Here rocks debar the waters, see them swell,
And tumble spite of hindrance down the dell.
Now clear the sun shines out and every ray
Illumes, with rainbow hues, the falling spray.
Ascend we to the precipices top,
Up steeps so slippery, that we almost drop.
We hang upon the rocks by twig and root,
With oft no place to put the steadying foot,
My hold is broken ! O ! I slip—farewell !
Thank God ! this root has caught me while I fell !
All danger o'er, our work is done at last :
We stand upon the upper ledge, and cast
Our wond'ring looks below, a hundred feet,
Adown the dashing, roaring foaming sheet,
E'en to the bottom. There the angry tide,
Whirling and twisting, splashing far and wide,
At last flows calmly, silently, along.
Gird well your loins, for now you must be strong !
I give fair warning it may be your grave ;
'Tis dang'rous to the fearful, not the brave ;
If your limbs quiver 'neath you, like a reed
When storms break o'er it, you cannot succeed !
'Tis risking life and limb to all, I ween ;
But what are they ? Rock Mountain must be seen.
Here it is now, the mountain rises grand ;
A miracle, the wonder of the land—
Pull off your shoes ere you ascend ; for know,
One slip would send you to a grave below.
Barefooted o'er the heated rocks we run,
Seeking in vain some shelter from the sun ;
No vegetation grows, nor could it live—
But little nutriment these rocks can give.
In spite of burning, spite of blistered feet,
Our eyes are charmed with everything they meet ;

Here the deep gullies in the mountain's side
Are dry, once flashing with their clear cool tide.
Here light'ning played, and leaped along the rock,
Shaking the solid mountain with the shock.
See how it gamboled in its zigzag path,
Dreadful in its playful mood, as in its wrath !
Yonder far ledge the eagle oft infests ;
'Tis there they play, and there they build their nests.
Upon yon slope where man has never been,
And never can be, a strange sight is seen ;
Deep in the stone a wagon track is worn,
Perfect in width and shape at ev'ry turn ;
At even intervals is seen the print
Of horses feet, carved in the stubborn flint.
" Then lead us thither, " with one voice we cried.
In slow and measured tones, then spoke our guide :—
" Is it the wish of all to climb that hill ?
I never ventured, and I never will.
So steep it is, so slippery, and so hot,
Take my advice, I warn ye, climb it not ! "
We yielded ; from the Mount our steps we bent,
Nor was it long before we saw the tent.
Now readers, shut your eyes ! now look again !
What are the sights you see upon the plain ?
Mountains, you say ? how many are there ?—one !
That's Negro—and a town ? That's Jefferson !
I'll give a picture—It is midnight now ;
The moon can scarce be seen above the brow
Of that far mountain, on the western side.
Tall shadows lengthen, and are seen to glide,
As noiselessly as robbers. In the East,
The Negro looms, its giant size increased
By the dim shades of night ; thick vapor now
Envelopes the whole Mount from base to brow ;
A summer cloud prepared for an attack
With lightning, rain, and hail, is not more black.
Anon, the vapory veil is lifted clear,
And plain the rocks, the crags, and slopes appear,
'Neath the calm moon the village sleeps, as though
It were a grave-yard—Hark ! a gentle flow
Of mellow music steals along the air ;

Low the refrain, but sadness is not there,
 Emerging from yon mansion's sheltering shade,
 There is a group of "Rangers" close arrayed,
 The givers of this welcome serenade.
 But soon the charm is broke, the deep-toned drum
 Adds to the squeaking fiddle's noisy hum ;
 The eloquence of music soon gives place,
 And glorious discord comes at rapid pace.
 Long ere the morrow had received its birth,
 We ceased our music, and we calmed our mirth,
 Soon in the morn we shook friend Crumpler's hand,
 Whose better never lived in our fair land.

In Salisbury—the scene is changed again—
 Renowned for ladies fair, and clever men,
 For a short time we take up our abode ;
 Glad, for a while, to quit the dusty road.
 The military in their best array,
 Are celebrating Independence Day.
 Their glittering muskets, and their gay attire,
 Assist to fill men with their wonted ire,
 While their good looks, and well-dyed moustaches
 Assail the ladies' hearts, like real foes,
 Peeping from windows, to behold their spoils,
 See lovely faces decked with winning smiles !
 Fie ! ladies ! Fie ! for shame, thus to behave !
 On this free day to make poor man a slave.
 In self-defence, we were resolved to play
 A part, and flirt on this "Immortal Day."
 With compressed lips, each "Ranger" brushed his hair,
 Determined to play wild-work with the fair.
 But why are all these people gathered here ?
 Why rises from the crowd that long-drawn cheer ?—
 'Tis to commemorate our father's deed,
 And tell the Orator that he succeeds.
 Now homeward quickly, see the crowd repair !
 Laughing and bowing, pushing here and there.
 When dinner's mentioned, patriots are not skittish,
 But devour meat, as they'd devour the British.

* * * * *
 My song must cease, you're tired of this stuff,
 I've had your time and patience long enough.
 Suffice to say, that night we took the cars,
 And after a long ride of jerks and jars,
 We took the hacks ; nor did we take it ill,
 When we took ourselves off here, at the Hill.

Thus ends our Mountain Trip—when I look back.
 From when we left here, till we took the hack,
 I can see naught but pleasure—ev'ry hour
 Brought us its sweets, nor did we taste its sour.
 At balls we danced, and flirted with the girls ;
 Admired their gracefulness, or praised their curls—
 Quite heroes were we, and if you would sip
 Pleasure, my readers, take a mountain trip.

CONSEQUENCES—A TALE.

BY WENTOR.

START not back gentle reader, with real thoughts of a philosophic discourse, as you hear my ominous subject. The treatment of it I leave to wiser heads than mine, while I only beg you patiently to listen to a simple tale written by no artistic pen in illustration of that good old adage, "Think before you act."

Loretto watering place is a small village situated on a narrow strip of land which extends from the southern point of one of our Atlantic States, far along the coast of its neighbor. On one side lies the boundless Atlantic in all its solemn majesty, on the other an inland pond stretches its wide expanse, its usually placid waters affording a striking contrast to Old Ocean's heaving bosom, a range of sand-hills occupies the middle of this strip, covered with the lofty pine and the lowly dwarf-oak, which alone, can gather nourishment from its arid soil. Beneath their rugged boughs, warped and twisted into fantastic shapes by the raging sea-worms, the sun's genial rays scarce ever penetrate, for a wild luxuri-

ance of vines of every size and form matt together their branches overhead, shutting out effectually his hottest beams. Suddenly the hills become smaller, the trees are scattered at wider intervals and the straggling houses here and there show that we are drawing near some more civilized region. 'Tis true, gentle reader, for Loretto itself is at hand. Let us imagine ourselves for a moment on that steamer, so gracefully approaching the pier-head, and cast our eye over the scene spread out before us. The sound which was somewhat contracted before, here expands into a noble bay, whose waters afford a delightful sheet to those who take pleasure in a pull at the oar, a sail with dame Nature as propeller or are piscatorially inclined. Their brackish taste already tells of the Atlantic's proximity; nor is that the only indication we have, for the refreshing sea-breeze already begins to invigorate our languid frames and drive away the oppressive stupor caused by the heat of a Summer's day; already the sea-gull, with pinions wide extended, can be

seen circling in mid air or pouncing on its prey which sport in the waters below, while the curlew resounds in our ear. In vain we look for Loretto; naught can we see but a long pier reaching hundreds of yards into the water, a low range of hills rising up from the beach in a gently sloping ascent, and in the distance vast mountains of pure white sand, looking like the grand old castles of fairy tale, the sun-beams glancing on their silvery tops. A closer examination however, shows numerous dwellings peeping out among the trees, picturesquely grouped in the valleys, or interspersed among the hills.—Such is Loretto, the scene of my story. It is much frequented during the “season” and is quite a pleasant place at which to spend those terribly hot “dog-days” when one feels so utterly incapable of doing anything save enjoying him or herself. Its greatest attraction is its magnificent surf bathing; (oh! how I wish I was in it *now*, on this hot August day, sporting in its clear blue waves, whirled about by its resistless surges, or stemming with lusty sinews its broken surface.) But to this are added many others still more alluring to the young and gay; delightful walks and drives for those who desire them; and dancing enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic of Terpsichore’s fond votaries. The hotel is just such an one as you

would expect to see there,—two small by far, yet the scene of many a gay festivity. (I am much reminded of its “*elegant brass band*,” as it was advertised, by the “tooting” of my chum’s old cracked flute, as stretched upon his back he is now pouring forth notes decidedly more energetic than musical.) But it is upon “the hills” that the refined, élite society is to be found. There you can meet fair maids and gallant beaux, generous dames and hospitable sires in rich profusion. Heart of stone must he possess who can spend any time there and not breathe into beauty’s ear words of love! I have been there fair reader, and *know all about it*.

I am almost tempted to give up my first intentions and relate some of the more historic legends and thrilling traditions which still linger in the memories of its inhabitants. Which do you prefer kind reader, for, to please you is my object, and therefore, you, and none other shall decide? ’Tis true that we think of history generally as very dry and uninteresting, but *legend*, gentle reader, and *tradition*—is there not a charm in the very words; do they not speak to you of mystery but half revealed; of fact adorned by imagination’s varied coloring; of some gloomy tragedy darkly hinted at and unexplained? Do they not remind you of your childhood’s happy days when you

gathered with eye distended and mouth agape around your nurse's knee, and felt your little limbs shake beneath you; your heart quake with awe, as she spoke of "The old man who used to live in the Brown House and went away one night—where, none could tell;" of "The beautiful maiden who was drowned in the spring under the old oak tree;" or of "The fairy creature who used to walk by moonlight through the chestnut grove, then vanish into air?"

But, my dear reader I do not wish you to think me fickle, and therefore, shall take it for granted that you prefer my first plan and are now all impatient, waiting for my narrative.

Well, let's begin. Have not we been a long time getting thus far, though? Four pages and the *tale* yet unbegun! Why, my dear friend, *you* must be given to digressions, for I am sure it is not my fault. All that nonsense about "Tradition," you say ought to have been omitted; but how could I have those venerable relics of by-gone days, with all the sanctity of age, the heir-looms of our ancestors,—how could I pass them by without a reverential nod or at least a paragraph of foolscap? Stop a moment gentle reader; but let us lay aside this trifling mood, for the story I am now really going to relate is one

calculated to throw a cloud of sorrow over the gayest heart.

* * * * *

'Twas evening at Loretto! The sun whose rays had been oppressing the thirsty earth for long, long hours, was rappidly sinking behind the western hills. How lovely was the scene! His beams lingering over old ocean's waves formed a glowing track, as if some fiery monster had just rushed along its surface. The vast water reached away on every side, here and there spotted by the white sail of some adventurous mariner as his gallant bark sped on her way to the distant port. The sun-light played around a group assembled on a pleasant piazza, as if loathe to turn away from so much beauty. It consisted of a Dr. Harcoust, a most worthy member of that little community, his family and many visitors come to bid them adieu, for they were to leave on the morrow, on their way to their inland home. *His family!* Ah, you know not how much is contained in those words; 'tis true it consisted of only three persons, but glance, my dear sir, for a *moment* (as if one could *ever* look away!) at that fair girl leaning so gracefully against the massy pillar; see that perfect figure, that charming countenance with love and gentleness beaming in every feature; those golden locks streaming down her shoulders, the sun-beams casting

their softening influence over all; just like those rich old Italian paintings, so soft and mellow in their shades. Surely Mahomet never imaged forth a Houri more beautiful; the proud Turk's Harem can furnish none like her; yet her beauty was like that of "The Light of the Harem."

"That loveliness ever in motion which plays
Like the light upon autumn soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mists, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of Heav'n in dreams."

Do you wonder now at the number of youths who wait the kind Doctor?

"All went merrily as a marriage bell;" the shadows of the coming parting had not yet begun to fall upon their young hearts and they had forgotten in their joyous converse and merry laugh, how soon they were to say, Farewell."

Now, Clara Harcoust, though all were ready to vow her a very angel *on earth*, still possessed some of those qualities peculiar to our *earthly angels*, and none delighted more than she to play the Tyrant over the devotees at her shrine; many a hot and dreary walk had she caused her *ardent* admirers in quest of some favorite flower or sea-shell; and she actually made one climb up that tall and knotty old tree just peeping over the sand-hill to get a piece of mistletoe!

She was in one of her "moods" that evening, for in a slight pause

of the conversation, glancing around she asked carelessly, who wished to oblige her that eve? The result was that four young men were soon bound for an island some five miles distant to procure some grapes for their fair tormentress. In vain the kind father remonstrated, go they would, and go they did. Let us leave the merry circle and follow them on their way.

Their preparations were quickly made; a few moments passed and they were standing ready equipped for their trip by the side of their staunch little craft. To step a-board and take in the anchor was the work of an instant and then—they were gone. Their boat was swift and strong, and their hearts beat high with exultation as she bounded over the waves.

* * * * *

I have said it was a lovely evening; but, though all as yet was calm, the experienced eye could soon have detected the signs of a rising storm. A dark and ominous cloud was gathering in the North East which threatened soon to change the fair scene. As when the loved one of some fond family delights them all by her sweet gaiety and winning ways, the physician turns away in sadness, knowing that soon their joy must become grief, that merry laugh be hushed forever in the grave by some latent malady.

'Tis night the wind howls, the ocean is one sheet of phosphorescent foam. They have reached the island on which is the object of their search. Again they breast the waves, but how different does all appear! Their boat quivers beneath every blast, the billows tower on every side; the lightning flashes, "painting Hell on the sky." They see their danger, and that their only hope is in scudding before the gale. Their stout hearts beat quick with anxiety; and well they may! But there is a lull; hope beams in every eye; a silent grasp is given, but alas, it returns with redoubled violence. Their boat is filling; coats and boots are thrown off; she bends, she sinks, she is gone; a wild shriek is heard above the raging tempest—and now, where are they? The eddying waters around show where they sank, your hats, sad memorials of their fate, are wildly lost by the contending waves.

'Twas the Sabbath at Loretto; sadly tolled the village church-bell; slowly and solemnly a procession wound its way among the hills; the gray-haired minister went silently before, silent tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks; four coffins followed; need I say whose they were? The mournful service for the departed was read, the bodies committed. "Dust to dust, ashes, to ashes, earth to earth"—and all was over!

There was grief in Loretto then; sorrow and gloom shrouded each countenance; sounds of merriment were heard no longer in the streets, their feet no longer sped in the joyous dance; and all hastened to leave the place filled with so many harrowing recollections. Four families had been bereft of their pride and joy, four noble youths had met an untimely end. But why prolong a mournful scene? They lie buried and forgotten by all, save those who loved them most. But there is a pale shadowy form gliding about the elegant mansion of Dr. Harcourt, a living record of their fate; Clara still awaits the return of her messengers with an idiot's impatience; her mind is weakened her reason gone; her hollow laugh re-echoes fainter and fainter through her father's halls, and she too will soon pass away and be forgotten. "Consider the moral of my story."

◆◆◆◆◆

TO MISS E. O. C. OF ALABAMA.

Do you know, gentle girl, ahat the smile which you gave,
As we passed through the dance with your hand clasped in mine,
Lends its rays to my soul, as a star to the wave,
And illumines thy image in memory's shrine?
You've forgotten the rose-bud you dropped at your feet,
With its tender leaves withered, and broken its stem;
It is colorless now, but 'tis none the less sweet,
And more highly prized than earth's rarest gem.
It seemed, when you carried the bud to your lips,
That its color grew deeper with jealousy's blush.
Oh! I'd be a rose-bud could I get such a sip.
Then wither neglected, torn away from the bush.
Grant me one simple boon, only one will I ask?
One heart to o'erflowing with gladness 'twill fill,
When in the light of thy smile another shall bask,
Just think whom you smiled on at old Chapel Hill.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

WHILE the rest of mankind are going into ecstasies over the success of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, raising loud anthems of praise to God who rules in the "Heavens, the earth and the sea," we remain cold and listless, with other fish to fry caught with shorter lines. We belong to that class of philosophers who are not moved by external things. What effect has the Atlantic cable upon us? What matter is it to us what the Queen said yesterday? With all due respect to Her Majesty, we consider as far more important what another one of the fair sex said yesterday, much nearer home. Are we personally benefited by the success of this undertaking? If so, where? Does it aid us in preparing a Greek or Latin recitation? We understand the aid of a trans Officiorum Ciceronis, but a trans Atlantic Telegraph, is a useless trans to a student of the University of N. C.

Let us look with the philosopher's eye. It is a triumph of science.—Tis! so it is; but does a "triumph of science" interest us? How much comfort does it afford us to think that science travels with lightning

speed, and we are in pursuit of her at a snails gallop? "Miscrable comforters are ye all." But let us take another view of it. But which excites our wonder most, a telegraph which tells us the very word the Queen spoke yesterday, or one which tells us the very words that Pericles spoke over two thousand years ago. That telegraph is certainly not so much a subject of wonder, which simply carries the words of a *living* woman under the Atlantic, as that one which brings to life the words of *dead* men and then telegraphs them to the four corners of the earth. How insignificant is the trans Atlantic Telegraph in comparison with the Trans Deluvian Telegraph? How much greater honor is due from us to the Old Phœnician who invented letters than to Mr. Fields. No, no, we will not go into conniptions over the Atlantic Telegraph, nor any other of the follies of this fast age. We are more dignified and more sensible

Let Fresh delight to shout with might
For this they're made to do
Let Sophomores drink and all get tight
For 'tis their nature too,
But Seniors dignified were made
Yet cant restrain a laugh
When Juniors "bugged"* shout "lemonade."†
And praise the Telegraph.

*Two dozen are out for editor.

†Twenty-four are out for Ball Managers.

Perhaps our readers expect us to say something of the "newies" added to our numbers this session, it is a painful duty, but we must not disappoint our patrons. They are, with a few honorable exceptions, a collection of hideously ugly customers, "without form and void" of sense. They smoke cigars, drink whiskey and wear beavers, much to the amusement of their elder brethren, the Sophs.

They have one redeeming quality, however, an important requisite to college life, and that is "spunk," which they have exhibited on several occasions to their credit. The Sophs a spunky crowd as all know, have made various attempts upon their liberties, with the success of the eagle that pounced upon the wild cat mistaking him for a hare? When he found out his mistake he was willing and anxious to turn loose his fractious captive; so it is with the Soph's, and now it is amusing to see them "tip their beavers" to the Fresh with profound respect and awe.

The election went off as usual, with many demonstrations and but little fighting. Many of our numbers mingled in the scenes with evident gusto, and very little credit to the literary institution.

We are very sorry to say that some of the Seniors so far forgot the dignity of their position as to want to fight the *countries*. Our

pity is excited more than our admiration, when we see men get "spunky" at elections. They desire to counterbalance with physical strength their sad deficiency in intellectual power. Wishing all who were defeated in the election better luck next time, and advising those who were successful, not to be too much elated, we bow and bid you all adieu.

AMERICAN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

WE have often heard persons lament that we had no system of education, especially for advanced students, similar to that now prevalent in England, and in Europe generally. They will speak eloquently of our deplorable deficiency in classical learning; draw degrading parallels between us and others, then point to this as the only means of saving our classical reputation. Now, we beg leave to differ from all such personages, humbly opining that such system is utterly unsuited to the genius of our people and that the one we already possess is much better adapted to the whole spirit of our institutions. A brief investigation of the subject may satisfy some of our readers that in this we are right.

The only use of education is to prepare a man for the part he is to play in life; this we contend, is its only legitimate object. Of course, then, the best system of education

is the one best suited to the people to be educated. If the characters of these two people are essentially different, if their political institutions and their social organization are entire dissimilar; if the whole course of their lives, their desires, their occupations, &c., their conditions are unlike; then it stands to reason that those characters require different training, that a different method of education is needed to prepare them for these differing institutions, social organizations. The very fact that a system is successful in one country is a strong argument *a priori* against its introduction into the other.—'Twould be just as ridiculous as to make a man destined to use the delicate instruments of a watchmaker, pass years in practising with the sledge hammer and anvil; to accustom the young soldier whose nights are to be passed in the open air, no covering but the blue vault of Heaven, no couch but the hard cold ground, whose life must be one of toil, of hardship and exposure, to bring him up in the midst of luxury and ease. Nations are composed of individuals, and the same arguments apply often to both. No one contends that the same education is necessary or suited to men intended for different professions. Now this people has its destiny to accomplish, its race to run, its mission to perform; England, or any

other country has hers; and these are just as unlike, just as distinct as any two professions can be; therefore, the national mind and body must be differently trained to attain these different ends.

Let us look upon it in another light. The genius of the American people is eminently practical, it has no sympathy for aught except what can be brought to some useful end. After completing his education, the American youth is not thrown into a society where he can spend his time profitably, in writing Latin verse and elegant essays on the use of the Greek particles—pass his days in deep metaphysical investigation, his nights in scientific research: But he is placed where he comes in daily contact, frequent collision with *men*, practical, shrewd business men, to whom all his varied learning is as foolishness, his stores of reading worse than nothing, if he is unable to battle with the stern realities of life, to take his place among them as an equal.

There is one striking difference between the two systems of education, which alone is sufficient to settle the question. Here education is for the *whole people*; the pure ennobling springs of knowledge are open to all, *all* are invited to come and partake freely, almost without cost and without price. And it is no less a fact, that, in a certain sense, all do come; there is not

man in the United States, however lowly his lot, however limited his means, who cannot procure for his boys if *he will* an excellent collegiate education. Need we tell you it is very different in the Old World? Need we say how the intellect of the masses is cramped, debarred all healthy expansion? Their system is meant only for the favored few, the pampered scions of aristocracy or the upstarts whose wealth is the "open sesame" to its privileges. Now, until you change the social organization of America, until you assimilate it to the European or English (for to that nation do we look as a model,) we contend we might not, cannot introduce their system of Education.

Again, let us suppose this system established here; under whose patronage shall these large Universities, with their thousands of students be? Shall they be national, State or Sectarian Institutions; shall the North have hers and the South hers; or shall the Baptist have one, the Episcopalians another, and so on, *ad infinitum*? "Of course," says some zealous advocate, "let it be national." Very well, let us see some of the difficulties which will surround it. But we will now give a definition of "University" as applied to such institution. Says Webster, "A Universal school in which are taught the branches of learning or the four

Faculties of Theology, Medicine, Law, the Sciences and Arts."—Theology! What system will you establish? to whom will you give the supremacy? do you intend to unite Church and State? Or will you have a separate chair for each denomination? If so, who shall you admit and who exclude? Will you give a seat to Millerites, Mormons, Free-Lovers, and a host of others, whose black names shall not pollute my paper; yet, who are all citizens of these United States and will have just as much right to this National Institution as ourselves. Imagine the scene. What a mixture! What a Babel of strife, of contention, of uproar and confusion! All America would stop its ears and run mad at the sight. Besides, how will you allot the fellow-ships, (for of course they will be introduced.) What a bone of contention they will be! Worse than the apple of discord among the fair Goddesses of Greece. The same arguments, with increased weight, may be applied to the second proposition, viz: To make it a State Institution. Let us now consider the third and last, viz: A sectarian work.

We do not fear denial when we say that there is no sect in our country able to sustain such an institution. England, with all its wealth and patronage, supports only two; the most liberal of our denominations are scarcely able to

maintain their Theological Seminaries and petty Colleges. Such an undertaking as this, is clearly far beyond their power.

SCHOOL DAY'S AT RUGBY, BY AN OLD BOY, BOSTON; TICKENOR & FIELDS
1 VOL. DUO. PP. 405.

Lord Brougham in a late speech declared that *Tom Brown's School Day's at Rugby* would do more to elevate the character of the youth of England and America than any work that has been published for half a century. He spoke of it as one of the most manly and healthy books he had ever read, and was glad to hear that six editions had been published already.

Four American editions have endorsed this high *imprimatur*; and we heartily welcome this impersonation of "manliness" and beg leave to introduce him to our friends, here and elsewhere, as "a Prince of good fellows.

Rugby and Chapel Hill are far apart; but human nature is the same in both, and it is exceedingly interesting to note this radical sameness amidst all the surface diversities of law and usage, form and custom.

The system of *fagging*, which has so long prevailed in all the great public schools of England, is in our opinion coarse and brutal. We would add that it is degrading too, but that almost all the greatest men

of England, in every department of her public science were trained under it, and Dr. Arnold himself, the most fearless of reformers upheld it.

English youths are much more given to athletic sports than our Every day and in all weathers—jumping and racing, boxing, wrestling, at foot-ball or cricket. They exhibit feats of bodily strength and activity and take an amount of outdoor exercise that shame our indolence. Will not this account, in part, for their superior intellectual training? The lad that runs half a mile in less than five minutes has an exercise in "Composition"—not once in three weeks," but three every week; not in English only, but in Latin and Greek verse. Think of that my Sophomore, my Junior.

When "Tom Brown" got to Rugby he found a friend in "Harry East," chock full of all the prejudices and traditions of that place, who kindly engineered him through the rough initiation of a new-comer. "You see," said the friend, "a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straight forward, and holds his head up, he gets on."

And our hero, being one of the "straight-forward," "heads up" class of fellows, "got on" most famously.

We hav'nt time or space to detail the stirring scenes of his Rugby life—in-doors, out-doors, full of energy, activity and enterprise; crossed in a blanket, fighting a bully, playing at foot-ball and cricket, resisting tyranny and oppression from the strong and protecting the feeble; in all, truthful, brave and honorable; not studious, at first, but gradually yielding to the plastic power of the great teacher, becoming at last, what we should rejoice to see re-produced a thousand times, in our minds, a true man, a scholar and a christian.

They spend money too at Rugby, and, we are sorry to see in the same mischievous way that many do here. One of Tom Brown's friends has the courage to tell his set that "drinking is not fine or manly," whatever some of them may think of it.

We have marked many passages which we should be glad to extract for our readers; but our space for ads. We earnestly advise them to get the book and mark for themselves.

OUR EXCHANGES.

IN our last issue, we have received the N. C. Journal of Education, Yale Literary Magazine, Mississippi University Magazine, Ermine Collegiate Recorder, Kenyon Collegian, and New York Teacher. Our newspaper exchanges are too

numerous to mention singly, suffice to say, we exchange with every paper in the State, and several out of it, to all of them we are indebted for their punctuality, and return our thanks to the majority for their very flattering notice. In this respect we are particularly indebted to the Oxford Leisure Hour, than which, a better paper cannot be found, and should receive the support of every North Carolinian, who feels any pride in State Literature. We take great pleasure in recommending it to the favorable attention of all our readers.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It is a source of much pleasure to ourselves, to be enabled to acknowledge so large a list of receipts on the third page of our cover, and hope that those of our subscribers who are in arrears will come forward and pay, as we *need your money*; if you do this, we shall continue from time to time to acknowledge receipts, if not, we shall be driven to the necessity, (for the third page of our cover must be filled) of giving publicity to names of a somewhat *different* character. We hope this will not be the case. You have all shown an interest in the Magazine by subscribing, now all we want you to do, is to give us a more efficient assurance of your esteem.

Through some neglect of our predecessors, the list of subscribers

away from the Hill, has been lost. To all such we would say, send us your address immediately, accompanied by the *indispensable* two dollars, and you shall receive the Magazine regularly the first of every month, January and July excepted.

“GUY LIVINGSTON,” OR “THROUGH.”

—Harper & Bro's. Publishers,

THIS is the title of a work issued from the press the latter part of last year, and which created no little noise in the literary world. Our first impressions of the novel were, we confess, unfavorable; the air of pedantry given it by the numerous quotations from foreign (the *dead* included!) languages, is by no means calculated to attract the general reader, and was sufficient to induce us to let it lie unperused for some time. But we found our prejudices, as usual, enormous, and laid the book aside when finished, with hearty thanks to its unknown author, for the pleasure conferred. It is infinitely superior in style, in sentiment and in execution to the trash which now, under the name of “Novels” floods our world. The delineation of character is exceedingly fine, and this we think decidedly the author's forte. The book is eminently English in tone, full of English nerve and English sense. We recommend it to the notice of our readers.

Messrs. R. H. Battle and P. E. Spruill, received at the hands of

the Sophomore class, near the close of last session, each a handsome and costly *gold headed cane*. They must ever be to them a gratifying testimonial of the esteem of their pupils. The interesting correspondence of those gentlemen, during the presentation of the well-meant and truly merited presents, had been unavoidably crowded out of this number, but shall appear in our next.

THE STORMING OF QUEBEC.

High up the heights the daring legion spring
Th' echoing rocks with cannon's rumbling ring—
Man after man falls bravely at his post—
On to the height, or else the battle's lost.

Charge after charge, the gallant soldiers make,
Once for their God, and then their Country's sake
Ah! no avail, the little band retreat
All save a few, lie bleeding at their feet.

Here trusting hearts, in unison had beat;
Now they have fled, at God's high throne to meet.
Nought but the wind shall sound their sad'ning
knell,

But merr'y e'er shall point where brav'ry fell.

Wrapp'd in the snow a noble form is laid,
See on his brow the dew damp of the dead—
Bravest of men! thy soul by God was given,
He has it ta'en to dwell with him in Heaven

Tears will be shed o'er thy untimely grave—
Thy name eternal will all praises have.
Quebec shall stand a monument to thee,
Though ev'ry age, thou brave Montgomery!

The song of freedom bears thy name on high,
Columbia's sons shall chant thee to the sky,
And ev'ry heart, with happy pride shall swell,
When'er it tells how freedom's champion fell.

Well had it been, if Arnold here had died—
When o'er his grave, a nation wou'd have sigh'd
Ne'er wou'd his avaricious heart have sold
His Country's liberty for Britain's gold.

Then wou'd the wreath which liberty has twined
Remain'd unblemish'd, in our hearts enshrined.
But no—he pluck'd one blossom from the crown
And strew'd its fragments to the winds around.

Messrs. WM. C. DOWD, and WALKER ANDERSON have been elected to fill the places of Messrs. SPRUILL and BATTLE in the Latin and Greek departments and have entered upon the discharge of their respective duties. This, in our opinion, is the very best selection that could have been made.

Tributes of Respect.

A FEW days since our beloved classmates, George A. Courts and Henry W. Saunders, were mingling in the busy scenes of College-life, active and cheerful, loved and honored by all; for they had lived long enough amongst us, to develop the qualities of their head and heart so generous and noble, as to win the admiration of every acquaintance.

The latter had performed the last duty assigned him as a member of the Junior Class of the University, and had gone away to enjoy the pleasures of a quiet home for a season.

The former was, on account of sickness, compelled to leave us at the end of the Sophomore year.— They had both arrived at that time of life, when the young man's character is formed, his prospects brightened, and he begins to shape his course for the future.

But their lives were the gift of Him, who hath said to man: thy body shall speedily perish, and min-

gle with the dust from whence it sprang; thy life is but a floweret, that shall fade before the morning sun; and thus when our dear classmates were separated from us, the messenger came to call their spirits home, the floweret hath already faded, and earth is no longer its resting place.

We could not smooth their pillows, and wipe away the tear as gladly we would have done; this last service was kindly committed to their relations, that they might comfort the dying man and catch his last kind words, but in testimony of our grief, we have drawn up the following resolutions:

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, July 31, 1858.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to cut down, in the midst of his youth and promise, our friend and former companion, HENRY W SAUNDERS. Be it resolved

1st. That in his death we have lost one whose place as a friend can never be filled, whose character as a man, a student and a Christian, deserved and received our highest admiration.

2. That while we bow in submission to His will, who disposes and rules over all things, our hearts are filled with sorrow at his untimely end.

3. That we most deeply sympathize, and condole with his bereaved family, trusting that He who does all in mercy, will support them under their heavy affliction, and enable them to sorrow not, as those without hope.

4th. That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased; also to the University Magazine, Chapel Hill Gazette and Wilmington Herald, with the request that they be published.

R. B. JOHNSTON, }
T. T. ALLEN, } Com.,
W. NICHOLSON, }

DIALLECTIC HALL, July 24, 1858.

WHEREAS: It has pleased God in his wisdom to remove from earth one of our most beloved members, JOS. B. LUCAS, in early life, in the midst of his useful-

ness as a christian citizen and able instructor; as his amiable character and decided talents enlisted our warmest affections and commanded our highest respect; as we sadly mourn over his death and love to honor his memory, therefore,

Resolved, That our hearts have been deeply pained by this sad and melancholy event.

Resolved, That although his many amiable and noble traits of character, his generous heart, his amiable piety, engaged the admiration and love of all, yet to us who knew him best his virtues shewn with peculiar brightness.

Resolved, That whereas, by the dispensation of God, the brightest hopes of his relations have been blasted, wo sincerely bewail their irreparable loss, and mingling our tears upon the common altar of grief, will endeavor to soothe the anguish of that family which must most sensibly feel this stroke.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon our records; that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the Raleigh Standard, Goldsboro' Tribune, Chapel Hill Gazette and University Magazine, with the request that they be published.

C. W. McCLAMMY, }
M. H. PINNIX, } Com.
S. P. WEIR. }

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., DIALECTIC HALL, }
July 27th, 1858. }

WHEREAS: God in his wisdom, directing all things for the good of his creatures, has seen fit to lay the icy hand of death upon another of our much beloved friends and fellow members, GEROGE A. COURTS; and while we humbly submit to the Divine will, yet we can but say his ever shining virtues, his masterly intellect, his true friendship and amiable qualities, have not failed to impress deeply the hearts of all who knew him; while his faithful devotion to the cause of Christ, and calm resignation to his Maker's will, tell us that he is a stranger to the pangs of the second death, and his is only the sweet sleep of the true christian; and we believe that ere this his happy voice has in triumph shouted, "Oh death where is thy sting! Oh grave, where is thy victory?" This is the true emblem of pitcher broken at the fountain, but we are happy in the belief that its contents are safely garnered away in the tranquil port of Peace, where all the faithful join in songs of praise. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That wo the members of the Dialectic Society do recognize in the removal of our much beloved fellow-member the powerful hand of God; in whose hands we are again hereby reminded ever dwells the power to give and take away.

Resolved, That while we bow in meek and gentle submission to the Divine decree, yet cannot refrain from expressing our regret that one so universally es-

teemed and beloved, should have been called hence in the very bloom of youth and promise.

Resolved, That we who knew his worth as a useful member of society, as a friend and christian, do offer to the bereaved family, who knew all the tender feelings of his noble heart, the tears of our warmest sympathy and deepest grief.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days as a token of respect for his memory and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, also to the Editors of the University Magazine, N. C. Standard, Milton Chronicle and Greensboro' Patriot and Flag, with the request that they be published.

R. F. HAMLIN, }
E. D. SCALES, } Com.
E. B. WITHERS. }

At a meeting of the Senior Class of the University of N. C., held in Girard Hall on Friday, July 30th, G. B. Johnston was called to the chair and a committee appointed to draft Resolutions expressive of their deep sorrow at the death of their esteemed Classmate, HENRY W. SAUNDERS. The following Resolutions were reported and adopted.

Resolved, That we are filled with feelings of the deepest grief at the sudden death of our friend HENRY W. SAUNDERS, and while we acknowledge the wisdom of Omnipotence and yield with resignation to its decree, we cannot but mourn over the loss of one, who just budding into manhood, gave every hope of a life of honor to his State.

Resolved, That from the beginning of his career with us his stand has been among the foremost. His gentle yet manly bearing, won him the hearts of all who knew him. With talents inferior to none in his class with a heart that throbbed only with the noblest feelings—he was more than all, a christian; and we are comforted with the belief that he has left this world of sin for "a temple not made with hands, eternal in the skies."

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved mother, and assure her that while Death has robbed her of the jewel of her heart, it has also taken from our midst a friend and companion whose place cannot be supplied.

Resolved, That as a token of our grief we wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolutions be forwarded to the Wilmington papers, University Magazine and Chapel Hill Gazette, and also a copy be sent to the Mother of the deceased.

S. H. ISLER, }
C. W. McCLAMMY, } Com.
N. C. HUGHES. }

RECEIPTS.

The following persons stand credited on our books for the amounts opposite their names. Other credits will be given from time to time as the money is received. The names of many who have paid are crowded out this time but will be given in our next :

R. W. Anderson, Chapel Hill, ... \$2,00 J. D. Fain, 3,00 H. Ferrand, 2,00 Chas. Barron, 2,00 Norfleet Smith, 2,00 John Whitted, 2,00 W. J. Rogers, 2,00 Robert Pugh, 2,00 E. D. Foxhall, 2,00 H. K. Burguinn, 2,00 S. H. Isler, 2,00 W. J. King, 2,00 Harris Field, 1,00 Miss M. Lou. Cross, 2,00 Mills L. Eure, 2,00 E. S. Saunders, 2,00 T. L. Armstead, 2,00 Thos. Capeheart, 2,00 J. A. Latham, 2,00 T. W. Davis, 2,00 Ed. Hardin, 2,00 T. W. Cooper, 2,00 R. C. Martin, 2,00 J. S. Hill, 2,00 Wallace Cross, 2,00 H. H. Bein, Louisiana, 2,00 J. C. Wilcox, 2,00 M. H. Pinnix, 2,00 Isaac Roberts, 2,00 W. F. Foster, 2,00 E. B. Withers, 2,00 E. F. Satterfield, 2,00 Syd Smith, 2,00 J. W. Maclin, 2,00 G. M. Quarles, 2,00 E. S. Drake, 2,00 J. C. Conrad, 2,00 Preston Roan, 2,00 J. M. Poteat, 2,00 N. L. Williams, 2,00 R. F. Fulton, 2,00 K. P. Battle, 2,00 Thos. Settle, 2,00 T. S. Mimms, 2,00 Miss S. Watson, Tennessee, 2,00 A. Wesson, Kentucky, 2,00 E. G. Sterling, 2,00 J. Bond, 2,00 Mr. Estes, 2,00 W. G. Mebane, 2,00 E. S. Shorter, 2,00 A. J. Pickett, 2,00 R. R. Hunley, Alabama 2,00	W. M. Brooks, \$2,00 J. A. Cody, 2,00 M. D. Russell, 2,00 A. G. Moore, 2,00 J. E. Towns, 2,00 Miss Virginia C. Daniel, Va. 2,00 A. K. Simonton, 2,00 W. A. Eliason, 2,00 W. A. Woster, 2,00 Addison Harvey, Canton, Miss.. 2,00 G. B. Barnes, Chapel Hill, 2,00 J. Fuller, 2,00 T. L. Bacol, 2,00 J. W. Graham, 2,00 William Graham, 2,00 H. G. Williams, 2,00 James Parker, 2,00 W. T. Plummer, 2,00 W. A. Cherry, 2,00 H. M. Bein, 2,00 J. T. Cook, 2,00 S. P. Weir, 2,00 J. G. Whitfield, 2,00 Louis Butler, 2,00 H. R. Daniel, 2,00 T. W. Cooper, 2,00 R. E. Lester, 2,00 Jno. Somervell, 2,00 Paul Repiton, 2,00 J. Keuen, 2,00 John Perry, Beaufort, 2,00 R. W. Singletary, Greenville, ... 2,00 John Williamson, Caswell, Co... 2,00 Mrs. Eliza West, Woodville Miss. 2,00 Col. D. S. Cage, Houma, La. 2,00 Hugh Connell, Jackson, La. 2,00 Rev. F. W. Hilliard, Edenton, ... 2,00 Rev. T. I. Johnston, D. D. 2,00 William A. Moore, 2,00 Thos. Thompson, 2,00 Edward Wood, 2,00 Miss Mattie Morrow, Alamance. 2,00 Miss E. E. Abbott, Mississippi. 2,00 W. C. Wood, 2,00 William Thompson, 2,00 William Badham, jr. 2,00 Gabriel Johnston, Melville, 2,00 B. A. Capeheart, Murfresboro, ' 2,00 Julian Gilliam, Edenton, 2,00 Hon. D. L. Swain, Chapel Hill, 2,00 F. J. Haywood, 2,00 ——— Boylen, 2,00 Hon. Geo. E. Badger, 2,00
--	--

106 —

PROSPECTUS.

North Carolina University

MAGAZINE.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this College Monthly commenced with the AUGUST number. The Editors will spare no pains to make it, while under their charge, worthy of

SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE.

Each number shall consist of about FIFTY pages of original and choice matter. In the editorial of each number will be found, besides other articles, a monthly record of College and such other events, as may deemed suitable.

This Magazine is entirely devoted to the cultivation of

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE,

and should have the support of every Carolinian. A liberal subscription is much desired, as by it the Editors will be enabled to make several necessary improvements.

TERMS.

\$2 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS MADE TO CLUBS.

Address,

EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER,

1858.

VOL. VIII.

NO. 3.

JAS. M. HENDERSON,

PUBLISHER,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

N. C. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,
OCTOBER, 1858.

CONTENTS.

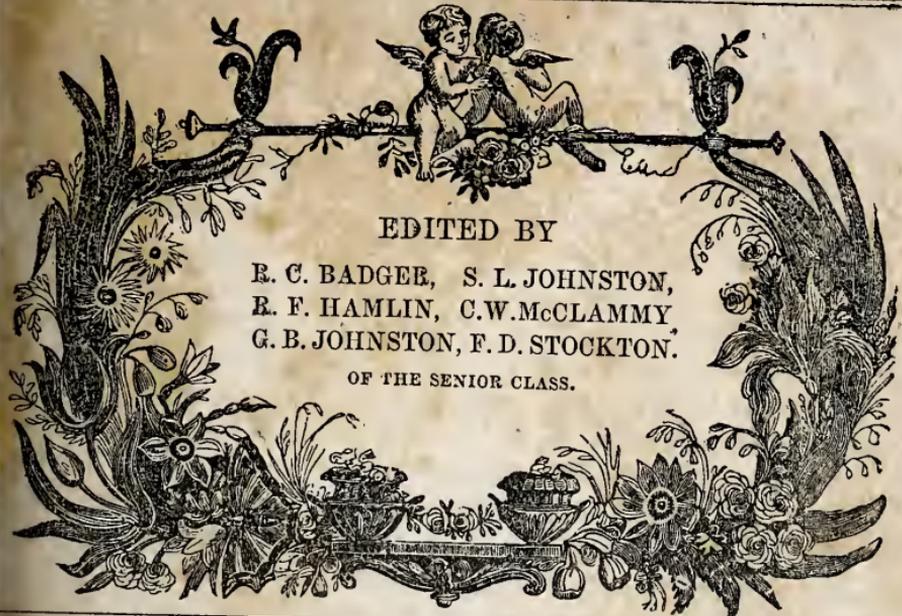
	PAGE
1. An Evening with William Gaston,.....	97
2. The Beautiful—A Poem,.....	105
3. Chatterton,.....	116
4. Mount Mitchell—A Poem,.....	121
5. The Duel—A Tale,.....	123
6. To Jennie—Poetry.....	128
7. Affectation,.....	129
8. Mammon and Mammon Worship,.....	131
9. Philosophical Wonders,.....	136
EDITORIAL TABLE.—Poetry and Poets—Personalities —Dr. Caldwell—Lena Rivers—Love Letter—Cor- respondence of Messrs. Spruill and Battle....	136—144

The Magazine is published about the first of every month except January and July.

Terms \$2 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Any person sending us five new subscribers and TEN DOLLARS, will receive a copy gratis.

Address Editors of the University Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.



EDITED BY

R. C. BADGER, S. L. JOHNSTON,
R. F. HAMLIN, C.W. McCLAMMY,
G. B. JOHNSTON, F. D. STOCKTON.

OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

VOL. VIII,

OCTOBER, 1858.

NO. 3.

AN EVENING WITH WILLIAM GASTON.

BY R. B. CREECY.

This was the noblest Roman of them all :

* * * * *
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

JULIUS CESAR.

NATURED greatness has no feature
more beautiful, and no ornament
more attractive or graceful than a
descending and amiable atten-
tion to youth. It is the Corinthian
column of the Gothic temple, invit-

ing by its graceful proportions, the
approach of its youthful votary, in
the first flush of enthusiastic devo-
tion. Without it, greatness is less
great, and learning less comely ;
Hercules, with his club, inspiring
awe, but repelling affection. "Like
some old tower dimly seen by star-
light, it leaves the impression of
power akin to the terrific and sub-

lime; but wants the mild and softening light of this absent grace to make it lovely to the contemplation and dear to the heart."

Trusting to your defence from the charge of egotism, I will venture to incur the imputation by relating an incident connected with WILLIAM GASTON, illustrative of his genial and kindly nature, which occurred at an early period of my life, when I had but recently divested my youthful habiliments, and had scarcely yet accommodated myself with becoming dignity, to the *toga virilis* of American manhood.

Not very long after the Convention of 1835, I chanced to visit the city of Raleigh while the Supreme Court was in session, in company with a young friend; and being detained longer than we had anticipated, I determined if a suitable occasion presented, to turn the detention to account, by satisfying what had long been a wish ungratified, of forming the personal acquaintance of WILLIAM GASTON.

When a mere boy, I had received a kind of parenthetical introduction to the great man, during a moment of leisure, while he was engaged in the trial of some cause before the Supreme Court, of which he was then an Attorney; but I did not feel justified in renewing my acquaintance, after the lapse of several years, upon the basis of such an impromptu introduction.

As my youth ripened into manhood, this ungratified wish had grown until it had become, indeed an ardent passion of my heart. It was natural.

It had been my good fortune to witness the exhibition of his wonderful power in some of its sharpest intellectual conflicts, and its most signal intellectual triumphs; to witness them at that most impressive period of life when the heart, allied to every sympathy, yields its spontaneous homage to the magic mastery of genius.

When on my way to College, aspirant to the honors of Freshmanship, I tarried a while in Raleigh, not as "at Joppa, until my beard should grow," for that would have detained me too long; but in order to keep company with a party of "gay young fellows," who were going up the same way I was, who persuaded me to wait and join them, and have a nice time altogether. Alas! old fellows now—all that are left.

The Legislature was in session. All Raleigh was aflame. Legislative combinations had been formed, and antagonistic elements had been moulded into a homogeneous mass to remove the Capitol and rob it of her birth-right. An indignant panic pervaded all classes of the city.

For want of something to do, I was much of my time in the lobby.

of the Governor's house, then used as a temporary legislative hall, in consequence of the recent destruction of the capitol by fire.

It was then and there I first saw WILLIAM GASTON. He was the centre of general observation, the cynosure of all eyes. How distinct is my recollection of him. I see him now, as it were yesterday; sitting in front, a little to the left of the Speaker's chair; a grand old man, just touching the verge of venerable age; with finely chiseled, classic features, calm contemplative, thoughtful brow, and manly person; the scholarly stoop increasing rather than marring the effect of the *tout ensemble*. Personation of intellectual intelligence.

"A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

I heard both his speeches upon the "appropriation bill," as it was then called; the bill which raised the question of the removal of the seat of Government from Raleigh. His second speech was a masterpiece of brilliant, elaborate, finished oratory. It was the first great speech to which I had ever listened and I was borne on the top of the tide of admiration with which it was universally received. That speech, unfortunately, is not now preserved, and its reputation rests upon the insecure tradition of those who are fast passing away.

His first speech was a *ruse de guerre*; what in the language of Isaac Walton, would be "a bait for a nibble;" in fowling phrase, "a coy duck;" in the language of the "ring," a "feint," to be followed by a stunning blow. It was a good speech, not remarkable; going just far enough, and not too far, for its purpose; sometimes having a "castle exposed," and then carrying the war barely far enough to say "check to your queen."

There sat his antagonist; a dangerous man, an adversary not to be trifled with; who, by the preconcerted arrangement of his party friends, was the champion who was not to expend his ammunition upon small birds, but to reserve his fire for the larger game.

"His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
He sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

According to legislative etiquette, it was said that Gaston was entitled to reply to this keen sportsman; why, I do not know, not being learned in Parliamentary dialectics; but it was apparent that his antagonist was determined not to move until Gaston showed his hand.

After the conclusion of Gaston's first speech, the member from Fayetteville proceeded to his work, with the consummate skill of an accomplished dialectician, using with admirable dexterity, all the weapons of his well-furnished armory,

dissecting and eviscerating his opponent, to the infinite satisfaction of himself and his friends. But Gaston's rejoinder gave him a Roland for his Oliver, and made Raleigh the permanent seat of government of North Carolina.

I next saw William Gaston about a year later, upon the literary rostrum, and heard his admirable address to the Graduating Class at the University; an address which has become a recognized standard of its class of literature, and which, apart from its wise and salutary counsels, may be studied to advantage by those who wish to acquire "an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious."

I next heard him, a few years later, upon perhaps, the most memorable occasion of his life. It was in the Convention of 1835, in the debate upon what is known as the 32nd "article." That discussion enlisted, not only his patriotic, but his most earnest personal sympathies. One of the objects for which the Convention had been called was to consider the propriety of removing this article from the Constitution of the State. Although inoperative, it was regarded as a blur upon the charter, an odious imputation, if not a political disfranchisement of a meritorious class of citizens, for their religious opinions; and it was pointed to by the envi-

ous detractors of Gaston, who had high office under the Constitution with that article in it, as proof, that his lust of place was stronger than his sense of honor.

With these considerations weighing upon him, he rose to address an assembly distinguished for wisdom, gravity and age; and for two days, bound them as with a spell, by a production, which, in all that can convince the understanding, charm the senses or move the heart, is unsurpassed in the annals of uninspired eloquence.

I am altogether unable to convey an idea of the impression made upon my mind, then just budding into maturity, by that great effort: "Demosthenes for the crown;"—Cicero against Cataline," more familiar, from recent study: "Burke against Warren Hastings" had been the delight of my boyhood; "Webster in reply to Hayne" was yet ringing throughout the length and breadth of the land; but they had all failed to tell me, what "the old-man eloquent" signified. Never till then, did I know what Gray meant, when he sang.

"The applause of listening Senates to command;"
not till then did I know the gift which

"Touch'd Isaac's hallowed lips with fire;"
not till then, the enchanter's wand which genius waves o'er men.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since my heart chords were

swept by that master-hand ; and many a touch from eloquent lips, since then those chords have felt ; but they vibrate still, with the notes of that wondrous melody, and will vibrate ever,

“——till my last of lines is penned
And life's hopes, joys and sorrows at an end.”

The companion of my casual visit to Raleigh, above alluded to, was the fortunate heir of one of Gaston's old friendships, and had received many proofs of his friendly regard. In one of his visits during our sojourn, he observed that he had a young friend with him who was a warm admirer of his, and, if agreeable, he would be glad to introduce him, at some moment of leisure.

“Make my respects,” said Gaston politely, “and I shall be pleased to see you both at my office, this evening at 8 o'clock.”

Prompt to him “as lovers to their vows,” we presented ourselves at the appointed place, and I was formally introduced to him, whose magic power had wakened first my youthful dream of glory.

We found there with Gaston, a distinguished citizen of the State ; a man who under other circumstances and in other association, would have been a recognized great man ; one to whom nature had been niggard of her gifts of physical graces, but to whom ample atonement had been made, for an ungainly person, by bestowing some of her rarest

intellectual gems and imparting to them additional lustre by contrast with the rough ore in which they had been cast.

But all greatness is comparative. He bore to Gaston the same relation ; to use the language of the smithery ; that an excellent “striker” does to the head black-smith. And most opportunely for us, was he there. For without him, who would have done the *striking*?—Without him, the evening, instead of being to us a life-memory, would have been a dumb-show, performed by one player and two mutes. But as it was, we had a most brilliant performance, a kind of *duetto*, one playing upon “a harp of a thousand strings,” and the other striking the triangle with musical taste and judgement.

If an opportune friend was there by invitation, from kindness to us, it was most kind ; if there by invitation to take part in the exercises, it was most considerate of some one's reputation ; if there by accident, it was most fortunate.

The conversation was at first, upon general topics ; the proceedings of the Legislature, then in session, the effect of certain measures then under consideration, the character of its members, with occasional reference to those who had been prominent in the past legislative history of the State ; the practical operation and effect of certain a-

ments of the Constitution made by the Convention of 1835, and then but recently adopted; the growing tendency of our people to abandon their calm, conservative character, and to be carried away by the wild strife of political parties — a tendency which Gaston greatly deprecated, and which at the moment impressed me with the idea that he was not quite up with the progressive spirit of the age.

His style of conversation was peculiarly attractive; easy, graceful, tasteful, and unostentatious; sometimes addressing himself to us and making us feel that we were a part, though not *magna pars*, of the performance. Our friend who came so opportunely, bestowed upon us too, an occasional look from the corner of his eye, as if saying, "and what are you doing here, you spalpeens."

From an examination of the characteristics of our own people, and comparison of their social condition with that of the population of some of our sister States, resulting from the influence of long continued strife, the conservatism passed, by natural connections to an examination of the condition, peculiarities and institutions of those States.

Gaston had passed the preceding summer in a lengthened tour through the Northern States and Canada, and the conclusions at

which he had arrived from personal observation, and his descriptions of natural scenery, were exceedingly interesting.

Niagara Falls had long been a living picture to my mind; by fancy, by personal description, and by the painter and the poet's art. I had read innumerable descriptions of it; from Halleek's grand anthem, (I think it is Halleek's) to him of the shears and goose,

"Who had but one unending note,
Gods, what a place to sponge a coat!"

but none like Gaston's had impressed my mind so forcibly, with the grandeur of this great work of the Omnipotent: none had been so easy, so natural, so grand and yet so simple; so like the great work itself. His graphic description impressed an animal vitality into the storied stream, as with easy self-possession he pictured the placid water moving smoothly on, and just at the brink of the precipice, making a pause, as if unexpectedly encountering a foe it could not conquer, and then writhing in the agony of a moment's desperate determination before taking the awful plunge.

He related an incident of the effect produced upon an untutored mind by this stupendous work of nature. He met at the Falls, with an old college classmate, whom he had not seen for many years, Judge Berrien of Georgia; accompanied by his two daughters, an

faithful old family servant whom the young ladies called "mammy." "We had all," said Gaston, "been standing for some time near the cataract, gazing in silence upon the mighty work. The silence was broken by the old servant."

"Missis," said she to one of the young ladies, "how long has this water been running here?"

"Since the foundation of the world, mammy."

And then pausing for a moment, the old woman continued, "and how long will it keep on running here, Missis."

"Until the end of the world."

Raising her hands and eyes to heaven, with a manner which no art can imitate, she simply exclaimed, "Great God Almighty."

Many other subjects and incidents of his travels, dwelt upon by Gaston, were most delightful and instructive: his personal descriptions and delineations of character of the men of note he met; his contrasts of society in Canada and the United States; his reflections upon the vanity of human greatness, suggested by certain amusing incidents of travel which occurred in his journey; and his recital of interviews and conversations with distinguished persons.

But I have already exceeded my original design and must bring this paper to a close.

I fear I have left the impression on my friend and I performed the

part of simple mutes, in the entertainments of the evening. If so, that impression is most erroneous and most unjust to our reputation. We were not conspicuous, we would not have been so. But we bore our part. We twain spoke *one* word. It was thus:

During the summer, at some watering place, Gaston had met with Martin Van Buren, then in the zenith of his popularity and greatness, and wearing in triumph the hereditary honors of his "illustrious predecessor." He had much to say of the distinguished man, his political and personal character; mentioning, among other things, that, in conversation with Chancellor Kent in reference to Van Buren's intellectual ability, he had contended that his public career furnished no evidence of a superior intellectual endowment, but had been distinguished rather for the exhibition of those qualities of mind, which are rarely, if ever, associated with positive ability; that he had cited the opinion of David B. Ogden expressed to him in conversation, as corroborative of his own.

"Oh" said the Chancellor, in reply, "Davy is warped by his political prejudices. Van Buren is a man of very superior, positive, ability. He practiced law before me for twenty years, and he always seized the strong points of his own case and the weak points of his ad-

versary, and I take that to be proof of ability in any man."

Gaston then proceeded to give his own estimate of Van Buren's character; pointing out some good features, but regarding him as distinguished by that quality which estimated the value of men according to their uses to himself.

"He regards men," said he, "as I do those snuffers, valuable when needed, but after being used, of no further value, until wanted again."

Proceeding in his narrative, he referred to a toast sent by Van Buren in reply to an invitation, to be present at some political demonstration. He was unable to recall the language of the toast. His inability to remember a certain word interrupted his narrative, and for a moment, seemed to annoy him.—Turning to our opportune friend, he said, "——, what was the word he used about 'hostility to the United States Bank?' You remember the toast." No response came.—He turned unsatisfied away.

He then turned toward us. As his eye travelled by me, I caught it; saw his troubled expression; and, in a "still small voice," I said, "*uncompromising.*"

"Yes," said he, addressing himself directly to me, with a most benevolent expression which I can never forget; "uncompromising hostility to the United States Bank;" and then, in a tone and manner

which made me feel as if my father spoke it, he added; "we should be uncompromising with nothing but vice."

One word more. William Gaston has now been dead more than fourteen years. While he lived his position among his countrymen was as that of the son of Kish among the Philistians. In any association he was a truly great man. I speak of him, not as a lawyer, not as a judge, nor a statesman, nor orator, writer, philosopher or poet; but a great representative man; representative of the excellencies of race; the dignity of learning, the beauty of virtue, the worth of integrity and honor and uprightness of character; the christian graces; the kindly sympathies, the fraternal impulses of life; which also impart to man his real manhood and make him a reflex "image of his maker." Yet, great as he was, no literary memorial commensurate with his real magnitude, has been dedicated to his memory.

There are those living who with his compeers; who knew him best and admired him most, men every way competent to tell the story of his life; men, distinguished by some of the same qualities which made the sum of his exceeding greatness. Let them not by longer neglect, inflict a foul wrong upon posterity. Let them look to it, as men who sire a place, in the recollection of those who must soon pronounce their eulogy.

THE BEAUTIFUL—A POEM,

BY W. M. COLEMAN, OF N. C.

ARGUMENT.

THE effect of beauty upon the heart ; the emotion universally experienced ; the emotion arising at the perception of external objects, confined to the representations of two senses ; form, colour, grace and sound : independent existence of Beauty ; its effect lost upon depraved feeling ; Poetical effect ; moral beauty ; mutual dependence of mankind upon each other ; Sympathy ; Domestic relations · Patriotism ; all Beauty imperfect ; the Beau Ideal.

THE maid, in sweet Affection's silken chain,
 Entwines her lover and declares her reign :
 She wakes each passion slumbering in his breast,
 Now fires to action and now lulls to rest,
 Thrills with a look and maddens with a sigh,
 Invites to rapture or commands to die.
 Thus Beauty, when it breaks upon the heart,
 Bids every power to new-born vigour start :
 A sprite responsive to the tuneful shell,
 Its music mingles in the Heaven-born spell,
 In eoneord to the quiring beats the soul,
 As loud or soft the ærial measures roll.
 Who hath not felt since short-lived Time was born,
 The power of BEAUTY's many sounding horn ?
 See the poor Indian answering to its call,
 His wigwam build where eddying streamlets fall.
 Where gentle slopes and opening glades are seen,
 Where fragrant wild flowers gem the smiling green,
 And songsters from their leafy homes above,
 Warble their notes symphonious of love.
 Turn to the sage who in his eireling sweep
 Seans earth and heaven, and plumbs the watery deep ;
 Go search with him the boundless fields of air
 And track each planet as it wanders there,
 Or on a stronger wing yet higher soar,

Unlock the mind and its dark caves explore,
 Trace to the source eternal Good and TRUTH,
 Where linked they flourish in immortal youth,
 The rays of beauty sparkle from the whole,
 Beauty still charms and cheers the panting soul.
 In merry boy-hood when the heart is young,
 Before Care's loud alarum bell has rung,
 How sweetly on the chords does BEAUTY play,
 And every hallowed feeling own her sway.
 And when old age shall bend the youthful form,
 And beats in fury grim Misfortune's storm,
 When dulls the ear and dims the sparkling eye,
 When laughter dies and speaks the long drawn sigh,
 Oh then shall Beauty's dearest boon be given,
 To tell the path and lure the soul to Heaven.

What varied beauties generous Nature yields ;
 The waving forests and the verdant fields,
 The quiet valleys and the sloping hills,
 The flowers that bloom along the whimpering rills,
 The winding river and the wide stretched plain,
 The budding spring, gray Autumn's golden grain,
 The craggy steep, the beetling mountain hoar,
 Niagara's thunder and old Ocean's roar,
 The stars that twinkle in the distant dome,
 The moon suspended in her azure home ;
 Life crowns the whole; wherever rove the eyes
 A thousand varied mingling beauties rise.
 In solemn silence and in grandeur all
 In concord chorus to the Master's call.
 The eye and ear sweet BEAUTY'S charms reveal,
 Now one, now both, her rapturous transports feel;
 FORM, COLOUR, GRACE, by turns the eye enchains,
 Or softly blending share their gentle reigns,
 Nor on the ear the liquid measures roll,
 And SOUND melodious penetrates the soul,
 Divine expression round each beauty plays,
 As gleam the waters in the day-god's rays.
 The dove, the mock-bird and the queenly swan,
 The sportive squirrel and the soft-eyed fawn,
 The speckled trout that cleaves the crystal stream,

The laurel bending where the brooklets gleam,
 The orange tree that loads the gentle gale,
 The modest violet sleeping in the vale,
 The cypress with its dark funereal shade,
 The waving grass that greens the even glade,
 The slender poplar and the graceful vine,
 The branching elm, the rock-built towering pine,
 The oak deep-rooted that defies the storm,
 All, all, proclaim the pleasing power of FORM.

In melowy softness with the rainbow vic,
 The fleecy clouds piled in the sunset sky,
 Warm glows the parting kiss their God has given,
 And crimson blushes paint the evening heaven.
 The purple daisy and the rose's bloom,
 The peacock's splendor and the heaven bird's plume,
 The sparkling wave, the diamond brilliant's hue,
 The crystal tide and Ocean's glassy hue,
 The Spangled firmament, the green-clad earth,
 Mix with the sun and give to COLOUR birth ;
 Where'er this god his gladdening beams impart,
 Doth BEAUTY in a thousand colours start.
 What generous passions slumbering in the deep,
 Doth SOUND arouse from their mysterious sleep !
 What human spirit lives that cannot tell
 The magic power of MUSIC's matchless spell ?

In twilight shadows when the nightingale
 Melodious warbles to the lonely vale,
 When distant waterfalls play soft and low,
 And evening Zephyrs gently whispering blow,
 How Melancholy steals along the soul,
 Wakes Hope and Memory and pervades the whole,
 A thousand thoughts in rapid order spring
 From their dim homes and to the future wing :
 The scenes of boy-hood crowd upon the view,
 And pleasures past their golden tints renew :
 Perchance their lingers still a once loved name
 That lit the bosom with Affection's flame ?
 Then shall Association's phantom band,
 Light with its torch the distant shadowy land,
 The moss seats by the crystal brook prepared,

The flowers and pebbles young Love's ardor shared,
 The ivied tryst-tree and the laurel vale
 Where the rapt spirit breathed its tender tale,
 All pass along, and heaves a long drawn sigh,
 That Love's bright dream so soon was doomed to die.

When the shrill pibroch summons to the fight,
 High swells the Scotsman's heart in grim delight ;
 He belts his Tartan, grasps his trusty steel,
 And rushes where the death knells thickest peal,
 His spirit burns, he swings his broadsword high,
 And onward drives to conquer or to die.

In the dim Past before old time begun,
 Ere quired the planets to the new-born sun,
 Celestial harpers trod their God-built home,
 And Music thrilled through Heaven's eternal dome.
 To FORM and COLOUR, GRACE new beauty gives,
 Awakes to motion and all nature lives.

When Venus found her son on Lybia's shore,
 In vain Eneas conned her person o'er,
 In vain to penetrate her deep disguise,
 He scanned her face and watched her heavenly eyes,
 But when she moved, the goddess' graceful mein
 Declared his mother and proclaimed her queen.
 And yet the Skeptic, since the efficient cause
 Of beauty lies concealed, and Nature's laws
 May not be sounded with his own short line,
 Or open at his nod their mystic mine,
 In silly pride declares his senses lie,
 And drives all beauty from Life's darkened sky.

Do Goodness, Truth and Beauty live alone
 For feeble man and know no other throne ?
 Ere Adam walked sweet Eden's lovely plain
 Did Beauty's sceptre mark her ancient reign.
 Should all the human race to ruin run,
 Still round the earth would wheel the glorious sun,
 The lion still his native wilds would roam,
 The whale still gambol where the billows foam,
 The birds still sing, the valleys still be green,
 And Life and Beauty crown the manless scene.
 But gentle Beauty does not scorn alone

To penetrate the skeptic's heart of stone ;
 For there are souls that like the muckworm vile,
 Feed on the earth and all they touch defile :
 Who rise at dawn on musty bonds to pour,
 And only sleep to dream their treasures o'er,
 Who never paused when Music's melting strain
 So sweetly fell, to lure awhile from gain,
 Who never gazed along the evening sky,
 To see the mingling colours fade and die,
 Who never felt the rapture giving meed,
 That charm a loving act or noble deed,
 Who never heard the tale that sorrow told,
 But only lived to heap the yellow gold.

When fierce Ambition seizes on the soul,
 In vain do Beauty's witching measures roll ;
 The widow's prayer, the hungry orphan's tear,
 Alike fall powerless on the flinty ear ;
 In vain does Mercy call, in vain the cry
 Of outraged justice, pierces Heaven on high ;
 Secure to climb the mountain-top of fame,
 Are Truth and Goodness offered to a name.
 Lo-here the echoes of Perdition ring,
 And Beauty wends away on glittering wing.
 But Nature opens to her favored few,
 What spirits not poetic never knew ;
 To him who gazes long with rapt delight,
 Divine expression glows before his sight,
 Pensive he lingers where the willows weep,
 With joy exultant bounds along the deep,
 Calm sleeps his soul when soft the west winds stray,
 And wakes to rapture when the storm fiends play.

The flowers speak tenderness, the birds sing love,
 The stars that twinkle in the deeps above,
 Ray Faith and Hope ; the green enamelled shore
 The winds and waves, the clouds, the tempest's roar,
 Are big with life ; the Ocean, Earth and Air,
 All tell the God that made and keeps them there.
 Whence sprang the Univers and to what goal
 Revolve the burning suns, the planets roll ?
 Why swing the worlds around us, where and why

Do comets blaze along the starry sky ?
 Why roar the breakers and why heaves the deep ?
 Why swells the mountain ? why do cataracts sweep ?
 And toiling man ! To what mysterious land
 Wander his footsteps o'er life's desert sand ?
 To solve the secret, Reason racks in pain
 And strives to grasp the Infinite in vain ;
 Bewildered often in the darkness there
 Wings back her way in terror and despair.
 Yet the Divinity that stirs within,
 Anxious its heavenward journey to begin,
 In fondness lingers round each beauty near
 That tells of home ; and drops a greeting tear ;
 As when an exile in a foreign land
 Condemned to languish by his king's command,
 Behold some flower that charmed him when a boy,
 High beats his heart, and sorrow dims his joy.

Thus ancient Druids when chill Winter's hand
 Has stripped the trees and scathed the smiling land,
 When they beheld the sacred mistletoe
 On the dead oak in youth and beauty glow,
 Awe-struck, before the mystic symbol kneeled,
 That told of life when Time's own knell had pealed.
 And the lone Arab on his sandy plain,
 When Night unveils the sky's majestic train,
 Declares a God each beauty shining there,
 And lowly bends and breathes his heartfelt prayer.
 So when low mutterings creep before the storm,
 And raging clouds the smiling skies deform,
 When sounds the distant Ocean's mellowed roar,
 Or white caps lash the long resounding shore,
 Where chasms yawn and looming mountains swell
 In threat'ning grandeur o'er the silent dell,
 When lightnings gleam and Heaven's loud thunders play,
 When all is still and darkness shrouds the day,
 How beats the soul against its iron cage,
 And pants to soar and read the mystic page !
 In vain ! the Infinite still flees before,
 The longing mind that sighs to know no more,
 Mysterious Awe and Melancholy steal,

And half discover what the veils conceal.

Bright Beauty ! reflex of the God above,
 Where'er we turn still warms the heart to love.
 In FORM and COLOUR, SOUND and winning GRACE,
 Expression shines on Nature's half hid face,
 To Melancholy sinks, in Awe subdued,
 Cheers Faith and Hope and youth's bright bloom renews,
 To softness soothes and now to Grandeur thrills,
 As o'er the soul its magic charm distills.
 Through the wide Universe it beams divine,
 Of God's eternity a living sign.
 But beauty in a livelier, holier hue,
 Sits in the mind and sheds ambrosial dew :
 Here Truth and Virtue in sweet concord dwell,
 And here the Graces wave their gentle spell,
 In varied streams the chrystal water flow,
 To cool and green this wilderness below.
 Not all untrue the dreamy Mystic's trance,
 Where spirits mingled in a reeling dance,
 And held weird converse in those shadow lands
 Where sprites aerial lead their fitting bands ;
 On sympathetic wires the lightnings play,
 And wing from heart to heart their burning way.
 Few breathe the souls to Sympathy so cold
 That never wept when Pity's tale was told,
 But few that never felt the rising fires,
 A generous act, a noble deed inspires
 Nor sighed when cruel Fashion lifted high
 Her fatal dirk and doomed young Love to die ;
 A kindred feeling every bosom warms,
 And wakes to action when its fellow charms.

The ploughman speeds his plough, and to the gales
 The gallant ship unfurls her snowy sails,
 Rattles the loom, the sounding anvil rings,
 And o'er its way the restless engine sings.
 Our fleecy bales and hordes of golden grain,
 We share with nations nor divide in vain,
 Old England's wealth and Asia's boundless store
 The wines and fruits of warmer, entler shores
 Invite ; Man on his brother man depends,

Whate'er he does, where'er his pathway tends,
 Yet would this varied intercourse decay,
 Should Truth and Justice cease their powerful stay ?
 Dissolve the band, unloose the golden tie,
 Must peaceful Ceres droop and Commerce die?

But not along the troubled sea of life,
 This constant whirlpool, this eternal strife,
 Does Beauty's most transcendent lustre shine,
 And ray its beams in tints almost divine :
 By evening firesides it delights to dwell,
 And hymn those vespers that it loves so well.
 O, sacred spot ! Dearest of earth born bowers !
 Where Truth and Virtue wreath the happy hours,
 Where peace and Tenderness and Love distill,
 Their heavenly dews in many a winding rill.
 Safe sheltered in this holy calm retreat,
 In vain Misfortune's tempests roar and beat ;
 When friends and fortune both have fled away,
 And through the darkness gleams no cheeering ray,
 The Angel wife shall every care beguile,
 And Hope and Heaven still sparkle in her smile.

Who can forget the tears a mother shed,
 In pious anguish o'er his youthful head,
 When first his erring footsteps quit the way,
 That wisdom led, in folly's path to stray ?
 Or how in childish glee he used to run
 To tell mamma some generous act he'd done,
 How in her arms she'd clasp her darling boy,
 And fold him to her breast in silent joy !
 Who ere forgets a father's frown or praise,
 That awed or gladdened him in boy-hood's days,
 The dew that pearled a fair-haired sister's eye
 When last he spoke that mournful word " good-bye,"
 The ardent grasp a loving brother gives,
 The grandame's tear that still her grand-child lives ?
 Whate'er our fate, where'er our pathways roam,
 Memory still lingers round our child-hood's home.

See youthful lovers slowly wend their way
 O'er sloping greens where winding streamlets stray,
 Or wander by the river's pebbled shore,

Climb hand in hand where tumbling torrents roar,
Or linger musing in the vale below,
Where clambering ivies round the poplars grow,
When birds and flowers and Nature's smiles but seem,
A Truth that mingles in their golden dream.

High burns the fire in every patriot's soul,
When banners stream and loud the war drums roll ;
When Country calls, must every other cry,
That roused the spirit once, in silence die.
When gleamed the fire-cross at the chief's command,
Each trusty clansman grasped his shining brand,
The hunter left his deer, his hills the guide,
The fisher's boat rocked empty to the tide,
The youth but stopped to kiss his tearful maid,
Then swung his targe and hied him to the raid.
The self-same spark still lights the human heart,
When love of father-land bids valour start,
Not yet to patriot souls has bid farewell
The fame that warmed the manly breast of Tell.
Not only on the mountain summit hoar,
Or where Niagara's thundering waters pour,
Or yet along the tempest riven sky,
When thunders roll and red-winged lightnings fly,
Or where the storm-tost billows madly foam,
Does awful grandeur make its mystic home.
It blazes from the soul when Duty's cry
So sternly bids a generous passion die ;
Now long the fierce opposing billows rise,
Till Duty conquers and the passion dies.
Not soon the memory of that Swiss shall fade,
Who clasped the rugged Austrian spears and made
A way for liberty ; oft told the tale
Of Herndon's ship that foundered in the gale,
And how the gallant captain strove to save
The fated crew—there sank beneath the wave
And oft the glistening eye and flushing cheek shall tell,
How glorious martyr gallant Herndon fell.

Eternal Justice ! Well thine arm was bare,
When stood along the anxious Delaware,
The patriot band that Valley Forge had tried ;
When hireling slaves combined with British pride,

To crush young Freedom to an early grave,
 And blast the soul that raised a hand to save.
 'Twas sunset, and the wintry wind roared high,
 Dark driving storm-clouds swept the listening sky,
 No war-drum beat, and rang no trumpet's peal,
 As every warrior silent grasped his steel :
 How throbbed each heart and spoke each long drawn breath,
 So soon to triumph, or be stilled in death.
 Pale Freedom trembled for her doom was nigh,
 Proudly to conquer or enslaved to die,
 When God stretched forth that mighty arm to save,
 That whelmed proud Pharaoh in the red sea's wave.
 Greene's cannon thundered and that voice cheered on,
 That led the little band at Bennington,
 Home, Freedom, Country, every bosom stayed,
 Nerved every heart and drove each quivering blade.
 Turn to the Orient climes and gaze and weep,
 To see poor man in Death and Darkness sleep.
 In Ganges' wave the infant still expires,
 And widows climb their husbands' funeral pyres,
 On Afric altars human victims die,
 And hellish rites profane the smiling sky,
 On Zealand's isles red Murder's arm is bare,
 And Jugernaut still rolls his ponderous car.
 See juggling priests profane that hallowed grave,
 Where Godfrey fought,—which Richard bled to save,
 From China's millions hear that wail arise.
 That rings the earth and echoes from the skies !
 Alas ! Must Pity call, and call in vain,
 On man to break his brother's iron chain ?
 Must man in Death and Darkness ever lie,
 Nor haste one hand to point his soul on high ?
 One heart responds ! the Missionary flies,
 Where poor humanity in anguish cries.
 His home is sweet, his fatherland is dear,
 And ere he goes perchance a glistening tear,
 That dews the last fond clasping hand may tell,
 How sighs his soul to speak the word farewell.
 But hark ! Stern Duty calls, he owns the sway—
 Each tie must sever and he must away.
 What though he toil in silence and alone,

And die at last unhonored and unknown ;
 What though his roof is often heaven's blue dome,
 And no sweet wife smiles joyous welcome home,
 Nor crowing infant prattles on his knee,
 To cheer his spirit with its baby glee ?
 He labors on, nor cares when life is done,
 That he shall sleep beneath a foreign sun,
 Where no loved friend at evening shall draw near
 His silent grave to drop Affection's tear.

Here Grandeur's beacon blazes flame on high,
 Leap from the earth and flash beyond the sky,
 From Heaven it comes, to Heaven its splendors roll,
 When God-like thoughts inspire the human soul.

But in the world, without us and within,
 Is Beauty darkened by the curse of Sin ;
 And e'en Imagination toils in vain,
 To find some form not spotted with a stain ;
 The torturing Ideal ever flies,
 Like Itaca before the panting eyes ;
 In vain the poet in his loftiest height
 Pursues the shade till flitting from his sight,
 In vain the painter strives to grasp and chain
 The dazzling phantom dancing in his brain,
 The Heaven born spirit bends its wings away,
 While golden beauties round its pathway play.
 The mind pursues and its divining rod,
 Points to its home, the bosom of its God.

Here perfect Beauty lives, here blazed before
 The hills were built or boomed old Ocean's roar.
 In the mysterious Past when all was Night,
 Ere plumed a planet for its untried flight,
 Ere Heaven responded to a harp-string's tone,
 When God in awful silence dwelt alone,
 Did Beauty live : the Archetype of all
 Slept in the Eternal mind before his call
 Woke worlds from nothing ; and its beams shall ray,
 When this wide Universe is dashed away ;
 When all is Night, and men and worlds but seem
 To young Immortals, like a vanished dream.

CHATTERTON.

—“OH, how poor
 Seems the rich gift of genius when it lies,
 Like an adventurous bird that hath outflown
 Its strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked ;
 A thing the thrush might pity as she sits
 Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest !”

SOMETHING over a century ago, in a house of poverty and obscurity, a son was born. The father of the boy was dead, and it was with sorrowful anxiety, that the mother beheld another life added to her household.

During his life the father had followed a calling the most ungrateful, by which he had barely managed to support his wife and child. He was a schoolmaster ; an occupation, as every one knows, not the most favorable for the storing up of wealth. At his death his wife was left in a state very nigh destitution, and it was with anxiety and sorrow, as I have said, that the mother gave life to another child ; for she knew, from hard experience, how fierce and bitter a struggle would mark the life of that boy on earth.

Yet notwithstanding it was with a troubled soul, she looked upon her helpless children, possibly, *probably* with the birth of the boy,—somewhat of hope also sprung into

existence ; though indeed the natural prospect of such a hope ever receiving fulfilment, was shadowed by many a close, surrounding cloud. Yet it was a hope—and one on which she might venture, in a measure, to rely, that he would one day prove to her a support and a stay, infant as he was, and far off as the time was removed, in which such a hope could, by any possibility, receive fruition, yet the time *would* come, if both their lives were spared when he would be a man. Strong to sustain her when heart and strength would fail her utterly.—And besides this, with him there sprung into a wider existence that boundless love, which dwells with an ever expanding power in the mother's heart, and most tenderly that love embraced and clasped the helpless infant in its arms.

In obscurity and penury the early years of the boy's life passed away. He was early sent to the charity school of his native city,—Bristol, to attain there the rud-

ments of education, to gain that little knowledge of books which it was probable was all he would ever be able to attain. But books of the school, and all the instruction which could be drawn from them, were of a nature inexpresibly irksome and hateful to him; school life, which usually presses so harshly on the minds of children, the fetters of school confinement, the wearying sameness of the daily routine of school duties, were to him galling in the extreme. In his own mind there was a vast world in which to mingle, to whose gorgeous scenes his willing soul hastened joyfully away, spurning the dull and plodding task of mastering the lessons of his text book. With wonder and grief the mother beheld this aversion on the part of her son to walk the beaten paths of learning. Possibly, the highest hope she had ever conceived for him, was, that one day he might fill honorably the place his father had once occupied. Like the loved and lamented dead one, she would fain see him aspiring to the honorable occupation of a teacher of youth.

But, very far from the mind of the fiery boy were such thoughts as these. Sometimes, when she would express this fulness of her hope to him, the strange wild child would tell her, with a smiling heart, that higher even than that station, higher than any advancement in

the world that she had conceived for him, were the designs which he had formed in regard to his future.

With the simple sports of childhood very rarely did he mingle even in his tenderest years; the hopes and desires, and amusements, which occupied the minds of ordinary children, were such as in his heart he despised. He looked upon the pride, and the wealth, and aristocracy of his native city with more than the mere curiosity and admiration, with which children behold the pomp of riches, and the "pride of life." With attentive eyes, he saw the homage all men paid to wealth, he saw what myriads of devotees there were at mamons shrine, but none the less was this scorn with which he regarded such sordid worship. The *object* of so much worldly regard, with all the intense-ness of his nature, he despised; the *homage*, he coveted; and so he vowed to himself, that *he*, the poor and unknown boy, would one day win and hold a station as honorable, and as sought after as the richest noble in the land; and yet it should not be through his wealth that he could extort the reverence of men! Far other was the homage he sought of the world than that gained by the mere possession of pounds, and splendid dwellings, and wide extending lands!

He would watch the coronated, coach as it wheeled swiftly by him

bearing the proud aristocrat, who never even saw or noticed the ill-clad child who stood gazing on them with such *un-childlike* thoughts as they passed by; and to himself he reserved a day, when men should haste to honor him, and to pride in having known him, and yet not because he rode in a gilded coach, on which a coat-of-arms was graven!

At night, when the complaints of his master, because of his inattention and carelessness, were forgotten; when the thoughts of his poverty and of the labors of his mother had passed away from his mind; he would give loose reign to his warm imagination, and in his waking dreams, he trod a world of splendor, the light of which comes even in faint gleams but seldom to the minds of dreamers. When moon-light threw over the earth a vesture that made it seem most like fairy-land, he would hasten away from his poor home, for walls and roofs oppressed him, and the near presence of human beings, though they slept, was too much like intrusion of gross things in his glorious ideal land.

There was spread for him such a magnificent world without the walls of the city, where he might wander and be alone with nature, and God, and his own mighty thoughts;—there were such legions of spiritual companions that other eyes could not behold, with whom, at will, he

might hold communion;—such a solemn, and to him, bewitching grandeur in the stillness of the night,—such an enwrapping of visible holiness over all the earth when it lay 'neath the quiet glance of the moon as forbade the approach of sleep at such hours. Stretched upon the grass in the fields, with his eyes fixed upon the slumbering city of his birth, or on the boundless heavens above, where the stars, beaming upon him, seemed like the eyes of distant angels, thoughts would come thronging through his childish mind—no, it was *not* childish for in thought he was already a full-grown man,—such as never had birth in the brain of child before.

Poverty was nothing to him in such hours. Was it not easy for him to endure mere bodily hunger when such a glorious intellectual feast was ever awaiting him? And what were the mean beggarly garments which clothed him, in comparison with that imperial robe of spirit-might which his Creator had given him?

It was particularly in such hours as these, that he indulged in the proudest dreams of Fame; and surely it was but the *natural* impulse of a genius so transcendent as his; the longing, and striving, and determination to win for himself the homage and applause of a world! Such a consummation seemed to him, who had neve

known ought but neglect, as the highest good. It seemed a boon in the greatest degree worth striving for, and he was prepared to give *all* the strength of his early years for that which even the full-grown intellect of manhood does not scorn to strive most eagerly after. He set his mark very high,—he would have his name among the most prominent on the scroll of Fame,—it was no mediocrity, no *respectable* honor with which he could content himself!

On all the pages of recorded Genius, there is no name which awakens such thoughts as the name of this strange youth. The more one thinks of him, the greater becomes the astonishment which such thoughts *must* awaken. Consider, a child of but eleven years of age;—think of him going apart from the children of like years—his companions and friends—think of him, in the hours which *they* gave solely to the puerile amusements common to children of such age; going away from them to think such thoughts as were his constantly, to cherish his great hopes, and to conceive such thoughts as these:

“Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made,
Till thy command gave light.

“The Sun of glory gleamed, the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly;

Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

“How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
Where the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed salvation's praise,

“An humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown;
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man almighty God,
In glory all his own.

“Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his veng a ice rise;
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.”

I have fondly remembered, and often quoted, devotional verses of many and distinguished poets of *reiper* years, which cannot incline me to less highly appreciate and admire this hymn, written by a child, said to have been, but little later in life, an infidel! And indeed it is a difficult thing to understand, or account for the anomaly here presented; how one capable of expressing such thoughts as are revealed in this hymn, and in the one named “Resignation,” which breathe so much of a trust in God, of large conceptions of His grandeur and might, should ever, at any time in his life, have harbored, or been capable of harboring in his breast, real sentiments averse to the recognition of the existence and supremacy of a One Almighty Creator, is a something so strange as can only be ac-

counted for by remembering the weakness and inconsistency of character, which so frequently attend the very highest developments of genius.

At an early age (fourteen years,) when boys are usually still plodding over the *rudiments* of learning, Chatterton commenced the study of the law. His school-education may justly be counted as *nothing*; probably in many, if not in *all* the ordinary branches of learning, boys of common ability could have far surpassed him. But he could read and write, and perhaps I do not err in saying that to a mind like *his*, that was all that was *essentially* necessary. The learning for which his mind panted, the intellectual food which was necessary for him, was such as no human voice could utter to him. Neither was it hidden in mysterious characters of Latin and Greek, nor indeed in the signs and figures of dry, dull mathematics. There was nothing in such studies that could satisfy the

panting, grasping mind of the boy who was already ambitious, and in some respects fully capacitated, to stand up as an equal with many of the "giants of the mind," who had been years in gaining their prominence.

We are not to suppose that the hours of this strangely gifted youth were spent in dreamy idleness. Very far from that was the reality; though the "dry study of the law" was ostensibly his occupation, yet *hours* of his nights and days were given to the most enthusiastic study of the old masters' Song, and to the laborious efforts of imitation of their style and plan of composition.

In the passionate desire of acquiring at once a notoriety, and at the same time impelled by an invisible desire to play upon the wisdom of the learned, he directed all his thoughts and the great faculties of his mind to the one object—deceiving illustrious wise-heads!

(Concluded in our Next.)

MOUNT MITCHELL—16TH JUNE, 1858.

Proud Peak ! so sternly rising 'm'd the smiling heaven—
 Thy haughty brow by thunderbolts and tempests riven,
 Dark bristling with thy jagged pines, like warriors mailed,
 And beetling crags where erst unharmed have eagles sailed,
 Among thy giant brothers grim, confessed the peer ;
 Thy solitudes unwoke from rolling year to year,
 By man, or aught, save howling storms or brutes of dread ;
 To day how thou must marvel at th' unwonted tread
 Of those who climb thy heights, and cloud-throned summit
 scale,
 To chant o'er Science' martyred son the funeral wail.

Oh, haughtiest ingrate ! to prove thy pride of place,
 E'en o'er proud Washington—king of the mountain race ;
 This was his eager wish from year to year pursued,
 And with his blood thy cruel clutches thou'st imbued !
 Rock-hearted type of Pride, thou would'st undoubted claim,
 By search or measure true of king the rank and name !
 Oh hateful cliff, from whose rough, treacherous, wildering
 height

The kind and wise old man fell on that saddest night,
 Sweet stream beneath ! whose pitying bosom took him in,
 As down, down, down with headlong crash and horrid din
 Of hurtling stones around, he fell and none was nigh
 To hear, for help his last, heart-thrilling, gasping cry.
 Uproot the frail, weak, Laurel tree to which he clung ;
 False herb ! a precious life in truth upon thee hung
 That night, as oft one has on thy poetic meed—
 Alas ! thou'rt ever but the broken, piercing reed,
 What, though it mocked his dying grasp, the treacherous lau
 rel bough.

Fame's self he'd won, and needed not the emblem now.
 A crown of glory shall be his beyond the grave,
 O'er which his well-earned earthly laurels fadeless wave.
 Sleep good and kindly man, in this thy tomb sublime :

Such was thy wish, here to await the end of time,
 Honored wherever Science lifts her searching eye,
 Loved in thy classic home thy memory cannot die !

And OTTEY who o'er thy pale, cherished, form doth say
 The last fond words that loving honoring lips e'er may ;
 Well may he feel the spell of place upon him now ;
 For he is mountain born. Lo ! on his glorious brow
 High thoughts inspired fleet on, as storm and sunshine chase
 Each other o'er the calm, uplifted, mountain's face.
 Thou'rt like to Saul amidst his brothers, he like each,
 And like thy far-off heights, his lofty soaring reach,
 Far, far beyond the aching sight and easy ken,
 Of most who walk this earth and bear the names of men.

On dark, blue Otter's rounded peak, oft hath he said,
 " Make thou my well beloved, my last and lonely bed, "
 But oh ! may God, the merciful, forbid that thou
 Shouldst find a martyr's grave, as he we mourn o'er now.
 Yet what more noble, worthy, death may be desired ?
 The great, the good, he long pursued—achieved—expired.

True nobleman of nature thou—gentle, yet firm,
 Honored to terror's verge by scholars, through the term,
 But like a brother loved, when college rule was done,
 The master so august, and genial friend in one.
 Oh, noble MITCHELL ! thy revered and cherished name,
 Old CHAPEL HILL deems sweetest heritage of fame.
 Oh ! tender, loving ones of his dear home, embalm
 His memory with sighs ye must—but seek for calm,
 In all the good he living, did—and dying, paid
 His life—upon the shrine of zeal in duty laid.

Dark mountain king ! baptized with sacrificial blood,
 Mt. Mitchell *now* gained by this broad and easy road ;
 Black Peak, no longer frowning unattained and wild,
 Love hath subdued thee to the footsteps of a child,
 A monument to that immortal power thou'rt given
 To man, by HIM who made and ruleth Earth and Heaven.

L. V. M.

RICHMOND, VA., 1858.

THE DUEL.

A T A L E .

The bowl had circulated long, and all it flew round the festive board ter and faster ; song had follow-song—toast quickly succeeded st, and wit flew hither, thither, fast as lightning leaps from cloud cloud.

Around that table sat two long-orn friends, Charles Edmunds and William Farland. In their earliest days, while yet glōwing with pleasure their mother's fond imparted, each made proud boasts of how he would cross great erts, and fight huge giants for other's sake. In bright boyhood they took each other's hand, declared that death only could separate them, and in budding manhood they filled high the flowing el, and swore eternal friendship. At night they sat together inasure's lap.

At length cards were brought and ties made up. Charlie Edmunds and Will. Farland played at the e table ; though each had for a oner, a man from that cursed g, which lives and moves and ks deep at the corrupt fount of . The game progressed, and wil-and more crazed grew the play-

ers. Edmunds and Farland were both beyond reason's sway ; but their wily, guilty partners were intoxicated only with the sight of the large heaps of gold they had won. One of them, Edmunds' partner shuffled the cards—and oh ! the ruin that single shuffle has wrought ! for Edmunds, whose deal it was, was too drunk ; he however took them and made Farland, his right-hand player, cut them—it was done. The trumps were turned up, and Edmunds and his partner stood winners of a large sum.

Farland, stung by his repeated losses, and maddened beyond all control by the last one, leaped from his chair and seized Edmunds by the collar, cried :

“ Baso dog, I have detected you at last in your cursed villainy. This is your boasted friendship, hey ?—traitor thief that you are.”

For a second, Edmunds, unconscious of the guilt of his partner in the shuffle, looked as surprised as if a thunderbolt, hurled with all the wrath of indignant Jove, had burst-ed at his feet—but for a second only ; for frenzied by these galling epithets, and Farland's threatening atti-

tude, his first impulse was to drink his old friend's blood. Together they rushed as suddenly and furiously as two half famished tigresses. The struggle was as short as it was desperate, for the crowd interposed and separated them—but separated them only to breathe threats and curses more horrible than before.

"You shall atone for this insult with the best blood in your heart!" cried Edmunds, as he was borne from the room by his partner and two others of the party.

They conducted him to his room, but all was cold and cheerless there. His brain was on fire—he could not pause to think.

"Revenge! Revenge!" he cried, as he tore his hair and raged and tossed about his room—"Has mortal man dared couple villain and traitor with my fair name, and followed this with a blow, and I live to say it is unavenged?—I will go straight this second and blow—"

"But my dear *friend*," interposed his former partner, "would it not be better for you to authorize some one, I myself will be happy to serve you, if you will honor me with that delicate part, and demand of him that redress for wrong which the world authorizes one gentleman to claim from another. In other words, shall I have the honor bearing a chal—"

"A challenge, would you say," cried Edmunds, "no! No!—yes, that is it; a challenge—it delay my wrath awhile—but revenge, thou shalt be satisfied; sweet, oh! honey-sweet the draught that slakes thy thirst. Take pen and paper and write it as I tate."

The *friend*, who is indeed but a vampire that fattens on the blood of the victim, while it sleeps to the softest slumbers, took up pen and wrote:

—2 o'clock, A. M.

Mr. Farland,

SIR:—

You have sold my honor. I demand satisfaction. This world cannot hold of us—*one of us must leave it*; remember this! Mr. A. will agree to any terms you wish. I ask for one thing—it is, that you will give me in less than four hour's time.

CHARLES EDMUNDS

"And now sir," continued Edmunds, "you will seek him immediately—agree to anything—try to make it as desperate as possible. What care I for life, if I exchange it for revenge; yes, revenge, sweet revenge!" he bit between his teeth.

Mr. A. hurried to Farland's apartments; he knocked, and the door was immediately opened. Farland himself, who, from the effects of his wine, was as wild as Edmunds was. With a cold

amiliar to *gentlemen* of Mr. A's. mp, he handed the challenge to . He grasped it immediately, holding it to his lamp, soon nk in its purport ; he turned to iend of his, his old partner of eventful game, and with a smile t would have shocked Moloch self, said, "Edmunds wants sat-tion—he shall have it at the ing. He says one must fly the th—so be it ! hah, had I a score ives, I would throw them wil y away, ere I'd brook a taunt this. Make what arrangements will with Edmunds' friend, I'll de by them. Remember, one of must fall."

Messrs. A. and B, worthy agents heir hellish mission, retired to adjoining room, and seeing they e unheard and unobserved, Mr. tapped Mr. B. knowingly on the ulder.

"Come," said he, "we must have colic of this—they're both plucky he bone, and each so full of the il at present, that he would ot the other if he was his fath-

But we must have nothing barous about it. Let's arrange s becomes *gentlemen* of our class ecently ; ten paces—face to face, understand, eh ?"

"That's the kind of talk for my ey," said Mr. B., "now for time and place."

Six this morning, at ———, must start in an hour. Be on

the ground punctually. That fiend of yours will mix single handed with a legion of imps, if you keep him drunk."

"Never fear," returned Mr. B. "steer your own craft straight, let me manage mine. Glorious fun, this."

The two entered the room in which they had left Farland, and reported their arrangements. He agreed to them immediately, and his answer was conveyed to Edmunds.

The next hour was passed by the worthy couple, Messrs. A. and B., in cleaning pistols and moulding balls, while Edmunds raged and cursed and drank and cried for "sweet revenge !" The rising of to-morrow's sun, poor man, will show you the sweets that lurk around revenge ! For these short hours, let us, in pity's name, draw the curtain, and rest our tired senses, ere they be loadèd by the morrow's work.

* * * * *

The scene has changed. At the base of a mountain, whose sides were studded with mossy trees, around which the delicate ivy and grape vine twined themselves ; and under which a thousand wild flow-erets were imparting their beauty and fragrance, stands a small copse of young and tender pine. The myriad songsters of the forest are there, leaping from twig to twig ;

filling the air with their mellow notes, and ever and anon skimming along the surface of the gurgling bubbling brook, which flows at its side. It is a spot where Calyps and her nymphs would fain have dwelled; 'tis the hour at which they would banquet. The rising sun imparts an additional brilliancy to this picture of Nature's handiwork. But what is that noise—that rustling of leaves? The bushes part, and lo! two men are seen, locked arm in arm; and on the face of one is already painted the horrid phantom, Guilt, as deep and as terrible as that on the face of Cain, when expelled from the presence of his God “a fugitive and a vagabone.” They sat themselves on the margin of the brook; which, as if aware of the presence of guilt, hurries its pure waters faster and faster and faster, as if shunning pollution. One of the men referred to his watch, and simply said, “this is the minute appointed.” The words were scarcely breathed, when the bushes again parted, and another couple appeared. The movements of the whole party were now nervous and quick. Edmunds and Farland, the two long tried friends, stood face to face; the weapons of their destruction in their hands,—but neither dared to meet the other's glance. Could they have done so, their once loving hearts would have rushed together with lightning

speed, and with the gushing tears of repentance, would they have washed out from memory's table the unhappy occurrence of the preceding night; but no! Pride like a veil as dark as midnight fore them.

Farland's *friend* approached him and asked if he was ready.

“Ready?” replied Farland, “ready to stand the well directed of an army, but not ready to take the life of Charles Edmunds; I will not do it—I will reserve my fire for my own use, I will go over to him this minute, and ask his forgiveness, confess my shameful conduct, and beg him to give me again the forfeited friendship of our boyhood. Forgive me dear Char——” he had half muttered aloud, when he was stopped short by his wily *friend*:

“s'Death!” said he hurriedly “in the name of all the fiends, what means this? You must not—not, take this step now. What does the world say? You will leave the field only to see your name branded as all that is infamous. Remember he has publicly denounced you, you promised to meet him. I insist on you standing your ground.”

Yes, *what will the world say*—This argument was too powerful for the heart, which was bursting with repentance but a moment before, was now tortured and burnt with all the fires of hate.

"Mr. A." said B. "is your party ready?"

"Ready!" said A., with the countenance of a devil.

The seconds retreat a few steps—the weapons are raised—the valley echoes and re-echoes with the report, and now all is as still as the grave. Oh, what a spectacle that sward presents. Farland grasped in the icy clutches of death, and Edmunds is supported, bleeding and gasping, in the arms of his second.

Alas! revenge! art thou satisfied with these thy fair victims?

* * * *

Enter reader, with me into this darkened room, but soft—gentle steps—for you are in the same apartment with Death. The glorious orb of day shines without with unusual splendor, but all is dark and gloomy within. Mark on trembling grey haired figure, supporting his tottering limbs with the crutch of infirmity. His eyes are lifted heavenward, and his heart there too, praying at the throne of Omnipotence, for pardon for his poor lost, sinful boy. At the bedside kneel two figures—hand in hand they kneel. The one an aged lady, whose frame is wasted by the lapse of years. The other a beautiful, angelic creature, the bloom of budding womanhood, struggling with terror on her face—the mother and the sister!

Their souls too, are on high, pleading, in all the strength of grief and virtue, for their beloved one. But what mean those yells, those fearful curses? Let us draw nearer the bed. It is Charles Edmunds; but what a change the last few hours have wrought; his handsome features are as pale as a ghost, and his eyes as terrible and unsettled as a demon's—

"Ha! ha!" shrieks he, "and did not the devil bear my bullet straight! A kid must not tamper with the lion—but these lights—these strange figures—what! am I in hell? Help me! I sink! I sink!—look! see yon gulf of molten lead—I am on the bank—I slip! Oh! Ye fiends of hell! save me. I am gone! My soul is on fire—water, water—nay, give me stronger drink, that I may grapple with them!—They have me by the throat; I strangle!" his parched tongue hangs out of his mouth. His wide open, straining eyes, burn more than ever with the fury of madness, one fist is clenched with the strength of despair—the palm of his other hand is pressed convulsively on his throbbing forehead.—For a moment he is calm—but it is the calmness that sits upon the ocean, ere it is lashed by the storm. The sister rises, she clasps his fist in her little hands, and with her tender voice nearly choked by sobs, says to him:

"Dear, dear brother Charles, are you not better now? Oh! let me do something for you—chafe your heated temples——" with a fury more fearful than before, the mad-man shrieks :

"Base hag, unhand me—take your poison from my lips—why will you seek me in this hell? See! it is your home. But tell me, is he dead? Ha, ha! men will know how to call me villain now. But tell me, you Fury, did he make a pretty corse? But he did not die; there he stands before me now—see how bloody, how pale! He moeks me—again he cries out villain. Undo my fetters—ah! I have him

now!" He rises up in his bed, and with the desperation which frenzy alone can produce, makes a spring towards the phantom which haunted him. The exertion is too much for nature—the ligaments which hold his wound together give way and he falls back, with a curse on his lips and murder in his heart, corse, weltering in his own blood.

The great course of eternity lies a broad, unbounded, limitless region before him. He shall have his reward. And once again, O! *venge!* drink this cup of bitterness thou hast filled so brimming full and go thy way!

TO JENNIE.

Oh, there are eyes whose living light
Seems kindred to another's sphere,
As if twin stars had left their bright
And distant home to wander here;
Yet still they shine as coldly on,
As if to be *adored* alone;
But thine, thine are the gentle eyes,
Both love and homage from us stealing.
Where mingle all love's witcheries,
With rays of beauty and of feeling.

And gracefully the chestnut hair
As braided on thy placid brow;
Oh may Time's withering touch forbear
To cloud that brow, so stainless now!
What though upon thy dimpled cheek,
The varying tints of beauty speak,
As delicate as those which rest
Upon the rose-bud's opening breast—

It is not *these*, though fair thou art,
That win the love from every heart.

Not these, we know, by many a token,
How quickly beauty's charm is broken.
The perfumed lily of the vale,
Gleaming amid its shadowing leaves,
The pearl of flowers, is scarce so frail,
As the light spell that beauty weaves.
But *thou* hast more to grace thy youth:
The spirit's gentleness and truth.
In every soul-lit smile we see,
Unstained as aught of earth can be.
Thine is the pure and lofty thought,
That hath from heaven its impulse caught.
Thine the warm heart that fain would bind,
In bonds of love, all human kind,
These are thy jewels—and they twine
The link that draws all hearts to thine,

AFFECTATION.

AMONG the numerous follies which prevail in the fashionable world,—at of Affectation—or a desire to pass off” for that which we are t, holds no inconsiderable place. rely it is a strange infatuation. defeats the very end it is intend- to accomplish, and shows that possessor is destitute of those alities which he claims to possess. Its mother is ignorance, and its ter is flattery. Those who prac- e it, must either have a very ex- ed opinion of their own abilities, an extremely low one of the a- ities of others. Nature herself ust be curbed and trained, for the oper exercise of Affectation, and, sequently, no one can practice without being duly conscious of e fact. Hence it manifests a akness, not to say a contempti- ness of intellect, truly humiliat- g to every ingenious mind. Yes, argues an almost total annihila- n of one of the noblest attributes the soul—the consciousness of egrity—the “mens sibi conscia ti.” Can they be worthy of es- m—can they lay claim to that ich elevates man above the brute ation, who unblushingly appro- ate to themselves that which

they know they do not merit? The truly noble scorn to wear honors unearned. Nay, they would shun them, as they would the poisonous viper. But they who are strangers to the noble passions of the soul—“whose thoughts are dark as night,” and yet would have a name and a place in the higher walks of life—strive by every artifice, to impose upon the unsuspecting, to cajole the cunning, and to be subservient to the vices of the more powerful. Though apparently well concealed by the ‘lion’s skin,’ yet their un- sightly auricular appendages will protrude. Therefore, our idea of Affectation carried to excess is, that it indicates a weakness of intellect, an exalted opinion of “self,” a con- temptible one of others, and a de- pravity of heart, truly lamentable. “Jam pridem equidem nos vera re- rum vocabula amisimus” is just as true now as when it fell from the burning lips of Cato. Affectation, with its attendant train of whims and evil fancies, stalks boldly forth. We see them no longer hiding their diminutive heads, but manifesting them among all ranks and condi- tions of society. We see them in the “little man” when first he

"dons" his boots, in the beardless youth, in the aged sire, whose silvery locks tell of by-gone days of pain and sorrow, in the romping school girl, whose merry laugh flows musically on the evening breeze; in the "city miss," all smiles and sighs; and in the venerable matron, whose earthly pilgrimage will soon be over. But let us particularize a little. See that "dashing young man," upon whom the tailor's utmost skill has been expended, with "eane in hand," strutting along the street behind a smoking apparatus. With a heart full of hope, and mind intoxicated with anticipated pleasures, he resolves to visit his "fair one." See him enter the parlor, in a manner which he conceives comports well with his assumed dignity, and make his debut before his lovely "Dinah," in one of Bone Squashe's most graceful and exquisite "horizontal Grecian bends." His "Dinah" receives him with all the gracefulness of an accomplished coquette. She is all smiles—the tint of the rose bud is on her cheek;—her glossy ringlets partially conceal the lustre of two sparkling eyes, which peer forth as the blushing tulips, bathed in dew when first kissed by the mellow rays of the morning's sun. After smiling and sighing, cooing and wooing, falling into *ecstasies* at the sweet symphonies of the western breeze, and thrown into *convulsions* by the moon's *immodest gaze*; they separate. Both congratulate themselves upon the happy part they have acted; soon their delusive hopes are dispelled. While both intending to deceive, find themselves deceived. Surely it affords them but little satisfaction, to know that their labor has been in vain, that they have

been mutually duped—foiled by their own weapons. And it is truly astonishing to what extent Atfectionation is now carried, almost by every one. Indeed, so common is it, that in making up our opinion with regard to the character of strangers, we are very apt to make all due allowance for it; so that we are almost compelled to lay claim to that which we know we do not possess, in order to get credit for that which we really have. Hence we infer that there are virtues which any one may attain, and which recommend themselves to every one. Why then is nature kept under restraint? Certainly it is more natural to desire to be good than only to appear so. Why do we not strive to acquire those accomplishments of mind, and amiable traits of character, which we wish other to ascribe to us? Nothing but laziness prevents us from acquiring them. In respect to the things, as well as in all the relations of life, we will, in the end, find that "honesty is the best policy." Is it we think that the regime of virtue is too strict? that our pampered bodies and effeminate minds cannot endure it? cannot tread the path which she marks out for us? It is an idle delusion; the offshoot of a distorted imagination. Though it leads us not through grassy meadows and flowery vales, but along thorny paths, and up the craggy sides of steep mountains, yet the varied scenery, bracing atmosphere, and picturesque grandeur of the goal to be reached, captivate and nerve us to the task. In her paths we find happiness, and feel what the poet felt when he said,

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

MAMMON AND MAMMON WORSHIP.

AMONGST the many peculiarities to which our race is subject, perhaps none is more prominent than the insatiate thirst for wealth. It grows with man's growth, and strengthens with his strength, blending inseparably with the whole woof of the web of life.

To amass sufficient of it to lend dignity to the proud possessor, lifting him above the trammels of want and poverty, seems to be often the summit of man's highest hopes; the "El Dorado" of his fondest expectations, giving fame and character, pride and pleasure, gilding the pathway of life, and insuring as well as securing all the joys of earth.

Look for a moment at its almost magical influence in society. By it the weak grow mighty—by its shielding hand, too often crime talks abroad and commands respect; by it the dwarfs in intellect grow vastly wise; and society itself, sycophantist as it at times is, reveres as law to-day, what it held as folly yesterday. It lifts man above his equals, lends him a little relief power, blinds him to his faults and follies, exaggerates his own abilities, while he looks with proud

disdain on far nobler men below.—In short it is believed to be the panacea of all the ills of life; and by its wonder-working powers, the stream of life flows on, almost without a ripple.

Hence the inordinate struggle to obtain it; hence that insatiate thirst for it, which dries up the fountain of generous, noble, disinterested actions—actions such as blend society together, casting the vale of charity over the errors and follies of every-day life, and smoothing the pathway for earth's wearied, way-worn pilgrim.

Hence, too, the reason, if reason it can be called, why men labor, and toil, and strive, risking with pleasure perils by land and perils by sea, by night and by day; in short, all the thousand and one dangers of exposure to heat, cold, starvation, disease, death, and even the prospect of that life yet to come, to secure the gilded bauble that bursts almost ere it is attained, so transient and so deceitful are the pleasures mere riches afford.

Behold, for a moment, the zealous worshippers around her shrine; see their zeal, witness their devotion, see how ardently they strive

to win her smile ; every nerve is strained, every sinew is bent to its utmost ; while each opposing object is leveled before it.

Rank, honor, power, and this idol are all one, and inseparable ; while almost each succeeding day, discloses some new scheme, some charming plan for increasing in material wealth, some golden fancy, through which we see golden prospects of a golden harvest, and we embrace it with all the enthusiasm, that fills the bosom of Mecca's faithful, deluded pilgrim, as he beholds the revered spot, where his faith is so firmly grounded.

But here let us pause, and collect around us society as it is. Let us see what her condition is, with regard to intellectual improvement. Fine houses, gay, dashy dresses, and splendid "turn-outs," all betoken care for the body and pride of substance ; while the mind, that rich, star-traveled stanger, is merely permitted to occupy a second place 'midst the world's busy, crushing cares. Custom has pointed to wealth, to fashion, and power, and said : "these be thy gods ;" while that, which is of itself, able to lift us above all surrounding objects, lending us all our superiority, is suffered to grow up, in all the wildness and ignorance that might have characterized far less enlightened ages.

Thus its influence is felt everywhere ; society bows to its dictates ; church and State, each in turn, are wielded by it. Its corroding touch is seen far as its power extends.— Old and young, great and small, in turn, pay homage at its shrine ;— while man, in his zealous pursuit, changes the ever admirable adage "esse quam videre," to "videre quam esse," fully content to let this form the very end and aim of his existence. And yet, is it not a little strange that man, endowed as he is with all his rational and reasoning faculties, should so far forget his noble destiny, as the pride of creation and the heir of eternity?

This unnaturally natural desire to gain, to surpass, to excel, has unbent the faculties of thought, weakened the healthful vigor of pure originality, corrupted the taste, tarnished the finer elevations of mind which comelike helpmeets, to check the struggling energies, in their noble efforts to lift the mind to objects worthy of the very profoundest investigation.

Nor does its baneful effects stop here, but all through the different phases of society, its presence may be traced, puffing its victim up with the fancied greatness which wealth gives him, and, at the same time, teaching him that greatness is inseparably blended with, and dependent upon, the exact number of

dollars and cents which he may chance to possess.

While sterling worth, profound learning, and accomplished manners are all well enough for those who depend upon such capital for success; but its devotees need no such embellishments, simply because they know not their value.

In short, to such a degree has his spirit seized on the minds of many, that happiness is incomplete without station and style, position and show. Now the worship of the little god Cupid, with golden hair, and red wings, and blue bow, with quiver of sharp, fated arrows, is turned into that of the demon cupidity; so that the test question is no longer "what a man is?" but "what he has?" So that the prime lever in conjugal relations is not so much love, as an establishment; such an arrangement being now merely considered a prudent fore sight, which looks sharply to the future, and secures the substance ere the shadow vanishes; the result of which is that kind of intellectual death, going under the name of "fashionable life," acting on the principle that man, instead of being a mysterious compound of soul and body, is merely a conglomeration of coat and pantaloons, buff vest and calf boots, with cane and beaver, gaining the wished-for triumph of "dandy nature" over human nature.

From this same source, as I have said, comes that heaving sea of human passions, called fashionable life, with its pride, its vanity, its hypocrisy, and deceit; its match making, and its match breaking, its scandal and scandal-mongering, its substitution of the plausible for the true, the respectable for the good; to all of which customs, society has become the municipal heir.

But here let us reflect what a satire is all history—yes, life itself, on the weakness of such folly.

The Pharaohs of Egypt, had their precious bodies embalmed, and deposited in massive pyramids, to obtain an earthly immortality; but now these intended monuments have tottered and crumbled, and become as the dust they were intended to commemorate. Still, doubtless, they looked on them with conscious pride, these, thought they, shall be the monuments proudly standing, like pillars of fire in the sea of time, to guide a wondering posterity to the spot, where repose the forgotten great of other days; but now mark what sad changes time produces!

Mummy has become merchandise; Mizriam cures wounds, while Pharaoh, proud Pharaoh, is sold for balsams. So now what avails all his wealth or splendour, his spices or his balm, or his pyramids? all gone as if they had never been.—Still that implicit faith in the mag-

ical power of the gods of wealth, is, by no means confined to ancient times, but has threaded its way through the long vista of subsequent time, and found not a few zealous adherents even in our own day.

Its effects are witnessed at all times, and in almost all places; in learning, in dress, in manner, as well as the little odds and ends of life, leading the way to dissipation, crime, and death; rescuing the criminal from justice, ruling the decision of the judge, warping the minds of the very functions of truth, and wielding over the realms of society a power almost absolute.

Thus we find men perpetually disguising their thoughts, feelings and motives, constituting life a masquerade, a continual deception. And now—think to what an abyss of contempt must such sink, when they come in contact with the wise and great men, who look for and form their judgment upon the real, not the ideal or poetic, judging men by a standard that only varies with innate objects. Now measuring by such a standard, to what similar abyss would these sink, who set themselves up as law-givers and wire-workers for the rest of mankind, always introducing new,—strange and unheard of customs, to all of which society must adhere, or be prescribed as down-right iniquitous.

Hence spring the “news-mongers;” their shadowy forms, hag-like, flitting from private circle to public place, bearing with anxious care their precious burden of small scandal and hasty news, seldom failing to cast in their mite by way of euphonic phrase or rhetorical flourish, changing confidential talk to common conversation, loosing facts in the cumbrous envelope of words, and fast rendering truth-telling an obsolete art.

Hence too those delectables, known as jaunty, dashy, brainless fops, a class forming truly a conspicuous part in the fashionable circles, spending their lives in genteel swindling, and magnificent humbuggery, guided by the fickle winds of circumstances, the most frivolous only hoping to astonish, merely wishing to be admired; too often tortoise like, bearing their all upon their backs, save a huge tuft of Esau’s peculiar beauty, which they bear in lieu of expression; looking as if they were resolved to awe into profoundest regard, for the transcendent genius while egotism and pride mark out for them a career, which society willingly consents they shall follow, conscious that they only serve as exponent of a more numerous class, and only practice a part of the faults and follies to which our race is liable.

Such, however, are the characteristics of individuals, only intended

for dregs in society ; feeling no love for any but self, acknowledging no laws but those of "our set," and worshipping at no shrine, save that of weak, frivolous, idle imagination.

Now who can feel even a glimmering of sympathy for any or all such ?

Feeling and caring as they do,—nothing for the real interests of society ; loving and venerating nothing but fashion and show, folly and pride ; and then when their butterfly career is over, when they have floundered themselves out of existence, as they deserve, they will

only live in derision, and be remembered with scorn and contempt.

But in the language of charity, we may say, all cannot be good, else earth would become a young paradise ; neither should all be bad ; a mixture then, a kind of heterogeneous commingling of the grave and gay, learned and unlearned, Greek and Jew, seems to be not only desirable, but absolutely necessary. Since in this way, each and all serve to balance, direct and control the different interests and defects, prejudices and formalities of modern society.

PHILOSOPHICAL WONDERS.

the grandest, the strangest, most wondrous of truths,
Are those which Philosophy teaches,
That study which puzzles the brains of poor youths,
And their widest conception outreaches,

A little child walks quite at ease on the strand.
While such thoughts in its head never enter,
At each step, as its little foot jostles the sand,
The earth shakes from surface to centre.

A wagon is loaded with powder in kegs,
Say a thousand or two if you choose ;
On exploding it blows the poor horse off his legs,
And leaves on the ground—just his shoes.

A chair stands as still as can be on the floor,
At least, as I once would have reckoned,
In a twinkling 'tis gone, with a rush out the door,

Some fifty odd miles to the second.

Still vibrates the air, as when Plato first spoke
In the grove named by old Academus ;
Were our ears so acute, we could still hear the joke,
That proved so disastrous to Remus.

As I walked out one evening and thought of these
wonders,
Of the noise the world must have in it ;
As I thought that 'twould take forty millions of thunders
To silence the chirp of a linnet.

I happened to look at a leaf by my side,
A trembling fit suddenly took it ;
I thought, (since our voices extend far and wide,)
'Twas a word from my sweet-heart that shook it.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

POETRY AND POETS.

THE beauty and effect of poetry is always acknowledged to be the same, whether it gushes from the rude but natural cascades of an unpolished mind, or from classic fountains, which have been walled up and made more comely by the aid of ancient learning. Genuine poetry *will* steal in upon the heart, till we involuntarily yield to those charms that have come so softly upon us, as to melt the soul into tenderness, and call up the most delicate emotions of the human breast. It is the language of nature, breathing forth in the sweetest accents, and portaying the loveliest scenes of heaven and earth. It flashes forth again in a higher and brighter sphere, and its blaze illumines the pathway of soaring genius. It is the outpourings of love and passion, and when contemplating its beauties, we can only marvel at the coldness by which it is often blasted; and we dare not attempt to define the cause, or search after the root of prejudice that is allowed, at many times, to choke the brightest scintillations of genius.

All ages have been characterized by their relics of poetic antiquity—by the barbarous metaphor and uncouth verse, which ancestry still reveres as the genuine flowers of inspiration. Almost every nation has left some trace, by which we can discover the wildness of its ambition. The Patriarchs of old were among the first who began to do homage at the Muses' shrine, and, although their sentiments were devoid of rhyme, their language was full of pathos, abounding in poetic imagery, and rich with the simplicity of nature. The shepherds of Egypt delighted in chanting to their gods, those songs which came from the untutored heart; and long before Greece and Rome had reared their magnificence, we are told that the Hebrews were familiar with all the beauty and simplicity of poetry. But among the ancient poets, whose writings have come down to us, Homer has universally been given the first rank. He seemed to know that he was writing for posterity, and framing something that would be admired in future years; and, while we must admit that his poetry has

been well worthy of all the eulogiums bestowed upon it, yet we are often lead to deplore that seeming carelessness and indifference, extended towards succeeding poets, as if he were the only bard that could claim the admiration of the world. He has been extolled above all, even when the approach of Milton should have shed a renewed lustre over the world, and claimed a share in its applause. Well has it been said :

“Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem ;
Anglia Milionum jactet utrique parem ! ”

But the glory of Milton did not burst forth in a moment. Envied by his contemporaries, and struggling with adversity, he created his own fame, and looked forward for the laurels of future years. See him amid the scenes of poverty and distress, yet building in his own imagination, worlds of grandeur and magnificence, aspiring even to the highest heaven, and filling the whole with beings of his own thought, till the workings of genius began to amaze even the surrounding multitude. Behold him, blind and deserted—left alone to seek the unseen path to the “temple ;” and at last, with a mighty strength, scaling the walls of immortality, and placing his name among the remembered forever.” The writings of Milton are of a character purely original, and such as may not be found in any other volumes, ancient or modern.

From him let us turn aside for a moment, and view the situation of others, whose lives and whose genius have been shrouded by a similar gloom. See the charming Tasso, poverty-stricken and buffeting with the whirlwinds of misfortune, till at last he dies in obscurity, with scarcely a friend to mourn his departure. Need we dilate upon the sufferings of him whose virtues have been so universally known? If eulogium were rightly bestowed, it would be upon those spirits whose intelligence has ranged over earth and sky—and whose imagination has been the architect of things upon which we can now dwell with admiration and delight. Time has probably swept away many, very many, whose names have not reached the present age, but whose being was wrapped up in something that continued to reveal new beauties ; like a folding cloud that conceals its ethereal fires, till overcharged by its own lightning, it beautifies and blasts itself by involuntary eruption.

The ancient poets delighted in singing of the battle-field—and their pictures were drawn from the march of armies, and scenes of blood and fire and flame. Their thoughts accompanied the whirlwind, and their imaginations hovered over the dusty cloud of combats. The lofty mountains—those everlasting targets for the awful thunderbolts, were their

favorite dominion, and they talked like men who experienced the true spirit of poetry. Can this be said of those of modern times? If not, why? Men are endowed with minds as strong and susceptible, as were those of the ancients. Classical advantages are as studiously pursued, and more easily attained; and the imagination is continually widened by the beautiful scenes and everlasting flow of incident by which we are surrounded. Ah, we do not seem to remember that if men would become distinguished, they must depend upon their own strength, upon the depth and treasures of their own mind, and not presume to borrow the plumage that has already received a beautiful color in the sacred urn of antiquity.

It would be unjust to native genius, and to our classical institutions, to insinuate that we are unable to accomplish as much as other ages that have been less enlightened. But the truth is, we bow too much to the base thralldom of fashion, pomp, and splendor, and foppish college rhymes, are readily received as the genuine effusion of the muse. The business which must necessarily be sustained among an active people, is an obvious obstruction to the advancement of *belles lettres*, and unless the master spirits of the age, will condescend to seclude themselves for life,

in order to establish something more permanent, and give to the world the outpourings of their mighty intellects, we shall never boast of anything more brilliant than the light spray which floats around us, and which we call our literature. Poetry loses its true spirit, by being associated with the confusion and perplexities of life—and, we are sorry to say, the sons of genius are too often compelled to resort, for their support, to other resources than their own literary abilities can afford. Until there is a change in this respect, we can never expect to get rid of those sky-glittering rhymes and babyish sonnets, which are the prominent characteristics of most of our modern poetry.

PERSONALITIES.

POLITICS, as every one knows, comes not within the province of the editor of a Literary Magazine, and it should be the constant aim of such never to approach the forbidden ground; and we feel assured that we shall run no risk of being charged with so doing when we make a few remarks upon an error which is rife at the present day, and which in truth, does owe its origin chiefly to politics. We allude to the personal and abusive spirit of our political journals. Judging from some of them, it would seem that their editors are of opinion, that the more personal abuse you can

wish upon an antagonist the bet-
 ter for your own cause. This may
 be the ease if the cause is a bad one ;
 but surely not when the principles
 and policy maintained are just and
 upright, and calculated if success-
 ful, to enhance the value of the
 country. In short, there can be no
 more certain evidence of a writer's
 "lack of sense," as well as want of
 merit in the cause he espouses, than
 any disposition he may evince to
 evade the facts of the cause, and in-
 dulge in personal recrimination.—
 True, so lamentable, as we have be-
 fore intimated, is the state of poli-
 tics in this country, and so narrow
 are the capacities of some of the
 dependaries who are engaged to
 bear the responsibility of political
 points, that they are incapable of
 illustrating perspicuously the poli-
 tics they assume to pursue ; lauding
 means rather than measures, and sup-
 plying any deficiency of argument
 by personal abuse. It is discredit-
 able to the genius of the country
 that such should be the fact ; but
 those who are in the habit of examin-
 ing into the merits and career of
 our public journals, will acknowl-
 edge its truth.

In politics, as in war, all should
 be actuated by the same spirit of
 patriotism, and pursue that course
 which is calculated most to elevate
 the mind and strengthen the free
 institutions of the country. In-
 stead of doing this, however, many

men attach themselves to a par-
 ticular interest at all hazards, ap-
 parently careless as to what results
 their success may have upon future
 generations, or upon the perman-
 ency of the Union, and our gener-
 al prosperity as a people. That a
 portion of the press is perverted to
 similar objects, and is managed in
 a similar spirit, were idle to deny ;
 and yet, how shall this error be re-
 deemed. If, for example, an inde-
 pendent and able man, takes upon
 himself the conduct of a public jour-
 nal, and points out, in a spirit of
 justice to his country, what he con-
 ceives to be public and political er-
 rors, and if it is ascertained by the
 "trained blood-hounds" of factious
 politicians, that he utters truths
 which are irrefutable, and against
 which they, in their madness and
 ignorance, have sworn eternal war,
 what do they do in such an emer-
 gency ? Acknowledge their error,
 or combat his arguments ? Nei-
 ther ; they, in a spirit of coward-
 ice that is revolting, and of imbe-
 cility that is contemptible, hunt out
 some false step in their antagonist's
 early history, and exaggerate it to
 the public ; or if unable to do this
 —resort to personal abuse—indul-
 ging in it to such an extent, that an
 honorable and sensible man turns
 with loathing from their attacks ;
 and to avoid such unmanly out-
 rages for the future, is silent as to the
 right or wrong policy of the gov-

ernment—looking on with regret at the course of the violent and factious, and trusting solely to the intelligence of the people for the salvation of the nation. Such are too often the effects of this accursed spirit; and a remedy is to be expected only in a patriotic people's entire withdrawal of its patronage from all prints, which may debase themselves so much as to indulge in it.

DR. CALDWELL.

WE see the following anecdote of Dr. CALDWELL going the rounds of the papers, and we have thought it worthy of preservation. Anything with regard to that great man must prove interesting; so the only preface we shall make is that we think several equally as good, if not better than this, could be related of our present honored *Præses*, and we could not refrain from gratifying our readers in this respect, were we not fearful of becoming too personal.

CONSIDER ME SMITH.

BY J. J. HOOPER.

There is a very good story in the papers of the day, which is told of Dr. Maxey, of the University of South Carolina, as I think incorrectly. The trick in reality was played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina. I recollect hearing it, when a child, from the Doctor's own lips; and I well remember how he chuckled at the recollection of the consternation into which he threw the students, who had hauled him two or three miles in his own carriage, without knowing it—by requesting them to draw him back.

But whether Doctor Caldwell or Doctor Maxey—or both—are entitled to the credit of having reversed the saw of the cap collegians, in this particular case, there is one feat which the North Carolina President did perform—his right the credit is indisputable. The "victim" would doubtless, if he lives, "qualify the facts."

The old Doctor was a small man, a lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots. He looked as he might be tough, but did not seem strong. Nevertheless he was among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile "as a cat;" and in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble science of self defence." Besides he was "cool as a cucumber." Well, in the Freshman class of a certain year—and I believe the story goes that the fellow never got out of the Freshman, though the Doctor certainly did "put him through" in one sense of the word—was a burly beefy mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle, should be so potent in his rule. Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him—had no idea of his force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under to it, and he controlled spotically by a man that he imagined could tie and whip. He at length determined to give the old gentleman a good steel private thrashing, some night in College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the Doctor crossing Campus. Walking up to him abruptly "hello Smith! you rascal—is this you?" And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that had nearly felled him. Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and as they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer" but after a round or two, the Doctor's science began to tell and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was astraddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! stop!—I beg pardon, Doctor!—Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake Doctor!" groaned Jones, who thought was about to be eaten up—"I really thought it was Smith!"

The Doctor replied with a "word and law" alternately—"It makes no difference, for all present purposes consider Smith!"

And, it is said, that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the College Campus!

LENA RIVERS.

Mrs. Holmes—C. M. Saxton, publisher, 25th Park Row New York.

This is one of the best modern novels we have ever read. It contains about four hundred pages, nearly every one of which is filled with interest.

It is written by a Northern lady, who has spent some years in the South, and affords a very fair picture of both Northern and Southern life. We will give only a superficial description of the book, as we have not space for a thorough review of it.

Lena Rivers is born under peculiar circumstances (all heroines are.) A student of Yale, calling himself Harry Rivers, falls in love with a young seamstress and marries her, secretly however, as he fears his father's anger.

For a short time they live happily, but Mr. Rivers being called home, to attend the sick-bed of his father, deserts his wife. She nev-

er sees him more, but giving birth to a daughter, she lingers a few months and dies broken-hearted.—Thus was Helena Rivers born. In an obscure neighborhood in Massachusetts, she spends the first five years of her life, ignorant of all the manners and customs of the outer world, and with few companions except her grandparents.

At her grandfather's death, she, with her "granny," (as she had been taught to call her,) is taken to Kentucky to the home of her uncle.

On their way thither, Lena meets a fine looking boy on the cars, whom, every one accustomed to reading novels, will conclude to be her future husband. Her beauty and her improved manners, fascinate every one who sees her, very much to the displeasure and envy of her haughty cousins.

When she has been some months in Kentucky, her cousin receives a letter from a friend, who tells her that an old sweet-heart of her's would soon visit her. He soon arrives, and Lena recognizes the boy she had seen on the cars. Of course their acquaintance is renewed, and of course ripens into love. The roughness of the way in which true love must go, is proverbial, and this case is not an exception. When Durward Bellemont and Lena,—have nearly reached the apogee of love, the suspicions of the former

are excited, by the familiarity with which his step-father treats his sweet-heart, and he is led to believe that he loves her, and that she receives his attentions, at a great sacrifice of modesty, not to say virtue. His suspicions are groundless, and a great weight is removed from his heart, when he learns accidentally, that his step-father is the own father of Lena—a fact which he had never disclosed, through fear of his wife. All obstacles being removed, all the dark clouds being dispersed, they are married, and so ends the tale. In Lena, the author has displayed some of the finest traits of woman character; beautiful, intelligent, with a temper well balanced by judgment; amiable and confiding in those who give any encouragement, she is just such a woman as we love to meet in real life, and—meet with but to love. Old Mrs. Nichols, Lena's grandmother, is one of those old ladies who seem to exist for the sole purpose of shoeing the nerves of fashionable daughters. Having lived for more than sixty years remote from the world, she of course knows nothing of fashionable society; and yet she is always found, especially when there is the greatest number of visitors, with her knitting in one hand and snuff-box in the other, chatting away as loudly as the best of them, about her old friend, Nancy Seovandyke, by name, whom she had left away "down East."

There is more truth than fiction, in the old lady's change of views on the slavery question. She finds them treated far better than she expected.

John Livingston jr., is rather too devil-may-care, to be a natural character; this we think is the only one that can be called untrue to nature. We object, however, to the number of characters, as there are some of them nearly duplicates of each other. The whole of it is written in good language, but there are some of its sentences, we think, very fine indeed; we cannot point them out, here, but would call attention to the chapter, entitled,—“Married Life.” It is one of the best chapters we have ever met in a novel. One's sympathies are all called out, when he hears the neglected, invalid wife, praying to die. In fact, as we have said before, the book, taken as a whole, is not only readable, but even fascinating as well as instructive.

THE following amatory epistle, was found, during the vacation, by a friend, at a watering place, among the *islans* of the Old North State, and kindly handed to us for consideration. We give it for the benefit of the uninitiated, hoping that it may do them some good. The names of the parties we have suppressed, through fear of uncle *Jese*, or the *true lover*, who, from the tenor of his epistle, appears to be a tender hearted *tar*. Here is the letter *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*; judge of its merits for yourselves.

Ro—ke Islan Augusth 24th 1857.

To my Der Thany it is with great pleasure That i seet my self this mornninge to let you know the secret of my harte and to let you know that i am struggling in love with you yet and i hope this tue lins ma find you in love with me

as you sed you ware when you left me
 my deer have you forgot The other night
 when you told me farewel at N's H—d
 but my God how can i farewel in this
 world when all my hopes is gone and left
 me heer to murdur my days out in luv
 oh my Der have you forgot The happy
 ours we have spent together at Uncle
 H——'s i hev not nor never shal Evry
 time i think uv it makes my Harte ake
 in youre boddy for when you left mæ you
 carrid my harte oh my Der take goode
 care off it and love it as i love yorn think
 of me when i am at See when the win
 blous harde think yore Truelove is on the
 See it is fore you i croos The Sec remem-
 ber me my Der Thany Dont forgit me
 tho we is abcent let our minds be pres-
 ant my love will bare you from all harms
 and go with you whare ever you go oh
 that i had a busum fren That i cold tell
 my sesrets to oh Der i feel as if my hart
 wold bust evry time I think of you and
 that is evry day that I live my Der I pray
 fore you evry day that I live i love you
 Thany an always shal an i hope there is
 no love lost oh my goode thany that i
 cold see your purty fase an sweet smiles
 wonce more and claspe you in my arms
 i wish that you was one red roze and plan-
 ted down by yonders hall and i miself was
 one drope of Due that i mite in your buz-
 zum fall oh Thany i want to see you the
 worst of every boddy in this World i
 wish i cold be with you to day but i am
 home by myself in floods of greaf on
 youre a count oh dear i Dont git no bet-
 ter oh my der Thany i want you tu come
 home tha say it is sow sickly up thare i
 am a fraid youl Dy and if i was to here
 you was ded i would kil my self as sure
 as I cold oh my der Thany, marey D—ct
 and marey D—ht and uandy E—ge
 and all the gals ses that tha wants you to
 come home before the big Meetins Tha
 say tha wants you to come snure and
 knot to fale Thany you better come home
 you can git youre one prise To Ty net
 John W—tt and danil M—ng and Tomas
 a D—ht wants some boddy to Ty net tha
 have bin evry whers and cant git no bod-
 dy to Ty Net tha wold come after you if
 you wold come oh Thany youre porc old
 mother ses she wants you to come and
 sta with her as longe as she livs she sase
 she aint got but a little time to live and

she says it wold be beter for you to cum
 home and if i was in youre plase i shuld
 cum home oh my good Thany if you need
 the Pangs of greef your days wold end
 but i must bare it patently Tell you releef
 do send if indeed id knon youd knead my
 assis tence grate ore smal i wold atend
 to you in dead till God fore me dos call
 oh Thany i shall sune be gon i am a goin
 to new Yorke in a few dayes but my love
 and fections is with you good by Thany
 be a good gall an be true to me and be
 mine and i am yours fore ever i fele as if
 i cood rite evry thinge in youre prase that
 a lover cold right When this you sea
 remember me and bare me in yore mind
 let all this world say what it Will speke
 of me as yore frend if you want to cum
 home be fore i come to sea you rite me
 in yore leter an i will cum or cend i shall
 cum to sea you when i cum from new
 yorke i am a goin with unkel Jesy E—ge
 in the Sary P—er an i want you to be on
 r—ke evry Time i cum home Thany i
 love you an i want to be with you all
 the time my Der Thany Right to me as
 soon as you can mabe it will git here be-
 fore i go way i wish you would right for
 me to cum after you when i cum up to see
 you i shall expect for you To cum with
 me home right me all the love

That you can oh Thany i have fore sa-
 cken all others fore you an i hope you hev
 for sacen all for me dont let my long ab-
 sence græve yore hart dont let them up
 untry bois be a courtin you Der fore-
 ethe wind it is bloing an our vesel she ar
 salinge and i am Trew To you whare ever
 i go oh my Der Thany if you luv me
 as i luv you know nife can cut our luv
 in too oe Thany right me tu cum after
 you Tu cum home sen yors by the way of
 E— tun post ofise in the car of ———
 at n—s h—d put one of Thes post stamps
 on it an it wil cum tu mæ in hast
 Tak care uv Them tu sen tu me on the
 leters that you right tu me if thar is are
 a post ofise eny nener tu you Than p—th
 right tu me the name uv the plase an i
 will direct my letters to that offis dont
 fale to right my Der i am in luv an that
 is tru i luv but won an that is you if you
 luv me cum home and dont sta thar whar
 you are at i shall cum tu see you as Soon
 as i cum from knew yorke good by my
 Der Thany o think of me if i never see

you know moor ma God bless You ma his
blessens rest apon you for ever is the
words of yore Tru Luv an constant luv-
er tell Death take all the luv to youre
self but give my respect To the famly
this Coms from as trew a lover as ever
god put breth in remember me an dont
for git me an right tu Me good by i must
go but i shant for git you never

George W W—ott
his hand and [seal]

ACCORDING to a promise made in
our last, we herewith present our readers
with the letters of Messrs. Spruill and
Battle, written upon the reception of the
tasty presents made to them by the pres-
ent Junior Class. With regard to these
two gentlemen, we take the liberty of
making one remark. They have been
with us long, and the universal testimony
is that they have invariably shown them-
selves to be conscientious instructors and
gentlemen of the highest stamp. It is,
therefore, with unfeigned sorrow, that we
see them leave those posts, which they
have so long filled with credit to them-
selves and satisfaction to others. The
junior class may feel well assured that no
gifts of theirs will ever meet with more
deserving recipients. May success ever
await them, and their lives be each one
long summer day!

WARRENTON, June 5th 1858.

MESSRS. ASKEW, BUTLER and SYKES:—

Please accept for yourselves and your
class-mates my most sincere thanks for
the very handsome present I had the
pleasure of receiving through your hands,
shortly before leaving Chapel Hill.

I can say conscientiously, that I have
always endeavored to discharge my du-
ties as instructor in such a manner as to
entitle me to the approbation of those
with whom I have been thrown; but to
have received so many proofs of personal

good-will, is more than I had any right
to claim or expect.

I shall ever recall with pleasure my in-
tercourse with the Sophomore Class of
1857-'58, and the best wish I can make
for its members is that their future course
may be marked by the same traits which
have thus far distinguished them.

I am, gentlemen,
with sincere regard and respect, your
P. E. SPRUILL,

CHAPEL HILL, June 5th, 1858.

DEAR SIRS:—The presentation of the
beautiful cane I have just received from
the Sophomore Class of 1857-'58, being
made after the close of the session, and
after the Committee previously appointed
had separated for their distant home,
was necessarily without formality; yet
cannot allow the reception to be unaccom-
panied by some written acknowledgme-
nt on my part.

The present itself is beautiful, and the
inscription simple and appropriate; but
not for this do I chiefly prize it. The
kindly feelings, which the courteous and
respectful treatment I ever received
from the class, during the two
years of our intercourse have inspired
me, have been reciprocated, and that
endeavors to do my duties as an instructor
have been appreciated by them as pupils.
I regard the gift an evidence. As such I
accept it, and as such it shall be preserved
one of my most valuable possessions. I
am assured, gentlemen, that seldom or never
before has it been my fortune to experi-
ence such unalloyed pleasure, as to-day
has been given me, in this unexpected
compliment.

Allow me, in conclusion, to express
to the class the sorrow I feel, at severing
ties that have bound us, and assure them
that, if the best wishes of a true friend
could be of avail, their success and hap-
piness, during the remainder of their Col-
legic course and in after life, would be
that even themselves could desire.

With high regard and esteem,
Your friend,
R. H. BATTLE, jr.

MESSRS.

ASKEW,
BUTLER and
SYKES.

R E C E I P T S .

The following persons stand credited on our books for the amounts opposite their names. Other credits will be given from time to time as the money is received.

R Adams, Chapel Hill,.....	2,00	R. Webb, Chapel Hill,.....	2,00
S. Anderson,.....	2,00	Steadman,.....	2,00
T Allen,.....	2,00	McCallum,.....	2,00
Bullock,.....	2,00	Daniel,.....	2,00
A. Bullock,.....	2,00	Wall,.....	2,00
W. Butts,.....	2,00	Sharp,.....	2,00
J. Bradford,.....	2,00	Tarry,.....	2,00
Baird,.....	2,00	Jenkins,.....	2,00
B. Green,.....	2,00	Gill,.....	2,00
Clairborne,.....	2,00	C. J. Johnston,.....	2,00
M. Carr,.....	2,00	Murphy,.....	2,00
L. Coffin,.....	2,00	A. D. Lindsay,.....	2,00
W. Lynch,.....	2,00	Hobson,.....	2,00
Kolb,.....	2,00	Jesse W. Siler,.....	2,00
Luttrell,.....	2,00	W. J. Newton,.....	2,00
Foy,.....	2,00	W. H. Borden,.....	2,00
Kirkland,.....	2,00	H. P. Lyon,.....	2,00
T. Harris,.....	2,00	Beasley,.....	2,00
C. F. Dowd,.....	2,00	G. B. Hunt,.....	2,00
G. Sims,.....	2,00	Armstrong,.....	2,00
Wilson,.....	2,00	Brinson,.....	2,00
G. Morrow,.....	2,00	McDonald,.....	2,00
J. Jarratt,.....	2,00	W. F. Alderman, Goldsborough,	2,00
T. Morehead,.....	2,00	T. S. Galloway, Lexington, Va.	2,00
Simmons,.....	2,00	F. M. Johnston, Farrington,.....	2,00
M. Taylor,.....	2,00	J. P. Taylor Chapel Hill,.....	2,00
McKethan,.....	2,00	W. W. Martin, La.,.....	4,00
J. Jones,.....	4,00	Wayland Bond, Edenton,.....	2,00
Perkins,.....	2,00	S. H. Brickle, Chapel Hill,.....	2,00
Ferrebee,.....	2,00	Philip Horrel,.....	4,00
Leach,.....	2,00	Joseph Saunders,.....	2,00
J. Hunt,.....	2,00	— Thorpe,.....	2,00
R. T. Murphy,.....	2,00	J. G. Bustin,.....	2,00
Ware,.....	2,00	J. G. Ross,.....	2,00
Lee,.....	2,00	T. T. Land,.....	2,00
E. H. Davis,.....	2,00	Mrs. Wm. Bryan, N. C.,.....	2,00
A. C. Jones,.....	2,00	John Goodman, N. C.,.....	2,00
John Bragg,.....	2,00	Mrs. W. H. Davis, Elizabeth	
J. F. Foster,.....	2,00	City.....	2,0

PROSPECTUS.

North Carolina University

MAGAZINE.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this College Monthly commenced with the AUGUST number. The Editors will spare no pains to make it, while under their charge, worthy of

SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE.

Each number shall consist of about FIFTY pages of original and choice matter. In the editorial of each number will be found, besides other articles, a monthly record of College and such other events, as may deemed suitable.

This Magazine is entirely devoted to the cultivation of

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE,

and should have the support of every Carolinian. A liberal subscription is much desired, as by it the Editors will be enabled to make several necessary improvements.

TERMS.

**\$2 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.**

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS MADE TO CLUBS.

Address,

**EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.**



NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY

MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER,

1858.

VOL. VIII.

NO. 4.

JAS. M. HENDERSON,

PUBLISHER,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

N. C. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Observations on the War in Carolina,.....	145
2. The Sycamore Tree,.....	161
3. The Withered Flower,—Poetry,.....	167
4. Chatterton, Concluded,.....	168
5. Jan Irack—A Poem,.....	175
6. Lelia's Lamp,.....	178

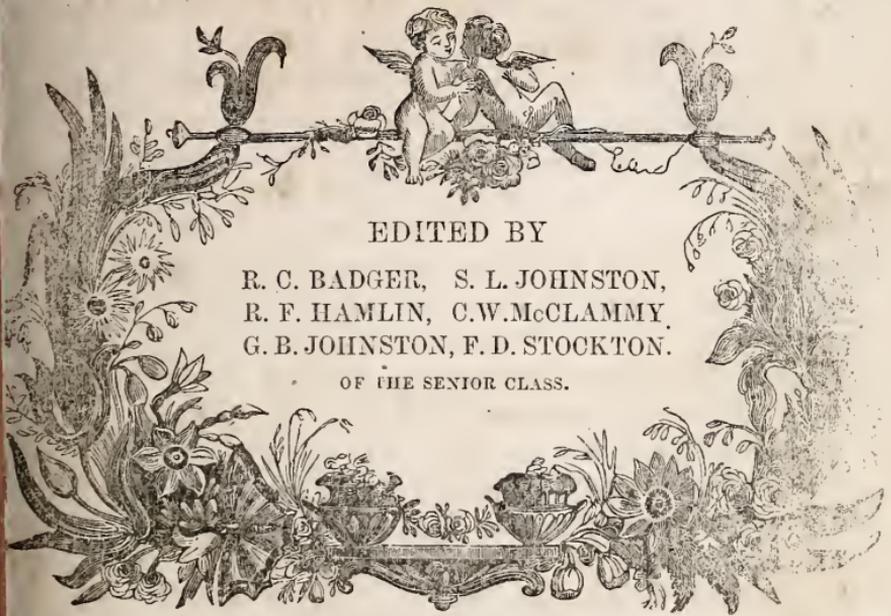
EDITORIAL TABLE.—Observations on the War in Carolina—The Classics—College Rhyme and its Rhimers—Dr. Wheat's Address—Class of 1857-'8—Death of a Graduate—The State Fair—Tributes of Respect,..... 185-192

The Magazine is published about the first of every month except January and July.

Terms \$2 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Any person sending us five new subscribers and TEN DOLLARS, will receive a copy gratis.

Address Editors of the University Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.

ORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.



EDITED BY

R. C. BADGER, S. L. JOHNSTON,
R. F. HAMLIN, C.W. McCLAMMY,
G. B. JOHNSTON, F. D. STOCKTON.

OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

DL. VIII,

NOVEMBER, 1858.

NO. 4.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAR IN CAROLINA,

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL AMONG THE CHAMBER'S MSS., BELONGING TO MR. BANCROFT.

The author of this was Col. Robert Grey, an active and intelligent officer of the provincial troops in South Carolina, embodied by the crown. It is, therefore, the other side of the story. After the Revolution, this Col. Grey settled, with many other refugees, in Nova Scotia. He was, I believe, a citizen of South Carolina when the war broke out. I do not know whether or not he was a *native*.]

The reduction of Charleston was effected by the conquest of the back country, because all the Continental troops in the Southern department were taken in that place, except the party under the command of Colonel Beaufort, which was soon after cut to pieces at the

Waxaws by Colonel Tarleton. The people at that time, not much accustomed to arms, and finding no troops to support them, submitted when they saw the King's troops in possession of the back country. Posts were established at Augusta, Ninety Six, Camden Hill and

Georgetown. The conquest of the Province was complete. The loyal part of the inhabitants being in number about one third of the whole, and those by no means the wealthiest, readily took up arms to sustain the British Government — The others also enrolled themselves in the militia, partly because they believed war to be at an end in the Southern provinces, and partly to ingratiate themselves with the conquerors. They also fondly hoped that they should enjoy a respite from the calamities of war, and that the restoration of the King's Government, would restore to them the happiness they enjoyed before the war began. With these views on both sides, the Whigs and Tories seemed to vie with each other in giving proofs of the sincerity of their submission, and a most profound calm succeeded. This was not confined only to the country within the new established posts. The panic of the Whigs and the exultation of the Tories, produced the same consequences in the back country beyond the reach of the posts, the people in many places coming in from the distance of fifty miles to take the oath of allegiance, or to surrender themselves prisoners on parole. All the inhabitants seemed intent upon cultivating their farms and making money; great quantities of produce were sent to Charleston, and great num-

bers of waggons even from the mountains crowded the roads traveling in every direction. This tranquility was of short duration. The abuses of the army, in taking the people's horses, cattle and provisions, in many cases without paying for them, abuses perhaps inseparable from a military government disgusted the inhabitants: But this was by no means the principal cause of the disorders which followed. They flowed from another source—the disaffection of the Whigs.

The establishment of the King's Government naturally and unavoidably occasioned an entire change of civil and military offices throughout the province. A new set of men were elevated into power and place, whilst their predecessors' offices were stripped of their consequence and sent to cultivate the plantations. The pangs of disappointed ambition soon made the men view all our transactions with jaundiced eyes, and as General Gates' approach put an end to the hopes of the tranquillity they had at first expected to enjoy, they were in general, especially the militia officers, determined to avail themselves of that opportunity to re-establish themselves in power, never doubting of General Gates being able to effect it, as, like other men, they easily believed what they eagerly wished for. L

Cornwallis, with great sagacity,—foresaw what followed. He instantly ordered all the leading whigs, who had been paroled to their plantations, to repair to John and James Islands. A great number obeyed, while others went off and met General Gates. The approach of his army seemed to be the signal for a general revolt in the disaffected parts of the back country, but the speedy and successful issue of the action at Camden, put an end to it immediately, and restored tranquility to the country. Lord Cornwallis made some severe examples of the revolters—a measure which was become absolutely necessary to deter others from the same conduct—as many of those who had taken up arms again had never had the slightest cause of complaint, but had been treated with every mark of attention and respect, by the King's officers.

A universal panic seized the rebels after the battle of Camden, and had Lord Cornwallis had a sufficient army to have marched into North Carolina and to have established posts in his rear, at convenient places, to preserve his communication with South Carolina and to prevent the rebels from assembling in arms after he had passed along, North Carolina would have fallen without a struggle but the smallness of his numbers soon turned the tide against him. He

marched from Camden to Charlotte with the army and at the same time directed Major Ferguson with the Ninety Six militia to advance into North Carolina, betwixt his left and the mountains. The rebels despairing of being able to effect anything against his Lordship, made a grand effort against Major Ferguson, who although he knew his danger and was ordered to join the army; yet after retreating sixty miles, he loitered away two days most unaccountably at King's Mountain and thereby gave time to the rebel militia under command of General Williams to come up with him. The rebels were greatly superior to him in numbers. He had about 600 militia and 60 regulars. An action ensued in which our militia behaved with a degree of steadiness and spirit that would not have disgraced any regular troops, and the rebels were repulsed three times, but having changed their mode of attack and made an attempt on a small party of North Carolinians on our left flank, who were not so well disciplined as the South Carolinians, they succeeded in breaking them. They soon communicated this disorder to the others and at this critical moment Major Ferguson fell. A total rout ensued. This unfortunate affair gave a new turn to the war. All the country in Lord Cornwallis' rear was laid open to the incursions of

the enemy, who if they had made a proper use of their victory might have shaken both Ninety Six and Augusta, nevertheless the consequences were very important.— Lord Cornwallis was obliged to retreat and take a position at Winnsburg in the Fork of the Santee, betwixt the Wateree and Congaree rivers that he might be at hand to succour Camden and Ninety Six and to cover the country within these parts. This gave new spirits to the rebel militia on the western and northern frontiers, who began to turn out in greater numbers and with more confidence.— They were led by Sumter and Marion who had both been field officers in the South Carolina State Troops. The former commanded on the western frontier beyond Camden and Ninety Six, and the latter on the northern betwixt Santee and Peedee. Both countries were highly disaffected to us and the people wanted only leaders. It was therefore those people who formed and supported Sumter and Marion, and not any superiority of genius in those officers that formed and called forth the militia in those parts. Sumpter was bold and rash, and ran many risks from which his good fortune always extricated him. Marion was timid and cautious, would risk nothing, yet both were successful in their attempts. During all this time the Continental

troops in general kept a cautious distance and chiefly made use of Sumter and Marion who began to grow extremely troublesome and established a decided superiority in the militia line. Major Ferguson's loss was now severely felt. The officers of the royal militia, being as yet ignorant of war neither possessed themselves nor were able to inspire their followers with the confidence necessary for soldiers, while almost every British officer regarded with contempt and indifference the establishment of a militia among a people differing so much in custom and manners from themselves. Had Major Ferguson lived, the militia would have been completely formed. He possessed all the talents and ambition necessary to accomplish that purpose and set out exactly in that line, he therefore would have achieved with the inhabitants of the country what the other British officers could only effect with imported soldiers. The want of a man of his genius was soon severely felt; and if ever another is found to supply his place, he will go great lengths towards turning the scale of the war in our favour. The want of paying sufficient attention to our Militia produced daily the most disagreeable consequences. In the first place, when the rebel militia were made prisoners they were immediately delivered up to the Regular Officers

who being entirely ignorant of the dispositions and manners of the people treated them with the utmost lenity and sent them home to their plantations upon parole, in short they were treated in every respect as foreign enemies. The general consequence of this was that they no sooner got out of our hand, than they broke their paroles, took up arms and made it a point to murder every Militia man of ours who had any concern in making them prisoners; on the other hand whenever a Militia man of ours was made a prisoner he was delivered not to the Continentals but to the rebel Militia, who looked upon him as a State prisoner, as a man who deserved a halter, and therefore treated him with the greatest cruelty. If he was not assassinated after being made a prisoner, he was instantly hurried to Virginia or North Carolina, where he was kept a prisoner without friends, money, creditor perhaps hopes of exchange. This line being once drawn betwixt their militia and ours, it was no longer safe to be a loyalist on the frontiers. These last overwhelmed with dismay became dejected and timid while the others increasing in boldness and enterprise made constant inroads in small parties and murdered every loyalist they found whether in arms or at home. Their irruptions answered the descriptions we have of those made

by the Goths and Vandals. Whilst the inhabitants of Charleston were amusing themselves with the aspect of the war in the different quarters of the globe, the unfortunate loyalist on the frontiers found the fury of the whole war let loose upon him. He was no longer safe to sleep in his house. He hid himself in the swamps. It was perfectly in vain to take a prisoner, he was either liberated upon parole to commit fresh murders and depredations, or if his character was very notorious he was sent in irons to Charleston where after some month's confinement the witnesses against him not appearing, being deterred by the distance and the uncertainty of the time at which he would be brought to trial, he pestered the principal officers here with petitions untill he was turned loose again initiated with his confinemen to murder more loyalists. The effect of all this was, that the loyalist if he did not choose to retire within the posts a ruined Refugee, either joined them openly or gave them private intelligence of the movement of our parties for which he enjoyed real protection and was safe to go to sleep without danger of having his throat cut before morning. Had our militia been certain of being treated as prisoners of war by the enemy many more would have sided with the royal standard. It may be

said that bad treatment will make them desperate. It has at length had that effect, but for a long time it produced a very contrary one, as they took care not to expose themselves in situations pregnant with every danger, and where they fought under peculiar disadvantages. The case of the regulars was very different. When made prisoners they met with the mildest treatment and were always sent to Charleston upon parole until exchanged.

This mismanagement of the King's officers proceeded from their want of knowledge of the manners of the people. They sometimes interposed in behalf of the Militia, and hanged notorious murderers; but these efforts were not sufficiently frequent to produce any effect.— Nothing will ever be able to put our Militia here on a proper footing but giving up to them all the rebel Militia when prisoners to be dealt with according to the laws of retaliation, subject however to the control of the Commander-in-chief in the southern department. The regulars although they take perfect care of their own interests in war, will never take the same care of those of the militia. It is against all experience. No class of men will consider the interests of another class so attentively as they do their own. About this time Lord Cornwallis being reinforced by General Lesly marched into North

Carolina; but before the subsequent transactions are mentioned, it will be proper to take notice of the situation of our affairs in South Carolina at this period. Lord Rawdon was left commanding officer on the frontiers. His Head Quarters was Camden, when he had about eight hundred men—a body sufficient to afford a detachment superior to the united force of Sumter and Marion, especially when to that were added about five hundred men under the command of Colonel Watson, who lay at Writh's Bluff. Besides the other posts of Ninety Six and Augusta, a new one was added at Friday's Ferry on the Congaree river, betwixt the former of those places and Camden. These covered the western frontiers. A chain of small posts was erected from Camden along the Santee to Monk's corner, to preserve the communication to Charleston. The first from Camden was the post at Mott's house upon the south side of the Congaree river about three miles from the fork of Santee and about a mile from McCord's Ferry; the second was Fork Watson at Wright's Bluff, on the north side of Santee about thirty miles down the river, the third was at Nelson's Ferry on the south side of Santee, about forty miles below McCord's Ferry and twenty from Monk's corner, which last was on Cooper river, and thirty from Charleston. The

ores for the army at Camden were sent by water from Charleston to Monk's corner, from thence dragged to a landing on Santee near Nelson's Ferry where they were embarked in boats for Camden. There was no post to the southward of Charleston except George Town. The rebel militia under Sumter and Marion were now highly elated, and made no doubt of Lord Cornwallis and his army being burgoynded if he should attempt to follow General Green to North Carolina, while they reckoned themselves able to cope with Lord Rawdon. This will not appear surprising when it is known that they were so grossly ignorant that, at the distance of forty miles from Camden, they were continually made to believe that General Wayne, or some other officer, had invested Camden, that Lord Rawdon had not more than three hundred men, and Lord Cornwallis not more than eight hundred, that General Lesly been had driven out of Virginia with great loss by a vast army there, which was the cause of his coming to South Carolina. Full of these ideas, and confident of being on the strongest side they were ready for any enterprise. Accordingly they were daily joined by many men of influence who had been a few months before admitted to become British subjects after they had earnestly petitioned for

that purpose, which however they only did to prevent their estate from being sequestered whilst their political sentiments remained unaltered, in the same manner as many of our friends go into the country at present and submit to the rebels to save their estates from confiscation. Daily inroads were now made across the Santee, and scarce a convoy of publick waggons escaped to Nelson's Ferry. Almost all the public boats on Santee were destroyed, and the communication with Camden was almost at an end. All the loyal inhabitants of Ninety Six district being about one half, and living partly betwixt Broad and Saluda rivers commonly called the Dutch Fork, and in other places of that district, all the inhabitants of Orangeburg District, from a few miles to the southward of Santee to the Saltketchers, being almost unanimous in favor of government, were the friendly parts of this province on the south side of Santee; the rest were enemies, while Sumter and Marion gave great uneasiness to our posts in their reach: one McKay, another partizan about Savannah river, and Col. Clark of the ceded lands in Georgia harassed the country near Augusta. The rebel militia were now bold and elated, their partizans had hitherto escaped every attempt to crush them, and they were all become familiar with danger. A

few months before this when any party of troops marched into their country, they were so alarmed that they retired back for 50 or 60 miles, or hid themselves in the swamps, but now when in a familiar situation if unable to oppose the troops in the field, they kept hovering around them in small parties, picked up stragglers, and fired upon them from every swamp. The troops were obliged to act with caution, and to keep within their pickets.—The loyal inhabitants were still dejected, and not sufficiently used to arms. On the frontiers they were continually harrassed with small murdering parties of the rebels;—but in Orangeburg they were in profound peace; upon the whole, however, they could not in general be trusted upon any expedition by themselves. While the rebel militia were every day growing more troublesome, the loyal inhabitants of little Pedee had become in their turn extremely troublesome to Marion and his brigade. They inhabit the country between the North side of Pedee and the North Carolina line in one direction, and from the Cheraw Hill to Maceomar Lake in the other. Their numbers were about 500 men, fit for war. They had arms put into their hands when the post was established at the Cheraw Hill before General Gates' arrival. When that post was withdrawn to Camden, at his

approach they were the only people on the north side of Santee, who did not join in the general revolt. The inhabitants of Williamsburg Township, not yet headed by Marion, made an unsuccessful attempt to crush them, and they have ever since stood their ground. They carried on a continual predatory war against the rebels, and sometimes surprised them at their musters. In short, they carried on the wars against the rebels precisely as they had set the example and as the post at George Town supplied them with arms and ammunition they overawed and harrassed Marion's brigade so much that he was obliged to leave the inhabitants of the Cheraw district at home to protect their properties while he could only call out the people of Williamsburg Township and the neighborhood of George Town; when a small party of the rebels ventured among them they were cut to pieces, when a large party invaded them which they found they could not withstand they hung in small parties upon their skirts, and harrassed them.

It may not be improper to observe here that the Rebel Militia did not at all times turn out voluntarily under their leaders, for when they were averse to an expedition they compelled them on pain of death, and there have been often severe examples made of them. O

On the other hand the little Pedee men only defended their own country and never went upon a more distant expedition than to George Town. The rebel militia from Bladen county in North Carolina, at times also harrassed the loyal inhabitants of little Pedee but with little effect.

Lord Cornwallis had never marched into North Carolina and Major Craig took post at Wilmington. If I have time I shall mention in the subsequent transactions the militia in that province were about one half of the inhabitants are our friends.

Lord Rawdon had no sooner taken the command than he found employment from General Sumpter. That partizan called a general muster of his people and told them that Lord Cornwallis had come into North Carolina to seek a refuge for himself and his army, that Lord Rawdon had only 300 men at Camden and could not detach a man; that by making a sudden march to the Congarees, they would surprise the fort where they would find a quantity of gloves and cloth; that by proceeding down the South side of Santee river, they would be joined by McKay from Augusta, by Marion from Williamsburg Township, that a general retreat would ensue, that all communication being cut off betwixt Camden and Charleston, Lord Rawdon

would be compelled to evacuate that place and leave the back country, which would put an end to the war and might be effected in a fortnight's time after which they might return and plant their crops in peace. This seemed so plausible that they set out in the highest spirits, being about 300 men. They failed in surprising the Congaree fort but invested it closely, not dreaming that Lord Rawdon would attempt its relief. On the third day they learnt that Col: Doyle, with the volunteers of Ireland, was crossing the river at a ford about eight miles above. They were obliged to raise the siege and marched down the South side of the river expecting to be joined by Marion, who was to cross Santee and not expecting that the troops would follow them any distance below Camden. After they had proceeded about twenty miles they got a fresh alarm, they learnt that Maj. McIlroth, with the 64th regt. the cavalry of New York volunteers and a field piece, was upon his march from Camden to McCords ferry after them, and that a detachment of troops and militia from Ninety Six was approaching from that quarter, to add to their misfortune a party they had sent down to the Congaree river to secure all the flats canoes, and boats there and on Santee for the purpose of crossing the river, and making a junct-

tion with Marion. This party was surprised by some militia and Regulars, they were made prisoners, and all the boats were carried to our post at Wright's Bluff. Sumter's ruin seemed inevitable. He was left in an enemy's country with a large deep river before him which he must cross to effect a retreat. In this dilemma, Major McIlroth's guard came in sight of his rear about five miles below Motte's house. To the astonishment of the whole province Major McIlroth instantly retreated about four miles where he lay looking on, while Sumter, having got two small canoes, carried his men and swam his horse across Santec unmolested, although it took up two days to effect it. Having crossed Santec they thought themselves safe but they now found that Col. Watson and 500 men were just at hand. By a rapid march they got clear of him when they found that Lord Rawdon with his own regiment was hurrying down from Camden after them. Being all mounted they gave his Lordship the slip, and got above him on their way home to the Waxaws, certain that all danger was over, in this way they were again disappointed. Lord Rawdon finding they had outmarched him sent orders to Major Frazer of the South Carolina Regiment to march with it and a few militia and intercept them at Lyn-

che's creek. They had just crossed the creek when Major Frazer came up with them, who attacked them and routed their whole body in a few minutes.

They were now exceedingly disappointed instead of 300 men under Lord Rawdon's command they had seen so many different detachments of troops superior to their whole force that they despaired of success and notwithstanding Sumter, who had carried off a number of negroes offered one to every person who would enlist for three months as dragoon to form a body of State cavalry; he could hardly procure a single recruit, and he began to grow exceedingly unpopular. This raised so great a clamor against him for deceiving them with regard to Lord Rawdon's strength, that he was obliged at a muster to enter into a long vindication of his conduct. All this, however, was ineffectual, and Marion's followers began also to loose all hopes; short South Carolina seemed to be on the eve of peace. The transactions that succeeded I shall pass over, only observing that Lord Rawdon adopted the plan of giving all the Rebel Militia who were prisoners of war to be tried by militia. This plan ought to have extended to all the rebel militia without exception. At this period General Green invaded this province. What followed is publicly

own. The more Lord Rawdon's own conduct is investigated the more blameless he will appear.

We soon lost a great part of the back country. The cruelties exercised by the rebels on our militia exceed all belief. Lord Rawdon finding he could not bring Green to the point he embarked for England on account of his health. The battle of the Eutaws quickly followed and our army lay in the neighborhood of Monk's corner within 37 miles of Charleston and abandoned the back country.

The rebels, determined that no whites should live among them, ordered them and their families within the British lines, or, in other words, to Charleston.

At this time, or rather, just after Lord Rawdon sailed, the loyalists seemed to have acquired a new character. Their situation and suffering had made them desperate; they became familiar with danger, and acquired the use of arms. According to the usual theory of this war, it might have been expected that all the country above our army would have revolted and turned their arms against us, and I make no doubt that almost all the inhabitants of Charleston who wrote to England at this time represented the whole country in the enemies' hands. As they in general perfectly ignorant of the back country the mistake may

be natural; but this is so far from being the case, that from this place to what is called the ridge, betwixt Saluda and Edisto rivers on the road to Ninety Six on the one hand, and from a few miles to the Southward of Santee to the Saltketchers on the other, the inhabitants refused to submit to the rebels, although left by the army and surrounded on almost every hand by the enemy who were in possession of Ninety Six District; and the disaffected inhabitants of the forks of Santee, the country betwixt Saltketchers and Savannah river, and all the rice lands from thence to Ashley river, having revolted, gave the enemy possession of that country. In short the whole province resembled a piece of patch work, the inhabitants of every settlement when united in sentiment, being in arms for the side they liked best, and making continual inroads into one another's settlements. The country betwixt Cooper river and Santee as far up as Monk's corner, seemed to be in dispute, the inhabitants at the greatest distance from the Garrison taking up arms, and the others, who were more in reach, although friends in their hearts to the rebels, yet not being used to arms, refused to turn out when called upon by Marion, and compounded the matter by paying 50 silver dollars in lieu of a year's service. This was:

in September while General Green lay at the High Hills of Santee. When our army came to the quarter house and General Green crossed Santee, the rebels made them turn out to a man without regard to the contributions they had paid. The District of Ninety Six all this while being much divided in sentiment suffered severely. The Tories in many places would neither submit nor go to Charleston. They hid themselves in the swamps from which they made frequent incursions upon their enemies; when opposed by a superior force they dispersed; when the storm blew over they embodied again, and commenced their operations. A petty partizan started up in every settlement and headed the Whigs or Tories;—both parties equally afraid of the other, durst not sleep in their homes, but concealed themselves in swamps.

* * * * *

Ninety Six district suffered severely, by the incursions of the loyal refugees, from the mountains on the one hand, and from Charleston on the other, as it had no great river or other natural boundary to defend it. Nothing could prevent these incursions, in a country covered with woods, and "penetrable in every part". The cruelties the Whigs exercised upon the Tories, which seemed to have been carried to their utmost excess, under the

auspices of General Green, who invaded this province, were returned upon them with interest and both parties in this petty sanguinary war, displayed prodigies of military skill and address and seemed to breathe the extinction of their enemies. In a rebel settlement, at a distance from a Tory country, the people would find peace except upon the alarm of a Tory invasion, and Orangeburg District being in the heart of an extensive friendly country, at peace, the people sleeping secure in their houses, nay they enjoyed much tranquility, that many of the loyal refugees, who came to Ninety Six as late as August and September, stopped in that country at the distance of 100 miles from Charleston, and leased plantations. The inhabitants therefore used to say, that if our army kept General Green, they could defend themselves. In November General Green crossed Santee, and our army retreated to the Quarter House, giving up the whole country. Green sent General Sumter with a detachment of 400 men to take post at Orangeburg and to reduce that country. He published a general pardon to all who would submit, except two.

Our friends then did not think it determined to submit. Giessandaner, the commanding officer there, sent an express to

d Lesly requesting assistance ;
 d in the meantime kept Sumpter
 tly much within his pickets, but
 fortunately no assistance could
 given them. After a few weeks,
 e people disheartened by being
 supported, gradually made a sub-
 sion to the enemy ; but the war
 s now too far advanced, and
 h parties too much irritated a-
 nst each other to coalesce easily.
 was no uncommon thing for a
 ty to submit, and in a few days
 urn their arms against their new
 sters. The swamps were filled
 h loyalists ; the Rebels durst
 sleep in their houses ; and
 nter, irritated at the hostility
 he country, got the Catawba In-
 ns to track the loyalists from
 swamps, which were at the
 ie time traversed by large par-
 of armed Rebels, to kill or take
 Tories. Giessandaner was
 de a prisoner, and without the
 st regard to the established car-
 he was thrown into the com-
 a jail, stripped to his shirt and
 eches, and threatened to have
 two sons, boys about 10 or 12
 rs old, carried off and made
 mmers to a Continental regi-
 nt. He was under necessity of
 mitting to them. Our friends
 n thence and the other parts of
 ntry, are daily taking refuge in
 place ; and it is certain such as
 e submitted are more hostile
 ever, and eagerly disposed to

a revolt; while the rebels themselves,
 disgusted with the abuses of Gene-
 ral Green's army and their own
 government, find in many places
 that they have not changed mas-
 ters for the better. The loyalists
 on Little Pedee, alarmed at the e-
 vacuation of Georgetown last June,
 entered into a truce for three
 months with Marion, who gladly
 embraced this opportunity of dis-
 arming a hardy and intrepid race
 of men, whom he had never been
 able to crush, and which would en-
 able him to call the inhabitants of
 Big Pedee and the Cheraw's Dis-
 trict from the defence of their prop-
 erties, to augment his brigade ; be-
 sides, they were so powerfully
 backed by the extensive loyal coun-
 try in North Carolina, and counte-
 nanced by the post at Wilmington,
 that he had nothing to hope from
 force ; therefore, agreeing to the
 truce was removing a most troub-
 lesome thorn from his own side.—
 At the end of three months the
 truce was renewed for nine more,
 which expire the 17th of June
 next. When the truce was first
 made, the inhabitants of the North-
 ern parts of that country, furthest
 from Marion's adherents, refused to
 accede to it, looking upon it as a
 timid and ignominious measure,
 and blamed Captain Ganey, the of-
 ficer who made it with Marion.—
 They accordingly put themselves
 under Major Craig's command at

Wilmington, and continued unarmed. But at the evacuation of that post, they found it their interest to accede to the truce. That country is the only place in these two provinces, except Charleston and James Island, where the British Government is at present established.

* * * * *

The country comprehended in the truce, has furnished a safe asylum for the loyal refugees from North Carolina, who are suffered to settle among them, upon promising to observe the condition of the truce. This has given great unbrage to the North Carolina rebels. General Rutherford who commanded the Militia Brigade from Mecklenburg and Salisbury is a perfect savage and bears the most rancorous hatred to Tories. He has lately made a peremptory demand that all the North Carolina Refugees shall be delivered up. This requisition, our officers there with great spirit have refused to comply with, declaring that no peaceable man who applies to them for protection and observes the condition of the truce shall be delivered. I expect shortly to hear that hostilities have ensued. In the meantime our friends there are in great spirit being much elated with the King's speech, and with the check Marion received from Colonel Thompson, upon hearing of this last affair they had public rejoicings for three days.

At present they seemed determined to repel force by force, but being totally unsupported they are unequal to the contest. When they fall they will give but a small cession of strength to the enemy they never will be able to get together to do any duty which is at present an indispensable preliminary to all who join them. Want of resources prevents me from saying anything with regard to North Carolina where one half of the people are friends and where with only the countenance of 300 British Troops in Wilmington the loyalists would like to have overturned the present government. A sufficient proof of the fallacy of that kind of reasoning which in a war of this nature where every man is a soldier estimates the strength of a country by the number of regular troops which an army is composed, without regarding the disposition of the inhabitants of the country who is the seat of war. By attending to this we shall be able to account for the success of the royal cause in North Carolina and in some measure for the misfortunes that attended it here. In the above remarks I have only mentioned such circumstances as have, I conceive, laid the foundations of the ill fortune that attended our exertions. Exclusive of Lord Cornwallis' fate, the want of sufficient concurrence on the part of the people compelled Lord

len to leave the back country, after having missed of crushing Greene's army. To that and to General Greene's invading this province when we had not a sufficient force to meet him in the field and at the same time to preserve our outposts, we are to attribute the loss of the country. Had Lord Cornwallis followed General Greene to the Southward or had the reinforcements from Ireland arrived a month sooner, in either of these cases we should have had an army in the field superior to Green's and all our posts would have been safe which would have crushed any internal insurrections that took place, and we should have been in the same situation as we were before Lord Cornwallis marched into North Carolina, when he lay at Winnsburg and obliged Green to keep a respectful distance at Waxaws, but not having sufficient army in the field, enabled Green to reduce our outposts, especially as Lord Rawden had not sufficient warning of Lord Cornwallis going into Virginia which prevented him from withdrawing his post in time to form a sufficient army; but if he could have affected this, still the measure would have been vain, because removing the posts would have laid open the whole country to the enemy. The reinforcements not having arrived until the posts were broken up rendered their re-establishment impos-

sible without crushing the enemy's army.

Should oppressive measures be attempted here, with a view to reduce this country, the enemy's army must be destroyed or driven away—posts must be established—an army must be kept on the frontiers to prevent any attempts from the Northward; and the militia must be embodied. I am aware that the general opinion of the merchants in Charleston is, that every person must be disarmed, and the protection of the country left to the troops only. If I had time I could demonstrate this to be impossible. Every man must take a side if he submit to our government; if he is averse to personal service, let him find a substitute, or pay a stipulated sum in money. This is the method the rebels have adopted. Let those men serve six months properly regimented, and in the meantime let the Militia who stay at home do parole duty to preserve internal peace. Whenever this Militia is formed, the life of a Militiaman when a prisoner, must be at, in the first place, of the Royal Militia, with the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief. Before the reduction of Charleston, the loyalists promised, I suppose, great assistance, in which they were sincere; but men cannot be taken from the plough, and made veterans in a short time; this is only to

be acquired by hard service and long experience. The loyalists in this province, as well as the south parts of North Carolina, have now reached that point. If ever our army take the field, they will give a powerful assistance; Ninety Six and Orangeburg Districts would be recovered by their own inhabitants, and they would not easily be dispossessed again. Indeed, whatever the issue of the campaign might be, it would be the most calamitous period that ever this province saw; for the loyal refugees, enflamed with the loss of their properties and relations, and the loyalists who have now submitted, irritated with the indignities and abuses of a government they hate, would make severe retaliation. Every man, exclusive of his attachment to the common cause, would have a number of private injuries to revenge. The same appearances would take place in North Carolina, but on a

larger scale, as the loyalists there are so much more numerous.

The above observations have fallen far short of the idea I wished to convey, but before I conclude cannot avoid remarking that our friends who came in at present from the country are prodigiously irritated against the enemy. After staying some time in town, they become often dissatisfied and disgusted, and many of them go out and submit. But they have not so soon submitted in a fit of pique than they return to their former principles from the insults and indignities they suffer from the enemy, every man of whom if he has lost any property by part of the British army in which the others served compell him on pain of death to make retribution, so that many of them are totally ruined, besides many after receiving pardon are killed by those who owe them a grudge.

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TRISTREM.

Why should not I tell my story? For more than a century I have stood here, a silent observer of all that passed around. My towering height enables me to see far and wide; each whispering breeze brings tidings of things unknown; the warbling birds sing to me of other and distant lands, and so, tho' I am but a tree after all, no little knowledge is enclosed within this trunk of mine. Poets have given language to the lovely flowers; even dumb beasts have been made to speak; ingenious pineushions have told of their adventures—why then should not I—who command respect by my great age and majestic proportions—who have seen generation after generation of short-lived men pass away—enlighten the world with my experience? True, there is no reason. . . . I will not tell you of my early life, nor how I struggled with opposing elements, before my branches had reached far above the head, or my roots taken deep within its surface. 'Twas in the spring of 1773 that the first incident occurred in my life, likely to

interest the reader: About a quarter of a mile due south from me, was a beautiful bay, on whose shores a number of enterprising Englishmen had founded a town; at first their coming was but little thought of; now and then a party of them would pass me, in search of the fleeing deer; sometimes a youthful couple would draw near in their evening stroll; but as yet it caused me no uneasiness. At last, however, their limits extended—their numbers increased, and the busy hum of civilization began to greet my ears. I could see through the opening they had made, trees almost as tall as myself, but stripped of their branches, with long gaudy pennants streaming from their tops, strong ropes and cloth hanging about. They were on the waters of the bay, and seemed to move about with perfect ease. A cool zephyr one evening told me, as it played amid my tender twigs, that those were ships, from another world, in which the white men came. I used to amuse myself watching a young couple, who every eve would walk

adown the winding path, which passed within a few feet of my roots ; I soon perceived they were lovers, though they seemed not themselves to know it. He was a fine manly youth, of just one and twenty ; the down of early manhood was scarce yet upon his face, but his lithe and active frame showed no want of strength, as he bounded over the plain to procure some fair flower for his companion, and climbed the tall oak in quest of mistletoe, to deck her raven locks. How well I remember them ! He, so earnest, so tender, so noble so strong ; she, graceful as the woodland fawn, lovely, trusting,—the very picture of innocent confidence. One day they stopped beneath my shade ; their walk had been longer than usual, and the pleasant seat invited to rest. I do not know how it happened, but when I looked again, the fair maiden's head was resting on his shoulder—his arm around her waist, while words of love and happiness were flowing fast from his lips. How joyous he looked. What depth of tenderness in his impassioned glance ! But think not I am going to betray their confidence. The sun had long set when they arose to depart. The youth spoke :

“ Yes, dear Rose, it must indeed be so ; beneath this very tree where first we breathed our vows, we will dwell ; it was a witness to our first

love, let it also see our future happiness. ”

“ Even as you will, Albert, ” she replied. They disappeared the thickening gloom.

That night I learned from a red-breast, who roosted near and had visited the town that day that Albert Stuart was a young lawyer, who had arrived from the old world a year before, and ready was acknowledged as the most promising young man in the community. Rose Tresh was the only daughter of a noble and distinguished, but poor father who had sought a home in the western land. Days passed, and I thought no more of the scene I witnessed, till early one morning I saw Albert approaching, attended by several laborers with their tools. A few moments, and the woods were resounding with the clanging ring of the axe, and the crashing of falling trees. One approached with uplifted steel ; I trembled my topmost leaf ; already I felt keen edge upon my trunk, and giving up in despair, when Albert Stuart sprang to his side—a few whispered words were exchanged and the man turned away with a smile on his face ; I knew he had caused it. Bless you, kind Albert for that one act ; if it were not for you, my story would be short indeed. Ere long, a pleasant cozy

dwelling sprang up beneath the shade.

One Sabbath the Chureh-bell rang merrily ; I peered down the street, and saw a company approach the sacred edifice. One still gayer, came forth after short time, and went on their way to Mr. Freshm's.

Next day I was busy watching the furniture moved into their cottage—soon *they* followed. How visitors flocked to see them ; how sweet the blushing bride looked, as, clothed in her gala-dress she received their congratulations ; how proud was the noble young groom, as he felt the gentle pressure of her arm in his ! Oh ! I learned to love sweet *Rosa Stuart*. Albert had a charming seat placed beneath my shade, on the very spot where first he promised to be his own. Together they would sit there and talk of the happy past, anon building splendid air-castles for the future. I was not lonely then ; they seemed to think I was one of them, ever since the noted eve.

Years passed ; I had grown stronger and taller ; my wide-spread branches overshadowed their happy home ; at evening they still sat on the pleasant bench, but others now too were there, for three little babes gambolled on the green grass beneath my shade, and shouted in joyous glee amid their sports. Albert Stuart was no longer the gay youth, for he had become the ma-

ture man—and a noble specimen of his kind indeed was he ! Intellect, benevolence, power were written on his bold, frank countenance.—Great men now came oft to the house “beneath the Syeamore,”—for he was known and honored throughout the land. Already Fame had wreathed laurels for his brow, and none rejoiced at it more than I, when the little birds sang to me of his greatness, and the breezes from every quarter whispered his praise. And she too was changed ; no longer the fairy-like being of other days, but the staid and matronly mistress of a happy household—none the less lovely for all that. How blessed they were ! Long before the sun had reached his western couch, the little Albert—an urchin of some six years old—would take his seat upon the gate post, to wait the coming of his expected father. What shouts of joy would arise from the merry group, as, at last his form would appear just coming over the rising hill !—Away the little ones would scamper to meet their sire, and Rose, all radiant with anticipated pleasure, would come forth to greet him at the door.

But there came a night of sorrow. I heard the trampling of a horse, the rush of hurried footsteps to and fro, as Albert burst from the door, and springing on his trusty steed, disappeared in the dark-

ness. He soon returned but not alone; a stern and sage looking man was riding by his side. I knew him well, for he too was often at 'our house," and 'twas for his convenience that an unseemly "horse-shoe" had been nailed to my trunk; 'twas the village doctor. Albert ushered him in, then turned to pace in anguish the courtyard before his door. Some one was ill; who could it be? At last the physician came forth; with eager step he approached him; a few whispered words passed between them; their meaning I knew but too well, for, though no sound escaped him, the compressed lip and clenched hand, spoke plainly of secret agony. Some one must die; who was it? Morning explained all; throughout that whole night, I could see the faint glimmering of the lamp from their chamber window. It could not be little Albert, for as usual (happy innocent,) he was sporting 'neath my shade; nor yet their sweet babe, for she was gently sleeping in her nurse's arms. Rose, their eldest born—the light of their house, the joy of their hearts—was dying within! It seemed as if even the cold heart of Death, relented at beholding the misery he was about to cause, and his icy hand hesitated to destroy so much loveliness, for days passed and still the doctor came; still Albert with anxious brow, paced at

night-fall the little porch; and I could see the form of the gentle mother, as, with ceaseless care and noiseless step, she moved about the room where lay the little sufferer still throughout each night, the same faint sickening light was visible at the little window. The angel of death was there! At last even the children caught the gloom of the shadows on all around them and no longer sported as they went, but, with sobered step and wondering countenance, stole about the silent house. But what avail the grief and prayers of heart-stricken mourners, the physician's boasted skill, when the fiat has gone forth? She died, that dear little one; her prattling voice was hushed in the stillness of death; no longer did she join in the merry gambol at eve, or wait her father's coming at the gate. Oh! the great grief of those fond parents; the suppressed woe of the afflicted father, the tearful agony of that devoted mother! I shook the dew drops from my leaves, a sad tribute to her memory. They buried her in the church-yard, just over the hill; the solemn notes of the funeral bell were borne upon the breeze, as I watched the silent procession following her to her grave. Verily, "I sorrow that all fair things must die." Time, that kindly consoler of all our griefs, flew by and still their sad loss weighed

heavily on their hearts. Nor did they cease to mourn, till another visiter began to frequent their home; and the gray-haired pastor taught them to regard their little Rose, as an angel in the courts of her Father in Heaven. Sweet, comforting thought! It brought content to their troubled bosoms, and once more the morning-star of happiness, shone through the thiek gloom of their distress.

Albert was much from home now, for his increasing reputation bro't him business from every side; but still he ever turned with delight, to his "home beneath the Sycamore." His was a nature well calculated to win the hearts of all; so gentle, yet so full of manly dignity and decision; the striking characteristic of the whole man, mental moral and physical, was this union of beauty and strength. I have watched him as he sported with his babes on the green-sward, or sat alone, far removed from prying eyes, with the wife of his bosom; I have seen him, as around his hospitable board, were gathered the young and gay, on some joyous festival; and again when closeted with the sages of the land, his great mind was occupied with subjects demanding all its strength. And everywhere I could but see the same preeminence. When he spoke, grey-beards kept silence and listened to his sayings; young and old heard with eager-

ness his wise and kindly words.— Now don't smile, gentle reader, and wonder how I ascertained all this; the snows of a hundred winters have fallen upon my stalwart branches; the zephyrs of as many springs have played among my leaves! can I not live and learn. And what do you—short-sighted man—know of my powers? Can you tell what secrets are borne upon the winds; will you compare your puny limbs to my sturdy trunk? But ah! I have lived so long with men, that I have learned some of their ways, and cannot speak of myself with becoming humility!

One more scene in the lives of these dwellers under the Sycamore, and we part with them forever:

'Twas a delightful evening in early summer, that a large company were gathered around the social board, spread beneath my shade.— At the foot sat the noble host, benevolence and hospitality beaming in his every feature; his vis-a-vis the most charming woman in North Carolina's borders. Among the guests were lawyers, grave and sage, but who unbended from their conscious dignity, joining in the merry conversation, and aiding to pass the decanter; all the first men of the village, and many of its loveliest women, graced the scene.— How the champagne corks whizzed in the air, as the generous wine

was demanded by the expectant youths (not to exclude the *old ones* by any means, for I believe they partook too, though I could not stoop my lofty head quite low enough to see.) But why this joyous assemblage, why this meeting of many friends? At first I could not tell, but the mystery was explained, when I saw a traveller come riding over the hill, accompanied by a band of youthful horsemen. As they reached the summit and he saw the group, a loud shout came from his lips, and putting spurs to his steed he shot far ahead; a moment and he was at the gate—another and he was clasped in *his proud father's* arms. Young Albert had returned! For four long years he had been absent at a distant College, and 'twas to welcome his advent home, that they had met beneath the Sycamore. Tears of joy flowed down the parents' cheeks; glad greetings were given by all, and I bowed my lofty top in sympathy with their joy. At last they resumed their seats, and one which had been left vacant at the father's right, was no longer unoccupied. A toast was given, and when all had honored it with a glass, Mr. Stuart arose to speak. How well I remember that scene! The sudden silence attracted my attention, and I looked.— There stood the manly form on whom all eyes were turned; his no-

ble brow upturned to Heaven, his hand extended, as if to thank his Father above, for the perfect happiness of the hour. Quick as thought his arm fell; a cry, oh! so terrible came from his lips, and he sank motionless into the arms of his son. Such consternation! such awful woe as followed! The doctor, who happily was present, sprang to his side. His head now rested on the bosom of his wife. The ready lancet was at hand, but vainly did they seek the ruby stream. Gently raised in their arms, he was borne within.— with saddened faces the guests dispersed, and all was gloom when so late had been a happy festival. How anxiously I watched the countenance of each as they came forth but alas! no comfort could be gotten thence. I heard the physician say: "All will be over before morning; apoplexy, sir; always told him 'twould be so;" and tears streamed down the stern man's furrowed cheek as he spoke. That night my branches withered, my leaflets strewed the ground. Albert Stuart was dead! And where was Rose? God grant I may never see another grief like her's!— Not a tear came to her relief; but she sat by the bed-side on which lay her *all*, the idol of her heart and gazed for hours on those lovely features, so stiff and cold in death. At times she would arise, and lean ing over his lifeless form, brush h

old damp locks off his marble white brow, seeking some kindly glance from those dear eyes, which he'er looked on her before but in devoted love ; alas ! his noble spirit had fled and 'twas now all in vain. With a low moan she would then return to her sad watch ; no other sound was heard. How I grieved at her great sorrow. In vain friends drew near to console ; she would point to the silent dead, as if in answer to their attempts. Her children and *his* were unnoticed. At last young Albert was called from his chamber, whither he had gone to weep in secret ; the youth had his father's manly mien—in a word ; you could almost imagine him the same Albert, to whom I introduced you so many years ago. As he addressed his mother, imploring her to look upon him, she slowly raised her vacant eyes, and fixed them on his face ; again they sought the still features of the dead. With a

scream of anguish, she sprang into his arms and wept, (yes, thank God for it !) wept upon his bosom. She was safe then.

They buried him by the side of his angel daughter ; and many a tear was shed over his new made grave, by those who loved him well. And when the rich and great had gone from the funeral rites, another band of humble mourners gathered around his resting place ; they were those whose wants he had relieved, whose griefs he had consoled. Many a bruised heart, whose sorrows had been removed by his kindly sympathy, here felt its wounds reopened.

'Twas a sad day when they all left, for they did leave ; once more I was alone, and desolation reigned "beneath the Sycamore." Albert Stuart, Rose, and all, were gone.— I drooped in my loneliness.

(To be Continued.)

THE WITHERED FLOWER.

How sweet is the thought, how strong is the power,
That breaks o'er my heart, though saddened it be ;
As I gaze on this gem—this beautiful flower,
That came from the hands of Annie, to me.
It wakes in my soul those memories past,
And enkindles a thrill of joy and delight ;
For it points to that hour, the sweetest, the last.
I spent in thy presence that bright summer night.
How soft were thy tones, how winning thy smile,
As I plead for this gem—a seal of the past ;
And though vain were my suit, I lingered awhile,
And received from Annie this relic at last.
I was pleased, for I saw 'twas prudence in thee,
That denied me a boon so simple as this ;
Yet I ceased not to ask—but furthered my plea,
And obtained it at length, from my beautiful Miss,

I raised its sweet petals and imprinted a kiss,
On this trophy now torn from its parent stem ;
But to me 'twere a pleasure far greater than this,
To have kissed the hand that presented the gem.
Oh, Annie, perhaps thou never may'st know,
The rapture I felt when thou gav'st me this ;
The treasures of wealth could never bestow,
One moment so happy, so sated with bliss.
Now, oft I retire and gaze on this flower—
The sweetest memento of pleasure and thee,
And long to welcome again the glad hour,
That restores thee to home, to joy and to me.
Oh, Annie, how long wilt thou wander away, friend ?
From the home of thy youth, from the heart of thy
Oh, cease thou, my fair one, my wooings obey,
And return to thy home and pleasure again,

C H A T T E R T O N .

[*Concluded from 120 Page.*]

DESTITUTE he was, decidedly and utterly, of all that constituted the moral grandeur of man ; for without truth for their anchorage, all the noble faculties of the mind, are inevitably sure to be stranded on the shoals of moral death. Beyond the admiration which must be paid to his great labor, and the wonderful success in the accomplishment of these literary forgeries, there lives a saddening conviction of the strange incompleteness of the great powers of his mind.

Wild and reckless must have been the fancies lurking in the mind of the boy, who could bend all his mighty energies and talents to the paltry end of deceiving the world ! Had he but as forcibly exerted his high powers, in another and a nobler direction, it is difficult to fix the height he might have attained. The success of his impositions, which only in a degree proclaimed his gigantic powers of mind, might have taught him the success, which patience would have enabled him to attain, in far nobler and loftier paths. He wanted a genuinely true and great spirit—his chiefest weakness was an ungovernable im-

patience for paltry worldly hono—
—he courted, as of higher value than everything else on earth, the poor gilded bauble—world-applause !

In his, to us, scarcely conceivable labor for a triumph, which was at best short lived, (and a most unsatisfactory reward it *must* have proved,) he exhausted his youthful energies. His labor was an Herculean one—one we can hardly calculate ; and with the same expenditure of time and patience, and moral strength, he might have stood far higher in the ranks of genius, than many of his then more successful cotemporaries, on whom he looked with envy, though at the same time, with a partial contempt.

In the second volume of "Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature," there is given the following account of Chatterton's "various impositions," which, as it cannot but prove interesting, I do not hesitate to copy :

"In October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished ; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town, a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old

bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that the description of *the friars passing over the old bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuscript. To one man, fond of heraldic honors, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the 'Romaunt of the Cynghte,' written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol, he gave an ancient fragment of a sermon on the "Divinity of the Holy Spirit," as 'wroten' by Thomas Rowly, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol; he makes a valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle—the whole pretended to be drawn from the writings of the 'gode prieste, Thomas Rowley.' Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the "History of Bristol Printers," and Chatterton sent him an account of certain "Carvellers and Peyners" who once flourished in Bristol.

At the age of seventeen, after he had deceived and astonished all Bristol, Chatterton left the study of the law, and in London entered on a professedly literary life.

The hope of his mother and

young sister, of whose house he was the "bright particular star," were unbounded then, for they had witnessed the beginning of the fulfillment of the daring prophesies he had made in regard to himself, and their loving eyes could see no end, to the greatness it was possible for him to attain. By him their name was to be made honored, and loved, and revered in the great world; people would one day do homage to *the mother of Chatterton!* The neglect, and poverty, and sorrow which had for so many years been the portion of that mother, was about to be forever dispelled—better days would soon dawn upon them.

It is probable that Chatterton never revealed, even to them, whom he loved best on earth, the *reality* of those forgeries. He labored upon them alone, and was his own and only counsellor; but *they knew* that he had talents and powers, far beyond those ordinarily bestowed upon men; and it was because of this knowledge that they cherished hopes and convictions of his future greatness, second only to those entertained by himself. They believed that they should yet behold the glorious completement of that mighty structure, of which he declared he had as yet but laid the foundation-stone, and that the world should also behold it, and wonder.

So, buoyant with hope, and impelled by ambition, at that early age, he went to the great city, to encounter there all its numberless temptations, against which his only armor was, alas ! *not* moral principle, but the peculiar bent of his genius. The art he worshipped was his only preservation ; and in him we have but one other evidence of the utter insufficiency of *such* a protectress. He went forth to struggle in poverty and loneliness, to lavish all his youthful ardor and daring for the one attainment, which at best proves *so* unsatisfying, *a name among men*. Is the manner in which that strong endeavor eventuated a *voiceless* warning to the world ?

In the bewildering and exciting scenes of his new home,, he did not forget the loved ones whom he had left in his poor native home. Whenever his labors brought for him anything beyond what would procure for him more than the mere necessities of life, invariably those proceeds were sent to them ; for the most part these labors were in the shape of contributions to the magazines and papers of the day, and at best they gave to him but a miserable support. And after while the mother and sister, whose pride was all centered in him, were rejoicing in his success, as they believed it, when they received the fruits of his toil, while they were blessing him

for the timely aid he sent them, he alone in his wretched lodgings in the great city, would be laboring at those very moments in a despair that verged on insanity !

Very, very far from equalling his hopes was the success with which he met. He had thought to at once startle the whole literary world, and *make* men recognize his entrance into the list for the honors awarded intellectual labor ; even as physically they would have at once recognized the shock and the power of an earthquake. And he did not meet with any such acknowledgment.

Though he was honored by the notice of some, whose awakened attention in him *was* an honor ; and flattered by the praises of others who could well spare their flattery, the world had dealt so kindly with them ; yet that was but a feeble drop compared with the vast draught he would fain partake.

It was not enough for him, that men should say he was a youth of promising talents, that he would one day be an honor to his country ; it did not satisfy his boundless aspirations, that they should mention of him kindly as one who might some day work great things. The reward he desired was an immediate one, he had made ready (as he thought,) his brow for the brilliant crown ; he deemed himself worthy to wear it at once ; he could

not brook the delay of an even low-appreciating world.

Days and weeks passed on, and the stern truth began to unfold itself more and more to him, that it was only by patient toil, and long endurance, and continued hope, that he could ever secure for himself that prominent place on the heights of Fame which he coveted. As he looked upward, when he deemed his journey well nigh ended, and saw that height after height yet remained to be scaled, that there were wild torrents of Prejudice which must be forded, and broad deep ravines of Social Distinction to be passed, and the rugged steeps of the world's Pride, and the chilling, freezing snow drifts of repeated discouragement, and frequent failure, which must yet be crossed, he he could reach the majestic summit where he might build his eyrie and rest at last; his spirits shrunk back, his moral courage failed him, in the midst of all his fiery strength he felt himself most weak for so mighty a conflict. Storms gathered around the young traveller—the winds fell fast on his unprotected head; the sunlight but rarely beamed upon him, and *then* how wildly; as he pressed on his way, rarely broke the clouds asunder, showing him the calm blue sky beyond—rarely on that tempestuous journey, heard he the strong, gay and cheering songs of the birds of

hope—no flowers sprung up in his path. Ah! what could a spirit, newly fledged, though fiery and brave as his own, do in the combat, when so often the strong man staggers, and faints, and sinks down helplessly.

Gradually, the road in which his feet were set became impassable to him, and, alas! he had not the strong wings of Patience and Truth to bear him safely over the so-frequented, dangerous, and difficult places!

So, wearied out and disheartened, he turned into another path. He laid down his pen and cast aside his books, and, with a sinking heart, disgusted with the wearying strife he had borne so long, he sought employment elsewhere. He would fain hasten away from the scene of his mortification, for it *was* a mortification most bitter he endured. But in this attempt also, the lesson was forced upon his mind, which was ever so unwilling to learn such truths, that patient and oft-repeated effort most frequently bears off the palm of victory—that the race is not oftenest to the swift, nor the battle to the strong? It was an application for an office on board a vessel bound for a distant country, which proved unsuccessful, that filled up the measure of his disappointments.

It is with a shudder of horror, with the deepest regret, we turn to

the dark tragedy which finished the story of Chatterton's life on earth.

Think of him, a boy of only seventeen years, at an age when youth is usually but *beginning* to awaken to the hopes and thoughts of manhood; and in thought *he* had lived a life of many years! Sudden and transient had been the aspirations and the actions of his powers; wild and fearful were the storms which had rapidly swept over his spirit; but all was over in the space of seventeen years! His gigantic labors—they *were* gigantic when we consider his years—brought to him not even a sufficiency of the food which the laborer, by the mere exertion of his physical strength, may possess in abundance; his hopes had all deserted him;—the victories which would have inspired him to even increasing exertion were delayed, and so he stood at last “ambition-wrecked,” proud as a fallen angel, defiant as Lucifer, upon the brink of a high precipice to which he had forced his way;—his trust in God and immortality gone, behind him the fast-fading shadows of his splendid dreams, and before him impenetrable darkness, while to his strained, aching heart, came up from that darkness the river of the Future, urging him to cast aside the loathed fetters of life, and come to her embracing.

The brightness, which his spirit dared yet, though feebly, to whis-

per, *might* be in store for him, could he only pierce through the darkness of the cloud which enveloped him, seemed, in that last day of despair on earth, but as a child's lure, when compared with the reward which it was in his power instantaneously and forever to win! But one draught of the quick and perverting poison, and his striving for bread and for fame would be past forever; forever his burning thoughts would be laid to rest, his consuming desires be stilled! The temptation was, to him, an irresistible one. He died.

In horror we shrink from the contemplation of his crime, committed, not, we are forbidden to think, in a moment of insanity of passion; for his reason was clear and his mind unclouded, save by his own hard fortune—yet we cannot but lament over the extinguishment of a light, which, had he but suffered it, might ere long have illuminated the world. We cannot but weep over the weakness which was suffered to destroy a mind of such indisputable mighty power.

In the city of his birth, his beloved mother and sister still dwell; they were the beings whom of on earth he regarded with the most tender and sympathizing affection; he knew that even in the hour of his despair, when he was deserted by his good angel, that they were still cherishing the high hope

which he had suffered to glorify his
 last life; he had taught them to
 indulge in those great hopes—and
 how could he instruct *them* in those
 bitter lessons, which he had found
 so hard to learn? Even the re-
 membrance of them in his last
 hours, must have added intensely
 to his sorrows; the voice of affec-
 tion must have struggled hard, but
 how uselessly, with his democ-
 ratic pride!

Of all the names which have been
 written with tears on the records of
 genius, there is not one that awa-
 kens in the mind such regretful
 thoughts, and such unavailing, hope-
 less grief, as the name of Thomas
 Chatterton; not one whose brief
 and mournful history offers such
 a distressing warning, such solemn
 words of counsel to the young “as-
 pirant for fame.”

In him there was the most indo-
 lible pride, and yet a spirit that
 is not ashamed to confess itself
 miserable, and poor, and weak.—
 He could claim the utmost appar-
 ent earnestness,

“Oh! teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear!”

And yet his will was weak to
 resist that “goodness,” his pride
 was too vast effectually to fear that
 “justice”—his self-appreciation too
 great properly to own that “pow-
 er”—his faith not strong enough
 to cast all his care on Him who
 could sustain him!

In eighteen years his fiery race
 was over. In that time he had liv-
 ed the concentrated lives of hun-
 dreds, in all that truly makes life,
 in labor and in suffering! He had
 tasted drops of the intoxicating
 cup of fame—he had mingled in
 scenes of wasting dissipation—he
 had thought the thoughts, and
 dreamed the dreams, and in short,
 lived out the lives of many a time-
 worn gray-beard.

In the city where he first saw
 the light—where first were conceiv-
 ed the glorious dreams which made
 the happiness and misery of his
 life; there where he labored in his
 poor home, cheered on amid ever-
 arising and increasing difficulties,
 by an ever-strengthening ambition;
 there is a monument erected in hon-
 or of him, sacred to his memory.—
 Alas! it was only thus that the
 hopes of the mother received their
 poor fulfilment.

Strange and comparatively valu-
 less, are the fruits of his toil which
 the strange youth has left to them
 who have come after him. But
 what he has left, how richly illus-
 trative of what he might have done
 and been! Full enough remains
 of him to create a never-ceasing re-
 gret, unavailing though it is, in the
 minds of men. And sure there are
 none but can most earnestly *feel* in
 reference to him, all that he utter-
 ed of anthem in the last stanza of
 “Barstow Tragedy:”

“Thus was the end of Bawdin’s fate,
 God prosper long our King,
 And grant he may, with Bawdin’s soul
 In Heaven God’s mercy sing.”

J A N I R A C K .

BY JIM BLUNT.

'Twas many, many years ago,
Upon the green banks of the Po,
There lived a man who often told
Tales that occurred in days of old ;
For many sights his eyes had seen,
Besides what others said had been.
His head was grown all gray with years,
And Time had marked his brow with sears ;
But many youths still flocked around
To hear his tales of mystic sound.
One sunny summer's eve there sat
Around him boys, engaged in chat,
Who asked him to relate a tale
Whose plain recital could not fail
To interest them all the while,
Both in its bearing and its style.
The old man, wishing to amuse,
As well as teach, could not refuse.
So, sitting on an old divan,
He raised his head and thus began :
" I heard a tale when but a youth,
From one who was a man of truth ;
But still, I cannot testify,
Since it is veiled in mystery,
That *all* was true or *any* not—
By whom 'twas told I have forgot.
The tale is rather long, but still,
If you desire to know, I will
So far as I am able, tell
As it then was told to me ; "

And whether I shall tell it well
Or not, will be for you to see.
There lived upon the Guadalquiver,
A beautiful and limpid river,
A gentleman whose spotless name
And character had won th' esteem
Of all who knew him, and whose fame
That spread far from his native stream,
As one in whom all well might trust,
Since he was true, and kind, and just.
Jan Irack was the name he bore—
But I'll begin the tale before
Tis lengthened out too far. I'll tell
How he withstood the magic spell
Of those fell spirits who would have
Him sent to an untimely grave ;
Or leave him on the earth deprived
Of all for whom he toiled and lived.
Jan Irack won a blooming bride,
And many anxious lovers sighed
Because their love was made in vain,
They hated him who joined the twain.
There was indeed no happier pair
That then existed, anywhere ;
But there is not a state in life
Without its proper share of strife ;
And every one must meet with trials,
And suffer many self-denials.
The Elfin band of Fenderwall,
Whose fame was once well known to all ;
Declared his wife should not remain
Upon Jan Irack's fair domain.
Ah ! have you heard how Finley's son,
As bright a youth as ever shone,
Was carried off in all his pride,
And forced to wed an Elfin bride ?
And have you heard the mournful tale,

That Hamlet's daughter Aimebale,
Was stolen off the very night
She married by those fiends of might ?
And have you heard—but why rehearse
Such sad and mournful things in verse ?
I cannot bear to hear them told,
Though they occurred in days of old,
Nor do I wish to give you pain,
So we'll resume our tale again.
Upon an island in the sea,
In many kinds of sport and glee,
This cunning band of cruel Elves,
Would every night regale themselves.
They'd pass the wine from one to one,
And when the bowl around had gone,
They'd dance about and fiendish cries,
In deaf'ning tones raise to the skies.
One night while *there*, they formed a plan
To ruin Jan, that noble man,
And take away his lovely bride,
To their own haunts beneath the tide ;
For deep within the boist'rous sea,
Where monsters sport at liberty,
They lived, both free from death and change,
And ranged where'er they chose to range.
They had a certain way to charm,
The victims that they sought to harm ;
And should they not in this succeed,
They could no other use instead.
But so much power had this charm
That man was never found with arm,
Or heart with nerve that could withstand
The wishes of that cunning band.
Disjoining such a man and wife
Must end, they thought, with taking life ;
And all their magic power combined
Perhaps could not subdue his mind.

'Twould be like taking from the rose
Its fragrance, ere it fairly blows ;
Like separating from its place
 The blossom or the clinging leaf,
Or tearing from its fond embrace
 The vine that needs the oak's relief.

Upon a dark and cloudy night,
Jan Irac saw the strangest sight,
While walking on the sandy shore
Where he had often walked before ;
But why he, every eve alone,
Took this direction is not known.
Perhaps it was to feast his eyes
Upon the ocean's mysteries ;
To see the billows rise and fall,
And waves o'er mountain waves to roll,
Or, meeting, burst in clouds of spray,
Then, in a moment, pass away.
Thus captivated by the sight,
He lingered until it was night,
When music struck upon the ear
Which, so far from exciting fear,
Almost subdued his pensive mind,
And to the charm himself resigned.
The waters sang among the shells,
And, now and then, fine, tinkling bells,
Were heard out on the distant sea,
And then a myriad of lights ;
Were dancing round in wondrous flights ;
And they would often move along
Smooth o'er the sea with varied song.
The choir approached near to the shore,
And, coming nearer, charmed the more ;
And as he listened to the noise
There came without, a fine, shrill voice :

(To be Continued.)

LÉLIA'S LAMP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LEICHT RICHIE,

BY

ROBERT FLETCHER.

THE valley of Anzasca, on the road which leads from lake Majeur to the western frontier of Switzerland, is inhabited by two classes of men entirely different: farmers and *minerali*, or gold-seekers. The profession of the latter is regarded as contemptible by the other inhabitants. Their manner of living explains the prejudice which brands them: they are ordinarily quarrelsome, turbulent and abandoned to idleness.

Yet these miners are a strong race of men, brave, hardy, and above all of remarkable beauty.—They quickly spend what they gain without difficulty, and often pass the day asleep in the sun, in order to deaden their hunger; and if tomorrow fortune becomes favorable to them, they may be seen scattering their gold in the valley, which they take possession of, gallant and gay as if they were the lords and masters of it. If fortune or love treats them with too much severity, they leave the canton and the belated traveler is liable to meet them at night on the highways.

Francesco Mastilli was the handsomest of the gold-seekers in the valley; and though his manners were, with small exceptions, those of his tribe, yet he possessed many redeeming qualities, that the farmers—at least those who had daughters to marry—eagerly coveted his society. No one sang more charmingly than he the old ballads of the country. His was one of those sad voices, whose tones long vibrate on the chords of memory. All the young girls hastened to listen to his songs; one alone yet ignorant of them, this was Lélia, daughter of one of the richest farmers of Anzasca.

Lélia was scarcely sixteen years of age. She was perfectly beautiful; but her features were so small, her form so delicate, that she wore the air of a child. Her exterior declared an extreme delicacy; besides she rarely mingled in the animated games of her companions. She preferred to spend her days with her father, whose watchful tenderness supplied to her the cares of her mother, whose life her bit-

had cost ; and the little desire she had evinced of hearing the songs of Francesco, could only be attributed to a root of terror, with which those of his class had inspired her.

One day she was seated, according to her wont, at the end of her father's garden ; she was singing, with a sweet voice, while engaged in some needle-work. The garden was inclosed on that side by a hedge, planted on the brow of a deep ravine, in the middle of which flowed a small stream. Lélia's voice had scarcely strength to reach the rocks on the opposite side ; yet, to her surprise, she heard the last notes of her ballad repeated, as if by an echo. She sang another couplet in a tone more elevated ;—and a sonorous and melodious voice answered her immediately. Lélia's first impulse was to flee ; the second to remain and see if the voice would be heard again ; and the third (to which she yielded), to look over the hedge, by raising herself on tiptoe.

The echo which she discovered, was a young man seated in a small boat, which was stopped near the shore at the foot of the garden.—He supported himself on an oar—his face turned towards the top of the ravine, as if he were watching the star's appearance. Lélia thought that he had seen her while she was singing, and that he himself had

sung to attract her attention. If such had been his design, he did not appear to desire more, for after having gazed at her a moment, he turned his eyes away with an embarrassed air, and allowing himself to glide in the current of the stream, he immediately disappeared.

Lélia's life was as calm as the waters of a limpid lake, shadowed by a cloud. This incident was an event for her ; she felt herself blush in thinking of the young man's look, and she asked herself why he had departed without speaking to her.

It was only a week afterwards that she again saw this youth, whose memory had lingered in her timid imagination like a beautiful dream. This time they exchanged salutations ; the day after they spoke to each other—we can guess what they talked about. The world, hitherto so monotonous in her eyes, was now become to Lélia an enchanted abode. One thing disquieted her ; they had confessed their love, but the stranger had not yet told his name.

"My name?" said the unknown, "you shall know it soon enough."

"I must know it to-day, or to-morrow at latest."

"Why to-morrow?"

"Because, a young man who is protected by my father, is to come to claim my hand, and I cannot re-

sist his will without giving him a satisfactory reason. Perhaps you are poor; but you are good, and of an honorable family, no doubt, and I love you; that will be enough for him. Fortune is nothing in his eyes, compared with his daughter's happiness."

It was almost night when Lélia thus spoke to him; yet she perceived a light smile playing upon the lips of the youth, and a vague suspicion made her heart beat more violently.

The unknown remained some moments without replying; at last he said in a tone full of emotion:

"To-morrow, then."

"Here?"

"No, in your father's house."

The next day towards evening, the young aspirant of Lélia arrived, to be presented to her with the formalities of the valley; Lélia postponed, as long as possible, making her appearance in the great hall, where the old members of the two families were assembled. She had interrupted herself twenty times while dressing, to look through the lattices which opened on the road, tormented by a constantly increasing restlessness, for he did not see her lover coming. During this time she had the most bitter reflections. She was tempted to believe that all that had passed was a dream. Did the smile which she had perceived on the un-

known's face, proclaim the success of a cruel perfidy! At last, pressed by her father's repeated orders, she descended, pale and trembling.

The sight of so many persons who were awaiting her, completed her trouble. She dared not advance; while every one kept silence, their eyes fixed upon her, with all the gravity requisite on such an occasion.

"My child," said her father to her, with a smile mingled with sadness, "it is cruel at my age, to think of tearing myself away from all I love on earth; but I must yield to nature's laws, and I wish beforehand to insure thy lot; I leave my child happy."

Lélia fell at her father's knees, suffocated by her tears. Her sympathy appeared so deep, that all the spectators, being affected, pressed around her. When she raised her head, her eyes were drowned with tears, and she was as white as marble of Cordaglia."

Every one said to himself:—"Poor child! so feeble!" The father, alarmed, hastened to put an end to the ceremony.

"It is enough," said he, "Lélia, dost thou accept this youth for thy future husband?"

Lélia in vain attempted to speak she made a sign of acquiescence.

"My friends," said Nicoli, (this was the name of Lélia's father,

"my daughter accepts the future husband which you offer her. Salute your mistress my son, and circulate the cup of alliance."

"The maiden has not answered," observed one of the aspirant's relatives.

The pale lips of Lélia were about to obey, when the door suddenly opened and a man appeared in the midst of the assembly.

"Do not speak," he cried, "I forbid it thee."

Lélia sprang towards him uttering a cry, and would have thrown herself in his arms, had she not been held back by her father.

"What does this mean?" demanded Nicoli, angrily.

"I came to ask your daughter in marriage."

"How? miserable fellow!"

"How?" repeated the relations, with surprise, anger or contempt; each one according to his own character.

"There is," said the same voice instantly, "neither crime nor insult in asking a daughter in lawful marriage. Let the maiden herself answer, and then let her retire."

"He is right," said another kinsman; "speak Lélia; we will then be able to compel him to depart."

Lélia grows pale and red in turns; she makes one step, hesitating, and casts a timid glance on her father, when she remains motionless as a

statute, pressing her hand against her heart, as if to still its beating.

"My daughter," said old Nicoli, forcing himself to moderate his wrath, and taking her by the hand, "hast thou ever seen this man?—canst thou tell me his name?"

"No."

"No!!" exclaimed Nicoli. "The insolent fellow! go, my daughter, present thy cheek to thy future spouse, according to the custom of our ancestors, and let me then drive away this vagabond."

Lélia advanced mechanically towards her intended; but when he approached in his turn, and wished to give her the kiss of betrothal, she sprang towards the stranger.

"Do you think of it?" cried all the kinsmen, "do you not know him, then? It is Francesco, the gold-seeker."

Lélia, hearing the name of Francesco, fainted in his arms. It is impossible to describe the confusion which followed this scene. Lélia was carried to her chamber without consciousness, and it needed all the efforts of Nicoli's friends, to prevent him from using the utmost violence against Francesco, whom he loaded with insults.

"I can stand all from you," he answered the former. Yet no one has the right to call him a vagabond, who dwells in the abode of his an-

cestors, and exercises their trade ; but that is the least thing. My true wrong, in your eyes, is being poor. It is a great one, I confess. "If I had wished to rob you of your daughter, I could have done so in spite of all the world ; but I did not wish to expose so dear a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand of you then, a dowry for her, however small it may be ; you have the right, in your turn, to exact of me that I do not take her with empty hands. Fix a sum and give me one year ; If, at that period, I cannot count it out to you, I renounce the right which her preference has given me."

"That's wondrous well." answered some one, "I accept the proposition, in my capacity of nearest of kin to the husband that is to be, if, one year hence, Francesco has deposited on this table three thousand livres, in gold or silver coins, good money, we will withdraw."

At the mention of three thousand livres, an enormous sum for a gold-seeker, all the assistants began to laugh.

"Monsieur," said Francesco, with an anxiety which he forced himself to conceal, "three thousand livres !!"

He was interrupted by new peals of laughter.

"It is a very reasonable proposition," was said on all sides, "accept, neighbor Nicoli, accept."

"Be it so," said the latter, disdainfully, "I accept."

"And I, too," answered Francesco, with a gesture of pride, mingled with indignation ; and he went out.

After that day, a remarkable change worked itself in the conduct of Francesco. He devoted himself without relaxation, to the rude labors of his industry. Nothing checked his ardor. He might often have been seen at night, digging the mountains, river courses and the bed of torrents. It was with difficulty that he sometimes tore himself away from his labors to see his mistress. When they met in secret it was only to exchange some words of hope and love.

Yet weeks and months rolled on and the greater part of the promised sum still lay in the sides of the mountain. Francesco sometime lost courage ; then Lélia cheered him up ; for, by a miracle, which love alone can explain, this young maiden, so feeble, so timid, was become a woman, ardent and resolute. When she began to distrust her fortune, she had recourse to prayer, and went through all the churches, invoking God to obtain from Heaven that gold, which alone could insure her happiness.

The year was verging towards its close, and the quantity of gold which Francesco had amassed by his unheard of toils, was yet far from sufficient; but the very evening of the last day, he discovered a little perpendicular vein, and it was possible that this was traversed by another horizontal one,—which would form a *gruppi*, or nest, in which gold is commonly abundant and easy to extract. The labour was one of the most painful;—a heavy rain pattered in his face, and the darkness increased every instant. Francesco felt his strength failing, and his forehead was flooded with a cold sweat. He fell at last, void of feeling. Recovering himself, he was struck by the flash of a light, which shone at some distance from him. A cry was heard; the light approached, and he saw that it was carried by a being of phantom clothed in white. “Lelia,” cried he seized by a superstitious terror, on recognizing the features of his young mistress.

“Lose no time in words,” said she to him, “there remains much for you to do; and I have the full assurance that thy hope will not in this time be deceived. This place is that which has been shown me in a dream sent from God. Courage! Work! Here is a light; I will aid thee with my prayers, since I cannot do so with my hands.”

Francesco resumed his mattock, seized with admiration, to see the courage of the generous maiden.

“It is well! it is well!” said she to him, “heaven will be kind to us.” Some moments after she complained of the cold. “Hasten, my dear Francesco,” murmured she, with an enfeebled voice, “I could not again find the road to my father’s house without this light.” Many times she repeated this prayer to him. Francesco’s heart bled, when he thought of the sufferings this delicate and timid young maiden must suffer during so cold a night. His blows fell incessantly on the rock, which flew in splinters, when she said to him again, “Despatch! the fatal hour is about to strike, my father expects me at midnight; I can remain no longer. Adieu!”

Saying these words she departed, carrying off the light.

Francesco could not explain her flight to himself. Why did she leave him alone? What could he do in the dark? Did she abandon him because all hope was lost. He hastened to follow her, but soon a plaintive cry was heard, and the light disappeared. What had become of Lelia? A terrible thought caused him to stagger; yet it was possible that the light had been suddenly concealed by some rock, and the cry that he heard, was, no doubt, that of some bird chased by

the storm. Francesco then continued to descend the mountain ; but it was not without great peril that he chanced, after midnight, to reach the house of Lelia's father.

"Nicoli," said he to him on entering, "I cannot keep my promise, and I come to thank you for your fidelity in fulfilling yours. I have lost Lelia. Adieu !"

He was retiring with death in his heart, when Nicoli addressed him in a voice full of emotion.

"Pardon me, Francesco, the words which I have spoken to you. I know all that thou has done, and——" he interrupted himself, and wiped away a tear, when he saw the disordered clothes and unsettled features of the young man. "No matter, my word is given.—Adieu. Let Lelia be called, her intended awaits her."

Francesco stopped at the door. He wished, before leaving Lelia forever, to see her one last time.

"She is not in her room,"—said a valet, a few moments after.

The whole house was immediately on foot ; Nicoli ran through all the apartments, calling Lelia ! his dear Lelia ! She did not answer.

"Links ! torches !" cried Francesco beside himself. "Follow me."

Soon twenty men, carrying pine torches, whose light resisted the

most violent winds, directed their steps towards the mountain, guided by Francesco. Arrived at the place which he had left some time before, they perceived something white at the foot of the rock ; it was Lelia. She was sitting supported against the rock, with one hand on her heart. Her limbs were stiff and frozen ; near her was the lamp which her hand had let fall.

Francesco threw himself upon her ; then he took her in his arms seeking to re-animate her, and calling her just like her father, the tenderest names. She was dead !!!

The unhappy Nicoli only survived his daughter some months. For Francesco, no one has ever seen him since that fatal night. Since that time also there may be heard during stormy nights, a voice which seems to call out, groaning. The peasants say that it is Francesco looking for his mistress ; but what interests them much more still, there are wandering lights which are sometimes seen on the mountains. No one doubts that this is LELIA'S LAMP, which lights her lover while he works, and any one may remark the place where it shines ; for it is there that lies the mine of gold which the unhappy Francesco had not time to dig.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAR IN
CAROLINA.

WE are indebted to Dr. Hawks for the leading article in our present number. We know nothing of Col. Grey, but what is contained in the preparatory note from the Doctor's pen.

The narrative of Col. Grey, it must be borne in mind, is the Tory account of the War in Carolina, and while it is interesting and instructive, must be received with many grains of allowance. It affords an amusing and suggestive exhibition of "the ruling passion" of South Carolina; "Strong," even in defeat and dejection.

The whig forces at the battle of King's mountain, were, according to his authority, commanded by General Williams of South Carolina. The militia from that State behaved with a degree of steadiness, that would not have disgraced any regular troops; and the rebels were repulsed three times, but having changed their mode of attack, and made an attempt on a small party of North Carolinians on our left flank, who were not so well disciplined as the South Caro-

linians, they succeeded in breaking them; they soon communicated this disorder to the others, and at this critical moment Major Ferguson fell. A total rout ensued. This unfortunate affair gave a new turn to the War."

According to this authority, while North Carolina had a few undisciplined men, who nearly cost South Carolina the victory. Virginia seems to have had no representative in that important conflict.

There is not the slightest reference to Col. Campbell, the actual commander of all the forces or to his compatriots, Cleaveland, Sevier and Shelby.

Col. Williams, it will be remembered, was a native of Granville county in this State, who removed to Laurens' District, S. C., in 1772. He served upon our borders during the summer of 1780, as the subordinate of McDowell, and acquired his military experience under the command of that officer. He raised the principal part of the forces which he led at King's Mountain, in this State, under the authority of Gov. Nash, but a few days previous to the battle, and was sup-

plied by our commissariat, with provisions and forage from the beginning to the close of the expedition

The opinion expressed by Col. Grey, as to the strength of Toryism in this State, was the prevalent one at the time, at home and abroad except in North Carolina.—It served to delude and decoy Cornwallis to his ruin. His Lordship became satisfied, in a very short time after crossing the border, that “Mecklenburg was the most rebellious county in America;” and on the 18th April, 1781, a month after the battle of Guilford, having reached Wilmington, in his retreat, in a letter to Lord George Germain, he sums up his experience on the subject as follows :

“The principal reasons for undertaking the winter’s campaign, were the difficulties of a defensive war in South Carolina, and the hope that our friends in North Carolina, who were said to be very numerous, would make good their promises of assembling and taking an active part with us in endeavoring to re-establish his Majesty’s government. Our experience has shown that their numbers are not so great as had been represented, and that their friendship was only passive, for we have received little assistance from them since we arrived in the province, and although I gave the strongest and most pub-

lic assurances, that after re-fitting and depositing our sick and wounded, I should return to the upper country, not above two hundred have been prevailed upon to follow us, either as provincials or militia.”

We copy the MSS. as we received it, without venturing to change punctuation or orthography. Various errors will be apparent to the reader.

THE CLASSICS.

OWING to the disrepute into which the classical languages have fallen of late with many of our fellow-students, and to the growing negligence with which they are studied, we deem it our duty to say a few words in their favor, and to show the advantages arising from the diligent study of them.—And in treating this subject, we will endeavor to answer the principal objections urged against classical learning, hoping, that if we may be able to free it from these incumbrances, every one who commences this study, will continue to apply himself to the acquisition of a perfect knowledge of it, with increased diligence, and feel that they are not only capable of adding ornament, but are useful weapons in every walk of life.

The first objection urged against the Greek and Latin languages, is, “that this mode of education obli-

as the student to employ too much time in the acquisition of words." In answer to this I would observe, that it is a mistaken notion which some parents and most teachers have, that the proficiency the scholar is in proportion to the number of hours which he daily spends in preparing his lessons. The experience of all, who have slightly investigated this matter, proves that three or four hours each day, employed properly in the acquisition of learning, have a better effect than nine or ten, and are sufficient in a few years, to lay the foundation of classical knowledge. It may take some persons more time than this, but such dunces have no business with Latin and Greek; Nature has formed their minds in a rougher mould,—and it is their duty to follow such pursuits as are better adapted to their qualities of mind.

But it may be urged that if you do not employ more than three or four hours, the rest will be given to idleness and its necessary companions, criminal amusements and bad company; but this need not be the case, the rest of the day may be employed in riding, fencing, drawing and the like, which are not only very useful parts of education, but also very conducive to the health of the student. Besides, in this way you avoid idleness; the greatest misfortune incident to

early years, and all of its baneful influences upon the young and tender mind of the school boy.

Moreover, much is to be learned from the ancient languages, besides mere words, and that too without greater expenditure of time. The whole of the profane history of ancient times, is contained in these languages. From the writings of their authors, we may learn the purest precepts of uninspired morality, couched in the most enchanting language, and explained by the most pertinent examples, whatever is instructive in fable, whatever in description is beautiful, or in composition harmonious, the authors of Greece and Rome carried to perfection. Therefore, besides words, which give us a proper use of our own language, and with no more expense of time, can be learned the principle incidents of ancient history, and all that the mighty geniuses of Greece and Rome have written, either of philosophy, of poetry or of morality; and these, when taught in their native tongues, leave a deeper impression upon the mind. The ancient writers are also noted for the beauty, strength and simplicity of their styles, and the student may incorporate them, and thus make great improvement in style, which will enable him to deliver his sentiments in a more forcible and pleasant manner.

And secondly, those who are opposed to such studies object, "that when one has acquired these languages, he does not find that they repay his toil"—This is easily answered :

All who have made themselves familiar with these languages, agree in pronouncing the pleasure experienced in reading the ancient authors, as surpassing any other which they feel when reading any production in their own language. Fathers tell their children, Seniors their Freshmen, and teachers their pupils, that it will be a source of useful instruction and dignified amusement to them as long as they live.

The knowledge of the classics is the best foundation for the study of law, medicine, Theology, and many other honorable pursuits,—both of science and in the arts ;—and, in fact, no one can be a proficient in any one of the higher branches of learning, without some considerable knowledge of these languages.

In the third place some are so foolish as to assert "that the classics, when diligently studied, have a tendency to fetter genius, and thus to weaken rather than strengthen the mind." We will acknowledge that when one devotes himself wholly to the acquisition of any species of learning,—with the total exclusion of all other

studies, it deadens his mind and weakens its perceptions ; for, the mind, like the body, needs rest and if it is over fatigued, is as sure to be diseased. But Latin and Greek do not require such close application to be perfectly acquired and they can be learned in conjunction with all the other branches of learning which are necessary to the accomplished gentleman.

Milton was one of the most learned men that England ever produced ; and will any one pretend to say that his genius was clogged by the time he devoted to the studies ? His writings are full of the finest passages which are produced in classical learning.

Pope, Addison, Swift and Johnson, are supposed to have preserved the purity of their styles and the depth of their perceptions, from their intimate acquaintance with these languages. One thing is certain, that they were fine Latin and Greek scholars, and that it did not fetter their genius, is proven by their writings. Dryden was a fine scholar, but his knowledge of the ancient languages does not seem to have weakened his mind, or to have made him any less master of his own, for if it has, how did he write his sublime poems, so much admired and praised. The most noted English philosophers, Newton, Locke and Bacon, were celebrated for their intimate knowledge

the languages ; and we might mention almost all the genius that has ever shown brightly forth in all countries, and you would see that their minds, far from being weakened by the time they put to the study of the classics, seem rather to have been strengthened, and appear to have received their first stimulus to great exertions, from the time they became proficient in these studies. We could say much in favor of the study of Latin and Greek, but space will not permit, nor does necessity require anything more should be said, to convince any one of the necessity and use of these languages as a part of education.

COLLEGE RHYME AND ITS RHYMERS.

"EVERY dog shall have his day," is the vulgar maxim, and "every man shall at one time be invoked of the Muses," says experience. At last our time has come, the Muses have been invoked, and they are pouring out inspirations at the call of our college poet. Prose, ever a dignified and graceful maiden, has been neglected and, I may almost say, become an object of scorn. Every incident which happens must be celebrated in verse, every fair damsel must be extolled and implored in rhyme, and even philosophy has been obliged to be taught in stately prose, and must fain borrow interest by being explained in silly Poetry.

Unruly Pegasus, who could scarcely be managed by the intellects of Greece and Rome, has been tamed by our college poets ; each sits upon his back and guides him with perfect ease.

As was once said "*Poeta nascitur fit*," but college genius, among numerous innovations, has even

altered this time-honored maxim. It now reads.

Poetic inspiration can be obtained by every one, and Poetry itself is reduced to a science, no longer confined to a few gifted mortals, but open to all who but call for it. Yet like everything else, as it becomes more common, it becomes less valuable and less to be deserved. Once poetry was noted for the condensation and compactness of its sentences, but now a trifling incident, a frivolous reverie, or the like, give matter enough for many pages. A few drops of precious oil will serve to perfume a house for many months, but the same, if diluted with much water, will become odorless. So it is with the greater part of our college poetry ; the incident, reverie or tale upon which it is founded, may be good enough in itself, but when the same is involved in a multitude of unmeaning words, and diluted with many high-toned useless expressions, it loses its true character, and its sense is hidden behind this dense veil of words.

The evil which this foolish practice of writing verses causes, is considerable. Prose, which is much more desirable, much more useful and much more powerful, is no longer cultivated ; every one is vitiating his style, by clothing his ideas in so many fanciful expressions, and so many unmeaning metaphors, that the thoughts which they wish to impersonate are scarcely discernable. One thing is certain : half the essays, and nearly all the poems, or native rhymes, which are laid upon our editorial table for publication, go to that place, "from whence essays never return"—become the property of our immortal Balaam.

OUR thanks are due to those fair young ladies at St. Mary's, who honored us with numerous invitations to their pleasant soiree, and we assure them that we will ever hold them in grateful remembrance. Also, we are thankful to the committee of the Statesville Celebration, for their complimentary invitation to attend their railroad jubilee on the 14th of October. As we could not all attend "*in propria persona*" at either, we sent representatives who will no doubt give you a high idea of our corps.

THE first eight weeks of this session had passed away swiftly and pleasantly, and all began to hope that the students had lost all their love for noisy *bursts*. Religion had been gathering many reclaimed sinners into her precious fold, when some noisy, foolish fellows created a row, which led to a considerable riot—several members of the Faculty were burnt in effigy, and much of the college property destroyed. An appeal has been made by our President to the two Literary Societies, and they have answered his call—have passed such joint laws as will prevent the recurrence of like things again. We understand the Trustees are taking vigorous measures to put a stop to all such rioting, and have ordered the Faculty to hand the culprits over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to the laws of the State.

THE following beautiful description of woman's love, clipped from one of the works of Washington Irving, is so expressive of our notion of the love that noble woman bears to man, that we feel inclined to give it to our readers:—

"How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and who can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness? As the dove will conceal its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preyed in its vitals, so it is the nature of a woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace."

DR. WHEAT'S ADDRESS.

WE are sorry to learn that our esteemed Professor, Dr. Wheat, has declined granting his exceedingly able and appropriate Address, delivered before the two Literary Societies last Commencement, for publication. We regret this the more, as we know our readers will thus be debarred from a literary treat—a production well worth its distinguished author, and the interesting occasion. The Doctor's reasons for withholding it may be good,—yet we must confess ourselves disappointed.

CLASS OF 1857—'8.

[THE following was sent us for publication a few days ago. It refers to a custom among us, of appointing a time at which all the members of a class may meet again at their Alma Mater. No class was ever more respected and beloved by us all, than that which last graduated; may none be absent

the cold embrace of death! Gentlemen, we wish you a happy reunion in 1865.—Eds. :]

THIS Class, having held a meeting in Girard Hall, on Thursday of last Commencement week, agreed in June, 1865, as the most suitable time for a reunion of its members, at this spot of happy associations. A committee of correspondence, composed of three, was appointed, whose duty it will be to remind their classmates of this, when the appointed time shall be near at hand. The committee will not neglect their duty; though it is to be hoped that the sentiments of the class will be such as to render it unnecessary.

This notice might have been published before, but as the newly-made Alumni have not had more than sufficient time to send in their names to the *Mag.*, this will probably serve better as a memorandum to a greater number of those concerned.

COMMITTEE.

DEATH OF A GRADUATE.

"A LARGE CONCOURSE followed to the tomb yesterday, the remains of Mr. COLEMAN R. SESSIONS, a young man of marked amiability, generosity and upright character, and decided talent." &c.

It was with deep sorrow that we read the above passage in the *New Orleans Picayune* of the 11th ult., for it announces the untimely death of one well known to many of us, and beloved by all for his many excellent qualities of head and heart. Mr. Sessions graduated from this Institution a little more than two years ago, being a member of the Class of 55—'6. That class contained an unusual number of able men, and was distinguished

no less for the high moral tone of its members; among these, none was a more universal favorite than him we now lament—none commanded greater esteem, both from the faculty and his fellow students. As a scholar, his rank was with the first—in the social circle, he was beloved for his amiable traits of character, his gentle courtesy and his refined sense of honor. Mr. Sessions delivered the Valedictory at his graduation, and left his Alma Mater covered with laurels;—during the Senior year he acted as one of the Editors of this Magazine, and was an ornament to one of its ablest corpses. He had but lately graduated in the law office of his distinguished uncle, Senator Benjamin, and was already fulfilling the bright promise of his youth, when the cold hand of Death was laid upon him—and now he rests with his fathers! His life was much connected with our State;—here he spent his school-boy days in preparation for the University, and here he pursued his collegiate education. If he had lived, who can tell what honors would have been his? Already he was following in the footsteps of his uncle, and bid fair soon to be ranked among the first of his profession.—We then would have rejoiced in his success, and claimed him as our own. Let us drop then a tear, nor only one over the grave where so much youthful promise, so many noble aspirations, so many lovely virtues lie buried! Let us sympathize with those to whom he stood in still closer and tenderer relations.

THE STATE FAIR.

WE had the pleasure of attending the State Fair, and not being much

accustomed to deal with the fruits of agriculture, or much acquainted with the qualities of good cattle, we will not give our own judgment of these things; but we have heard it said, by those competent of judging such articles, that it was rather a poor show.

But we will say that there never was such a fine selection of young ladies, either in respect to beauty, agreeableness or fine qualities of mind. We were with them a great deal, and never before in our life has time passed so pleasantly, nor have we ever before been so completely carried away by the fascinating looks, the graceful demeanor and agreeable conversation, of any set of young ladies. Our college commencements are indeed pleasant, but we, who have attended four, are decided in our opinion that the State Fair far excelled them all combined.

The different sections of the State, seemed more anxious to claim the prize for the prettiest women, than for any other production.—Warren, Halifax, Orange and Wake sent their handsomest, finest and loveliest ladies, and St. Mary's School; which is rarely excelled in anything, exhibited a selection of the choicest countenances, loveliest eyes and best behaved girls that we have ever seen.

Now, although we consider ourselves good judges of beauty and all other female accomplishments, yet, as we might be prejudiced in favour of one side, we will give no decision.

But let us heartily thank the young ladies and towns-people for their kind reception, and beg them to attend the next at which we will promise to be present. Also let us ardently hope that they will attend

our next Commencement, that we may partly repay them by acting the agreeable ourself.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

DIALECTIC HALL, }
Oct. 18, 1858. }

WHEREAS, God in his wisdom has seen fit to afflict us by the death of our fellow student, J. M. HOLT, and more particularly, to bring sorrow and mourning on the Dialectic Society, by this his providence, we, remembering the beauty that shone in his character while he lived among us, and more that all, feeling the bereavement of a brother member of our Society are moved to

Resolved, That, though the Dialectic Society acknowledges in her loss the hand of Providence, she can but weep that one of her children is so prematurely snatched from her fostering care.

Resolved, That the Dialectic Society truly sympathizes with the mourning parents and relations of the deceased, and in the depth of her affliction, still shares with them the consoling hope, that he who gave her but taken to himself.

Resolved, That in testimony of our grief, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved parents and relatives of the deceased, and that they be published in the University Magazine, Raleigh Register, Greensboro' Patriot, and Salisbury Watchman.

E. JONES, }
R. WEBB, } Com.
L. BUTLER }

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, }
Oct. 23d, 1858. }

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence, to call down in the midst of his youth and promise JAMES M. HOLT, late a student of the University, and member of the Dialectic Society; the Philanthropic Society, sharing in the general sorrow which this melancholy event has produced is desirous of manifesting its sympathy on this occasion, therefore,

Resolved, That the untimely death of our young friend has, afflicted us with feelings of deep grief and that, while we bow with resignation to the will of Providence, we cannot but deplore the loss of one just beginning his career among us, and bidding farewell by his lovely character, to secure for himself usefulness and happiness in life.

Resolved, That we tender our sincerest sympathies to our sister Society, which now mourns the death of a worthy member.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved family, behalf of the Philanthropic Society, the expression of our deepest regrets under their sad affliction, and we trust that He who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow" may bring to their relief the consolation of religion.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the University Magazine, Chapel Hill Gazette, Raleigh Standard and Greensboro' Times, and that copies of the same be transmitted to the Dialectic Society and to the family of the deceased.

W. T. NICHOLSON, }
S. H. BRICKELL, } Com.
G. P. BRYAN, }

Receipts acknowledged in our next.

The Chapel Hill Literary Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Foreign and Local Intelligence, the Markets, Agriculture, &c.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

IN

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,

At \$2 Per Annum, in Advance.

TO CLUBS:

"THE GAZETTE" will be furnished to Clubs, (all sent to one Postoffice,) at the following rates:

ONE COPY, One Year,.....	\$2 00
FIVE COPIES, One Year,.....	8 50
TEN COPIES, One Year,.....	15 00
TWENTY COPIES, One Year,.....	25 00

Every person getting up a club of five or more subscribers and forwarding us the money for the same, will be furnished with the sixth copy gratis.

The subscriber would respectfully announce that having recently made large additions to the

JOBGING DEPARTMENT

of his Office, he is now prepared to execute every variety of plain or fancy Printing, such as

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, HAND-BILLS, COURT

BLANKS, VISITING, BUSINESS, AND WEDDING

CARDS AND TICKETS, LABELS, &c., &c.,

In the neatest manner and on reasonable terms. Orders by mail or otherwise for job work will be promptly attended to.

Address,

JAMES M HENDERSON,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

PROSPECTUS.

North Carolina University

MAGAZINE.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this College Monthly commenced with the AUGUST number. The Editors will spare no pains to make it, while under their charge, worthy of

SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE.

Each number shall consist of about FIFTY pages of original and choice matter. In the editorial of each number will be found, besides other articles, a monthly record of College and such other events, as may be deemed suitable.

This Magazine is entirely devoted to the cultivation of

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE,

and should have the support of every Carolinian. A liberal subscription is much desired, as by it the Editors will be enabled to make several necessary improvements.

TERMS.

\$2 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS MADE TO CLUBS.

Address,

EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

J. M. Henderson

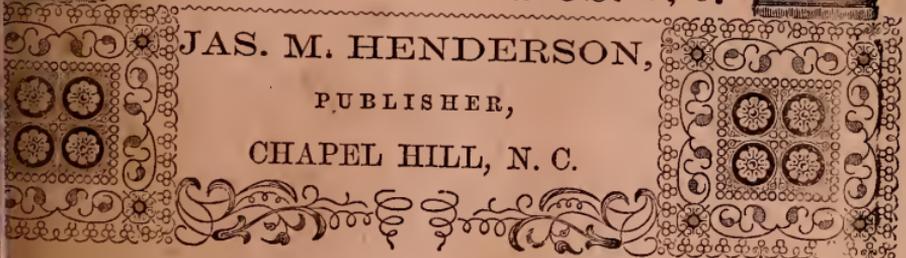


NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE

DEC. & FEB.
1858 '9.

VOL. VIII. NOS. 5, 6.

JAS. M. HENDERSON,
PUBLISHER,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



N. C. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

DEC. & FEB. 1858 '9.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. A Fan for Fanning, &c.,.....	193
2. Nag's Head, a Poem,	223
3. Robert Burns—Character and Poetry,	228
4. The Mother, a Poem,	236
5. General Reading,.....	238
6. Lines to ——.....	245
7. Jan Irack, a Poem,	246
8. York's English Grammar,	255
9. Josephine, a Poem,.....	263
10. Child's History of North Carolina,	270
11. Verses,	275

EDITORIAL TABLE.—Our Chit Chat—Lord Montague, s
Page—The Sublime—Seek not for Fame—College
Again—Beauty—Pleasures of Memory—Hawks'
History—Our Exchanges—The New College Build-
ings—Tributes of Respect—Money wanted,.....276
The Magazine is published about the first of every
month except January and July.

Terms \$2 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Any
person sending us five new subscribers and TEN DOLLARS,
will receive a copy gratis.

Address Editors of the University Magazine, Chapel
Hill, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

R. C. BADGER,
S. L. JOHNSTON,

R. F. HAMLIN,
C. W. McCLAMMY,

G. B. JOHNSTON,
F. D. STOCKTON,

OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1858-'59.

VOL. VIII,

FEBRUARY, 1859.

NOS. 5 & 6.

A FAN
FOR FANNING,

AND

A TOUCH-STONE TO TRYON;

Containing an impartial account of the rise and progress of the so much talked of
Regulation in North Carolina.

BY REGULUS.

BOSTON--Printed and sold at the Printing Office, opposite the seat of William
Vassal, Esq., at the head of Queen Street,

1771.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION.

will be readily granted, that the task of an Historian is a difficult one, and that because of its being almost impossible to obtain good and proper information; nor does this always arise from a design to deceive, in them who furnish material for history; but from an aptness in men to inform us, not of the facts as they are in themselves, but immediately connected with their circumstances and causes, but the impressions made upon their

minds, by the effect of civil and political conduct. Hence it is, that one Historian is called a Jacobite and a Tory, and another a Whig, and a friend to his Country, and an impartial writer, when such declarations do not ascertain the real character of the writer, they serve only to inform of what side and opinion he is, whom we hear thus judging, and what are the feelings of his mind. But, however difficult the task, the advantage of having even an imperfect History

is so great as to be a sufficient counterpoise, and determine them, who have it in their power, to inform their Country as fully as they can. And this it is that hath prompted me to undertake to give an account of what has been called the Regulation in North Carolina.

I have no fondness with authors in general, to preface the work by telling the reader he has nothing to expect, that I am engaged in other avocations, &c., because I think that an affront to men's understandings, and is, in other words, saying that the book is not worth a reading. I intend to do the subject all the justice I can, and leave all to judge of the merit of the work for themselves.

I will also let the reader know my authority. I have in my hands an account of all the affairs in Orange county, in which place the Regulation has made the most noise. It was written by one who speaks thus of himself, viz :

"The truth of the whole cannot be denied ; but if it should, this I am sure of, that I never can be convicted in myself, wilfully and knowingly, either of having concealed a truth, or of setting forth an untruth. And likewise, that I have been so well acquainted with the whole affair, and that I think no man in the province could give a better (that is a more authentic) relation of the matter."

It is often a question with readers, who is the author ? For answer in the present instance, I can inform them that the author above quoted, was esteemed a good, sensible and honest man in the place of his nativity. One anecdote of his life will give the reader an idea of the man. He is the eldest son of a reputable farmer, who died suddenly, possessed of a large landed interest, and without leaving will ; which interest, by the law of the Province in which he had lived, fell to the eldest son, our author, who was, at the time of his father's death, in North Carolina where he had, with much industry and care, made a good settlement for himself and family. Upon the death of the Father, the rest of the children sent for their elder brother to come and take possession of and settle their Father's effects. He came, and finding that his father had made no will, said : "I could never have been the intention of my father, that I should have his landed estate." Therefore, he sold the whole estate, save a small farm or tract, of about 200 acres which his brothers and sisters desired him to keep, and made a distribution of all the monies arising from sale of said lands, to the great satisfaction of his brothers and sisters. This shows that he was a just man ; and one that loved virtue more than riches.

I am the more pleased with this part of our author's character, as a similar conduct in the character of the great Philosopher, Doctor Francis Hutcheson, Professor in the University of Glasgow, is much magnified, and pointed out as a remarkable and almost singular instance of disinterestedness.

Having known something of our author, it may be proper in the next place, as leading to our principal subject, to say something of the settlement and inhabitants of North Carolina. Its name points out the Prince that granted the charter of the Province, who was Charles the Second, after his restoration to the crown of England. The grantees were the Earl of Clarendon, Duke of Albermarle, Lord Craven, Lord Berkely, Lord Anthony, Ashley Cooper, Sir George Carteret, Sir William Colleton, and their heirs. The patent or grant appears to have been an *exclusive* one; for the first government was a kind of sovereignty; but this kind of regency proving very troublesome, the proprietaries, all save one, sold the Lordship to the crown, and it has ever since been a royal Government. It was settled, as almost new countries are, by those who would not live in their own PLACE; who sat down upon the sea coast, or places contiguous to navigable water. And such has been the fate of Newbern, and other pla-

ces in North Carolina, that for many years they were accounted an Asylum for all such as fled from their creditors, and from the hand of justice, and such as would not live without working elsewhere; men regardless of religion and all moral obligation. Hence it was, that refugees from the western governments, and from *Connecticut*, found a safe retreat in North Carolina; particularly on the sea coast and places adjacent. The settlement of the inland country has been very slow, till since the last war, when families from Virginia, Maryland, the lower government, Pennsylvania, Jersies, New York, &c., have moved down, five or six hundred in a season; by which Orange county was populated; and by good industrious laboring men, who knew the value of their property better than to let it go to enrich petyfoggling Lawyers, extortionate and griping publicans or tax-gatherers, and such as delighted in building palaces at the expense of the honest farmer and tradesman.

The above picture may perhaps be supposed too strongly represented; the dark part set too much to view, and therefore drawn by the pen of bitterness. If such thought should occur to any reader, I have only to ask of him, that he would suspend a judgment in the case, until he has heard the whole matter, and if then he should think the

writer deserving censure, he will please to remember that he who has seen and heard from the sufferers' own mouths, must have feelings different from him who reads only, and that with a persuasion, that a bad story, however true, ought not to be told, especially when it affects public characters.

The writer has thought it proper to give this short general description of North Carolina, to prepare the mind of the reader, as well as to enable him to form a right judgment; as many things will occur in the course of the papers, that to a man of Massachusetts will seem *unaccountable*; and perhaps none more so, than that from the year 1765, the people in different parts of Carolina, appeared against, openly against the most flagrant breaches of all law, on the side of the civil officers, and were not able to obtain even the least relief; and their complaints beginning at that time shows that their oppressions were of older date, and makes it probable that the era of Carolina's misery commenced at that period, when the great Col. Fanning, and the magnanimous Gen. Tryon, mistaking the designs of nature, in their formation, by a marvellous metamorphosis became politicians.

One hint I think necessary, to give the reader in this introduction, and that is, that Gov. Tryon does not appear to have acted in any

part of his character which concerned the regulations, under ministerial influence, save what might have been the effects of his own and his tools' presentations to the King's ministers; but rather appears to have been so great a fool, as to have been led by Fanning, or that he and Fanning, with the rest of the civil officers, were leagued together, knaves alike, to fleece the people that they might build palaces, &c. For Fanning, when he arrived in Carolina seven or eight years ago, was poor; he had, before he left Carolina, the last summer, amassed a fortune of near ten thousand Pounds sterling, and all out of the people, as will appear by and by.

How unfortunate is that Prince, who is sorely wounded through the side of base designing wretches, who prostitute all things sacred and evil to deceive their King, and to get into places of important trust; and because they have spent much time in basely sycophantizing to a noble Lord, and prostituting the honor and virtue of their family connections, when in place, run hard to bring up lost time, and the King's good subjects are made their beasts of burden and of prey.

How fortunate, on the other hand is that Prince, and happy the people, when he that governs is a wise and good man, and one who knows the boune of the privslege

and limits of the ruler's power.— Should not they who are thus happy, prize and love such an one, and in every instance avoid giving him pain, remembering his anxiety and sollicitude, for the prosperity of the King's, his master's subjects.

No 2.

It was said in No. 1 that the inhabitants of North Carolina in general, had not any just sense of religion, and that disturbances existed on account of the oppression of the people, long before the Regulation, or any such thing took place in Orange county. For the first of these the writer can declare from his own knowledge, to which he will add the testimony of a North Carolina man, in his own words with this observation: That, although to argue from particulars to universals, be in conclusive logicality speaking; yet in the instance before us, and in instances similar to it, we may, because we judge right in determining the disposition of readers by the composition that pleases them.

The testimony above adverted to is taken from a Granville paper, and is entitled: "A serious address to the inhabitants of Granville County, containing a brief narrative of our deplorable situation by the wrongs we suffer. And some necessary hints, with respect to a reformation."

The writer of said piece having spoken on the nature of law in general, and of the laws and constitution of North Carolina in particular; showing the excellency of the constitution, proceeds, in his address to the people, thus: "Well gentlemen, it is not our form or mode of government, nor yet the body of our laws, that we are quarreling with, but with the malpractices of the officers of our county courts, and the abuses we suffer by those that are empowered to manage our public affairs; this is the grievance, gentlemen, that demands our serious attention.— And I shall show you that most notorious and intolerable abuses have crept into the practice of the law in this county, and I doubt not into other counties also; though that does not concern us.

In the first place, there is a law which provides, that every lawyer shall take no more than fifteen shillings for his fee in the County Court. Well, gentlemen, which of you has had his business done for fifteen shillings? they exact thirty for every cause; and three, four and five Pounds for every cause attended with the least difficulty; and, in the Superior Court, they exact, as fees, almost as many hundreds and laugh at us for our stupidity and tame submission to these damn'd, &c.

Again, a poor man gives his judgment bond for five Pounds ; which bond, is by the creditor thrown into court. The clerk of the county has to enter it on the docket, and issue execution, the work of one long minute, for which the poor man has to pay the trifling sum of *forty-one shillings and five pence*.—The clerk, in consideration of his being a poor man, takes it out in work, at eighteen pence a day.—The poor man works some more than twenty-seven days to pay or this one minute's writing.

Well, the poor man reflects thus: At this rate when shall I get to labor for my family ? I have a wife and a parcel of small children suffering at home, and here I have lost a whole month, I don't know for what, for my merchant, or creditor, is as far from being paid as ever.—However, I will go home now and try, and do what I can. Stay neighbor, you have not half done yet.—There is a damn'd lawyer's mouth to stop yet ; for you empowered him to confess that you owed this five Pounds, and you have thirty shillings to pay for that or go and work nineteen days more ;—and then you must go and work as long for the Sheriff for his trouble, and then you may go home and see your horses and cows sold, and all your personal estate, for one tenth of the value to pay off your merchant ; and lastly, if the debt

is so great that all your personal estate will not do to raise the money, then your lands the same way to satisfy these accursed caterpillars, that will eat out the very bowels of our commonwealth, if they are not pulled down from their nests in a short time. And what need I say to urge a reformation ? If these things were absolutely according to law, they are enough to make us throw off all submission to such tyrannical laws ; for were such things tolerated, it would rob us of the means of living ; and it were better to *die* in defence of our privileges, than to perish for want of the means of subsistence. But as these practices are contrary to law, it is our duty to put a stop to them before they quite ruin our country, and before we become slaves to these lawless wretches, and hug our chains of bondage, and remain contented under these accumulated calamities.

I believe there are few of you who have not felt the weight of these iron fists. And I hope there are none of you but will lend hand towards bringing about this necessary work, (*viz.* a reformation): And in order to bring it about effectually, we must proceed with circumspection, not fearful but careful.

First, let us be careful to keep sober—do nothing rashly—act with deliberation.

Secondly, let us do nothing against the known established laws of our land—that we appear not as a faction endeavoring to subvert the laws, and overturn the system of our government. But let us take care to appear what we really are, *free subjects by birth*, endeavoring to recover our lost native rights, and to bring them down to the standard of law.”

So far the Granville paper; from which it appears that there have been the same evils elsewhere, with the same which produced uneasiness in Orange county. And that they never thought of destroying the constitution, as has been said by Mr. Tryon's tools.

The writer of the above cited address to the inhabitants of Granville, was indicted for libelling the officers, &c., and imprisoned. This happened in the year 1765. And the law suit was not ended in the beginning of the year 1770.

As a consequence of the above address, &c., the people of Granville petitioned the legislative body for redress of grievances, and against the malpractices of the officers, the consequence of which was, that the officers sued the Petitioners, and brought their actions against them as libellers, which action proved the fate of the former, i. e. in suspense in year 1770; the officers in the meanwhile, carrying on their old trade, of oppressing

and griping the poor inhabitants. Nor did the evil arise from lawyers, &c., demanding exorbitant fees, and refusing to do the people's business until they had what they asked; this perhaps may be answered with a *let them not employ lawyers*; but they must employ clerks to register their deeds, &c., and these men have demanded six times the legal fee, and will not do the business for less; and what is the consequence? The land becomes forfeit; the clerks and lawyers, &c. watch their opportunity and seize the forfeiture, and possess the lands, and the people, when they have improved them must turn out, or pay for them the demand of these men. These, I say, were not the only evils complained of; great levies were raised from the people, and no accounts given for what use. And therefore it was, that not only Granville, but the counties of Brunswick and Cumberland, in the year 1764, refused to pay the tax-gatherers; nor was their refusal treated with sword and cannon; be the reason what it may; perhaps these tax-gatherers had not yet let G. T. into the secret of getting rich at the expense of the people, under the plausible pretence of raising public monies. Whatever the reason, it appears that there was no public resentment (resentment of government) expressed, until Orange

uneasy, and would no longer bear oppression ; similar causes producing similar effects ; Orange, without even knowing the state of the other counties, attempted, as they say themselves, "to plead their own cause at the bar, against extortion," at which time some persons from the borders of Granville told them "they feared *that* matter would ruin some of them, for that just such a cause had been undertaken in Granville county some years ago, and that they were at law about it to that day." But why so displeased with Orange county, and not with the rest? No other county was blessed with a FANNING, whose rigid vice could not brook a detection ; and whose despotism would not suffer him to think that the men who chose him their representative, *his equals*, whose proud heart would not bear the instruction of *his constituents* ; for this seems solely to have been the cause of his high dudgeon ; though we will not say that that there was not a design formed particularly against Orange county, because the body of its inhabitants were dissenters from the established Church of England. If there was no such design, why were not Granville, Brunswick and Cumberland, where Quakers and Baptists are not so numerous, treated with the lenient measures of Powder and Ball? If there was no design, why did Fan-

ning project the scheme of a college and form a plan, which in itself, not altogether impracticable, was most absurd, he, in the charter of which, places himself at the head of the institution, *an excellent chancellor of a college*, and the Rev. Joseph Alexander, next to himself in the Faculty. What was this but to bring over the Presbyterians to his side, against their brethren of other denominations. And with the same spirit and design the Governor gives commissions making one Colonel Alexander, and another Captain Alexander and another Alexander Esq., Justice the Peace, &c., &c. ; and all this *take in* a large body of Presbyterians, settled in Orange county since the last war, that they might be ready tools of the Junto, to set as pack horses, to do their drudgery ; and this unriddles the affair " *thousands coming in and taking oaths of Government* ;" those who had been bought by commissions and professorships in this curious projected, Fannian College, to castle, or rather college in the *they came in* and took the oaths of government, and poor, ignorant people, dependent on Esq. such one, Col. such a one, they follow and Gov. T—n has the satisfaction of seeing hundreds daily coming and submitting, many of whom would, for a morsel of bread, take the oaths for Gov. T—n to-day

the Pope to-morrow, and for a bottle of rum, to the Grand Turk the day following.

Having taken this general view of the state of affairs in North Carolina, from which it appears that there was a general oppression exercised upon the people, whether the effects of a concerted scheme or no, let every one determine for himself; we return to the affairs in Orange county in particular; the inhabitants of which, as we before said, labored under accumulated calamities. Their first step was to do themselves justice in the courts of law, in which they failed, after spending much time and money. And from what the people say, it appears that such was Fanning's interest with the Governor, that he could turn out of commission any one he pleased; the truth of this will be seen, in the course of these papers; therefore, he necessarily must have an influence upon the court, proportioned to their love of official dignity.— And this will account for the strange conduct of the civil courts in the county of Orange.

Having no hopes from appeals to the laws of their Country, the inquiry was: what shall we do? shall we tamely submit? If we petition the Legislation of the colony, we may judge of the success we are like to have, by what we have known, in the case of our neigh-

bors of Granville. What then remains! After many conferences on the subject of their grievances, they came to this resolution: to address public Officers, particularly the civil magistrates, Assembly men, &c., and, if possible, to have matters fairly looked into and settled; that if their complaints were just, the causes of them might be removed; that if their jealousies were groundless, they might be convinced of it, and made quiet.

No. III.

In the western and southern Provinces, they knew not of the Government of towns by selectmen, &c., nor of choosing Jurymen; the Sheriff of the county summoning whom he pleases in all the county, for that service; hence it is that County Courts are places of great concourse. People from all parts of the county flocking thither, some for the business of the court, others for trade, and many for sports and diversions—therefore proper places for collecting the sense of the body of the people, as well as for doing such business as concerns the whole. And this gives us the reason of the conduct of a number of respectable inhabitants in Orange county, who formed the address mentioned in No. II, and, at an inferior court, some time in the summer of 1766, read it in the audience of all the people, and pre-

sented it to their Representatives and to the magistrates of the county. I choose to give the Address in their own words, that the reader may see and judge for himself of what spirit they appear to have been, that they were not all fools and madmen, having a mischievous design against the government, as has often been said by Fanning, &c. :—

ADDRESS.

“That great good may come of this great designed evil, the Stamp Law, while the sons of liberty withstand the Lords of Parliament, in behalf of their true liberty, let not officers under them carry on unjust oppression in our own Province; in order thereto, as there are many evils of that nature complained of in this county of Orange in private amongst the inhabitants, let us remove them—for if there is no cause, let us remove the jealousies out of our minds. Honest rulers in power will be glad to see us examine this matter freely—and certainly there are more honest men among us than rogues; yet rogues are harboured amongst us sometimes almost publicly.

Every honest man is willing to give a part of his substance to support rulers and laws, to save the other part from rogues; and it is his duty, as well as his right, to see and examine whether such rulers abuse such trust; otherwise, that

part so given may do more hurt than good.

Even if we were all rogues, in that case we could not subsist, but would be obliged to frame laws to make ourselves honest; and the same reason holds good against the notion of a Mason Club.

Thus, though justice must be desired by all, or the greatest number of men, when grievances of such public nature are not redressed, the reason is, what is everybody's business is nobody's; therefore, the following proposals are offered to the public, viz :—

Let each neighborhood throughout the county meet together, and appoint one or more to attend a general meeting on the Monday before next November court, at a suitable place where there is no liquor, (strong drink); at which meeting let it be judiciously enquired into, whether the freemen of this country labor under any abuses of power or not; and let the same be notified in writing, if any be found, and the matter be freely conversed upon, and proper measures used for amendment.

This method will certainly cause the wicked men in power to tremble; and there is no damage can attend such a meeting, nor nothing hinder it but a cowardly, dastardly spirit; which if it does, at this time while liberty prevails, we must mutter and grumble under any

uses of power, until such a no-
spirit prevails in our posterity ;
take this as a maxim, that while
we are men, though we should
be all those sons of liberty,
who have just redeemed us from ty-
ranny. set in office and vested with
power, they would soon corrupt
gain and oppress, if they were
not called upon to give an account
of their stewardship. ”

Thus did a number of freehold-
ers, inhabitants of Orange county,
under the name, and by the consent of
the people in general, solicit their
representatives, &c., to meet their
constituents, that they might have
the opportunity of mentioning their
grievances, and of telling wherein
they thought themselves aggrieved ;
proposing, that if it should appear
necessary, to endeavor for a new
election of all those officers, that by
the constitution were elective ; such
as assembly-men, vestry-men, &c.,
and this leads us to an understand-
ing of some expressions in the pro-
posals, or addresses, viz : “ There
are more honest men among us
than rogues, &c. ” It seems that
the former and the others of the offi-
cers, had impressed the minds of
the people in general, with a belief,
that such was the union of brother-
hood founded in Masonry, that
it extended itself into all parts of the
county, that it would be vain for
the planters or common people, to
make any attempt, by an election,

either to turn the present officers
out, or to choose others from a-
mongst themselves, into place or
office ; and therefore it is, that the
authors of the address assert that
there are more honest men among
them than rogues ; for if these men
in office, are Masons, as they call
themselves, and the consequence to
us is oppression, and no justice,
they must be rogues ; and upon the
supposition that it be so, that we,
the Country, are not equal in num-
ber to these combined men ; yet, if
we are all rogues, there must be
law, and all we want is to be gov-
erned by law, and not by the will
of officers, which to us is perfectly
despotie and arbitrary ; for we are
made to believe that to be right
and legal, which they say is so ;—
and it is but seldom these gentry
will condescend to tell us what is
law, but *pay me so much money*, is
their usual manner of accosting us ;
and if we say we will not pay until
we know what it is for, away goes
the horse to the post, for sale, or
the man to prison ; though the lat-
ter is seldom the case, that not be-
ing the way to enrich the tax-gath-
erer.”

The above address being read in
the audience of all present at the
court, Mr. Lloyd, one of the Repre-
sentatives of Orange county, de-
clared his approbation of it, and the
rest acknowledged the reasonable-
ness of it ; in consequence of which,

Mr. Lloyd fixed the day of meeting to the tenth of October following.

The people being thus encouraged, met in several neighborhoods, and jointly agreed to choose certain persons, who should be a committee from each of them, to meet on the day appointed, and form something like a general assembly of the County, by their deputies. The form of their resolve or agreement was as follows, viz :—

“At a meeting of the neighborhood of, the 20th of August, 1766, it was unanimously agreed to appoint W. C. and W. M., to attend at a general meeting, on the 10th of October, at the place fixed upon by Mr. Lloyd and others, where they are judiciously to examine whether the freemen of this county labor under any abuses of power; and particularly to examine into the public tax, and inform themselves of every particular thereof, by what laws and for what uses it is laid, in order to remove some jealousies out of our minds.

“And the representatives, vestry men, and other officers, are requested to give the members of said meeting what information and satisfaction they can, so far as they value the good will of every honest freeholder, and the executing public offices pleasant and delightful.”

In this situation matters rested until October 10th, the day appointed, when twelve deputies from the people met, but not one of the officers appeared. Towards the evening Mr. James Watson, of what character or office does not appear, came with a message from Col. Fanning, one of the Representatives for the county, that he, Fanning, had always to have met the people, according to his repeated declarations and promises, at the time and place above mentioned;—but that he had, a day or two ago, observed the word *judicially*, in a paper drawn up by the people of the Deep River settlement; which Fanning said, mistaking it, either willfully or ignorantly, for the word *judicially*, signified by a court of authority; this, with many other reasons equally frivolous, Watson said Fanning gave for his not attending, and in short, says he, Col. Fanning looks on it as an insurrection, & Fanning's haughty, despotic, and tyrannical spirit, could not bear the instruction of his *constituents*, nor would he that they should know to what laws they were governed, or anything respecting the government but that the people should tamely, like asses, couch under the burdens, and submit themselves willing prey to officers.

Somewhat nettled at the neglect and contempt with which they had been treated, the deputies of the

neighborhood drew up a second address to their representatives, &c., copy of which follows, viz:—

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Orange county, for conference (at rebellion) with our representatives, on public affairs, &c.

It was the judgment of said meeting, that, by reason of the extent of the county, no one man, in general way, is known by above a tenth man of the inhabitants; which reason, such a meeting for public and free conference, year and as often as the case may require, was absolutely necessary, in order to reap the benefit designed in that part of our constitution (choosing our representatives, could find themselves at an infinite loss to answer the design of our constituents, if deprived of consulting their minds in matters of weight and moment.

And whereas at the said meeting, none of them appeared (though think properly acquainted with appointment and *request*,) yet, the thing (the insurrection and conferring with representatives) is in this county, (though practiced in older governments,) they might not have duly considered the reasonableness of our *request*, we therefore conclude that if they are hereafter inclinable to answer it, we will attend them at any other time and place, on their giving proper notice.

“ It is also our judgment, that on further deliberation, the inhabitants of the county will more generally see the necessity of such a conference, and the number increase in favor of it, to be continued yearly. ”

These are their own words, given in their own form of them; and are we to judge of the authors as madmen, insurgents, rebels, plotters against government in Church and State, designing to kill, and murder, and plunder, as they have been represented by Col. Fanning? I don't say the G——r, because his fault, at this period, seems to be chiefly indolence, listening to Fanning, and giving himself no concern whether the people complain justly or unjustly.

In this piece we see the desire of the people to have their affairs well and peaceably settled. Fanning objected to their place of meeting; they say now they will meet Col. F. at any time and place he shall appoint, giving them proper notice.

The reason of the last Paragraph in the last mentioned address, viz: “ The inhabitants of the county will more generally see, &c.,”—was that by the assiduity of Col. Fanning and his creatures, in soothing some and threatening others; shewing favor to such as sided with them against the people, and treating with uncommon severity and

oppression, all those that opposed them, they had so discouraged the people that they appeared much more remiss than before, and here the matter for the present dropt, and no more was said of it on the part of the people.

—
No. IV.

Men seldom give up any natural public right without some degree of reluctance; *but of two evils choose the least*, is so plain and easy a truth to human nature, that her feelings dictate an attention to it. Thus it was with the people of North Carolina; they were fully possessed of an absolute right of instructing their Representatives,—they were sensible of it, but they saw they could not *at this time*, exercise their right, and they chose to suspend an attempt of enforcing it. One reason that operated much against them was, they could not get an Attorney in all Orange county, that would appear for them against extortioners; this supposes that there was a combination of some sort, or that Fanning's influence was very great.

Thus the people saw their money taken from them, and they *must* not know *for what*; nor can they know by what laws they are governed—obliged to sit down and tamely submit to the insolence of officers, and the gripings and oppressions of sheriffs—under sheriffs,

vestry men, tax-gatherers, &c., & Had Col. Fanning been a wise man he would have profited by the conduct of the people, and would, he might have done, have taken this opportunity to fix himself the good opinion of his electors; but his ideas of despotism were too sublime to suffer such an indignity as had been offered by those who believed him not omniscient; and this seems their crime, as they say, "no man in the county known of more than one tenth its inhabitants," and such Representative would find himself at great loss, if deprived of an opportunity of consulting his constituents; therefore Fanning, content with having put a stop to the people, and having robbed them of a perfect natural right, his "conscientious and steady" soul, as G. calls him, breathed vengeance, and destruction and poverty, to these insolent men that dared to suspect him, and attempt to call him to account. The consequence of which was, that the bomb sheriffs grew more and more insulting, making unusual distresses for levies taking double, treble, or four times their value; and bearing all the took off to town, thirty, forty, or sixty miles—treating the people with remarkable crossness—taking by-paths, and other ways than those they had promised to go so that these who followed w

design to redeem their goods could not overtake them."

These goods thus taken, were all sold in town at under rates, and this became a constant trade; so that the people of the town, officers, &c., who gloried in the spoils of honest planters, depended on these sales to raise them fortunes; and from the Dutch-folks and such were ignorant, they took four pence, six pence, and a shilling, in their tax, more than from such as knew more of the nature of taxation; and they, the tax-gatherers, never returned any overplus.

It has been said, "that the people knew not by what laws" they were governed. This may seem strange to those who have it in their power to consult lawyers and law books when they please. What has been said respecting the manner in which these people were treated by the lawyers, shows that they had nothing favorable to expect from that quarter, and the following fact will show how industrious certain characters were, to prevent a knowledge of the law from spreading among the people."—Some months after, all was still on the part of the people, there happened to come out a new collection of the laws in one book; two farmers took a copy of the fees out of for recording deeds of conveyance, and carried said copy with them to court, August, 1767. They

offered the customary fees for recording and proving their deeds, that were taken in other counties, though what they offered exceeded the lawful due; at the same time offered to pay more, if any of them, —the officers—would show any law for more.

"This was done in court; upon which the man was asked, how long it was since he had commenced lawyer? The man, not choosing to be laughed by law, and not *will*, persisted in desiring to know, by what law he was refused having his business done, when he offered *more* than than the legal fee. Upon which the *Right Worshippful Court* threatened him, for standing, as he said, in contempt of THE COURT, which obliged him to withdraw. Here is one instance of the *unaccountable* conduct of the civil court in Orange county, mentioned in a former number of this paper.

"The Person who had got this Law-Book, being half owner of it, had it at Court, and it was handed about among the people; which the other owner knowing of, and being one of the court, and on the bench, at that time came immediately out of the court, and calling his partner in the book to one side earnestly desired him to keep the knowledge of the book being handed about, among the people, *a secret from the rest of the court*. The other replies, I have given such a

caution already to them to whom I lent the book, for I see how *matters stand among you.*" By which he meant that an honest man could hardly live among them. The reason of the above caution was, the Magistrate, who was part owner of the book, knew that F——g and the rest of the court could tell who lent this book to the people; because they knew who had and who had not these books; there being but a very few of them suffered to go into the country, and these only into the hands of them who were *known* by the Junto. Though they were sometimes mistaken, yet they cured the mistake as soon as possible; therefore it was, that the magistrate part owner of the above mentioned book, was for his kind office, *turned out of Commission.* And this accounts for what was said before of F——s influence with the Governor. It shows also how very careful the civil Officers were to make the Law a Secret; and this may account for what the people say of a Mason Club, whose system is Secrecy.

About this time, an act of Assembly pass'd to render the business of Tax-gathering, as easy as possible in consequence of which the Sheriff of Orange County advertised as follows, viz. "Whereas, by a late act of Assembly, the sheriffs of the several counties in this Province, are obliged to attend at five differ-

ent places in their County, at least two days at each Place, at some time between the first day of January, and first day of March, in order to receive the public county and parish taxes.

I hereby inform the county of Orange that I intend to comply with my duty in attending according to law at times and places hereafter to be advertised and that every Man who fails paying their dues at those times and places is by the same law, obliged to pay *two Shillings and eight Pence* extraordinary; which sum I shall demand, without respect to persons whereof every one concerned is desired to take notice.

"And should any Person imagine that it is sufficient if they have the Money ready, when I or my deputy comes for it. I advise them to be provided with *Two Shillings and eight Pence* for the visit.

From their humble servant

TYREE HARRISS.

The remark of a certain inhabitant of Orange county on the above advertisement was, "every one could see how insulting this was, as we as an attempt to make asses of us for no one but had sense enough to know this new law was calculate for the sheriffs case; and instead of being so careful word his Advertisement, that "the sheriffs were obliged to attend," he might have said "the asses were obliged to bring

burdens to him, in order that the Deputies might collect, whole sitting at ease, in five days only.

Thus were the people of Orange, insulted by the sheriffs, robbed and plundered by *bombs*, neglected and contemned by their Representatives, and abused by the magistracy; obliged to pay a tax which they believed went to enrich, and grandise a few, who lorded it over them continually; and from these evils they saw no way of escape; for the men in power, legislators were the men whose interest it was to oppose and make gain to the laborer.

While the people were in this situation, a rumor appeared "that the General Assembly had voted seven thousand Pounds to the Governor, for the purpose of building a house, afterwards called a palace;" and that the said sum was to be added to the taxes already complained of, and raised from the people. It is said "a rumor was spread," &c., because the people were to be kept in ignorance, otherways they perhaps might prove refractory, and unwilling to bring their burdens, &c.

All these accumulated oppressions staring the people in the face once, they were "made mad"—and if it be true "that oppression makes a wise man mad," shall we wonder, that grievances and reite-

rated oppressions so wrought upon the people of Orange County, as to give rise to that opposition, which at first was called by Col. F——g and his ——, "the mob," and which afterwards took the name of the "*Regulators*."

This was a considerable time after they who had endeavored to confer with their Representative, had been disappointed, and laid aside all thoughts of relieving themselves, by moderate and constitutional measures, therefore, this took the name of "the New Association;" it began in a different settlement, or neighborhood, from the former; though, in their proceedings they referred to the conduct of the *Remonstants and addressors*—

Into this Association the people entered by hundreds: and it spread like "wild fire," until, after some time, it reached *Sandy Creek* settlement, where the principal men, concerned in the former agreement, proposals, &c., to the representatives lived; from whom this New Association met with some opposition—because, as they say, it was too hot and rash, and in some things not legal, that is, in some things unconstitutional—this opposition abated their heat a little, in consequence of which the New Association and the Sandy Creek men held a meeting, by appointment, at which the Association was prevailed upon by the others, to censure

the articles they had formed, and into which they had entered, as is said before, "by hundreds," and to agree to a new set of articles, from which they took to themselves the name of Regulators—not only from the declared purpose of their union, but from their *Regulating* their mode of union, altering their articles of agreement, &c.

For the reader's satisfaction, the articles, both of the New Association and of the Regulators, will be published; though these will necessarily lengthen out the history, and increase the numbers, both of which the writer means to avoid as much as possible, so as not to leave out any important part of the account.

No. V.

The Articles mentioned in No. V, formed by a number of persons before the Regulation took place, a copy whereof was sent to the Assembly men, &c., were as follows, viz :

"The 2d day of March, 1768.—The request of the inhabitants of the west side of Haw River, to the Assembly-men and Vestry-men of Orange County.

Whereas, the taxes in this county are larger, according to the number of taxables, than in adjacent counties, and continue so year after year; and jealousies still prevail among us, that we are wrong-

ed; and having the more reason to think so, as we have been at the trouble of choosing men, and sending them, after the civilest manner we could, to know what we were to pay for our levy for, but could receive no satisfaction; for James Watson was sent to the meeting of the deputies of the neighborhoods, and that Edmund Fanning looked on that the county called him by authority, as if they had a right to call him to account; not allow the county the right they had been entitled to, as English subjects for the King requires no money from his subjects, but what they made sensible what use it is for

"We are obliged to seek redress by denying payment of any money until we have a full settlement of what is past, and have a true relation with our Officers. As our grievances are too many to be notified in a small piece of writing we desire that you, our assembly men and vestry-men, may appear a time, before next court, at the Court House, and we will choose men to act for us and settle our grievance.

"Until such time as you will settle with us, we desire the sheriff will not come this way to collect the levy, for we will pay none until there is a settlement to our satisfaction.

"And as the nature of an officer is a servant to the public, we

determined to have the officers of this county, under a better and more liberal regulation than they have been for some time past.

“Think not to frighten us with rebellion in this case, for if the inhabitants of this Province have as good a right to inquire into the nature of our constitution, and disbursements of our funds, as those of our Mother Country (and surely they have,) we think it is by arbitrary proceedings that we are debarred of that right. Therefore, to be plain with you, it is our intent to have a full settlement of you in every particular point that is matter of doubt with us. So fail not to send an answer by the bearer, if no answer, we shall take it for granted that we are disregarded in this your request from the public.”

This is the first message or request the *New Association* sent to the officers; which was received with a degree of warmth, full as high as it deserved; for “rebels, insurgents, &c., to be shot, hanged, &c., as mad-dogs,” &c., was the “discreet” language of Fanning and the rest of the gentlemen officers. And it is confessed that these measures were far from moderate, on the side of the people; therefore, as was said before, when the news of it reached Sandy Creek settlement, they opposed the mode of proceeding as “too hot, and rash;” and in a conference with their fel-

low sufferers, they prevailed with them to censure these, and to form new articles which were as follows, viz:—

“We, the subscribers, do voluntarily agree to form ourselves into an Association, to assemble for conference, and regulating public grievances and abuses of power, in the following particulars, with others of the like nature that may occur.”

1. That we will pay no more taxes until we are satisfied they are agreeable to law, and applied to the purpose therein mentioned, unless we cannot help it, or are forced.

2. That we will pay no officer any more fees than the law allows, unless we are obliged to it; and then to show our dislike, and bear an open testimony against it.

3. That we will attend our meetings of conference as often as we conveniently can, and as often as may appear necessary, in order to consult our representatives on the amendment of such laws, as may be found grievous and unnecessary, and to petition the Houses of Assembly, Governor, King and Parliament, for redress of such grievances as, in the course of the undertaking, may occur; and to inform one another, learn, know and enjoy all the privileges and liberties that are allowed, and were settled on us by our worthy ancestors, the founders of our present constitution, in order to preserve it on its former

foundation, that it may stand firm and unshaken.

4. That we will contribute to collections for defraying necessary expenses attending the work, according to our abilities.

5. That in case of difference in judgment, we will submit to the judgment of the majority of our body.

To all of which we solemnly swear, or, being a Quaker, or otherways scrupulous in conscience, of common oaths, do solemnly affirm, that we will stand true and faithful to this cause, 'till we bring things to a true regulation, according to the true intent and meaning hereof in the judgment of the majority of us.

It appears that the officers to whom the copy of the first articles was sent, sued the men who were concerned in the proposals, saying, that, because the New Association referred to the proposals, &c., they were therefore accountable for the whole; when, in fact, they neither had seen the articles, nor did they know who they were that were concerned in the New Association, 'till sometime after the articles had been sent to the officers; but what kind of action they brought against them, whether of slander or defamation, or for treason, or for what, does not appear, nor does it appear what was the issue of the suit;—this only we know, that they imprisoned those who had scarcely

heard of the articles, or any thing else concerning the New Association.

The consequence of this violent attack made upon the *innocent* was that the people took the alarm; and finding that *innocence* was no security, joined together as one man or they say, "they were forced to join together in defence of the lives;" whereas until now, not a third part had entered into the Association. The general union came into the last recited agreement, in which they bound themselves in an oath to be faithful to one another as the reader may observe.

At a meeting of the people gathered together as above, who now took the name of Regulators for themselves, they agreed to send two men to *request* the two last sheriffs and vestry-men, to meet twelve men to be chosen by the Regulators, from among themselves to produce to them a copy of the list of taxables for each year, and list of the number and names of the insolvents returned each year, with an account how the money was applied, to whom paid, and to what uses; and to request our Representatives to confer with them on our behalf, and show us law for the customary fees that have been taken for deeds, indentures, administrations, &c., and let them appoint time when it suits them.

Before the above request was deliv

d to the officers as directed, the gatherers, either to try or exasperate the already enraged populace, took, by way of distress, a horse, saddle, and bridle, for one day; and the people rose to the number of sixty or seventy, and took the horse, &c., from the officers, and fired some guns at the roof of Fanning's house, to signify that they blamed him for all this abuse; and afterwards delivered the quest into the hands of the established minister of the county, who undertook to accommodate the matter, who soon after returned with answer from the officers, that they had appointed the 11th day of May for a settlement.

Thereupon the Regulators called a meeting and chose 12 men, and gave notice thereof to the officers. Captain Col. F——g was beforehand with them; for instead of meeting the people, and endeavoring to satisfy them and restore peace, matters were so managed that about the same time the Governor's Secretary arrived in Orange county, with his excellency's proclamation, commanding all rioters to disperse, and all officers to be aiding in dispersing them, &c. This was done a few days after the taking of the horse, since which there had not been the appearance of a riot; notwithstanding which, the officers, the next day after the reading of the proclamation, on Sunday, assem-

bled themselves to the number of about thirty, "with a tavern-keeper or two, and a man who had lately killed another, which the jury of inquest had adjudged wilful murder, all armed with guns, pistols and swords, and rode all night the distance of forty miles, and took one man who was concerned in what was called the riot, viz: taking the horse, &c., from the officers; this man they seized by authority, having a warrant for it; but they also seized one who was not in the riot, nor concerned in it, and that without any authority, having no warrant for it."

The taking of this innocent person alarmed the people, because they thought this might be the case with any or all of them; therefore they made haste and got themselves ready and pursued the captors even to the gates of the town, so that, by day-light next morning, some hundreds were near the town, many of whom had traveled that night more than 40 miles on foot. Before the people reached the town, they were met by the men who had been carried prisoners; they having given bail for their appearance, at court had been thereupon released. The reason of their having been admitted to bail, seems to be the fear of the officers, occasioned by the news of hundreds from all parts of the country, coming with design to rescue the *innocent* man; had it not

been for this, it is supposed that the officers intended to take them down to Newbern, 200 miles; that, having them there, they might wreak their vengeance on them.

The Companies that collected from the country, when together, made about 700 men, in arms;—they encamped near the town, and continued there next day, until the Governor's secretary met them, and read the proclamation, as before; to which he added, what he called a verbal message from the Governor, viz: That if they would petition the Governor, he would protect and redress them against any unlawful extortions, or oppression of officers, provided they would disperse and go home.

No sooner was the word spoken than the whole multitude, as with one voice, cried out: "*Agreed;—that is all we want—liberty to make our grievances known.*" The joy with which they returned home, (says our author,) though the distances to many were great, was inexpressible, for men can feel things of an oppressive nature, which they cannot express! They hitherto had been debarred from complaining, and that through the influence of F——g, &c., with the G——r. Hitherto the people could not have access to the Governor with petitions, unless they would let Fanning, &c., form the petitions for them; but now they rejoiced—they

had his Excellency's word in their favour. They returned home, advertised the Governor's promise and appointed a meeting. This opened the eyes of the Junto, who now began to see what was like to come of them if the people were suffered to tell the truth.

No. VI.

A man governed by passion, is a plague to himself, a trouble to his friends and an injury to his dependents; and this seems to have been the case with Gov. Tryon. When the Regulators were almost at his door, he sends his secretary with a message to them. This put his friend Fanning to the trouble, when no apparent danger was near, to persuade him to deny his message, which he did; and this injured the people of Orange much, for they put confidence in the Governor though a man, and dependence on his word, and hoped they should be delivered; but by the denial, all their calamities stared them in the face with new force.

The Governor having denied his message, the next thing his friends had to do, was *wipe His Excellency clean of a FALSEHOOD*; this they could not accomplish so easily, as they had brought the charge upon him; for hundreds had heard the message, and therefore the Governor or his Secretary had said that which they were unwilling to say again;

y, they, or one of them had said
 at, which they, together with all
 air friends, strenuously and re-
 atedly denied. The people found
 their interest to keep his Excel-
 ey to his word, therefore they
 isted much on it ; this produced
 reaching, writing, haranguing,"
 the side of the Governor and his
 ends ; and, when the people
 ld not be dissuaded from assert-
 the Governor's promise of giv-
 them a hearing, they were told
 t the petition could or would go
 wn with the Governor, but such
 one as they, the officers, &c.
 d written for them, in which they
 de them say, that they *had*
ought the officers wronged them,
 had now found it was owing to
 ae mistake or defect in *their*, the
 ple's proceedings ; they were al-
 told, that if they persisted, Col.
 uning would represent their case
 the Governor as high treason,
 d not as a riot."

Thus went on their affairs until
 21st day of May, the day ap-
 inted by the people for meeting
 form an address and petition to
 Governor ; on which, when the
 habitants of Orange met, a party
 he Governor's friends came with
 ign to give disturbance to, and
 vent the people from doing any
 ng, and, alas for the tribe of Le-
 a clergyman in black, *came also*.
 ey rendered the business of the
 ple, as they say, "exceeding un-

pleasant : " notwithstanding which
 they had resolution enough to come
 into the following agreement, to
 wit :—

" At a general meeting, &c., it
 was agreed unanimously to contin-
 ue our petition agreed on at our last
 meeting, to the Governor, Council
 and Assembly, for redressing very
 grievous, cruel, iniquitous and op-
 pressive practices of our officers,
 which we generally conceive we
 have labored under for many years
 contrary to law.

And in pursuance of a verbal
 message from the Governor, deliv-
 ered to us by his secretary, on the
 third of this instant, we agree to
 renew our said petition."

For this purpose the Regulators
 chose from among themselves eight
 men, to be a Committee, for the
 purpose of laying their complaint
 before the Governor, &c., which
 Committee they instructed as fol-
 lows, viz :

" Being conscious of our loyalty
 to King George the third, on the
 present throne, and of our firm at-
 tachment to the present establish-
 ment and form of government, to
 which we sincerely believe all our
 grievances are quite opposite and
 contrary ; we order the above men-
 tioned Committee to implore the
 Governor's pardon and forgiveness,
 in the most submissive manner, for
 any errors we may have commit-
 ted, that are or may be constituted

to derogate, in any way, from the honor of his Majesty's crown and dignity, or as tending to obstruct the peace and good order of government."

They also order their Committee to present his Excellency with copies of all their proceedings from the beginning for his better information, "which order the Committee executed accordingly, and in June waited on the Governor with the petition of the suffering people, and a history of their conduct through the whole of their struggle; that he might judge for himself, whether or not they were such as they had been represented by Col. Fanning; and whether their conduct was as has been suggested by the officers, "high treason."

They also ordered their Committee to answer a letter they had received from Anson County; which contained a request, "that the people of Orange would inform them of the manner of their proceedings;" as they, of Anson county, were in like situation, as they apprehended with their neighbors of Orange—this circumstance is mentioned, for the sake of the reason the Regulators give for their taking notice of the said letter;—which was, "*We order a copy of this (viz: their petition) to be sent to them immediately, to prevent them from running into error. If they had a design of overturning the*

Government, as "discreet Mr. Fanning" was wont to assert, they never would have been so solicitous to prevent errors in the conduct of the inhabitants of Anson. The truth is; they were sensible they had, through the novelty of the undertaking, as they say themselves, done things that were not justifiable; therefore they "implored the Governor's pardon and forgiveness, in the most submissive manner;"—and they are anxious for the people of Anson county, lest they also, from the same cause, fall into the same errors; like good citizens, and friends to just government; they do all they can to preserve peace, while they endeavor to do themselves justice. The aforementioned Committee of the people, presented according to the instruction, the petition, &c., to his Excellency Gov. Tryon, and received a long letter in answer to their address from him, which we shall give verbatim, that all may see a *sketch* of the political picture of the "Magnanimous General Tryon:

"GENTLEMEN:—

I received by the hands of Messrs. Hunter and Howell a petition, and other papers, subscribed by several of the inhabitants of the South side of Haw River, in the county of Orange, under the borrowed title of Regulators, assuming to themselves power and a

thorities (unknown to the constitution) of calling public officers to a settlement, together with a narrative of their conduct, and detail of the grievances and complaints against the Clerk of the County Register, and other public officers, whose exactions and oppressions *it is pretended* have been the cause of the late insurrections which have disturbed the peace of that part of the county.

“ These *papers* I have, agreeable to your own desire, communicated to *the members* of his Majesty’s Council, who, having taken the same into their deliberate consideration, unanimously concur with *me* in opinion, that the Grievances complained of, do by no means warrant the extraordinary steps you have taken, in assembling yourselves together in arms, to the obstruction of the course of justice, (*he should have said injustice,*) and to the injury of private property. Measures, as they manifestly tend to the subversion of the constitution of this Government, would inevitably, if carried but a little farther, have been denominated, and must have been treated as high treason, and consequently have involved the abettors most of whom I am satisfied were actuated by honest motives, though incautiously drawn in to concur acts that might have terminated in the ruin and destruction of other families, while by ille-

gal means they are intent upon exempting themselves from evils, within the remedy of laws of their Country.

“ These calamities, I trust, are now removed by the *timely* proclamation I sent up to you by my secretary, and your own prudent determination to petition me in council for a redress of the grievances complained of—the discreet and steady behavior of Col. Fanning, and the officers and men under his command, met not only with the entire approbation of myself, and his Majesty’s Council, but will ever be acknowledged with gratitude by every well-wisher to this Province.

“ I take this opportunity to acquaint all those whose understandings have been run away with, and whose passions have been led in captivity by some evil designing men, who, actuated by cowardice and a sense of that public justice which is due to their crimes, have obscured themselves from public view; that in consideration of a determination to abide by my decision in council; it is my direction, by the unanimous advice of that board, that you do, from henceforward, desist from any further meetings, either by verbal appointment or advertisement—that all the titles of Regulators or associators cease among you. That the Sheriff and other officers of the Gov-

ernment are permitted without molestation, to execute the duties of their respective offices. And that all breaches of the peace against his Majesty's Government, may be determined and examined in a due course of law.

"It is by your strict and punctual adherence to these directions, that any farther clemency, on My Part may be looked for."

"This was the extent of what I authorized Mr. Edwards to declare on my behalf—and now, that I have signified to you the sense his Majesty's council entertain of the nature of your proceedings, and the requisition I point out, by their advice, for your future conduct; I am to assure you, willing as I am to listen to the voice of distress, the just complaints of his Majesty's subjects and the hardships they may groan under, that I shall give his Majesty's Attorney General orders to prosecute every officer who has been guilty of extortion or illegal practices in his office, upon any application or information, lodged with him by the parties injured, or any other that shall be authorized to prosecute on their behalf. As also set up a proclamation on my arrival at Hillsborough, forbidding all such dishonorable and illegal proceedings.

"You may further depend upon it, I shall at all times endeavor to redress every other grievance in my

power, that his Majesty's subjects may labour under."

"As you want to be satisfied what is the amount of the tax for the public Service of 1767, I am to inform you, it is seven shillings a taxable, besides the county and parish taxes, the particulars of which I will give to Mr. Hunter."

"I have only to add, I shall be up at Hillsborough the beginning of next month. In the mean time I rest in full confidence I shall again be made happy by seeing industry prevailing over faction, and peace and harmony triumphing over jealousy and murmurings, in a soil and climate, the most fertile in the world, and among a people, who by a well directed industry, may draw down blessings and prosperity to their families, and greatly contribute to the honour of his Majesty's Government, and the Happiness of my Administration."

WILLIAM TRYON.

At the Council Chamber,
Brunswick, 21 June 1768.

Many things in this letter are worthy of notice, which may perhaps be the Business of a future number, for the present the office of critic is left to Phocions friend who has great opportunity given his of finishing the Scetched Picture of excellent Letter-writing.

—
No. VII.

As it is certain that good sometimes comes out of evil, so it is true also that evil comes out of good.—

self-love is good, and essential to the well being of human nature; but from the principle springs evil; an instance whereof is this: men from good views pursue a certain course of actions, whether public or private, it matters not; at a succeeding period of time their conduct appears to have had an evil tendency—reason would that such should repent and turn, but pride,rafted in self-love, steps in and clothes them with a disposition very pertinently named *contumacy*; hence, ten thousand political as well as religious errors are maintained, and number the names of great and esteemed good men on their side.

We do not say that this was the case altogether with the regulators, though they cannot be cleared of the charge of self-willedness, and a degree of obstinacy; for it will ever be the ease, where the people have a part in the Government, that when jealousies arise, the populace, being actuated by passion, are unduly attached to whatever they adopt; this accounts for what we frequently observe, viz: that these men are seldom violent in an opposition. This was true in the instance before us—the wise men among the Regulators had all their influence exercised in moderating the people, and keeping them from violent out-breakings; nor was their influence always sufficient, as will

be seen in the course of these numbers.

The method they made use of for the purpose of moderation, was, to keep the points of grievance always in view as much as possible; to this end, upon receiving the Governor's letter, recited in the last No, they examined into and stated the cause of their jealousies and complaints, and in the examination they found that the extortions of the civil officers, as already mentioned, were realities—that the situation they were in was not confined to their county alone—that similar evils existed in every part of the province, so far as they could learn—they found also, that there had been a certain sum of money emitted by the Government, which sum was, by act of Assembly, to sink in a certain term, by a tax upon the inhabitants, and that, of this tax, there had been paid twenty or thirty thousand Pounds over the whole emission, and that there still was afloat, in the Province, sixty thousand Pounds, that therefore, there was an error somewhere, of eighty thousand Pounds, at the least. Upon this they reasoned to the following manner: Either our Assembly have been deficient in burning the monies returned to the treasury, or the officers in the Treasury have been deficient in accounting for it, or the sheriffs have been faulty in the payment of the

money into the treasury, or some counties must be in arrears, for they knew that Orange had paid to the full. In this situation the people were wont to express their suspicions, for which the officers reproved them severely, "that it would be criminal even to suppose 'such things;' for," say they, "these are men of *such credit*, that such a suspicion would be deemed a slander, and fall on him who utters it;" adding, "that if such a thing could be, there must be more than one concerned in it, and that was not supposable." Fine reason for *quieting* the uneasiness of a people groaning under oppressions. The credit of Mr. —, &c., &c. Therefore the people shall not speak their suspicions—but, says our author, we could not help thinking."

Therefore they proposed, that if their representatives, these guardians of their rights, would assist them, first to settle with the officers of their own county, and if no deficiency appeared there, then to lay the matter before the Assembly, that the treasurer's accounts might be brought forth and examined, and, if their representatives refused, then to petition the Governor for a new election.

In the above numeration of their grievances, they only had supposed that the public accounts might be unsettled; but by the time they received the Governor's letter, they

were confirmed in this matter by the journals of the House, in which it appeared not only that these accounts were unsettled, but that the Governor had moved the House to vest him solely with that business. This alarmed the people much more, especially as they saw the Governor was determined *to favor the discreet behavior* of the officers, &c., and their uneasiness was increased by the Governor's ordering them not to meet, in any way whatever.

The Governor had promised to hear their complaints, made to him in council by petition; they petitioned—he condemns their conduct and sets aside their petition, and strictly enjoins that they should not meet, therefore, they cannot support their complaints, nor justify themselves, nor vindicate their conduct—nor can they direct or manage the affairs of a new election—in short, they were cut off from every possible means of doing themselves justice, so that they must either sit down and suffer themselves to be maligned by the officers, and insulted and plundered, and a having raised a clamor and been disappointed; or they *must* subject themselves to the slander of *rebellion*; for turn which way they would, the Governor's orders and letter, like the manyheaded monster, stared them in the face.

In this situation they had no resource left, but "the law of their

Country," as the Governor tells them, and from this repeated experience, had convinced them they would have no hope; more especially as the languid manner in which his Excellency spoke concerning the matter, (viz: "that he would order the Attorney General to set up a proclamation," &c.) had a direct tendency to harden, and encourage the officers, while it was evidently designed to dispirit the people, and show them that if they asserted any rights, not made for them by their betters, they must expect to be treated with neglect, and thrown into the hands of Harpies.

Thus bound up on every side, the Regulators (on whose side by this time were all the Country) stood still, waiting the effect of the proclamation, respecting which so much noise had been made; and the issue was (*vox et præterea nil*), a blowing guster; for the register of his clerk raised the fees, or rather their extortionate demands, so that all hope vanished, in that the Governor's pretended interposition, for such the people now saw it to be, had the effect before suggested, viz: of encouraging the officers in their wickedness, in grinding the face of the people.

The people dare not meet to tell the Governor that the proclamation had no good effect; that would have been called rebellion. They

dare not meet to consult what was best to be done; that would have been called a flying in the face of order and authority. However, they made the best excuse they could, and called a meeting, "to agree upon an answer to the Governor, for he would expect some return to his letter," they accordingly held a meeting, and received from his Excellency the following letter, viz:

"GENTLEMEN:—

In strict conformity to the promise I made you in my letter, dated from the Council chamber at Brunswick, I issued a proclamation on my arrival at Hillsborough, a copy of which I herewith transmit to you.

"I also gave the Attorney General orders to prosecute at law, all public officers in your county for abuses in their offices, on application made to him by or on behalf of the parties injured.

"It is now therefore by my advice and consent, that Mr. Tyree Harris wait on you to proceed in the collection of the public, county and parochial taxes of Orange county, for the year 1767.

"I have the fullest confidence that you will, agreeable to the above mentioned letter to you, and, in justice to the principles of your engagement, to abide by *my decision* in council, make it a matter of honor and conscience among yourselves, that Mr. Harris, with his deputies, shall not meet with any interruption in so essential and immediately necessary discharge of

his duty, in obedience to the laws of this Country.

Hillsborough, Aug. 1, 1758.

WILLIAM TRYON.

In this letter G. T. magnifies his *strict conformity* to his promise. But to what part of his promise? Not that which had respect to the people's complaints. He also gave orders to Mr. Attorney General; and what were his orders? To prosecute. How? Upon application made to him—that is, if a man that has been stripped by a sheriff, &c., will give Mr. Attorney all the money he has, and bonds for as much more as Mr. Attorney pleases to demand. Gov' T., in great compassion to the *oppressed man*, gave orders to the Attorney to take his money, &c.

But his Excellency's *after clash* is the most extraordinary part of his essay, viz: "It is by *my advice and consent!*" Modest gentleman! He does not order or command an officer whom he might have ordered; but he *directs* the people, and appeals to their honor and conscience, and to an engagement which he fain would that the people should have been under. And what is all this for? That the money may be got from the people, and then they may seek redress from the four winds; for this seems all that his Excellency had in view; by soothing, threatening, cajoling, &c., the people, that he may have

money to carry on the building a palace; but the people, perhaps sensible of the *check* they had *their power*, chose not to obey either of the letters, therefore, they told Mr. Harris when he demanded the tax, that they had determined to lay the matter before the House Assembly, before they would pay his demand. They appear to have been actuated in this conduct by new fear, which arose from the Governor's moving the House to vest him with the sole power of settling the public accounts.

Whether this step is justifiable to the people, or not, the reader may judge for himself; it was certainly disobedience, not merely to the Governor's direction, but to a law of the land, by which the tax was levied. In this the people seem to have assumed a right of judgment respecting the propriety of their being taxed. Though the plea made by the Regulators, was not a right of judgment, nor a power of pay or not paying, as the matter should appear just or unjust to them; they appear in every instance to consider the tax being in their hands as means to bring the Governor and officers to a settlement. Therefore they often say, show that our jealousies are groundless with respect to the taxation, and remove the cause of complaint against the officers, and we will immediately pay our levy. This is assuming the rights of the community with a witness.

(To be Continued.)

NAG'S HEAD,

A POEM—BY ROANOKE.

[NAG'S HEAD is an island on the coast of North Carolina, and of late years has become quite a fashionable summer resort. It was formerly much dreaded by mariners on account of an old man who lived there and lured vessels onto the coast, by attaching a lantern to his horse's head and leading him along the beach on stormy nights, so that those who saw the light might mistake it for the light in another vessel; the deception was the more complete, as the motion of the horse's head resembled that of a ship tossed by the waves. It is related that, when the old man had thus caused the wreck of a vessel, he would run his fishing spear through the bodies of those cast upon the shore, to prevent them from reviving. Another version of the story is, that he had a large window in the gable of his house, fronting the sea, and that when there arose a storm, he would retire into the upper part of his house, carrying several lighted candles, to pray for the safety of "the poor sailors," as he himself had a son who followed that profession.]

'Twas midnight ;—Carolina's shore,
 Resounded to the deaf'ning roar
 Of towering wave and furious blast,
 That, shrieking wildly, hurried past
 Into the forests' darker night,
 As if escaping from the light,
 Which, on the surface of the waves,
 Played pale and blue, and lit the caves
 Wherein the spirits of the storm
 Conspired to brew their magic charms.
 At times the wind with magic force,
 Along the beach its mad'ned course,
 Sped swift and strong and mix'd with spray,
 Or, moaning sadly, died away,
 In cadence low among the trees,
 And gently tossed their dripping leaves.
 And then again in fitful gusts,
 Assayed its strength in sudden bursts,
 Or dashed with rage the drifting sand
 Against the wrecker's window-panes.
 Around his hut it moaned and sigh'd

And into every crevice pried ;
 Then, rattling loudly at the door,
 Came down the chimney with a roar.

Within the hut there knelt a maid
 Who, looking upward, fervent prayed
 To Him who holds both sea and land
 Within the hollow of his hand,
 To waft the sailors from a coast
 Where all who came were surely lost,
 No cross between her hands she press'd
 But crossed them meekly o'er her breast,
 And thus with pray'rful wish untold
 Pour'd forth the anguish of her soul.
 Her father near, a stern old man,
 A lighted lamp held in his hand ;
 And scowling low, with eye askance,
 Toward the maiden cast a glance.
 His opening lips he curl'd in scorn,
 And raised his foot as if to spurn
 The kneeling figure at his feet
 With upturned eye and aspect meek ;
 But quickly turning on his heel,
 Took down a lantern from a nail.

“ Stay ! father stay ! ! ” the maiden cried,
 And rising, hastened to his side,
 Where, clinging on with trembling grasp,
 She sought his sturdy frame to clasp :
 He rudely flung her arms aside,
 And left the house with angry stride.

Hark to the neighing of that steed !
 Which near the shore the wrecker leads :
 His eye-balls glare with sudden fire,
 His quiv'ring nostrils snuff the air ;
 With graceful curve he flings his head,
 On which there gleams a lantern red ;
 His prancing hoofs just touch the strand,
 And scarcely leaves a print behind ;
 A horrid picture that full well
 Would grace the smoking shores of hell !
 That night a ship in luckless hour,

Was driven near that dangerous shore;
 Her sails were trimm'd, her timbers stout,
 And with a precious burden fraught
 Of living souls, who walked the dens,
 Not one of whom dreamed of a wreck,
 For since the storm began to lull
 With thoughts of home their breasts were full.
 When, lo ! a beam of fitful light
 Came streaming through the hazy night,
 To lure them on the ship to hail
 And ask her how she'd borne the gale.
 But soon the keel began to grate
 Upon the sands. Alas ! too late
 The warning sound fell on their ears,
 And filled their hearts with torturing fears,
 This danger pass'd, and hope once more
 Beamed in each eye bright as before—
 Oh ! short-lived pleasure—with a shock
 Upon a shoal the vessel struck.

Heard ye those prayers and shrieks arise,
 That called for succor from the skies ?
 Saw ye that wave with froth'ry crest,
 That bore aloft upon its breast
 The shatter'd hull, then rudely dashed
 It 'gasnst the bottom with a crash ?
 The wrecker saw it all and laugh'd
 With fiendish joy, and, chuckling quaffed
 The fiery liquid from his flask,
 To nerve him for the approaching task.
 Some brandy then the old man blows
 Into the horse's snorting nose ;—
 With bridle streaming in the wind
 He leaves the ocean far behind.
 Careering o'er the hills away,
 The phrensied steed is heard to neigh,
 As from the reach of human sight,
 He quickly bears the treach'rous light.

Again we turn us to the ship—
 From certain death there's no escape ;
 And prayers and curses mingled rise

In horrid clamor to the skies.
 Frantic beings climb the shrowds,
 As if they thought the very clouds
 Could bear them safely o'er the waves,
 And snatch them from a watery grave.
 The straining timbers yawned and creaked,
 The wild winds 'mong the cordage shrieked
 The canvas, now all torn to shreds,
 Flap'd and fluttered o'er their heads,
 As if some spirit of despair,
 With busy wings was hov'ring their.

At last the morn with angry face
 Came peeping o'er the briny waste ;
 But, darkly frowning at the sight,
 He quickly screened his cheering light.
 The watery mountains seemed abashed
 When thus the day-god hid his face,
 And, rolling backward with a sweep,
 In their dark cradle seemed to sleep.

The pause was awful ! and this rest
 Within their mother's fost'ring breast,
 Portended evil, for we're told
 That giants thus gained strength of old.
 Thus was it now !—the waves at length,
 Stood still in air, renewed in strength,
 Their huge flanks bulged with latent force
 As, tow'ring up, they 'gan their course :—
 Their speed increases, on they come,
 And o'er the ship roll one by one !

* * * * *

The storm was still, but from that band
 Not one e'er lived to reach the land ;
 Ship, cargo, crew and all were lost,
 And drifted near this barren coast.

* * * * *

And now the morning's balmy breath
 Came stealing o'er those cold in death ;
 From their chill lips of livid hue
 It kissed away the gathering dew :
 With ready ear it caught the prayer,
 That, loth to part, still lingered near,

And bore it gently in its breast,
 Like Noah's dove in search of rest,
 Far o'er the waters till it trod
 The summit of the mount of God.
 The sluggish billows onward crept,
 Like warriors firm with measur'd step
 In close succession to the shore,
 And, on the sands with deaf'ning roar,
 Dissolved their glossy sides in foam,
 And thus at length were overcome.

Rich stores that day were by the waves
 Cast on the shore : the wrecker saves
 Them all ; and lest some one should live,
 To tell the tale and thus deprive
 Him of his newly-gotten gains,
 His hands anew with blood he stains.
 The trenchant blade gleams in the air,
 And seems as if 'twere sheathed in fire,
 As, poised a moment o'er his head,
 He gives it aim before 'tis sped
 Upon its mission to a heart
 That's still in death,—to which no art
 Of wicked man can cause a pain,
 Or make it beat with hope again.
 Thus speeds the blade with nervous force,
 Into the bosom of each corse.
 Fiend incarnate, stay thy hand !
 Thy long lost son lies on this strand.
 Throw down thy knife, that bosom swells
 With the sweet life that in it wells,
 That life which thou thyself hast given,
 And may he not enjoy it even ?
 He smiles ! Just God ! His heart is stone !
 He sees him move, he hears him moan ;
 And in that bosom warm with life
 Up to the hilt he drives the knife.
 The quiv'ring eye-lids opens wide ;
 And turning over on his side,
 The youth, his father's face descrys,
 In vain, attempts to speak, and dies.

Too late the father knows his son,
 Too late repents the deed he's done ;
 His savage spirits all are crushed,
 And REASON'S voice is in him hushed.
 Along the beach he screaming flies
 And, all his strength exhausted, dies,
 His putrid flesh by God is given
 A prey to all the birds of Heaven ;
 His bones are scattered o'er the beach
 And left upon the sands to bleach.

ROBERT BURNS—HIS CHARACTER AND POETRY.

BY SIGMA.

"BUT we are all men,
In our natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels."
[SHAKSPEARE.]

THOMAS CARLYLE, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," has stiven to impress upon his readers the almost trueism, that the "history of the world is the biography of great men," or, vice versa.

In his fifth lecture, he admirably delineates the character of Robert Burns, and presents most forcibly his influence upon the world as a man of letters. In spite of the opinion of the British essayist, (who ever he may be) that "Mr Carlyle is one of the greatest wits and poets, but the most unreliable politician of our age and nation,"—we are compelled to read, not with interest only, the theories he so clearly unfolds, but to rely implicitly upon their soundness, they conviet the mind so directly and sensibly. At any rate, be that as it may, sufficient is it for our present purpose, that he has truly and impartially portrayed the stiking features in the character of Robert Burns;—

and has ably shown the unmistakable influence, (*which*, though some have denied him,) that he has exerted upon the literary world, both morally and intellectually.

It is with the greatest wonder and sadness, that the biographer contemplates the life of this remarkable man, in whom were blended the noblest attributes of his race, together with the most deplorable weaknesses. A nobler, purer mind than his, never existed. With very little mental culture, the glorious sentiments of his natural genius, seem like the out-bursts of a polished and fertile intellect, pregnant with love of honor and patriotism.

He was proud of his country, proud of his race: an English review has truly said of him, "that in his eyes, to be a man was the greatest blessing to be conceived on this side of Heaven, and to be an honest man was 'the noblest work of God.'"

His classical education was limited; indeed, was tantamount to none at all, which, in a great measure may account for the so frequent use of his native dialect; by some this has been urged as an objection to his poems, while on the contrary, others have esteemed this novelty of style, as adding great beauty to his sentiments. There certainly is in it something odd and uncommon—extremely fascinating when once his quaint and various expressions become familiar.

Of late days, indeed for ages, the generality of readers have thought that no idea is beautiful, unless clothed in the most extravagant language. If the criticism may be allowed, an example is easily cited of an author generally read and admired, yet without doubt one of the most high flown of the English poets. That one is young. The concinnity of his verse, together with his musical diction captivate the ear, and to this one agreeable quality, frequently is sacrificed all other requisites; for often he launches into page after page, when the same could probably be expressed in a few sentences. This verbosity Burns has carefully avoided; indeed, his conciseness is one of his great virtues; his style still being very perspicuous and pure, free from all the ribaldry and licentiousness, characteristic of many productions of both Byron and Moore, which to-

tally unfits them to be received into a refined circle.

Though Burns may have been a sensualist in action, yet, in giving his thoughts to the world, he rid himself of all such deprecating and disgusting influences, and poured forth his soul pure and undefiled—In this respect he may be likened to the unfortunate skeptic, Shelley, whose uncontaminated imagery presents some of the most glowing conceptions of fancy, that the treasury of our language affords.

It is a remarkable circumstance in itself, that Burns, reared a plough-boy, and having had very little, if any, intercourse with the world, should have possessed so uncommon a knowledge of human nature; he seems to have studied every chord of the soul susceptible of emotion, and struck each one at pleasure; for his poems are as much fraught with touching and tender appeals to the heart as any extant. It might be said of him with justice that

—“Oft thou tak’st my soul,
And waft’st it by thy potent harmony
To that empyreal mansion, where thine ear
Caught the soft warbling of a seraph’s harp.”

It has been said, that no man has ever committed his true sentiments to paper. *Credat qui vult non ego.*—The idea is paradoxical in itself.—There certainly are passages in our language, which have required the most sincere and lively emotions to have produced; and it is absurd

in the extreme, and contrary to the first principles of nature and common sense to suppose, that true and unfeigned emotion can be effected at pleasure. The words themselves are most plapably contradictory.

How much more acceptable had it been, that no man has ever conceived anything worthy of admiration, that he himself did not feel. Those extracts which we most admire from the poets, in fact from all writers, are those which express the greatest depth of feeling, and they only are specimens of true literature, for they alone "are addressed to man as man."

Such are the poems of Robert Burns.

In the Cotter's Saturday Night, how softly and unconsciously does he throw, as it were, a spell over the spirits; one feels as though transported to the scene itself—The aged cotter comes home, worn and weary with the week's labor, and we can almost see the smile of contentment flit across his furrowed cheeks, as his "gude wife" bestows on them her kiss of welcome; how he gently chides the little ones as they cluster round him,

"The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil."

"Belyve the elder bairns come dropping in."

And there Jeanie, woman grown, worthy of all the love and pride her father's fond heart gives her; but soon they all are gathered near

their "father dear," and tell of days that have been, and of the bright and happy dreams their cheerful and contented hearts have laid in store for days that are to come, and as they talk, "the father mixes a' wi' admonition due," and teaches them to fear the Lord and mark His ways, "lest in temptation's paths they gang astray."

"But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,"

The watchful mother asks with anxious care who it may be, while Jeanie tells, with maiden modesty and cheeks suffused with blushes

"—how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame."

What volumes are expressed in these few words! A simple love tale told in two short lines. The various scenes pass through the mind in bright and quick succession, as does the panorama before the eye. We see the happy pair walk hand in hand across the heath, and speak their vows of love, and 'sing their song of constancy,' and court the days and hours that intervene before they shall be one. A purely highland courtship; free from all stain of artifice and deceit, their hearts are plighted. Ah! how we love to ponder on sincerity and truthfulness, even when painted in the depreciating colors of fiction; for in this world of selfishness and hypocrisy, they are seldom seen in any other guise. Our poet must have thought of the happy days

when he wandered o'er his native moors with "Highland Mary," and of the pure and fervent passion that they each bore the other, when he thus beautifully drew the cotter's home, for what other could have so inspired his soul to portray a faultless picture of purity and love, and rouse such fires of scorn and hatred in his heart against that vile man, whose callous heart could be so dead to all the tender feelings of his race, as to blight such a home of happiness and bliss. Read how his soul fires his verse to eloquence, and with unfeigned feeling appeals to every heart :

"Is there, in human form, that wears a heart
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied sly ensnaring art
Betray sweet Jeanie's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his purjured arts ! dissembling smooth
Horror, conscience, virtue, all exiled,
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth.
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
Points to the ruined maid and their destruction
wild."

Honest man ! Though thy name has been reproached by envious critics, still thy noble spirit soars triumphant and unsullied. Day by day thy glory increases, and each hour augments thy fame as a hero poet. No, Robert Burns, thine own works are too true exponents of thy heart, for any one to doubt its purity.

The whole poem which we have thus partially sketched, is replete with passages of as equal worth as the last quoted, but time forbids tarrying here too long. The tenor

throughout, is solemn and devotional, strikingly illustrating the refined and, at times, christianlike temperament of its author, and as the tale progresses, it waxes into grand sublimity, which no modern poetry can excel.

Burns was a true, a noble man, and much are his misfortunes to be pitied, for he, like all of us, had his faults. On going to Edinburgh, plunged suddenly, as he was, into the highest sphere of life, to which he had been totally unaccustomed, amidst all the pomp and show of fashion, is it to be wondered, that he became fascinated with worldly pleasures, when his sparkling wit and social songs attracted him many admirers from amongst the first literati of the day, and when at every turn he heard his name coupled with praise and admiration. His passion for the festive board and dissipation, have been the main points from which his critics assail him. His weakness no one can attempt to palliate or deny, the facts speak for themselves ; and though it can be said with truth, that he had no cause sufficient to warrant such conduct, still under the circumstances, few there are who could have withstood the temptation, and we can only lament, that it was a frailty in his nature his better qualities were unable to subdue.

How honestly and truly he must

have expressed his own experience, when he said :

“ Kings may be bless'd but Tam is glorious
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.”

He loved to indulge in the wine cup, and some of his most beautiful rhapsodies were composed under its influence. Experience must have taught him, that he could so vividly draw the reckless disposition of Tam, and sustain throughout the features of intoxication.—(Tam O' Shanter,) has been considered decidedly the best of his productions. He blends most harmoniously, wit, humor, beauty and sublimity. Doubtless the thought sprang from his heart, that,

“ How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises ;”

His wife was kind and affectionate, even gently chiding him for doing wrong, and still as often as he went astray, her loving heart freely forgave him. It would be vile slander to say that Burns did not love her ! He did love her !—And that too, with all the ardor his impassioned soul could bestow.—There were times when he was known to seek some solitary place, and there, man as he was, pour forth his tears for his follies and transgressions, but when once temptation presented itself, his courage failed him, and his good resolutions quickly vanished. At time he was very misanthropic, and those spells, which so frequently possessed him

during the latter part of his life, no doubt were imbedded in his nature, but probably never would have disclosed themselves, but for his dissolute and irregular habits.

In the poems we have just spoken of, he gives utterance to a most elegant sentiment, true, yet plainly illustrating the train his thoughts sometimes pursued,

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread ;
You seize the flower, its bloom its shed ;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever,” &c.

Truly most incomparable ; the language simple, yet expressive.—It is a strange fact, and *probably* a coincidence, that exactly the same sentiment, though expressed differently, and in a different connection should occur in Lalla Rookh. The lines were thus,

“ For mine is the lay that lightly floats.
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That falls as soft as the snow on the sea,
And melts in the heart as instantly.

It has been assumed, that no two men has ever given birth to the same idea ; acknowledging this assumption to be correct, Moore has undoubtedly plagiarised, as Tam O' Shanter was in the press, and issued, before the former had touched a pen to paper. Burns was a true poet of nature. To say that Moore had actually stolen the sentiment would be presumption. He never lacked a figure when the occasion called for it, for in Lalla Rookh itself, he has given vent to most beautiful ideas ; still there

may be a difference of opinion in regard to it. The coincidence, (if such it be) is very singular. The cottish poet was a man of sincerity and truthfulness. He loved to be an honorable man, and was proud of being one himself. Liberal minded and generous, his views were almost democratic; he was a strong upholder of Scottish rights, and has in a measure not unsuccessfully contested with Hugh Miller the position of being Scotland's representative man. In his soul he despised aristocracy; loathed one mark of distinction above another. He had felt the baneful influence of an aristocratical government himself, and could well judge of its grievances and unequal distribution of justice and recompense. See how his glorions verse fires with his own enthusiasm:

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A Marquis, Duke and a' that;
The mark is but the guinea's stamp,
A man 's a man for a' that."

Grand and eloquent words!—The soul of poetry and the whole essence of social philosophy compressed into a single stanza, to serve the stay and comfort of millions of hearts in every moment when most needed."

Who dares charge the mind that yielded such a sentiment with scepticism? Surely not one!—And, by the way, since the subject thus broached itself, let us consider it for a few moments, and if

One that is at all familiar with the writings and character of Robert Burns, must at once reject the opinion that he was a skeptic. It cannot be doubted, that at times his mind was darkened by doubt, and that he long hesitated as to what was the true and catholic doctrine; but an unbeliever in a Supreme God, all-wise and Omniscient, he never was. The testimony of his brother, together with his own works, bear witness to this fact. The gaiety of the majority of his poems, and the high colouring he has given to his own life, have led most people to believe him to have been free from all serious thoughts; yet, if you will permit an extract from one of his letters, (which, by the by, are convincing proofs of his faith,) his sincerity cannot be questioned. After speaking of his ill health to a friend, he says: "Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are little lightened, I glimmer into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable enjoyment, is looking backwards in a moral and religious way. I am transported at the thought, that ere long, very soon, I shall bid adieu to all the pains, and uneasiness, and disquietude of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it, and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

possible, do the poet justice :

"The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

It is for this reason, that I am more pleased with the 15th,* 16th, and 17th verses of the VII chapter of Revelation, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm which they inspire in me, for all that this world has to offer."

Who now believes the illustrious poet a skeptic ?

The high passions of Burns, and his fondness for gay life, together with the admiration and favor he met with in society, were conducive to, and indeed, did make him very susceptible. Before his marriage he fell in love frequently, and his attentions almost always met with reciprocation. Of good personal appearance, and fascinating manners, with much *jue d'esprit* and humor when the occasion called for it, he was universally popular amongst the fair sex, and no less so amongst men.

There has been evidence produced, nearly incontrovertible, that during his life in Edinburg, his association with even the ladies of rank, was not always honorable ;

*15. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, or any heat.

17. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

whether such was the case or not, his biographers have been unable to decide, but judging one trait in his character by another, it would seem directly contrary to his noble nature, to stoop to such crime. Recall the lines in which he expresses himself on that subject in the "Cotter's Saturday Night ;" indeed, it is incredible. Yet the world over it is the same. It is not until an illustrious man dies, that his enemies are able to detect his innumerable faults, or friends to perceive his elevating attributes. Thus we are seldom able to form a just and impartial estimate of the life and character of a public man. Much is this common error to be lamented, for it often gives rise to unconscious mistakes, and hurtful and undue prejudices.

Burns unfortunately was of a peculiar character, and there are very few who really comprehend him. Rather eccentric and very variable in his moods—at times lively and gay, at others dejected and melancholy, seldom indulging in the common flow of spirits, but generally in either extreme. Thus speaks of misfortunes,

"And even should misfortunes come,
I, here who sit, ha' met wi' some.

And than'fu' for them yet ;

They gi'e the wit of age to youth,
They let us ken oursel'.

They mak us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ills !"

Little thought the peasant poet while guiding the plough, that t

ights his soul was then nour-
 ng, would, when uttered, re-
 n as eternal monuments of his
 equalled genius. His poems
 en first issued, met with much
 probation, and gradually grew in
 or. His popularity, unlike that
 Lord Byron, increased by de-
 es, while that of the latter was
 most glorious and enthusiastic
 probably any man has ever re-
 ed; his domestic troubles, and
 peculiar life, and apparent in-
 erence to public opinion interes-
 the whole world in his career,
 all hung with expectation on
 y word he uttered; but as is
 erally the case, his success was
 riant, sudden and ephemeral;
 a while it dazzled the universe
 a splendid meteor shooting a-
 s the heavens, leaving its glim-
 ing track behind to fade and
 y degrees. On the contrary
 beauty and excellence of Burns
 ore and more acknowledged
 y day, and the time will never
 e when his poetry will not be
 with pleasure. Let his faults
 urred with him; he was not
 e than human, for we all are
 ect to our frailties.

*He that is without sin among you,
 im first cast a stone at him."*

ail, hallow'd Burns! thy name shall ring
 ough all the world—and fame shall sing
 the bright lays thy mighty pen
 ath given to man—but ne'er again
 y muse shall strike the magic chord,

And ne'er thy uoble soul afford,
 The burning strains which once you pour'd
 Into the Highland Mary's ear—
 Ne'er more shall sing of Scotland dear—
 Of Highlands, and the "gude auld motes"—
 Of strathspeys, jigs, the pibroch's notes—
 Ne'er more of Tam, and Meg and wine—
 Ne'er more the joys of "Auld Lang Syne"—
 The "modest crimson tipped flower"
 Needs thy inspiring loving power—
 The field-mouse lists in vain to hear
 The voice that kindly chides so dear—
 The murmuring rills sigh low their grief—
 Thy face is dear to every leaf,
 And tree, and glen, where thou hast roved
 And sought midst them the joys you loved—
 The lassies call to thee in vain,
 To sing to them of love again—
 Thy fruitful lyre is now unstrung—
 Brave Wallace' deeds remain unsung—
 The Bruce shall never find a tongue,
 So fit to tell how hard he fought,
 And how dear homes with blood were bought—
 How haughty England shrank amaz'd,
 When every heart in Scotland blaz'd
 With courage ne'er the world had seen—
 Which Scotland ne'er will see again—
 Weep, bonded Isle! those days have flown,
 Your Bruce and Wallace now have gone,
 They ne'er again shall, cheering thee,
 Seek "death or glorious victory."
 Thy song, oh! Bard, shall ne'er inspire
 The souls of Scots with freedom's fire.
 They meekly bow to England's bey,
 And humbly own his hateful sway.
 See how they cower before his eyes!
 Oh! shades of sainted heroes rise,
 And spurn the cowards from the land,
 Where liberty could onco command,
 For freedom every heart and hand,
 The patriot Burns, strove hard in vain,
 To kindle bright the flame again;
 Ho blushed to see his County's shame,
 And sought to cleanse her sulkied name.
 Thy soul has fled, but it shall ere
 (By every heart in Scotland dear,
 Remembered be through every age,
 Thy name shall glow on history's page,
 As the great Bard of Scotia's Isle.
 And though thy censors strive and toil,
 To heap thee with their libels vile,
 Thy memory ere shall sacred be,
 Let God alone judge sins of thee.

THE MOTHER.

A POEM—BY SIGMA.

IN a room where lights are burning,
Dimly in the midnight's gloom,
Sits a widow, sad and tearful,
Mourning in her youthful bloom.
Near her side a child is lying ;
By its short and feeble breath—
By the mother sobbing, sighing—
Know ye 'tis the scene of death.

'Tis her last and only treasure,
Darling first-born of her heart ;
But on earth the dread destroyer
Breaks the dearest ties apart.
See ! her watchful eyes are turning,
Anxiously to seek a sign
Of the cherished life returning,
But Death whispers, " he is mine. "

Quickly from her seat she rises,
Folds the child in her embrace,
And with loving lips she kisses
Little Willie's pallid face.
" Willie you'll not leave your mother ? "
And she stroked his heated brow ;
" Listen Willie ! 'Tis your mother,
Who is speaking to you now. "

Then the boy, his eyes upraising,
In a cheerful tone replied,
" Mother don't you know you told me,
Christ for little children died ?
Well, I dreamed while I was sleeping,
Christ was standing by my side,
When he saw your endless weeping,
Said with him I might abide.

‘Willie come with me.’ he whispered,
‘Where the happy children live,
Where their pleasures flow unceasing,
And to God their glory give.’
Then, mother, don’t be crying,
Though your Willie will be gone.
In the gravé I may be lying,
But my spirit will have flown
To my Savior, never dying,
Where is happiness alone.

“ Oh, mother ! dearest mother !
When e’er o’erwhelmed with care,
Raise your voice to God in Heaven,
He will listen to your prayer.
Though the world should forsake thee,
And friends should turn to foes,
To his bosom he will take thee,
Where in bliss you will repose. ”
Then sinking on his pillow,
He calmly closed his eyes,
Glided softly from life’s billow,
And was wafted to the skies.

’Tis is a village church yard,
Where the slender grass blades wave,
And the willows weeping branches,
Hang o’er a little grave,
That the mother lone is sitting,
Watching far the fleecy herds ;
Memories through her heart are flitting
Of her Willie’s dying words.

Morn and eve when naught is stirring,
When the world is all at rest,
When the east the sun is purpling,
And when sinking in the west,
There is seen the lonely watcher,
As she patiently awaits,
The calling of her Savior,
To enter Heaven’s gates.

GENERAL READING.

BY F. W. H.

A MAN of studious disposition and habits, finds himself very early in life embarked upon some one or more courses of investigation,—which require minute and accurate research, and laborious and long continued thought.

The choice of a profession, at a subsequent but still early period, confines the studies within narrower limits than before; and when we have once settled down to the actual duties of any calling whatever, there is little opportunity left to us of regular and uninterrupted attention to subjects not directly bearing upon our daily occupation.

Nevertheless, along side of the diligent study which becomes the young man in college, in connection with the acquisition of legal, medical or theological knowledge, to which the graduate devotes himself, and even as an accompaniment to the constant labors of the professional or business man,—there may be and there should be formed—cultivated and strengthened, a habit of extended literary

inquiry, a habit, in other words, general reading. But when this conceded, there arises immediately the grave and important question—how shall we be guided in the choice of books? The number of volumes scattered over the world which appeal to the kind consideration of the general reader, is immense, that the idea of perusing even in the most cursory manner anything like the whole of them must be immediately abandoned. And yet they are so varied, presenting in such different combinations so many points of interest and attraction, that to choose among them seems almost as difficult a task as to master them all.

There are so many different kinds of composition, lying beyond the sphere of one's daily avocation—history, philosophy, science, poetry, ethics, fiction, narrative, that it were desirable to select one of these classes for examination by itself, there would necessarily be very great hesitation before either could be preferred. And then suppose one branch to be chosen, history, for example, how it im-

tely diverges into different species of history, and how it carries the bewildered enquirer over every country in the world, down into the streets of every busy town, and through the musty folios of every bookish library, before the field of open can begin to be traversed.

It is indeed a difficult labor to decide what to read in those hours, which we are not occupied either with business or with study; yet to decide, in early life, in such a manner and to such a degree, as to engrave in the mind a rule by which to guide in this respect the whole of the future course, is extremely important, both to the intellect and to the moral character.

Of the few hints which I shall be allowed to throw out, should prove of at least practical benefit to any one of your readers, my object in writing them will be fully accomplished.

In the first place, to turn the attention solely to one kind of reading is to defeat the object which general reading, so called, should always have in view,—the attainment of a certain acquaintance with all, or nearly all those subjects upon which men have written, cannot be supposed that any man, unless extraordinarily gifted, will be able to understand thoroughly all topics, except those to which he devotes his life—long lucubra-

tions. If a lawyer indeed, or physician, becomes the acknowledged master of a single department in law or medicine, he is regarded by his brethren of the same profession, as having achieved as much as he had a right to expect to achieve;—therefore, it is useless for a man engaged in one of the walks of active life, to think of becoming perfectly acquainted with any branch of inquiry outside of that walk. There is much to be lost, then, and very little to be gained, by an exclusive devotion to a single kind of reading.

We should, on the other hand, include within the compass of our reading, as many as possible of those subjects, which the human mind has investigated. We should endeavor to obtain an acquaintance with current historical works, with scientific, philosophic and ethical treatises, with poems, with biographies, with books of travel, and with works of fiction. As time will allow—time not occupied with more important pursuits, we should, with careful selection bring before our minds, writings which treat of all these interesting topics.

With careful selection, here is the chief difficulty, we have removed it in part, it is true, by arriving at the conclusion, that among the great departments of thought and inquiry, no selection is to be made, but all are to be more or less atten-

ded to ; yet, to determine what individual works in each of these departments claim our first notice, is no easy task. Let us endeavor to discover some general principles, and, if possible, some particular directions to guide us in performing it :

With regard to the department of history, the first general rule to be adopted is unquestionably this, that those works are to be read, which are commonly allowed to convey an impression of the events narrated. The object of historical reading, is first to become acquainted with the occurrences of past ages, and time is thrown away, which, with this object in view, is devoted to writings, that, however interesting they may be, give a false or partial coloring to the facts with which they deal. The authors of such books may be read, on account of their elegant or their spirited style, but they should be read rather as essayists than as historians.

Again, those histories are to be chiefly attended to, which are written in a philosophical spirit. For, as no historian can embody in his story all the events, with which in the course of his investigations he becomes acquainted, so no man, who is not in a greater or less degree a philosopher, can select the facts, which are to be recorded with an eye to their real importance in the

constant succession of causes and effects, which constitute the chain that binds together the occurrence of different years. And the second great object of historical inquiry, a knowledge of the principles with regard to human actions and their results, that the experience of past times reveals, can not be attained without a clear understanding of the relative position of different events, as producing and produced by one another.

The great divisions in the course of the worlds history should be carefully noticed in our reading. Ancient and modern history are totally distinct, and should be separately investigated, then those centuries, which are partly ancient and partly modern in their characteristics, should be studied by themselves. The present age is very fortunate in possessing in the invaluable works of Gibbon, a a brilliant, reliable, and in most respects philosophical narrative of most of these centuries. The time, through which he carries the reader, extends even fourteen hundred years within it occurred nearly all those transactions which formed the germ of modern civilization, while it falls of the venerable relics of ancient systems. To any one, who wishes to pursue a course of ancient or modern historical reading, no work now extant, will prove a more useful introduction than Gibbon's

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

The most reliable English author on the European history, of the times, immediately succeeding those which Mr. Gibbon treats, is Mr. Henry Hallam, whose history of the middle ages, though rather dry, and exceedingly simple in its style, presents as correct and valuable a picture of the events that it narates, as can well be obtained in any manner.

The histories of every nation in Europe, and of distinct periods in European annals, are so numerous, that no specific directions with regard to the works which ought to be selected, can be brought within the limits of this article. One author, formerly in very high estimation, I mean Robertson, has lately been convicted of carelessness and inaccuracy, and his productions, though interesting and philosophical, if read at all, should not be too longly relied upon. In English history, no one writer can be regarded as conveying an entirely unprejudiced view, and authors of opposite political and religious opinions should be consulted. The same is true with reference to our own Country, and he who has received his ideas of American affairs from Bancroft, should seek for the opposite version of important political transactions in the pages of Creeth.

But one more remark, and I shall have the subject of historical reading : Where there are several authorities accessible, with regard to any event or series of events, it is well to examine this event or this series by itself, as related in the works of different authors. This plan will often be found more interesting and useful than the other and more usual one of perusing separate volumes from beginning to end.

The scientific treatises which are offered in our day to the general reader, are numerous, and in many instances of a most dangerous tendency. Indeed, the works of nature have always furnished a favorite resource for the artist and the infidel, when driven from every other stand point, and it is in books addressed to the popular mind rather than to men of deep scientific attainments, that the arguments of unbelievers are advanced. Theories, ingenious and attractive, but many of them exceedingly crude, and nearly all of them either directly or indirectly at variance with the declarations of Scripture, are propounded in different forms, in multitudes of volumes issuing daily from the public press. Against these works the general reader, especially if young, and unskilled in the sophistries of writers like those to whom I allude, cannot be too solemnly warned. The very

foundations of all religious faith may be undermined by them, while the youthful inquirer imagines himself and his author to be animated with praiseworthy zeal in the holy cause of nature and of truth.

The scientific treatises which it is safe for one to read, who has no opportunities of profound scientific research, are either those which do not deal in questions that bear upon the statements of the bible, or those which are written by men, who are known to venerate the volume of sacred scripture, as declaring on every page the very truth of God. Apart from this, it is never worth the while, for one who can read but a limited number of books upon science, to consult any writings but those of learned and distinguished men.

No less fascinating than the theories of bold and infidel students of nature, are the speculations of many rationalistic mental philosophers, and while no branch of occasional investigation can be more innocent, and very few more useful, than the study of man's intellectual and moral nature, it should always be remembered that true philosophy is invariably and necessarily the handmaid of religion. The most valuable reflections, moreover, on the laws of the human mind, are to be found in the works of religious writers, and in the discourses of eminent divines.

The classes of books which now come under our notice, present to the view a countless and mongrel collection of good, bad and indifferent publications, which seem to defy all attempts at assortment, criticism or selection—biography, travel, poetry, romance—who shall compute the number of works in each of these branches, that have been printed within the last ten years.

The vastness of this number leads to the following conclusion: that it is not desirable to commence the perusal of any volume in these departments, which has not passed the ordeal of intelligent criticism on the part of several reviews of high standing, unless, from the nature of its particular topic, or the approval of some esteemed personal friend, it commends itself to our attention. If this rule were followed by the mass of readers, not only would much time be saved, but many deleterious effects would be prevented; for scarcely any book, but is either valuable or injurious, in an intellectual or moral point of view.

Applying this rule strictly to a modern publications, we have long far beyond its reach the productions of past ages, upon which time has set the seal of enduring excellence. Well would it be for the men and women, especially the young men and women, of our day and generation, if but half the attention which they bestow upon

the ephemeral literature of to-day, were given to the monuments of genius and of taste, which have been left us by the men of earlier years.

But to take up separately the kinds of books above mentioned, and to turn, in the first instance, to biography. There are but two criterions of a good biography, which I wish now to suggest. It must be the record of a life, in itself worth recording, and it must present the incidents of that life in such a way, as to exhibit to the reader a graphic picture of what it was. Biographies of ordinary men, women and children, necessarily without point—biographies of eminent men, women and children, so feebly and clumsily written as to be without point, are to be found wherever books are sold—therefore, it is best to let biographies alone, until they have been declared by some competent judge not to belong to either of these two classes. It is unnecessary to condemn in these pages the lives of wicked men by men still worse, which are scattered so freely over the land.

Books of travel are always full of interest, when they relate to a country unknown to us hitherto, and are written with any animation. Even in a field with which we have thought ourselves well acquainted, we may often find the observations of an intelligent tourist, not a little

pleasant and instructive. But multitudes of narratives are published at the present day, by visitors to all parts of the earth, which are not of as much value as the paper on which they are printed. Either they are filled with details of unimportant personal adventures, or they form a vehicle for the conveyance to the public of peculiar and fanciful ideas of society, politics or religion, or they contain nothing but commonplace descriptions of buildings and scenery. To make a book of travels really worth reading, it should be written by a truthful man, that you may believe he means to give correct information; a shrewd man, lest you suspect his having been deceived; an observing man, that you may be sure of learning something concerning every place that he saw; a discreet and intelligent man, that you may have confidence in the judgment manifested by his selection; among the multitudinous scenes before him, of those which deserve to be related. If you are assured of a book of travels, that it possesses these characteristics, you may well read it, when within your reach. If any well-known traveller can lay claim to these qualifications, all his works are worthy to be perused.

The value of poetical reading has frequently been discussed. In my opinion, its uses are many and great. It refines, exalts, etherealiz-

es the thoughts and feelings of those who are engaged in the prosaic occupations of the world. There are many sentiments, among the purest and highest of our nature, which find expression only in poetry, to whose utterance the measured beat of rythmical composition seems absolutely necessary ; they exist in a greater or less degree in every human soul, but lie dormant in many, until they are called forth by the composition of others, in whom they predominate. The man, therefore who reads no poetry, fails to give sufficient nutriment to more than one function of his inward life.

But how apparently hopeless the task of determining what to read and what to reject, of the poetical compositions that meet us on every hand. I think it may safely be said that this is not the age of great poets, and that for masters of the "ars poetica," we must turn to the men of former days ; not that the world is by any means agreed in this verdict. Many think that the genius of poesy has only in this latter age, burst from the trammels which formerly confined him, and learned to utter the great truths and imaginations of his soul, without attention to the rules of measure and of rhyme, that were once regarded as so important. The more uncouth the metre, the more incomprehensible, at first sight, the

language of a modern poem, the greater the number of its admirers. I cannot however express too strongly the opinion, that to one who would find the true beauties of poetry, or benefit his own mind and character by reading it, the whole body of modern poems offers but few attractions, and that he will do well to confine himself to the English authors who have preceded us, and to the master pieces, which have been composed in other countries, in former ages, and especially in the classic days of the Latin and Greek languages.

Of romances in prose, or those works which we ordinarily styled novels, it need only be said, that many of them are pernicious, yet more, completely unnatural and absurd ; and a choice few only, such as can be recommended to the reader. They should be taken up at moments of weariness, when the mind craves the lightest possible food, and then the most scrupulous care should be exercised in their selection.

I have alluded in the course of these remarks, to one class of publications not yet distinctly mentioned—I mean that of magazines and reviews. Of these the most prominent should be read with great particularity and avidity, for the intellectual power of this present time, embodies itself in them to a very great extent. With at-

tention to the principles which I have now feebly enforced, and with a regular reading of these periodicals, a clear idea can be gained of the works in all departments of literature, which it would be well for us to peruse.

Let me close this article with the single remark, that, while it is wrong to neglect the duties or the studies, which appertain to the

regular business of our lives, for the sake of an acquaintance with literature, it is nevertheless surprising how familiar with books of any and every kind, the most active and the most studious have become, simply by devoting leisure moments and unoccupied time, to the delightful and profitable habit of general reading.

TO —

The wintry winds may howl as loud
As when it raves on Zembla's shore;
How can I heed its chilling blast,
Or hear its loudest roar?
There's a rose doth bloom,
Spite frost and snow;
By day and night
It bloometh bright,
This blessed rose of mine.

The fairest floweret earth can boast
Bloom and fade within an hour;
We scarcely know that they have come,
Ere they lie withered in our bower.
My rose doth bloom
'Mid storm and gloom;
'Tis fair and bright
E'en their despite;
This blessed rose of mine.

The fairest sky is oft obscured
By many a darksome cloud,
And the flowers which its brightness reared
Before the storm are bowed;
The sun of my sky

Is the beam of thine eye,
Which mildly peeps through
Its heavenly blue—
This blessed rose of mine.

A bow of promise sometimes gilds
The evening of a stormy day,
And dolphin like, the struggling sun
Dies in his brightest ray.
In toil and trouble,
My bows are double;
The night of sorrow
Brings a glorious morrow,
With this blessed rose of mine.

Can you guess my heart-kept treasure
Far beyond all praise or fame!
It is my angel and my guide.
And _____ is her name.
'Tis she brings mirth
Unto my hearth,
My bride, my wife,
The pride of my life,
This blessed rose of mine.

J A N I R A C K.

A POEM—BY JIM BLUNT.

[Concluded from Page 177.]

“Jan Irack come and feast your eyes
On beauties in our paradise.
Magnificence and wealth are there
For you and yours alone to share ;
And we have chosen there for you
The fairest maid we ever knew.”
Then laughter rang from shore to shore,
And fear, unknown to him before,
Began to work upon his mind
And e’en his better judgment blind.
He feared that he would realize
Some damage from these misteries ;
Since they were surely plans of those
Whom he believed his strongest foes.
“ Alas ! ” thought he, “ how sad the fate
If I should from my charming mate
Be severed, by an Elfin band
And carried to a spirit land,
And there be wedded to a ghost,
Or some one of that Elfin host.
By all the powers I will not go,
Unless high Heaven wills it so.
Alas ! what would become of her,
My only earthly comforter !
I’ll stay—I am resolved to stay
Till Death shall take my soul away.”
He thought indeed that it was he

They wished to take beneath the sea ;
But ah ! it was his lovely bride,
Whom they would sever from his side,
And leave him lone and desolate
To mourn her hard, his cruel fate.
At length, roused from his revery ;
He turned his back upon the sea
And fled, as frightened men will flee,
To those at home he longed to see ;
And calling all around the fire,
He, half affrighted, half in ire,
Informed them of the novel sight
That roused his fears to such a height.
Then trusting in Omnipotence,
To raise a hand in his defence ;
He knelt and offered up a prayer,
That he and his might never share
So sad a fate as seemed to be
Awaiting them within the sea.
And then each door he locked with care,
And waited, filled with hope and fear,
The issue of the strange event
That wrought so high his discontent.
His wife at all this wondered much ;
For in his looks a something, such
As she before had never seen,
Bade her remain, as she had been,
In silence, and await the end
Of what she could not comprehend.
But, ah ! how throbs her aching heart
To see the cloud that settled round
The brow of him, whose looks impart
A joy serene or grief profound.
Near midnight's dark and cheerless hour,
A horseman rode up to the door,
And knocking, said : " Bonardo Wight
Invites you to his house to-night.

He has a splendid feast to share,
 And will be pleased to have you there.
 So, come, both of you, and make haste,
 And we will share the rich repast
 That's spread and waiting for the guest—
 Come, fix and go, as he requests.

Some one or all of you must go :
 Determine how, then be it so."

"Indeed 'tis passing strange," said she,
 "That he should send for you and me ;
 But shall we go, my dear, or stay ?
 We will abide by what you say.

He has been heirless many years ;
 And if you wish, (I have no fears,)
 We will attend and learn why he
 Desires to-night our company.

He may, perhaps, for all we know,
 Some splendid gift on us bestow."

Jan Iruck saw the stratagem,

The elves displayed to lure him out
 And so, resolved, respecting them,

To work against their plans throughout.

So not with an intent to blame,
 He thus did to his spouse exclaim :

" No, I affirm we will not go

Without this house to-night—no, no.

If you would know the reason why,

'Tis this ; we both perhaps would die.

Behold how gloomy is the night !

The stars are hid and give no light.

Lo ! everything is whelmed in gloom

And bears a semblance of the tomb !

Oh ! Jove send on the brilliant ray

That shoots down from the orb of day !"

" Should we not send him word, my dear ?"

Said his far bride, " For it is clear,

Unless we render some excuse,

There *may* hereafter be no use
To apologize for not attending,
Such a special invitation ;
Shall we then object to sending
Excuses for our deviation
From the customary way,
Of doing ? What have you to say ? ”
“ By such a messenger as this
We need not send apologies,
Nor to a host like his beside—
So let him go ; ” good Jan replied.
’Tis but a plot of that dread band,
Which has so long disturbed our land
Whose wily nature all must know
Because it is to all a foe. ”
The horseman who was at the door,
Or elf, (for he was nothing more,)
Observed all that the good man said,
And saw his mind could not be swayed.
Then with a voice both loud and deep,
As if it came up out of hell,
To ’rouse the dead from their cold sleep,
He spoke as by a magic spell :
“ Then be it so ; you both shall fall,
And be consumed within that wall,
Where devils will torment each soul,
Where every draught will be a bowl
Of deadly poison—this shall be,
And ne’er shall end your misery. ”
This bitter curse upon the two
He uttered ; then like lightning flew
His fiery steed adown the lane,
To join the dreadful band again.
The cunning Elf was not gone long
When back he dashed with all his throng,
Resolved to battle and to win,
Or never torment man again.

Oh ! could there but be found a man,
To foil their purposes and plan,
The leader of the band would be
Undone through all eternity :
The fire of hell would round him curl,
And bear him to that woful world
Where souls, though dying, never die,
But groan in endless misery.
The shades of night had overspread
The universe ; and O ! how dread
And frightful was the darkness there !
The gloom had settled ev'rywhere !
The heart was gloomy like the night ;
And there was not a ray of light
That shot athwart the wild expanse
To wake the soul from its dead trance.
All 'round about was darkness great,
And all within was desolate.
But soon there burst across the sky,
Beneath the hidden galaxy,
A stream of light more clear and bright,
Than e'en the sun at mid-day height,
And as the light gleamed far around,
Beneath the heavens above the ground.
Jan Irack's wife, with burning eyes,
In horror and emotion cries :
" My husband, Oh, arise ! arise !!
Behold the fire throughout the skies !
See ! now it settles on the barn,
And will consume our wheat and corn !
Oh, look ! the stables are on fire !
See ! how the flames roll higher and higher !
Oh ! hasten with your might and breath,
And let not such a horrid death
Come on the brutes that are therein ;
'Twould be a very sin and shame !
To let them be consumed. Oh, shame !

All. all will soon be wrapt in flame !”
And lo ! a flood of light shone round
In dazzling brightness o’er the ground,
Which rose up to the very sky,
And blazed around the galaxy.
But Irack was not to be moved
E’en by the cries of her he loved.
He was determined to remain
Within, in spite of fear or pain.
No strange phenomonon or wonder,
Nor lightning glare nor jarring thunder,
Of ghosts and Elves could make him go
Without to battle with the foe.
Within was safety, death without
Which no man, whether weak or stout,
Could e’er avoid who dared to venture—
To *think* of which would merit censure.
The light shone on the morning clouds
That hung above like whitish shrouds :
But this gave Irack no more fright
Than what before had met his sight.
His fear was nearly worn away,
And he had hopes of seeing day
Again dawn brightly as it did
Before the sun in darkness hid.
But seeing her so terrified
He suddenly but softly cried :
Be not dismayed to-night, dear wife,
For I’m persuaded that your life
Is not in danger, nor will be,
If you will pay regard to me.
Try to be calm, let all be still,
And we will live, I feel we will.
No one must venture to the door,
To open it, for then far more
Than tongue can tell of misery
Would fall to us within the sea,

Where Elves in all their eunning roam,
Who wish it soon may be our home. ”
Then horses, wild as tigers dread,
Were praneing, dashing round and round,
And lowing beasts that seemed half dead,
And every other horrid sound
Imaginable, caused the night
To grow more fearful to the sight.
To every one who heard the din
It seemed that Heaven for some sin
Had scattered its consuming fire
Throughout all space, whieh, filled with ire,
Rolled up its flames ; while far around,
As eye could reach the burning ground
Its lurid smoke sent up—and oh !
Ye torments of the world below !
Have you at length spread out your jaws,
Regardless of the holy laws
Of God and heaven, to draw within
Your dark abode and place of sin,
The poor, unhappy souls who fear
To meet eternity so drear ?
Cease now, ye demons, and be still,
And hear the everlasting will
Of great Omnipotence, and learn,
Of Him, in whom there is no turn
Nor shadow of a turn ; who fills
Immensity, and tempests stills.
He wills that these shall never know
The torments of the world below.
In vain this pleasure ye have sought,
For all your plans shall come to naught.
And when a like success ensued
Each new-laid stratagem, the Elves,
With deadly hate and rage imbued,
Away in haste betook themselves :
And as they fled away, a shrill

And startling cry that seemed too chill
The very soul, wound up the sight
And closed the drama of the night.
The Elves were foiled in their design ;
And from that day no trick malign
Have they attempted on our race
For its destruction or disgrace.
Jan Irack, by the men of old,
Was recompensed a hundred fold,
For baffling the designing race,
And sending them to their own place.
But Providence designed it so
To drive from man one crafty foe.
But, though the Elves fled from our race,
They left behind them one sad trace
Of their malignant character,
To make our nature more severe.
For now and then we see a spirit
 In the breast of man arise,
Which shows that he must still inherit,
 The will to scatter meries.
And yet he seems to have no care,
To mollify his character.
Ah ! it is very strange to me,
 And often do I sigh and groan,
To see man's inhumanity
 When he would make his fellow mourn !
Though it is often sadly so,
 Still do I hope for man's reform ;
When there will in his bosom glow
 The love which will continue warm.
Then would return the golden age,
Which would one's sorrows all assuage,
Or rather *they* would flee away,
Since in the heart eternal day
Would shine in brilliant loveliness

To gladden and forever bless. ”

The old man having finished, rose,
And, bidding all the boys farewell,
Departed home to seek repose
Within his little quiet cell ;
For night had now begun to spread
Her sable curtain o'er the earth,
When man would rest his weary head,
Removed afar from noise and mirth.
But they who saw this strange old man,
And heard his memorable tale,
Will not forget the name of Jan,
Nor her who sleeps within the vale :
For he and his devoted wife
Braved all the perils of this life,
And having reached a good old age,
They sank into a peaceful grave,
Where there are no more wars to wage,
And no more raging storms to brave.

YORK'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

I have recently availed myself of an opportunity of perusing a grammar of the English language by Rev. Prof. Crantley York, published by J. J. Turner of the Carolina Watchman, Salisbury. As the book is a North Carolina work, and therefore may affect to some extent, the literature and literary character of our State, I know you will take an interest in it ; and as the author intimates a desire "not to be shielded from the ordeal of true criticism," I propose to give you a brief review of some of its most prominent characteristics. I propose examining the book first and principally as a literary production, reserving for a future communication, the consideration of its merits as a grammar of the English language :

When considered, then, in the point of view first above indicated, I find two principal defects, to wit : First, *improper use of the terms employed*, and secondly, *words used as English, which are not in our lexicons, and are nowhere to be found except in York's grammar.*

We will commence with the inscription on the title-page, which is

as follows : "An Illustrative and Constructive Grammar of the English Language, accompanied by several original diagrams, exhibiting an ocular demonstration of some of the most difficult principles of the science of Language." &c. Now an *illustrative* grammar I can comprehend, but a *constructive* grammar puzzles me. I reason with myself thus : *illustrative* is that which illustrates ; *productive* is that which produces or may produce, *instructive* is that which instructs or is capable of instructing, so *constructive* must be that which constructs or is capable of constructing. But I am by no means satisfied with the conclusion to which this process of reasoning leads me, so I have recourse to my lexicon. I have "Webster's Unabridged," which I believe is our best authority, at least as to *derivation* and *meaning*—so regarded, if I mistake not, by your worthy professor of Rhetoric. The definitions of the word *constructive*, as given by Mr. Webster, are, *by construction ; created or deduced by construction or mode of interpretation ; not directly expressed, but inferred, as, constructive treason.* It will be readily perceived that the

diffinitions here given are all passive in signification, and are consequently inapplicable to English grammar, in any intelligible sense. Now I understand how a grammar may teach the mode of constructing sentences as well as of construing them, but the term *costructive* has no such meaning as this ; but I freely confess I do not understand how a grammar may *construct* or be *constructive* in any sense in which the term is used by our best lexicographers ; and to say of the grammar that it was made by construction, (con and struo) is but to affirm of it what is equally true of every book that has been written. But we pass on, and repeat a portion of the extract already quoted from the title-page : "exhibiting an ocular demonstation of some of the most difficult principles of the science of language." Of this passage I have to observe that I doubt exceedingly the possibility of exhibiting to the material eye *principles* of any kind. A *principle*, in my humble opinion, is a mental conception, and not a visible substance ; and it may therefore, in some cases perhaps, be illustrated to the eye, and it may be demonstrated to the mind, but it is certainly incapable of *ocular demonstration*. So much for the title-page.

From the "directions to teachers," page 10, I extract the following :—
"then let them (the pupils) anal-

alyze and synthesize the sentences exhibited in monology and dendrology." The intelligent reader will of course pause here to inquire as to the meaning of *monology* and *dendrology* respectively. We will take dendrology first, as it falls more properly under that division of our subject which we are now considering :

Dendrology, we know, is from the Greek *dendron*, a tree and *logos*, a discourse or treatise, and is defined by Webster, "a discourse or treatise on trees ; the natural history of trees." Then shall we "let the pupils analyze and synthesize sentences, as exhibited in the natural history of trees !" Mr. York, after deriving the word as above, defines it as "respecting the trunk and branch relation of *monos* or members."—That the reader may better comprehend the author's meaning, I will state that the book contains, among the "several diagrams," or pictures, that of a tree, stripped of its foliage, with *MUS*, the root of the Latin *musa*, written in the trunk, and the terminations of Latin nouns of the first declension, on the extremities of the limbs or branches. What similarity there is between the declension of Latin nouns and an English sentence, and why the terminations of the singular number are placed to the right, and those of the plural to the left, instead of being placed in the reverse

der, as we invariably find them in the grammars of the Greek, Latin and English languages, in the absence of the reason assigned, I could not venture a surmise, unless it be in vindication of the author's claims to originality, as modestly hinted at in his preface. The trunk and branches of the tree, however, are evidently intended to represent the principal and subordinate members of a sentence; and in this I see no great impropriety. But how can representing or illustrating a sentence by means of a tree be called *monology*? With equal propriety might we turn the representing of our American nationality by a picture of an eagle, *ornithology*; the representing of the States by stars *astrology*; and so might the imagery, employed by the English in symbolizing their national strength by the picture of a lion, be called *natural history*, or *zoolo-*

Well, now, let us ascertain, if we can, what *monology* is. We examine our lexicons, but no such word can be found. Webster has *monology*, from *monos* and *logos*, but that corresponds in meaning to our Latin derivative *soliloquist*, and consequently tends to augment rather than alleviate our perplexity. We refer to the author's own "glossary of scientific terms," which forms a part of the book we have under consideration. "Monology," says

our author, "is from the Greek *monos*, alone, and *logos* doctrine," and further relatively thereto he saith not, in the glossary. Has the reader a clear idea of *monology* now? It will be seen, however, upon a further examination of the work, (page 18,) that the author uses *monos* as meaning, not *alone*, nor any single thing, but the *members of a sentence*; and he says that *monology* is the art (*one instance of logos meaning art?*) of analyzing sentences, so far as it respects *its* elements of the second and third kinds." (Do the shades of Kirkham and Murray however propitiously about its in the foregoing sentence?) Admitting for the present our author's right to coin a word—upon which point we may have more to say anon—we are naturally led to inquire how he came to employ *monos* to designate the members of a sentence. It is here curious to observe that he makes *monos*, the singular, represent *members*, plural, and *monos* minus its *s*, *mono*, represent the singular, *member*. Now I have always understood that each member of a sentence is connected with and dependent upon, either in construction or otherwise, some one or more of the members of the same sentence. If this be so, is it not remarkable that the word *monos*, which means *alone*, should be employed to designate the members thus inseparably connected with each other? And it

would seem that our author himself sustains some doubt as to whether this *bantling* of his would satisfactorily perform the office whereunto he hath sent it ; for with but one solitary exception in the whole book, if I mistake not, wherever *monos* and *mono* are employed, they are followed in immediate succession by the *genuine* English, thus : *monos* or members, *mono* or member. We now take leave of the preface.

On page 13, under the head "of sentences," we quote as follows :— "Sentences are of five kinds, viz : affirmative, subfirmative, interrogative imperative and petitionative." We are familiar with all the terms here employed, except *subfirmative* and *petitionative*. We consult our dictionary and the words are not to be found. We then refer to the author's glossary : "*Subfirmation* is from *sub*, under or inferior and *firmitas* to make strong. *Petitionative* is from *peto* to seek or implore—asking." I have quoted all the glossary contains, in relation to these words respectively. But not having as yet acquired a very satisfactory idea of the meaning of either, we resort to the examples given under them : "A subfirmative sentence," says our author, "denotes a less degree of verbal force (*i e*, than any affirmative sentence,) as. If Job was patient." Now, Messrs. Editors, if we begin to cast about us our confusion is intense. "If

Job was patient" is not a sentence of any kind, according to the authors own definition, for he says "a sentence is a number of words in due order, forming a *complete* proposition," and the example quoted is conditional or hypothetical, and therefore *incomplete* till a sentence be stated. *What* if Job was patient? Something must surely depend upon that circumstance, and the meaning is incomplete, the sense wholly in abeyance, or "in nubibus," as the rhetoricians say, till that something be stated as a conclusion deduced from and naturally following the condition or hypothesis.— Sentences commencing with *if*, *although*, *except*, &c., we have always been taught to regard as *conditional* within some meaning of that term they certainly are such, and cannot with any degree of propriety, as humbly conceive, be otherwise regarded. Then why did not the author so regard them and so denote them, instead of fabricating a word to confound the student, and put to the blush Webster, Walker, Worcester, Todd and Johnston?— As to *petitionative*, I need scarcely remark that it is a down-right forgery, and that we use, on good authority, *petitionary* and *entreative*, neither of which I believe would convey the meaning ascribed to *petitionative*.

But it may be insisted, that New York has a right to make a word

sees fit. I do not propose arguing the question of his right to do so; but this I will say: I doubt very much the propriety of his doing so, especially, unless he can gain something by it, either in respect of form or signification. Instances do sometimes occur, though very rarely I presume, wherein it may be advisable to form a new word: but surely a word ought never to be formed to convey a meaning which may be as fully and as nearly conveyed by a word already in existence. It is a proposition to which I think all will assent, that the principles and structure of any language ought to be defined and explained, to those whose native tongue it is, in the purest and most genuine terms of that language.—There is certainly no necessity in the present diffuse state of our English language, for the author of a grammar to *forge* words for the purposes of grammarians. It is certainly a very imperfect language that does not afford a vocabulary of its own analysis, and for the explanation of its grammatical structure; or else it must be a very arbitrary, not to say obstinate, authority of a grammar of that language, that does not use its recognized vocabulary.

I will give you a few other extracts from the productions of Mr. York's *word-factory*, and hasten to close this communication, lest I be-

come tediously prolix. I quote from page 19, an entire period, as follows: "The words which give new monos or members, are called *monodones*, from *mono* and *dono*, to give." Now, Messrs. Editors, to say nothing of the nonsense of the native sentence, who, let me ask, ever heard of such a word as *monodones*, and who, more especially, ever heard of such a derivation as is ascribed to it? It is useless for me to say there is no such word in English, Latin, Greek or French as *mono*, unless it be oblique case of *monos*. I have however already noticed the fact, that Mr. York uses *mono* as the singular of *monos*, which we all know is itself singular—a singular circumstance truly—and this is evidently the word intended to be used; and we remember it is Greek. Now can the counterpart of *monodones* be derived from the same language? I search my Greek lexicons, with all the diligence I can command, in the fruitless effort to find *dono*, to give.—There is a Latin *dono*, to give; and so the best we can say for this new-fangled *monodones*, is that it comprises in its derivation, a Latin verb and a fragment of a Greek adjective! If there were *mongrels* among words, wouldn't you call this one? But what is meant by "words which give new monos or members?"

"All conjunctions which connect members of a sentence, conjunctives, adverbs, prepositions and relative pronouns, are called, in the language of Monology, *monodones*."—How conjunctives, relatives &c., may connect *new* members as well as old ones, I can understand, but to say that such words *give* new members, is to use *give* in a very unusual, not to say decidedly novel sense.

But let me give you still other extracts; they are so thoroughly and intensely original in their phraseology as well as meaning, that I know you like to read them. And here I beg leave to assure the reader that I have not mutilated or abbreviated, nor do I intend to mutilate or abbreviate, so as to obscure or pervert, or in any way affect or interfere with the meaning of, a single passage in the book. I quote verbatim, and I quote whole sentences together. Page 19: "As *monology* is analytical in its process. so *dendrology* is *synthetical*; therefore, *mono-dendrology* embraces both an analytical and *synthetical* process." I have italicised the words in the above extract, that are not laid down in our English lexicons, and which are therefore spurious; and if it were not for seeming a little uncouth, I should be tempted to call them bastards.

Again, same page: "*Mono-dendrology* respects the order, notation,

integrity, rank and positions of monos or elements of the second and third kinds!" "There are two violations—plenary and *implementary*."

Again, p. 20: "The position of a mono or member, respects the place which it occupies in relation to its super or supers." "The positions are *juxta*, *disjuxta* and *binal*." On this twentieth page we find *super* and *supers*, *sub* and *subs*. *juxta disjuxta* and *binal*, all presented to the unwary and confiding student. a genuine English words! And it is to be observed of these new-comers too, that in making their ungracious intrusion upon our venerable English, they have not the modesty to appear in the becoming habitments of italics.

Again, and finally; page 24:—"When a sub-mono, which breaks its super, is introduced to measure the exact overplus of what is affirmed in its super, *by* is *noetou*."—To say nothing of *sub-mono*, this *noetou*, to the credit of the language be it said, is not found among English words. Our author, in his glossary, to which I have frequently referred, says it is "from the Greek *noetos*, perceived by the mind." He uses it as a substitute for our good old *understood*, and in preference for it can only be accounted for, by reference to his flexible purpose of originality.

Before concluding this communication, I must treat the lovers of a good syllogism. Our author recommends the correcting of sentences by syllogistic reasoning; and demonstrates the beauty and ease of the practicability of the mode, by the following example.

“HIM WOULD NOT GO.”

Syllogism.

Major proposition—the subject of the verb must be in the nominative case.

Minor Proposition—him is the subject of the verb, but not in the nominative case.

Conclusion—the sentence is incorrect—him should be he.

A glance at the above, Messrs. Editors, will convince you, that besides its originality, there is great genuineness involved. The minor proposition, you will observe, besides contributing its quota of fact to the statement, is made to perform an additional office of contradiction; the legitimate conclusion, by participation; for, leaving out the contradictory clause, the syllogism would stand thus:

Major prop.—the subject of the verb must be in the nominative case.

Minor prop.—him is the subject of the verb, therefore,

Conclusion—him must be in the nominative case.

Now I know that our author did not mean to prove any such thing as that *him* is in the nominative

case—he is too good a grammarian for that; yet his syllogism, as it stands, either proves that, or it proves nothing at all, by reason of the minor premise being contradictory both of itself and of the conclusion, which, without the contradictory statement, must inevitably follow. I think it probable the author's meaning was something like this:

Major prop.—the subject of the verb should be in the nominative case.

Minor prop.—him is used as the subject of the verb, ergo

Conclusion—*him* should be *he*.

And with this I conclude what I have to say of the literary character of York's Grammar. In the observations which I have made upon this work, Messrs. Editors, I may safely affirm that I have been impelled by no selfish or malicious motives. Whilst I have been free to point out what I conceive to be glaring defects or unwarrantable innovations, I have endeavored to be respectful to the author, and not to do injustice to the work by misrepresentation or otherwise. Of the author I know nothing personally, and but little by reputation. I certainly have no desire to do him an injury. But then I had a design, I have an object in view, in criticising his book. “Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more.” Not that I would injure

Mr. York pecuniarily or otherwise, but that I desire to contribute, in my humble way, in protecting and preserving the reputation of our good old North State, in a literary point of view, as well as in all others. And every one who examines this book, is obliged to see that in proportion to the extent of its circulation, it will have a tendency to bring the literary character of our State into very decided disrepute, not to say ridicule. How would you like, Messrs. Editors, in your vacation sojourns beyond the limits of the State, to be accosted by a mischeivous acquaintance, or a stranger forsooth, as Mr. Monology, Mr *Monodones*, Mr. *Implenary*,

Mr. *Petitionative*, Mr. *Noetau*, or Mr. *Subfirmative*, from North Carolina? Such were the considerations, and such the motives which actuated me in what I have written. Let it be borne in mind then, that my exclusive object was to do good. If I havh failed, my labor has been in vain. But if successful only so far as in one case to protect the literary character of North Carolina,— I am fully rewarded for both time and labor.

Now Messrs. Editors, let me wish you and the Magazine much success; and I respectfully assign myself

ARM CHAIR.

JOSEPHINE.

WHERE shall we look to find a lovelier name,
Adorn th' historic page than Josephine ?
Whose wondrous fortunes all alike proclaim
The virtues of a matchless heroine.
Though French, a Creole of fair Martinique,
Rose de la Pagerie, its sweetest flower,
'Twas twice predicted, should by fortune's freak.
As empress wear the be-gemmed robe of power,
Her strange career, as sorrowful as bright.
Ah ! Providence has wisely thrown a veil
O'er all the future, hiding things from sight,
That could not be endured by mortals frail.
Our destiny 'tis well we should not know,
For life in such a case could scarce be life ;
A scene so changeful and so full of woe
Would fill us with interminable grief.
Far better had it been for Josephine
Had she remained upon her native isle,
And better for her had she never seen
The pomp of court—its heartless, mocking smile.
For then within her western paradise,
(If any spot is paradise below,)
She might have lived beneath those tropic skies,
In unmolested peace unknown to woe.
But hear her history. She saw a brave
Young officer of noble birth, a youth,
Who came across the ocean's briny wave
To fight in freedom's cause, for right and truth.
Beauharnais loved her with a heart sincere,
And she the handsome warrior loved no less—

They married soon with prospects bright and dear,
And all the future full of happiness.
We find them soon in France amid the gay
And courtly throng, attracting every eye;
And thus did time pass pleasantly away
Without a cloud to dim their sunny sky.
But revolution had its work begun,
And France was soon to be immersed in blood,
Dire Anarchy her dreadful course must run,
And sweep o'er thousands with her raging flood.
Beauharnais rises up at Freedom's call,
And rushes out upon the battle field
To fight and win the prize, or nobly fall
A martyr to her cause, but never yield.
Yet watch ambition, most destructive pest
That ever rankled in the breast of man;
Behold him raise on high his bloody crest
And scatter poison o'er all he can!
O! royal blood that flows from every vein,
Beneath the foul stroke of the guillotine!
Thou art the victim while such terrors reign;
Thou art the cause of such a horrid scene.
Ah! brave Beauharnais, is it true that thou
The champion of liberty, must bear
Reproach because of noble birth, and now
The horrors of that awful scaffold share!
The die is cast—behold the dungeon drear
And gloomy, as it yawns to draw thee in!
Oh! wilt thou not within that den despair,
Nor sink beneath so horrible a scene!
Those iron doors will grate upon thine ear,
And death-groans rise up from the guillotine,
And Oh! to think that thou no more shalt hear
The gentle voice of thy sweet Josephine!
But where is she? Ill-fated—would'st thou know
If thy dull eyes could pierce that prison wall,

And see those wretched beings there below,
The painful sight would thy great soul appal.
Alas ! thy Josephine is dragged from home,
And cast into that foul infected hole,
More terrible and gloomy than the tomb,
Where victims of despair in anguish roll.
But see her noble spirit brave the storm
Of misery and woe, consoling all
Around her, like an angel sent to calm
The troubled soul, and favor mercy's call.
Each passing day she sees poor victims led
With drooping heads towards the place of death—
May not her own Beauharnais *too* be dead,
And mould'ring in the mingled mass beneath.
Ah ! Josephine, 'tis so, and thy dark doom
Is fast approaching ; that destroying hand
That murders all, has marked thee for the tomb ;
And soon thy soul may rest in th' spirit-land.
To-morrow's morn will seal thy destiny.
Robespierre, that fiend in human form, decreed
That thou shalt come forth next : O ! foul decree !
What imp of hell has planned the horrid deed ?
To perish in life's bloom without a crime !
Oh ! lovely innocence, hast though no claim
Upon the human heart ? Is their no clime
Where worthy souls will cherish thy dear name ?
Yes, thanks to a just God ! there is a land
Where persecuted souls will find sweet rest,
Far from the impious and ruthless hand
That seeks to stab the unsuspecting breast.

The shades of night begin to settle round
That gloomy prison, and its misty folds
Spread o'er despairing heart darkness profound ;
And through those cells a death-like silence holds
The wretched there who throng that place of woe,

Would find repose, but they can only weep,
 For ere to-morrow's noon in death laid low,
 They may be sleeping their eternal sleep.
 But now 'tis morn again. The sun appears
 To shed his glories on a world of sin.
 Alas ! his beaming light dries not the tears
 Of the forlorn, despairing souls within.
 But hark ! What sound breaks on this solitude ?
 Again it rises in a louder strain !
 'Tis the rejoicing of the multitude,
 And France and Josephine are safe again.
 Robespierre has fallen, and the god of peace
 Comes down from Heaven, and smiles on earth
 again ;
 And Justice bids the furious tumult cease,
 While Love and Pity hold their gentle reign.

The coward heart will shrink beneath the weight
 Of sad reverses ; not so Josephine,
 She never murmured at the will of Fate ;
 Through gloom and sorrows she remained serene.
 'Twas hard to loose Beauharnais, but there yet
 Were left the brave Eugene and fair Hortense,
 Whom a fond mother never could forget :
 Their true affection was her recompense.

But still her destiny is incomplete.
 Her young days bright with hopes have passed
 away ;
 Her prison woes have ceased, and she shall greet
 Far different fortunes at no distant day,
 And other sorrows shall oppress her heart :
 Alas ! how full is life of joys and woes !
 Both must be met with ; but the painful smart
 Of one a brightness o'er the other throws.
 If night cast not her sable shade o'er all,

We could not feel delight at dawning day :
If winter threw not o'er the earth his pall,
Our joys at coming spring would fade away.
Amid these shifting scenes, with marvels rife,
She next appears allied to Bonaparte.
Ah ! what a change is coming o'er her life !
What strange emotions swell her noble heart !
The honored wife of France's bravest son,
The youthful, peerless hero of the times,
The dread of kings, the great Napoleon,
Whose conquests spread afar o'er other climes !
Behold him in his wonderful career
Arise from victory to victory,
Until his fame is sounded far and near,
As greatest, best and noblest of the free.
But listen !—What strange sound strikes on the ear?
The cannon's roar, the peal of musketry ;
And shouts of multitudes roll through the air,
'Mid thrilling strains of flowing minstrelsy,
And what does all this mean ? What sudden
change
Has thrown all Paris into such a state
Of wild enthusiasm ? How passing strange,
Since France was sinking 'neath a horrid fate !
And what does all this pomp and splendor mean ?
'Tis coronation day that makes all grand ;
The humble Corsican and Josephine
Are crowned the ruling monarchs of the land.
Though occupying such a splendid throne,
Her heart beats no less warmly for mankind
Than when in poverty she wept alone,
And prayed for those to love and mercy blind.
In fancy now she scans her past career,
And wonders how she has survived thus far ;
Again she sees the acts of foul Robesperrie,
Again sees victims writhing in despair.

Ah ! what a wond'rous change has taken place !
 Instead of groaning under prison chains,
Doomed soon to meet destruction and disgrace,
 She now in majesty an empress reigns.
For few have ever lived whose virtues shone
 Resplendent through life's varied scenes and
 gained
Th' esteem of all, as well upon a throne
 As in a cottage where the lowly reigned !
Yet such was Josephine, whose noble heart
 Was ever anxious for the good of those
Distressed, and ever ready to impart
 Consoling balm to all oppressed with woes.
Ye humble peasants, strew her way with flowers !
Ye courtly throng, bid welcome to your bowers !
Immortal bard, touch now thy trembling lyre
That swells harmonious with celestial fire !
Ye lovely virgins and ye matrons grave,
 Tune your sweet harps and sing her lasting
 praise ;
And join the noble choir ye great and brave !
 Let all the earth her countless voices raise !
Alas ! unfortunate was Josephine !
 The brighter glowed the sunshine of to-day,
The darker gloom spread o'er to-morrow's scene ;
 And trembling hope despairing fled away.
Why must she abdicate her lofty throne ?
 Why from her cast the golden sceptre down ?
Ah ! better for her had she lived unknown ;
 Far better had she never worn a crown.
Behold her gentle as an angel kneel
 And bid adieu to glory and to power ;
And see the tear adown her fair cheek steal
 As she awaits the inevitable hour !
For France it is she makes the sacrifice,
 Her Country and its newly-built empire ;

For France's future good ? and who says this ?
 Napoleon 'tis thine own unjust desire ;
 'Tis foul ambition, that infernal scourge,
 That sweeps down millions in its mighty flood ;
 That buries empires neath its foaming surge,
 And strives to deluge continents in blood.
 Napoleon, curst ambition ruined thee :
 It drove thee headlong from thy lofty state,
 Imprisoned on a lone isle of the sea,
 And left thee there to mourn thy bitter fate.
 But Josephine her hard misfortunes bore,
 And life was pleasant e'en with its gloom
 While she could comfort and assist the poor
 And drop a tear of pity o'er their tomb.
 The pomp of court and splendor of a throne
 For her had now no charms, and she desired
 To pass the rest of life in peace, alone,
 Save with the friends she cherished and admired.
 The day was tranquil fading slow away
 Into a beautiful and cloudless eve ;
 The sinking sun threw back his flick'ring ray,
 And seemed to linger ere he took his leave.
 His last rays, struggling through the foliage, shone
 All cheeringly where low lay Josephine
 Upon her dying bed ; but not a groan
 Was heard to interrupt the touching scene.
 The vesper songs of birds then softly rose
 Around Malmaison, falling on the ear
 In sweetest strains, and lulling to repose
 The noble soul that " never caused a tear. "
 Ah ! earth was not her home ; it was too cold
 For such a zealous soul, too full of woes ;
 And angels, hov'ring round on wings of gold,
 Invited her in heaven to seek repose.
 Death comes to set her fettered spirit free.
 She smiles upon him as upon a friend—
 The grave is past—she wins the victory,
 And glory crowns her which shall never end.
 She now is safe beyond the vale of tears—
 She bade adieu to earth and sought the skies—
 She gave her earthly crown away, but wears
 An amaranthine crown in Paradise.
 At Ruel her remains in peace repose ;
 There wronged Affection often drops a tear ;
 And e'en Ambition some just sorrow shows,
 While both her injured innocence declare.

CHILD'S HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

FROM 1584, TO THE CONVENTION OF 1835.

BY R. . CRECY.

[Continued from Vol. V, No. 7.]

LESSON XI.

Governor Burrington—Governor Gabriel Johnston—battle of Carthage-na, &c.

1. GEORGE BURRINGTON was the first Governor of North Carolina, appointed by the King of England. He arrived in Edenton and entered upon the duties of his office in 1731.

2. In order to examine the country, and also to secure the friendship of the Indians, he sent Doctor Brickle of Edenton, on a journey westward. The Doctor was absent thirty-two days; and on his return gave an interesting account of the country he had seen, and the warlike indians he had met with.

3. Governor Burrington, himself, visited the settlement on Cape Fear River, which had now increased very much. He soon afterward returned to England, and was succeeded in office by Gabriel Johnston.

4. Governor Johnston was a political writer of distinction in England, and owed his appointment to the service he had rendered his party by his political writings. During his administration, the colony increased and prospered.

5. To suit the public convenience, the Legislature met, at different times, in Edenton, New-Berne and Wilmington, and some useful laws were made. Religion was encouraged and promoted, peace was maintained, and the public credit supported. Navigation was improved, roads repaired, and the general welfare of the people attended to.

6. At this time England and Spain were at war. The celebrated admiral Vernon was sent out with an English fleet, to attack the Spanish settlements in America. At the request of the King of England, 400 North Carolina troops were raised by Gov. Johnston, and join-

the British fleet in the West Indies. They were at the disastrous battle of Carthagena; and there poured out the first North Carolina blood ever shed in a foreign war.

STORY.

1. Sir Walter Raleigh was a Christian gentleman. When Amidas and Barlow discovered North Carolina, their first act was to kneel down in prayer and thanksgiving to God. The baptism of the Indian, Manteo, on Roanoke Island, was the first Christian baptism celebrated in English America. Many of the early colonists came hither to worship God, in the way they tho't best. The Bible of George Durant is yet preserved. The *Society for the propagation of the gospel*, with its devoted missionaries, soon came battling under the banner of the Cross. During the administration of Gov. Johnston, religion was made an object of public attention.

2. It is fit, then, that the subject of your present story should be the Truth of the Christian Religion.

3. You have been taught to regard Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. Although born of the Virgin Mary, and requiring all the care and tenderness of a mother, like one of you, yet he was the Mediator and Redeemer of the whole human race.

4. But the Jews, among whom he was born and raised, did not be-

lieve him to be. In order to convince them that he was not an impostor, he performed miracles of all kinds.

5. Being once in their temple, where they were assembled for public worship, he healed the sick, restored the blind to their sight, and gave to the lame the use of their limbs. He even raised the dead to life, as you have read in the beautiful story of Lazarus. He performed such wonderful works, that even one of his most bitter enemies was compelled to confess, that no man could do such miracles except God was with him.

6. All these works were performed in the presence of his enemies, and they had full opportunity of finding out their truth. But such was their opposition to him, that they determined to put him to death.—They tried to find out something against him, for which he could be condemned to death. But, being God as well as man, his life was so pure, and his knowledge of man's heart so perfect, that the Judge, after his enemies had said and done their worst, declared he could find no fault in him.

7. The people, urged on by his enemies, appealed to the fears of the Governor, and thus compelled him to pronounce sentence of death against the Saviour.

8. But they could not thus triumph over him, who, though in his hu-

man nature, "thought it not robbery to be equal with God." His enemies indeed, gained their point by putting him to death; and they guarded his grave by a select guard of Roman soldiers. But this profited them little, for, according to his own words, the third day he rose from the dead and appeared to his disciples in that body which was perfectly familiar to them.

9. To satisfy them more thoroughly, and to strengthen our faith who now believe on him, he permitted one of his disciples to put his finger into the print of the nails which had fastened him to the cross, and to thrust his hand into the hole in his side, which had been made, in their presence, by the centurion who guarded him in his last moments.

10. Thus did he show, by this greatest miracle, that he spake the truth when he declared, that "as the Father has life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself."

LESSON XII.

Death of Governor Johnston—Administration of Governor Dobbs, &c.

1. Governor Johnston died in the year 1751. During his long and wise administration, population increased, trade flourished, and many public improvements were made.

2. Fayetteville was founded by a company of emigrants from Scotland. Fort Johnston was erected at the mouth of Cape Fear River to protect the trade of that region. A printing press was set up in New-Berne, and the laws which were scattered about on loose pieces of paper, were collected, revised and printed.

3. From the death of Governor Johnston, until the arrival of Governor Dobbs, in the year 1754, the colony was governed, first by Nathaniel Rice, and after him by Mathew Rowan. They were members of the council. During their administration, the Legislature met at New-Bern and also at Wilmington. Laws were made to improve the navigation of Ocracoke Inlet, to encourage education, and to regulate the currency. Upon the application of the Governor of Virginia, troops were raised and sent under the command of Colonel James Innis, of New Hanover, to assist that colony against the French. But no provision having been made by Virginia, for the support of the troops, the expedition was abandoned.

4. Arthur Dobbs, the new Governor, was an Irishman of distinction in his country. He arrived in New Berne in the fall of the year 1744, in company with a number of his relations. There was some com-

plaint because he appointed many of them to office under him.

5. The Legislature met in New-Berne soon after his arrival, and passed some useful laws, recommended by the Governor. It also contributed to the support of the expedition against the French, commanded by the English General Braddock. Gov. Dobbs gave much attention to this expedition. He met Gen. Braddock at Alexandria, to consult about the best plan of conducting the expedition.

6. He afterwards visited different parts of the province, and upon his recommendation the Legislature voted a large sum of money for the military defence of the colony.

7. About this time the colony was in much fear of attacks from the French and Indians. The Legislature voted sums of money, at different times, to defend its own territory and to aid the neighboring colonies.

8. In order to obtain more aid to carry on the war against the French, the Governor called together a new Legislature at New Berne. He made known the wishes of the King of England and urged the Legislature to comply with them by voting a supply of men and money for the war.

9. The Legislature was not unwilling to comply; but wished to make laws first, to regulate the courts,

and to improve the condition of the colony in other respects. But this the Governor opposed. Disputes arose between them and complaints were made on both sides. The Legislature adjourned without doing anything more for the support of the colony.

10. An Agent was appointed by the Legislature to attend to the English affairs of the colony and a complaint against the Governor was laid before the King.

STORY.

4. The expedition under General Braddock, which is spoken of in your last lesson, calls to mind the name of one whose sword was drawn for the first time, in that expedition. That name is the foremost name in history, for that sword was the sword of **GEORGE WASHINGTON!**

2. **GEORGE WASHINGTON** is the highest example which history gives us, of all that is most excellent in private or public life. Study his character, imitate his example, make him the guide of your conduct.

3. As a boy he was open, manly, truthful, affectionate and dutiful to his parents. As a man he was upright, honest, sincere, kind and gentle, yet firm and resolute. And when he died he was called the Father of his Country.

4. I will tell you a little story about **WASHINGTON**, which shows that when he was a little boy he had a sacred regard for *truth*.

5. One day he was playing with a little hatchet which his father had given him. There were some young fruit trees in the yard, which his father prized very highly. George killed these trees by chopping them with his hatchet. Some days afterward his father saw that his favorite trees had been destroyed. He was very angry, but did not think it was his son.

6. Little George, seeing his father's anger, came to him and with tears told him that he had destroyed the trees, and then asked his forgiveness. His father took him in his arms, and after mentioning the injury he had done, told him he loved him more than ever, because his confession proved him a *boy of truth*.

LESSON XIII.

Hugh Waddle sent with troops to aid South Carolina—First news paper established—Stamp Act—Death of Governor Dobbs.

1. On the 30th of June, 1760, Governor Dodds called a meeting of the Legislature, at Wilmington.—He laid before them a letter from the Governor of South Carolina, asking for aid against the Indians.—Hugh Waddle was sent with a body of troops to their assistance.

2. England was at this time at war with France. The French encouraged the Indians to attack the English colonies in America. The

colony of North Carolina aided the war both with men and money. But the bad feeling and dispute which took place between Governor Dobbs and the Legislature, frequently delayed the good deeds of the colony. The Government of England approved the conduct of the Governor in some cases and thought he acted wrong in others. The Legislature sometimes met at New Berne and sometimes in Wilmington. The Governor lived at New Berne.

3. In consequence of the demands upon the colony for the support of the war against the French and Indians, the people were much distressed and the country neglected. Soon afterwards, however, much attention was paid to its internal improvement. New counties were laid off, the court system improved and new towns established.

4. In the year 1764, the first newspaper in North Carolina was established at New Berne. It was called the "*North Carolina Magazine or Universal Intelligencer*." It was soon followed by another at Wilmington called the "*North Carolina Gazette and Weekly Post Boy*." At this time the Legislature generally met at Wilmington.

5. During the year 1754, the Legislature received a communication from the colony of Massachusetts

about the *Stamp Duties*, imposed by the Government of Great Britain. The Legislature appointed a committee to make known to Massachusetts, their agreement with them in condemning the Stamp Act.

6. Governor Dobbs died at his country seat, near Wilmington, in the year 1765, in the 82nd year of his age. He was unpopular as a Governor, and passed much of his public services in disputes with the Legislature. But the colony prospered during his long administration, notwithstanding the French

and Indian wars which interrupted its peace and checked its internal improvements.

STORY.

1. This story will be about the Indians and the Indian character. Different opinions have been entertained about the origin of the Indians, and good reasons have been given in support of them. But the most common opinion is, that they came from Asia to America, across Behring Straits, at some remote period of time.

 VERSES.

 TO MISS — —

“FORGET, forgive, and be forgiven.”
 Fit words are these to come from Heaven
 So saintly pure,
 That as they through the echoes swell,
 They seem some fair, some fairy knell
 Sent by angelic ones to tell
 I am secure.

“Forget, forgive, and be forgiven,”
 Yes, though by passion's storm I'm driven,
 So darkly wild.

I'll ever turn in that dread hour,
 To the sweet enchantress' bower,
 Where I felt the wond'rous power
 Of accents mild.

“Forget, forgive, and be forgiven,”
 Like an angelic song of Heaven
 They greet my ear;
 Dearer than sweets the lover sips,
 From the touch of his mistress' lips,—
 Lovlier than the ray that tips
 The morning clear.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

OUR CHIT CHAT.

A HAPPY New Year to you, gentle readers, one and all. "Ah!" you say, "it is rather late for such congratulations.; we had almost forgotten there ever was such a thing as New Year's day, and old Father Time is hurrying us along so fast that another soon will be at hand!" How many things have happened since last we addressed you through these pages! Christmas, with all its attendant pleasures, has come and gone, and the many firesides made happy by the presence of long-absent wanderers from home, have again been saddened by their departure. The evergreens, whose gladsome boughs adorned the old homestead's walls, are now thrown aside, and serve only to remind of joys past. The noisy shouts of happy children have ceased in our streets, and the wearied round of business and care, relaxed for a moment, in honor of the season. is again resumed. The farmer is once more at his plough, the student has returned to his books,—and all that remains is to think of our pleasures past, and long for those to come.

There is a good old custom observed in some of our towns, with which some of our readers may not be acquainted, and as we deem it worthy of universal adoption, a slight notice may not be inappropriate. We had the pleasure of passing our "New Year" in the Capital of the State, and there had a fine opportunity of participating in the enjoyments of the occasion. We were invited by several young friends to join with them in making "New Year's calls," and it is this custom which we would recommend to you all. At every house the fair ones are expected to be "at home," and preparations made for the reception of visitors, who come all day long, in quick succession, to present the compliments of the season. How delightful are the short social "chats" held around each cheerful blaze; how merrily rings the joyous laugh of each sweet hostess, and how warmly glow the hearts of all in happy cheerfulness none can imagine save those who like ourself, have heard and seen them all! Raleigh is a delightful place at all times, (especially the

fair portion of it,) but never so charming as at "New Year."

Vacation too is over! How expressive is that last sentence; of what does it not speak? But this subject has been moralized upon so much by all our predecessors, that we feel unwilling to hash up a sentimental paragraph for the occasion, and will therefore seek another theme.....

Did you get up early this morning, my good friend? Now by "early" we do not mean "before the break of day," nor yet what some of our fashionable young gentlemen would term a "killing hour," but only moderately early, say about seven o'clock? Of course you did not, but we did, and took the most delightful walk ever enjoyed by mortal man. We actually saw the sun rise! Open your eyes in wonder and doubt our assertion if you will, but we repeat it: we saw the sun rise, and a glorious sight it was too! The morning was clear and beautiful, while a rain the night before had bespangled every object with its diamond drops. We were standing by the shore of a lovely bay, upon whose glassy surface was a gentle ripple caused by the morning breeze, scarcely enough to raise the drooping pennants from the tall masts of the vessels moored in the sheltered harbor. Its shores were lined with dense forests, whose leafless boughs and gnarled trunks

were pleasantly variegated by the cheerful aspect of the evergreen cypress and pine. Here and there the stillness was disturbed by the merry shouts of boys, as they rowed about, some returning from a ducking frolic up the creek, others having boats well laden with members of the finny tribe, just drawn from their useful nets; and the deep voice of the sailor re-echoed along the wooded shore, as he sang out his "heave ho!" and his stalwart form bent to the windlass, raising the anchor from the limpid depths...All nature beside seemed wrapped in repose, when gradually over the eastern horizon, came the first rays of the morning sun, dancing over the tree tops, gilding the shadowy clouds, making gems of every pearly drop. Higher and higher he arose, till at last he burst forth in all his splendor, shedding life and happiness throughout creation! The beams were caught in the snow-white sails, reflected from each tiny billow, while the oar-blades glittered as fast and quick and with measured stroke they sank beneath the illumined waters. The breeze sprang up, the pennants streamed their gaudy lengths in air, busy feet hurried to and fro,—and we came home to breakfast! 'Twas a good one too, we assure you, but we will not shock our delicate readers by saying how many hot buckwheat cakes vanished—

“to the place where such things go,” nor how much beef-steak suffered from our “morning walk.” Reader, if you wish to grow fat, live long and be happy generally, why just follow our example : get up early every morn and then walk a mile to see the sun rise !

But we suspect you are growing tired of our chit-chat, and wonder if there is nothing more substantial in “our Table,” so with a hurrah for Christmas, New Year and the sun-rise, we pass on to more weighty subjects—*Nous allons*.

LORD MONTAGUE'S PAGE, BY G. P. R. JAMES.

That indefatigable author is once more before the public, and this time has presented us with a work well worth a careful perusal. Notwithstanding the severe criticisms he has ever and anon met with, it cannot be denied that Mr. James is a novelist of no ordinary ability. His style is easy and generally clear,—especially suited to narrative. His descriptive powers are by no means equal to those of many who have occupied the same field, yet his delineation of character is often very fine. As a mere novel or work of fiction, the book before us possesses considerable interest. The characters are well sustained, the incidents frequent and various ; but the plot—that dark mystery in which novel readers delight, which is the great weapon of the skillful novelist

—the darker the better—is here on the very surface, and he who is at all versed in the art, can soon tell the whole drift of it. But Mr. James aims higher than the mere novelist. He has ventured upon a field where Scott and others have won imperishable laurels. Few paths of literature require more varied acquirements in those who would pursue them, than does that of Historical Romance. In the first place, not only an intimate knowledge of the political history of the era must be possessed, but the author must be able to depict the manners and customs—the daily life and familiar conversation of the personages he brings upon the stage. Nor is this the only qualification necessary. He must be able to imbue these lifeless details—these mere descriptions of men and actions with all the attributes of animate beings and actual events—he must so blend the past with the present, as to enable the reader to feel the reality of the panorama he spreads before him. His office is also a most responsible one. He brings upon the stage no mere creations of his own imagination, but men who have lived and died and whose actions are recorded on History's truthful page. In this department Mr. James has succeeded well. The character he has chosen to delineate is one of the greatest mysteries of the age in which he lived—that

of Richelien ; the time is well chosen, sufficiently near our own to possess considerable interest to the most shallow reader, sufficiently remote to prevent all collision with too accurate personal recollection. The "Great Cardinal" is a much more agreeable personage in Mr. James' hands, than he is as exhibited by the stern and not always impartial pen of History. We admire—we tremble—we despise—we hate, as we read of his mighty genius,—his unscrupulous nature, his bloody revenge, his weakness even in his might. Other characters peculiar to his age, are equally well depicted by our author ; some of them of historic interest. The gallant Page, with all of his ardent aspirations, his devotion to the laws of chivalry, his earnest longings for the noble career open before him, his faithful service to the lord to whom he has attached himself, stands forth in the character of Edward Langdale.—The gay and unprincipled lady of Louis' court, finds a fair representative in the Duchesse du Chevreuse ; while all the virtues of the gentler sex are ascribed to the noble heroine of the tale, Marie de Mirepoin du Valais.

But we will go no further in our review of this book. We are fully conscious of our own inability to criticise a work by so well known an author, and shall only add that it was read by us with unflagging

interest and hearty approval. It is prefaced by a sketch of its distinguished author, by no means devoid of interest and value to the inquisitive reader.

Published by Messrs. Childs & Peterson.

"THE SUBLIME."

Sublime is an epithet which we often use, but whose proper meaning and application few of us understand. We say "sublime scenery," "poetry," "music," &c., but if asked to define our expression, would be unable to give utterance to our crude ideas on the subject. It is clearly a relative term, not absolute ; depends for its meaning upon the class of objects considered and the mind or character of the observer. Thus a timid landsman, who had never stepped a deck larger than his light canoe, or sailed over other water than his marshy creek,—would break forth into exclamations of wonder and surprise, at the wide extent of some inland sound, at which the sturdy tar, who had buffeted the waves of many a sea, and viewed old ocean in its wildest grandeur, would smile in contempt. as at the "petty mill-pond." Thus the rude savage gazed in mute astonishment at the white man's compass, or fell in awe as he heard the thunder and saw the lightning of his gun., while the Philosopher beholds with complacency, even the

mighty workings of the universe. Novelty is an essential attribute to the sublime, nor is it necessary for us to illustrate this by example.—What spectacle could by more sublime *in the abstract*, than that of the Sun, as he goes on in his endless course, dispensing light and warmth to countless millions of worlds, the very heart of this mighty system? Yet with what indifference is he regarded by us!

Writers differ as to the source of sublimity. Anything which towers above its kind, which astonishes the mind by its vast superiority,—raises one as it were above himself, excites in his bosom this emotion, expands his soul, makes him for a moment feel the poet's ecstasy!

Sublimity in composition is ascribed either to the idea expressed or the style in which it is conveyed. This last opinion seems to us absurd; no style whatever can elevate a sentiment—none make it lose its inherent worth. 'Tis true the grace of the author may clothe it in appropriate language and add the charm of elegant diction, but you might as well try to change a withered hag into the lovely Venus, by girding her with the Cestus; or, to make old Priam equal the mighty Achilles, by clothing him with his heaven made armor, as to raise a common place idea to the height of sublimity by the rope and tackle of

mere words. The converse of this is also true.

The feeling of sublimity is necessarily transient; as well might we expect to live in continued storm and tempest; to see naught but the towering mountain, the deep abyss, the vivid lightning; to hear always the thunder's deafening roar or wild ocean's sullen moan, as to find one continued strain of the sublime.—Human nature would be exhausted by the undue tension, fall useless from the lofty height whose atmosphere is too rare to be long endured by the mental lung.

SEEK NOT FOR FAME.

Why will the youthful heart forever yearn
For that evanescent, fickle thing called Fame?
Why forever kind Experience spurn,
And perish blindly to secure a name?

* * * * *

One eve a youth was sitting by the way
Where travellers pass'd in multitudinous throng,
But he, neglectful, spent the tedious day
Enraptured with his sportive mirth and song.
At length he spied an old man going by,
His form was bent with years, his locks turned gray
And as he heard him heave a deep drawn sigh,
In sympathy the youth thus 'gan to say:—

“Stranger, stay, why dost thou wander,
Far from home from friends away;
Why forever dost thou squander
The joys of life's fleeting day?
Hast thou none to love and greet thee,
When thou homeward dost return;
Or have those who there should meet thee
Gone to the last mournful bourne?
Thou art old and sad and weary,
Furrows down thy brow descending,
Stranger, stay, look not so dreary,
Cease thy cheerless way from wending.”

A tear-drop trickled down his aged cheek,
 As his hoary head he feebly shook ;
 And then he thus so sad began to speak,
 Leaning on his trusty traveller's crook.

"Young man listen to my story.

Hearken to its varied teaching,
 Quench thy ardent thirst for glory,
 Ever onward, upward reaching.
 Once I, too, was young and careless,
 Fortune's smiles on me were turned ;
 But I, ardent, hopeful, fearless
 For immortal glory burned.

Scorned my parents' strong desire,
 Laughed at duty's sacred pleading
 And, inflamed with maddening fire,
 Went away, their wish unheeding.
 In many a foreign clime I've wandered
 Seen the joys that each can show ;
 Now I sigh for the ties I sundered,
 In the years long, long ago.

Oft in battle's bloodiest shock,
 I have fought the bravest foe,
 And stalwart as the fixed rock,
 Have received the weighty blow :

Oft in councils wise I've met,
 And my wishes there asserted,
 But now my sun of Glory's set
 And I alone, bereft, deserted.
 None to weep for my great sorrow,
 None my coming steps to hail ;
 None, if I should die to-morrow,
 O'er my friendless corpse to wail !

All that's left me of the glory,
 Which in former days was mine,
 Is to tell my varied story
 And to think of 'auld lang syne.'
 And still my weary way I'm wending,
 Full of sorrow and joyless gloom,—
 At each repeated step descending
 Nearer to the dismal tomb."

Thus he spoke, and onward starting,
 Left the youth in silence deep ;
 Till his distant form departing
 Sank behind the rising steep.

COLLEGE AGAIN.

Dear Readers, we hope your vacation days have been pleasantly spent. We have had the pleasure of welcoming many of our friends back to the old "Temple of Letters," and have also heard the story of the hopeful sons, relating the events of their "rich time with some sweet little angel," that almost every student is apt to meet with when he goes away to spend the vacation. All such stories of merriment and pleasure, we love to hear. But the present prospects give ample grounds for higher hopes of the University, which is *now* inferior to no institution of learning, west of "the great Waters." We have seen numbers of students returning from their sweethearts, parents and friends, not with the "*black bottle*" as their companion, as some of the good citizens of the good old North State would have you think, but with cheerfulness, joy and resolution they meet and pass around the pleasures and ills of their vacation, and their very air seems to say, we will throw the blame from our own shoulders into the face of those whose envious tongues delight in defaming. Every one seems sensible of the fact that he has been judged of by the standard as held out by the press in the State. He has felt that the suspicious eye was watching him in every village, ready to pronounce him, if he spoke above a

breath, "a drunken student from Chapel Hill:" or the infamous tell-tale with pricked ears was ready to exaggerate every oath that might chance to fall from the lips of the wicked. We often hear it said that Chapel Hill is a great place to ruin boys. Now let us assure you that those boys who are so easily decoyed from the paths of rectitude into ruin's broad way, do not have to be led very far.

Chapel Hill is again alive with students from various parts of our land. To the already large classes there are still, day after day, new ones being added; and may we not assure our friends that with usual diligence and our present able Faculty to guide you, you will find the ascent to your desired goal not as onerous as your imagination has pictured. But the great secret of success is beginning aright, and after beginning to continue so. This is not so difficult as it may seem to some, either; resolve to do your duty and not be led into temptation by the few idle vagabonds that may, perhaps, tempt you in a trying hour, think of the loved ones at home. We give this little lesson of warning to our new friends, because we feel sure that if they begin aright, so they are apt to end their college career.

BEAUTY.

Smith, in one of his lectures on the subject of Beauty, says: "Mind

is the noblest essence in the Universe." That is, (as we are inclined to think,) everything to which the name of beautiful is given, must,—before that name is given, have associated with it, as a necessary counterpart, that indescribable essence, the Mind.

Consider, when we look into the great work-shop of Nature, whence cometh all the delicate beauties that give splendor to the artist's touch. We read the fact in every case that " 'tis the mind that makes the man." Now we must conclude that it is the mind which aids the artist in so nicely interweaving nature with art, so that the judge of the beautiful is impressed with its beauty in proportion to the amount and quality of this "noble essence."

Another evidence that mind is the medium through which Beauty is conveyed to the soul, is the difference of men's capacity to appreciate it, and also the difference between man and beast.

Let us imagine ourselves painters of a landscape. We march along the banks of some sweet murmuring brook, until we come to a commanding view; then reclining "*sub tegmine fagi*," drink in the beauty of the scenery, until our souls are filled with the language of flowerets, that sips of the sparkling drops as they dance down the winding bed of the little stream, singing choruses to the gentle zephyrs that fan

our heated brow. Here we love to sit and admire the beauties of nature. But behold yon hungry wolf as he carelessly stalks over the soft petals of pretty flowers, and madly howls to drive away the civilizing sound of the gentle zephyrs, while they sportingly play among the leaves of the grove.

In such places of beauty man often loves to spend an hour in offering thanks to his God for that divine essence, which conducts the soul to the full enjoyment of all the beauty afforded both by art and nature.

If the mind is not the key, to unlock the doors of the Beautiful, both in Art and Nature, the brute creation would look in stupefied wonder on the many beauties of art. Even the wild herds of the forest would stop in their mad and destructive career, to admire the beauties set forth in the fine cities that now decorate our Western States, and with human pleasure revel in the enjoyment, until the stern call of necessity bade them roam again the fruitful fields. But so far from it, that they even flee the most beautiful object that earth contains—the human face.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Lexicographers define memory to be that faculty of the mind by which it retains a knowledge of past events and ideas. It is the great storehouse of the mind, in

which is treasured up all our knowledge—the great picture-gallery of the soul, adorned with the images of past events, painted in more or less vivid colors, in proportion as the attention was more or less awakened when the impression was received.

The province of memory, in the intellectual economy, is an important and dignified one. It not only strengthens the judgment and supplies food for the understanding,—but it feeds the passions of the soul; and when all the ideas which have at any time been communicated to the mind, whether orally or visually, whether relating to the immediate actions of our own lives, or to the years beyond the flood, are called forth from the secret chambers of the memory by the power of recollection; emotions deep and powerful are stirred up within our bosoms. Then we know what it is from sweet experience, to have the testimony of a good conscience, or else we writhe beneath the lashings of a guilty one.

All ideas treasured up by the memory, are not equally present to the mind; but, on the contrary,—while some ideas hang like the ghosts of departed thoughts on the outskirts of memory, and can scarcely be recalled by the most strenuous effort of the will, others stand out in bold relief and readily present themselves to the mind.—

Hence it is that the pleasures and pains of memory depend in a great measure upon our own conduct ;— for in proportion as the mind is interested in those events with which we are directly connected,— either acting or being acted upon by them, they become more indelibly enstamped upon the retentive faculty and come up in our future reminiscences, either as the messengers of joy, or as the foul harpies of dismal woe. Hence it is, when taking a retrospective view of the past a thrill of joy or a pang of sorrow strikes through the soul, in proportion as life has been virtuous or vicious.

To the good, memory is a never-failing source of joy ; to the wicked, of misery more intolerable than hell's fiery torment. That man who is of a reflective turn of mind, must, when he presses his couch,— after the labors of the day are ended, experience either pleasure or pain, as he reviews the events of the past day.

But at present we would invite your attention, more especially, to Memory as an instrument of pleasure. The pleasures of memory are various and diversified, and embrace within their vast domain, the recollection of all that is great and noble, in the past history of the world,— together with the various circumstances and associations which compose the many incidental and event-

ful chapters in the history of our own lives. Bad as man is, the history of the race furnishes many noble examples of goodness and greatness, of illustrious piety and exalted patriotism and disinterested philanthropy, which form a brilliant *cortege* in our train of ideas ; and, to right-minded men, furnish much matter for pleasant thought.

Memory strews life's rugged pathway, from the cradle to the grave, with the fragrant flowers of the vale. All periods of life—sportive youth, sedate manhood and contemplate old age, are alike the subjects of its benign influence.

Although, we think, the pleasures of memory increase with our years, until, in old age, when it becomes the chief solace of life ; so that the old man, whose locks are silvered by the touch of time, may emphatically be said to live in the past ;— yet youth is, by no means, a stranger to its delights. The fun-loving boy and romping school-girl find pleasure, it is true, in their innocent amusements, yet they reap an additional crop of pleasure in recounting their childish feats to their companions. As we grow older,— friendships are strengthened and the love of home becomes a deep-seated affection. The numerous objects by which we are surrounded embalm themselves in our memories, and the many pleasing associations connected with the family

hearth—the old-field school-house—the church—the play-ground—the shady wood and the murmuring brook, are all converted into the warp and woof of memory's web, and appears in our future reminiscences like angelic visitants, breathing a sweetness in our thoughtful meditations which truly rejoice the heart.

But more especially, when removed from the endearing scenes of childhood, does the remembrance of them touch a chord within, that vibrates with sensations of most exquisite delight. Soon the time arrives when we must bid adieu to the paternal roof, and wander, it may be, far from home and friends. Then it is, when surrounded by an unsympathizing and ice-hearted world that regards us not, and when every other source of happiness seems to be dried up, that memory flies to the rescue and regales the languishing soul with a rich repast of the choicest viands—the fond recollections of by gone days. Then it is that we go back again and again, and traverse the flowery meads of the past, and recall with so much pleasure, the happy days when a father's smile and a mother's caress gladdened our youthful hearts and scattered blessings along our pathway. Though all is dark and gloomy without, though the fierce storms of adversity pour down upon our devoted heads, and the uni-

verse seems to be leagued together for our destruction; yet within there is a well-spring of comfort,—a fountain of pleasure—pleasure saddened, it is true, by the sense of loss, yet a pleasure unutterable and one which all the wealth of India could not purchase. When the mind is racked with distressing cares, and when “keen misfortune thrusts its long proboscis into the heart, and draws forth tears in streams,” the remembrance of the past, oft-times, suggest thoughts as sweetly soothing as the soft notes of the gentle cooing dove.

Though a contemplation of the past may sometimes produce a sadness, yet, even in sadness, there is a delight, and pleasure which is no small ingredient in “musing melancholy.” Memory, too, contributes greatly to the pleasures of social intercourse. The enjoyments of the social circle, the fascinations of the ball-room,—the interest of the crowded assemblage are all very much heightened by the pleasing afterthoughts to which they give rise. But it is to old age that we are to look for the most striking displays of the pleasures of memory. To that period of life, when nature incapacitates for active pursuits and disposes to quiet meditation and tranquil thought and the way-worn traveller stands, as it were, upon the brink of the grave, like some tall monarch of the forest, stripped of its foliage and

branches by the rude storms of winter, must we come, before we can fully appreciate this sentiment

Oh! bright is the past,
 No joy can we know,
 Like thinking of hours,
 That passed long ago.
 From the scenes of our childhood,
 We never can part,
 But treasure them always
 In the depths of the heart.

H. S.

HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The History of our State has been attempted repeatedly, but hitherto marked failure has been the lot of these aspiring authors. Their works are now almost entirely out of repute, and scarcely deserve passing notice at our hands. 'Tis with no invidious spirit that we make these remarks, for none feel more deeply this deplorable deficiency than ourselves; but it would be idle to deny or extenuate a fact so well and generally known. The only historical literature we possess, of real value, is to be found in the addresses of some of our diligent and patriotic citizens, and in a few sectional publications. These latter are of great importance and interest, but by no means satisfy the demand for a more comprehensive and systematic work.

This being the case, our readers can well imagine with what delight the intelligence was received that such a work was being written by one of North Carolina's most distinguished sons,—one admirably

suited to the task, and whose antecedents gave us every reason to hope its masterly accomplishment. North Carolina could not have chosen an abler, more patriotic or industrious historian than DR. FRANCIS HAWKS. A native of Newbern, while still a young man he attained high distinction as a lawyer at its Bar; but he soon left this profession for that to which he seemed specially adapted, and became a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church. As such he has achieved an almost world-wide renown. As a pulpit orator, (nor indeed is he confined to that,) he has no equal, while as an able and efficient pastor, his labors are invaluable. He is at present and has been for many years, located in New York city. But we will pursue no further this brief sketch of our author, as it is unnecessary, for his career is well known to all,—all are proud to claim him as a North Carolinian. Our purpose at present is to consider him as an Historian, especially as the historian of North Carolina. One of the first and most important requisites for a good historical writer is possessed by Dr. Hawks in an eminent degree, viz: the power of close and long-continued investigation. If this is necessary in general history, it is absolutely indispensable when an author has to deal with such material as here were his sources of information. H

neralizes in a manner which will gain the admiration of every judicious reader, bringing forth from the tangled and intricate mass before him a clear and simple narrative, told in a style remarkable for its dignity and perspicuity. He brings to the discussion of every question which arises, a power of logical analysis and a clearness of detail which soon unravel the mystery, and place *truth* plainly before the reader. But we need make no further criticisms on an author of so extended a reputation, and will only say that the work is considered worthy of the man and the subject. Two volumes of it have already appeared, and the rest, we are told, are forthcoming. The last brings the history down to the end of the Proprietary Government, 1729.—These volumes are issued by the Messrs. Hale, of Fayetteville, and in typographical execution, binding, &c., are surpassed by few in our country. We return them our thanks for a very neat copy of the second, which shall receive a more extended and minute notice, when time will allow.

Hoping that its excellent and gifted author will be warmly supported in his enterprise by every patriotic citizen of our State, we leave him for the present.

MEMOIR OF DR. MITCHELL, &C.

Our thanks are due to the printer and publisher, J. M. Henderson,

Chapel Hill, for a copy of this very interesting book, issued under the auspices of the Faculty. We have only been able to give it a cursory glance, but will soon present our readers with a longer critique. It is written in honor of a good and a great man, whom we all loved; this circumstance alone will gain it a warm reception. It can be had of the publisher, at the University Bookstore here, or at Messrs. Pomeroy and Turner's in Raleigh, at thirty cents per copy in paper, or fifty cents in cloth.

 WE acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, viz.—Kenyon Collegian, Virginia Univ. Magazine, Erskine Collegiate Recorder, Yale Lit. Magazine, N. C. Educational Journal, New York Teacher, The Port folio & Messenger edited by the young ladies of the female institute in Columbus Miss.—It is quite a welcome visitor, besides a number of other papers, periodicals and journals too numerous to mention. Some few articles have been unavoidably crowded out, viz Tributes of Respect, and two fragments from the pen of "Jim Blunt" which we have entirely lost sight of, and we know "Balaam" has never gotten them.

 We are glad to inform all the friends to the University, that the new buildings are now in rapid progress, and soon, we hope, there

will be no necessity for a student to pay such enormous room rent as has been the custom for the few past sessions. When they are completed we will have quite a fine set of well-arranged, commodious and handsome buildings.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, }
November 24th 1858. }

WHEREAS, It hath pleased that God who "doeth all things well," to take from us a companion whom we loved and whom we must ever deplore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of ED-MUND L. JONES, we have lost a friend whose place in our hearts can never be supplied. His gentle and winning deportment we shall always remember with affection mingled with sorrow for his untimely end.

Resolved, That we tender to the members of the Dialectic Society, our warmest sympathy in this their sad bereavement; for death has hurried from their circle one who, as a member, reflected honor upon them, and who in his moral character and studious habits, left an example worthy of imitation.

Resolved, That, while we would not intrude upon the sacredness of their grief, we would still desire to weep with those who loved him best, over the early grave of our friend, and may God, who has promised to comfort those that mourn, be their stay in this hour of trial.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also that they be published in the "Salisbury Banner" and "Watchman," the Raleigh "Standard" and "Register," "Goldsborough Tribune" and "University Magazine."

R. P. HOWELL, }
C. C. POOL, }
NORFLEET SMITH, } Com.
I. M. ROYSTER, }
G. L. WILSON. }

GIRARD HALL, }
Nov. 24, 1858. }

At a meeting of the Junior Class of the University of North Carolina, held in Girard Hall, on Wednesday, November 24, 1858, G. S. Martin was called to the Chair, and a committee appointed to draft Resolutions expressive of their deep sorrow at the death of their esteemed classmate, E. L. JONES, the following resolutions were reported and received:

Resolved, That we are filled with feelings of the deepest regret, at the unexpected death of our beloved classmate, E. L. JONES, and while we acknowledge the wisdom of Providence, and resign ourselves to its decree, we cannot but deplore the loss of one who lately had such fair promise of a long and happy life.

Resolved, That his gentlemanly bearing won our entire esteem and his heart seemed to throb with only the noblest impulses, and we are comforted in the belief that he has exchanged this world for a better.

Resolved, That we tender our deepest sympathies to the bereaved parents, and assure them that while they lament a son, we lament a friend.

Resolved, That as a token of our grief we wear the usual badge of mourning for the remainder of the session.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be published in the "Salisbury Banner" and "Watchman," Raleigh "Standard" and "Register," and "University Magazine."

GEORGE L. WILSON, }
L. BOND, }
WILLIAM GRAHAM, } Com.
N. SMITH, }
R. P. HOWELL, }
T. L. SMITH. }

Those who have not paid their subscriptions for the current year, are earnestly requested to do so at once, as we must have money to publish.

The Chapel Hill Literary Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Foreign and Local Intelligence, the Markets, Agriculture, &c.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

IN

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

t \$2 Per Annum, in Advance.

TO CLUBS:

"THE GAZETTE" will be furnished to Clubs, (all sent to one Postoffice,) at the following rates:

ONE COPY, One Year,.....	\$2 00
FIVE COPIES, One Year,.....	8 50
TEN COPIES, One Year,.....	15 00
TWENTY COPIES, One Year,.....	25 00

Every person getting up a club of five or more subscribers and forwarding us the money for the same, will be furnished with the sixth copy gratis.

The subscriber would respectfully announce that having recently made large additions to the

JOBGING DEPARTMENT

of his Office, he is now prepared to execute every variety of plain or fancy Printing, such as

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, HAND-BILLS, COURT
BLANKS, VISITING, BUSINESS, AND WEDDING
CARDS AND TICKETS, LABELS, &c., &c.,

In the neatest manner and on reasonable terms. Orders by mail or otherwise for job work will be promptly attended to.

Address,

JAMES M. HENDERSON.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

PROSPECTUS.

North Carolina University

MAGAZINE.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this College Monthly commenced with the AUGUST number. The Editors will spare no pains to make it, while under their charge, worthy of

SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE.

Each number shall consist of about FIFTY pages of original and choice matter. In the editorial of each number will be found, besides other articles, a monthly record of College and such other events, as may deemed suitable.

This Magazine is entirely devoted to the cultivation of

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE,

and should have the support of every Carolinian. A liberal subscription is much desired, as by it the Editors will be enabled to make several necessary improvements.

TERMS.

\$2 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS MADE TO CLUBS.

Address,

EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY

MAGAZINE

MARCH,

1859.

VOL. VIII.

NO. 7.

JAS. M. HENDERSON,

PUBLISHER,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

N. C. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

MARCH, 1859.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. A Fan for Fanning,.....	289
2. Life and Character of James Iredell,.....	302
3. Little Women,.....	309
4. To Miss ——	309
5. The Last of the Tuscaroras,.....	310
6. The Misanthrope,	313
7. Female Education,	318
8. Imago Mortis,.....	321
9. The Choice of a Wife,.....	337
10. Palestine and its Associations,	330
11. To my Sister,.....	333

EDITORIAL TABLE.—Hon. Henry W. Miller—The Tol
Mite Bust—The New Corps of Editors—Tribute
of Respect—Obituary—Errata—Errata York's
English Grammar,.....334

The Magazine is published about the first of every
month except January and July.

Terms \$2 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Any
person sending us five new subscribers and TEN DOLLARS,
will receive a copy gratis.

Address Editors of the University Magazine, Chapel
Hill, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

R. C. BADGER,
S. L. JOHNSTON,

R. F. HAMLIN,
C. W. McCLAMMY,

G. B. JOHNSTON,
F. D. STOCKTON,

OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1858-'59.

VOL. VIII,

MARCH 1859.

NO. 7.

A FAN FOR FANNING, AND A TOUCH-STONE TO TRYON :

Containing an impartial account of the rise and progress of the so much talked of
Regulation in North Carolina.

BY REGULUS.

BOSTON.—Printed and sold at the Printing Office, opposite the seat of William
Vassal, Esq., at the head of Queen Street,
1771.

[CONCLUDED.]
No. VIII.

THE Reader may have observed, that the Governor appeals to an engagement of the people, *To abide by his Decision in Council* ; It is probable the people had entered into such obligations with the Governor; and at the time of Engaging, they intended to do as they said. But two things appear to have determined them to do otherwise; (1) when Hunter and Howel presented the

Petition, &c., of the Regulators, his Excellency called together a small number of the council : and such a conduct, whether it was really so or not, gave the People the color of Suspicion, that he called only such as he knew would be on his side.— (2.) It is somewhat probable that the Governor, in order to engage the People, had encouraged them to believe that he would lay their Petition, &c., before the whole General Assembly; Therefore, when the

People found by the journals of the House, that the Governor desired the Whole matter should be vested in him, and seeing by his Letter, &c. how he was like to treat them—These things appear to be the reasons of the Regulators conduct, in refusing to obey the Governor's last Direction, by the hands of Mr. Harris, who, in the discharge of his duty, required the Tax, of the People; upon this they answered him, "We have agreed to lay the matter before the Whole Council, and House of Assembly before we choose to Pay." Mr. Harris returned without the money; and also without being insulted, and maltreated by the People; though they had "desired that no officer should come among them to Collect," &c. Nor were the People very delicate in their manner of expression, respecting the Officers; Therefore it is that they are said, by the Governor, "To Menace, and Threaten the property of the King's Officers."

At this meeting the Regulators agreed upon an answer to the Gov.'s Letter, mentioned in No. VII, and appointed two men to wait on, and present it to his Excellency. In which they hinted to him, that they should have been much more obliged to him, had he, as they expected he would have done, called together the Legislature of the Province. Here it must be acknowledged that the Regulators were altogether as

forward as necessary; though some apology may be admitted from their want of knowledge, and the pressing necessity of their situation;—Nor is it to be refused, that their own importance seems to have had some influence on their conduct;—They had gone so far forward they were unwilling to return back. But if the Regulators treated the Governor with *freedom*, and uncourtly style, it must be confessed also,—That the measure he meeted to them was as far from moderate and lenient as theirs was from delicate and submissive. For, when Harris returned from among the Regulators, the Gov.'s Officers were busied in raising the Militia. Their orders were "To rendezvous at an appointed place, on a set day, which day was nigh at hand—To bring with them three day's Provision, and nine charges of Amunition."—The Militia, upon receiving these orders, immediately sent messengers, to carry tidings to the Regulators, "That the Governor was forming an Armament, to cut them off," &c. It was also said that the Gov. intended to send for and bring down Indians, from the frontiers, to aid him in cutting off the Regulators.

These alarms threw the inhabitants of Orange into the utmost perplexity; so that in fear they ran together, not to Arms, of which they might have availed themselves ef-

fectually, had they been disposed to fight ; but whatever might be the voice of the inconsiderate Multitude, of whom it is always true, the more part, know not wherefore they are gathered together ; the wiser and considerate part, interposed, and the People chose, of themselves, eight Men, whom they sent to the Governor, that they might inform him of what they were told, and know of him the Truth, respecting all these things ; The eight Men returned, having waited on the Governor, with the following declarations, from the Governor and others, viz. "In the first place, the Governor Declares, That he never had an intention to bring down the Indians, nor of raising the Militia, in order to break in upon any settlement, as has been falsely represented ; and that he again repeats his firm resolution to do Justice to the People in everything wherein they have been injured, (he being Judge) as far as in his power."

"In the next place, Col. Fanning agrees that the dispute between him and the People, shall be settled at the next Supreme Court ; That if the Chief Judge, and his associates, give Judgement against him on the Tryal of Mr. John Lowe, or any other deed, he is willing, and shall refund the full sum, over his Lawful fees, he has taken, to every Man who shall apply to him, bring-

ing his deed along with him ; and that they shall pay no Cost."

In the next place, Mr. Nash, agrees to the same thing, with respect to his Clerk's fee, as he has already wrote to the Regulators."

"In the last place, the Accounts of the Sheriffs, with the Vestry, and Court, for the County and Parish Tax, have been examined and approved ; and when a Settlement is made for the Insolvents, the full State, in the same manner, shall be posted up in the Court-house."

"The Gov. will give no Direction for the Sheriff to proceed in his collection till after the Supreme Court."

This is an Unaccountable piece of Conduct, if we view it in this light ; That the Gov. did actually attempt raising the Militia, and that with design to reduce the Regulators—and that this is true, is without a doubt ; and therefore, we can give no better reason for these apparently soft Words of the Gov., in the above Message to the Regulators, &c., than the refusal of the Militia to serve against their brethren :— which refusal appears from the following Resolution formed by the Militia, viz : "The critical affairs in public have caused us to meet to consult what is our duty. We have been warned to go against a set of people called Regulators, under the term of enemies ; but we look on them as Loyal Subjects, acting for the good of our Country. Until

they are proved Enemies, we do not think it our duty to go against them. We are told that they who disobey the Gov.'s orders, will be fined, for not appearing against these our Brethren and Neighbors; which thing we design to oppose until it appears to be our duty, and until their articles are proved to be contrary to Law."

By the above mentioned Eight Men, the Governor notified the Regulators to meet at a convenient Place, to them known, and appointed by his Excellency, at a Time; at which Place and Time, the Sheriffs were to attend, in order to satisfy the People with respect to the concern they had in the public accounts.

The People met on the day appointed; No one of the former Sheriff's came; the Sheriff for the time being, came, not with Accounts, but, a letter from the Governor, viz :

"GENTLEMEN :

I had every reasonable hope, that my letter to you from the council chamber, the 21st of June, would have given you not only the most cordial satisfaction, but have prompted you with the most ardent Zeal, to have subscribed to every Direction contained therein, conformable to the declared Resolution in your address to me."

"It is with a sincere Regret, I at this time reflect on the Disobedient and ungrateful return you have made me, both by your Disregard

to every part of my directions in the above-mentioned Letter, and your refusal to pay your publick Levies, to Mr. Harris, late Sheriff, who demanded them of you, on the second of this Month, at a general Meeting, in Virtue of his Legal power, and in compliance with the Letter I sent you, by him, urging the immediate payment thereof."

"The Candor with which I treated the Rash and Precipitate Steps of your past Conduct, and the just means, and effectual measures I pointed out for removing the Causes of Complaint, would have given ample satisfaction to every Man who Petitioned me with an Intention to be satisfied with Justice."

By your letter delivered me the 5th instant, by Mess. Low and Hunter, I have the Mortification to find every lenient Measure of mine has been perverted, and the friendly aid I offered to correct the abuses in publick Officers, which it was my duty to tender, considered by you as insufficient."

"The force of the Proclamation was to caution public officers against and prevent, as much as possible, Extortion. It is the province of the Court of Law, to Judge and Punish the Extortioner. The Dissatisfaction also you express, that your Address, and Papers, were not laid before the whole Council, is equally groundless with your Detlarations of the insufficiency of the Proclamation."

"By his Majesty's Commission and Instruction, three Counsellors make a board; and with five members, business may be transacted of the highest Dignity: whereas six Gentlemen of the Council were present when your Address, and papers were laid before that Board."

"The Resolution you have taken to Petition the Legislative Body, are exceeding agreeable to me; my services on that occasion shall not be wanting, to redress all real Grievances."

"It is necessary I now should inform you, in humanity to your misguided Passions, and in Justice to the integrity of my Intentions, that you are pursuing measures highly Criminal and illegal; and it is a circumstance of real affliction to me, since I consider you as acting upon principals, no less void of Faith and Honour, than inconsistent with every Moral and Religious Duty."

"You have given occasion to every man of property, and probity, by the open, unreserved Menaces you have thrown out against the lives and Properties of many of the Inhabitants of this County, to look on your designs as bent rather upon destroying the peace of this Government, and the security of its inhabitants, than a wish or intention to wait for any Legal process, against those you imagine have abused the publick Trust."

"Upon these alarming prospects I esteemed it my Duty to provide for the safety of the Government, and to take care that the public receive no damage; To prevent therefore as much as possible the heavy Expense that must accrue to the Province by providing against the insults that are intended to be offered to his Majesty's Superior Court of Justice, I am peremptorily to require on your Part, that at least twelve of your Principals, and those of the first property wait upon me at *Salisbury*, on Thursday the 25th of this month, and there in my presence, to execute a Bond

in the sum of *One Thousand Pounds* as a Security that no rescue shall be made of W. Butler, and Herman Husbands, at the Superior court at Hillsborough, they being under recognizance, then to appear and take their Tryals."

WILLIAM TRYON.

No. IX.

In the last number was published Gov. Tryon's declaration of War, concerning which we may be allowed one remark, viz: The Regulators, upon hearing rumours, and alarms, trusted not in them, but went to the Governor and asked, were they true; upon being informed that they were not, the People accepted the Gov.'s' declaration,—and confessed and humbled themselves. The Gov. is alarmed by "the unreserved menaces of the Regulators," and the manner of his intelligence is heresay; and that contrary to the public declaration of the People by their Committees, made to his Excellency; upon this after a series of contradictory, and unintelligible conduct, &c., on the Gov.'s part, he publishes a declaration of War, with great formality against his own subjects, the People of his care, whom honor, office, and conscience ought to have obliged him to preserve, and secure in the peaceable possession of the fruits of their industry.

Had the Regulators been *the men* who are set forth to be in the afore-

mentioned declaration of War, reason would that they should have rejoiced at this opportunity, put into their hands, of bringing the matter to a final issue by force of arms; and that in consequence hereof, they would have published their Manifest, and dared his Excellency to the field: But far from such a conduct, influenced by a better spirit, they sent the Gov. in all haste, the following letter, viz :

“*May it please your Excellency :*

“We received your letter by the hand of Mr. Lee, at the only time our officers ever showed any real intentions of informing us to what use our Money is apply'd, and at a time when we had hopes, and were persuaded matters were likely to be settled to the peace and satisfaction of the publick.”

“We are truly affected with sorrow and concern, because of your Excellency's displeasure; more especially are we affected with sorrow on account of that part of our conduct, which has given the Gov. occasion to charge us with breach of honour, and to look on us as rather bent on destroying the peace of the Government than to wait for Justice. We are much concerned at the thoughts of a difference arising between your Excellency and us; and we determine to guard against such offences for the future. The Commonality have given occasion, for being under great oppression, and at the same time threatened, as rebels, &c., with Indians, to cut them off, &c, they were much incensed, and broke out into expressions, suggested by their Sit-

uation. We shall guard against this for the future.”

“But in the midst of all our sorrow, we are rejoiced at this, to find your Excellency approving and consenting to our resolutions to petition the Legislative body, which is the thing generally agreed upon by the People.”

“As to the demand of security, that no rescue shall be made of the Prisoners, we beg it may be considered, that when alarms were being spread among us, of the Gov.'s raising the Militia, and sending for *Indians, to cut off the Inhabitants of this County, as Rebels, when we know in our hearts and consciences, we were guilty of no such crime as Rebellion. At that time the multitude appeared violent, saying: if the Gov. chuses the sword, we are at liberty to defend ourselves; upon which the *more Considerate*, willing to believe these reports and alarms to be groundless, interposed, moderated and pacified the whole. Now it is more than probable, these are those that will be judged Principals of us; and these are they who we depend upon to govern the multitude; and we have no doubt but they always will be able and willing to do so. But should any one of these men enter into bonds, as required by your Excellency, such a conduct would infallibly destroy their influence; so that such a step would be so far from doing good,—that it would effectually open a

*There are the remains of the Catawba Tribe of Indians, in North Carolina, to whom the Government has allotted a certain tract of Land, on or near the great river, that bears the name of the tribe;—These, we suppose, are the Indians, with which the Regulators were said to be threatened.

door to violent measures on the side of the People."

"Moreover, we apprehend such a thing altogether unnecessary; for there never was an intention to rescue the Prisoners; your Excellency has therefore been misinformed in this matter. The only thing tho't of, and design'd by the People is, *To beg the Governor to dissolve the Assembly.* And so far as we know the minds of the People, this one step alone would stop every mouth, and every complaint, but what would go through, and by way of such Representatives, as should then be chosen."

"As the Gov. may observe by the detail of our former proceedings, presented with our address, that it was the Representative's refusing us a conference, and threatening us for requesting one, and affrighting and deterring us from petitioning for Redress; that were the first cause of disorder.—Therefore, as the stopping of the free passage of this channel has occasioned the obstruction of good order, so the opening of that passage will certainly restore it again.

Signed in behalf of the Regulators, by

JOSEPH HUNTER,

PETER JULIAN,

THOMAS WELBOURN,

At the time the Regulators sent his Letter, his Excellency was too busy in raising an Army, to take any notice of the things contained in it.

The design of raising Troops, appears to have been, in part, at least, "To prevent damage, &c, to the government, and the Insults intended to be offered to his Majes-

ty's Superior-Court of Justice;" And that, because the Regulators, had refused to give the security required by the Gov. Whether the Gov. had the power *Justly*, to make such a Requisition? And how far the refusal of the Regulators may be considered as disobedience to Authority? How great the *real* danger of the Government? Are questions which are answered in the affirmative, by the conduct of the Gov. in collecting an armed Force, and Stationing them in town, upon pretence of preventing Insults, &c, which the Regulators protest never were intended.

One complaint the Regulators make against the Gov. is, That he gave advantage to the Officers &c. by abetting their side of the dispute, and making himself the Principal; whereas, had he done his duty, he would not have made any side his own, but would have done Justice and Equity to both, or to all. This conduct of his Excellency gave rise to, and still keeps alive, in the breasts of many, a suspicion that there was a design concerted, in which the Gov. was a principal Character, and the Palace a Principal object. Nor is this suspicion, *so far fetched* as many that were circulated by the Gov's. friends, to the great prejudice of many hundreds of industrious Planters in North Carolina. This, by the way, we may return to the Court, at

Hillsborough, Sept. 1768, where we find his Excellency Gov. Tryon, at the head of *his Majesty's Troops*, in Possession of the Town.

About 3,700 Regulators encamped within half a Mile from the Town, from whence, they sent to his Excellency the following Message, viz, "If you Excellency will permit us, Peaceably, to come into Town, and enter our Complaints against our Officers, and pardon all past breaches of the peace, (except the two under Bail, who will stand their Trial,) we will pay our Levies as usual."

The next day the Governor sent the Regulators his answer, viz, "That every man must give up his Gun in pledge until the prisoners are Tried." Upon receiving this answer from the Gov. the Regulators decamped, and all returned home, save about 30 who surrendered themselves to the Gov. and were disarmed.

The Court being set, four Indictments were preferred against Herman Husbands; the fourth only was found by the grand Inquest for the County a *True Bill*; the rest were returned *Ignoramus*. Upon the Bill found the defendant plead *Not Guilty*, and was acquitted by the Jury—of—Trial, or the Pettit Jury, and discharged by the Court.

The same Day, at Hillsborough aforesaid, seven Bills of Indictment were found against Col. Edmond

Fanning; and the Charge, in each Indictment, was Extortion. Fanning, appeared to defend, plead Not Guilty; and put himself upon his Country; and was found Guilty by, his Peers, seven times; and the Court fined him *the sum of one Penny* in each Case.

William Butler, with two others, of the Regulators, were tryed at this court, and found Guilty. It does not appear certainly, what their crime was; the most probable account we can give is, that they were concerned in taking the Horse, &c, from the Sheriff, which had been seized for the payment of Taxes.

These Men, it was said, "were sentenced to suffer imprisonment, for several months, and to pay a large Fine." Though they soon broke Jail, and the Governor sent a pardon after them; which shows, that either he intended them kindness, or that they were so troublesome, he was glad to *get Rid of them*; Or that he was Conscious they had been injured.

On the Tryal of Butler, &c, it was urged in his favor, "That the Tax was not legal; then said the Judge, He should have sued the Sheriff." Upon this Herman Husbands, brought an action against one of the Sheriffs, who, upon Tryal, was acquitted; and immediately sued Husband for a malicious Prosecution. But before this mat-

ter was try'd in the civil Court, the general Assembly was called, and Husbands laid the affair before them; and they adjudged the Tax, in part, *Illegal*; Notwithstanding which, say the Regulators, "the Sheriffs continued in demanding them from us."

The Governor's Army, unused with the life of the Camp, by this time began to sicken, and many died; this, with the apparent Inutility of maintaining a force where no evil appeared, determined his Excellency, to break up the campaign, and disband the Troops; upon which all that remained returned to their home, many of them very sorry they had exhibited such an Instance of folly.

Matters now took a new turn; the Governor dissolved the Assembly, and issued writs for a new Election; giving the People all they desired; tho' this matter, in order of time, is before the Superior Court above mentioned; and would have been adverted to, but for the sake of telling the whole that was done at said Court, in a Chain.

A little before the Election the Regulators wrote a letter to the Inhabitants of the Provinces, in general, respecting their Situation, their Power, and their Duty; which Letter will be Published.

No. X.

Our former numbers have been employed in giving a continued account of matters, as nearly in their successive order as could be; and have brought our readers on to 1769. We shall stop here for the present, in order to look back and collect some anecdotes which have been omitted, for the sake of a regular chain in the history. And here, the reader will observe, that we have allowed ourselves the liberty of disconnection in the present Number, so that every Paragraph will stand alone, and be a small piece of history by itself.

When the people first applied to the Governor, he promised them his assistance in punishing their oppressors, and directed them to furnish a regular account of all their grievances, and to attest them properly before the Magistrate or other legal officer of the district and bring them to him. Whether the Gov. was really honest in this matter is somewhat doubtful: for, certain it is, one Magistrate was dismissed from the commission, for favouring the People; it is certain many were deterred from the discharge of their office, in suffering the People to attest to their grievances, and in aiding them therein. The matter was mentioned to his Excellency, by one of the committee of the People; and he said, "It was a weak thing in the officers to

do so." But there happened to be one who aided the agrieved People; and to him, the Governor "so talked, that he afterwards, like the rest, refused to attest, or to administer the oath to the People, "We now had very little good opinion of the Governor."

The Governor, in what has been called his declaration of War against the People, says, that he esteems it his duty to provide for the safety of the Government &c. This He did by raising Troops, and cantoning them about in different Towns, for the declared purpose of defending his Majesty's Courts of Justice from insults. This would have been a prudent step in the Gov. had there been any danger. But when we look at facts, we are made to believe, at least to suspect, some other reason for raising this formidable armament, in the heart of the country. The Regulators did not threaten the Court: It is true they handled a few Lawyers, Clerks, Sheriffs, Bombs, &c, with some *Roughness*; but they never imagined that thereby they *INSULTED His Majesty's Superior Court of Justice*. When the Officers and Lawyers injured the People, the Gov. told them the laws of their Country were their security, and that they had their actions. Why did not the Gov. tell the Lawyers &c, the same story, when the People, robb'd, insulted, mocked, and eve-

ry way abused by the petty foggers and "a swarm of catterpillers," gave these pests of society the demerit of their crimes. In this case the Laws were not sufficient without Guards, and Main-Guards, and Centries &c. This one fact might support the suspicion that the Gov. had something more in view, in raising Troops, and garrisoning Towns, than merely to defend the Court from insults &c. But to give a little more light to his Excellency's conduct, we will subjoin the following anecdote, viz. In Salisbury, a little before the Court, orders issued to raise Troops, for the purpose, as was pretended, of guarding the Court; at the Court, these Troops were so disposed of as that no man could come to the Court without passing Sentinels, by whom every Man, whom they suspected, was examined what his business was; and all "who dared to own" "that it was to complain of Officers," were ill used by the Guards, and threatened, and put to fear; so that many, by this means, were driven home; others, who disregarded the threats and insults of the soldiers, were ordered out of Town, by the commanding officer, and obliged to go at a few minutes warning; In short, none were allowed to stay in Town but those who were under Recognizance, or otherways bound to appear at Court. And of these, it is said,

“that they could not get an attorney to appear for them, unless they gave bonds for sums from fifty to three hundred pounds.” And, indeed, the accounts given of the whole conduct of this Court, are exceeded by nothing, since the DAYS OF THE STAR-CHAMBER; except it be by the following fact, exhibited in the county where Fanning had the direction of affairs.

On the morning of the second day of May 1768, about twelve Men all arm'd with guns and pistols, entered the house of Mr. Herman Husband, through the back door; One of them immediately laid hold of said Husband, saying, ‘you are the King’s Prisoner!’ For what? asked Husband. On suspicion of being concerned in the Mob, replied the Captor; and immediately hurried him off, not suffering him to take leave of his Family. In travelling a little distance from Husband’s house they fell in with Fanning, who was waiting for them, who treated the prisoner with contemptuous Ridicule. Thus escorted they arrived at Hillsborough, where Husband, and Butler, whom we have mentioned before, were put into a Fort, mounted with swivel Guns, under a strong guard. From this place of confinement, after a few hours, Husband was taken before a Magistrate, who charged him as follows, viz.—

Somebody hath informed against

you, that there is cause of suspicion, of your having a hand in the Mob.” Husband denied the charge; then Col. Fanning being called, and sworn, said “that he (Fanning) formerly received a paper, summoning him to appear at a Mill, and he *thought* it was Husband’s hand writing.” “And further, that he had received Papers from the Mob which referred to that paper.”

Then was Thomas Hogan sworn, who said, that Husband had confessed that he had been at some meetings of the Mob. Upon this, said Husband was committed close prisoner to the common Jail; where he continued till about midnight, when he was taken out, and tied with hands behind his back, and set on horse-back, and tied with feet under the body of the horse, and led away, with design, as they said, who were the ministers of this cruel treatment, to hang him, without judge or jury. Husband, alarmed at this, desired to see Col. Fanning: Fanning came, and asked wherefore he had been sent for? Husband answered “If you will release me and set me free, I will promise not to concern myself any more, whether you take too large fees or not.” Upon which, Fanning says you must promise “Never to give your opinion of the Laws, never to assemble yourself among the People, never to show any

jealousies of the Officer's taking extraordinary fees, and if ever you hear any one speaking disrespectfully of the Officers, or hinting jealousies respecting their fees; you will reprove and caution them, that you will tell the People you are satisfied all Taxes are agreeable to Law, that you will do everything in your power to moderate and pacify the people." All which, Husbands promised; alledging in his own favour that *Duress* excused him from obligation. Hereupon, having entered into recognizance, and given bail, Husband was suffered to return home. A few days before the following Court, at which Husbands was to be try'd, it appears that he went to Hillsborough; whether to engage an Attorney, or what else, is not certain; but when they got him there they kept him, for, by this time, the town was strongly guarded with Soldiers, who suffered none to come in or go out but as they pleased. Husband describes his situation at Hillsborough in nearly the following words, viz. "I could not even walk the Streets about the court-house, without being insulted at every turn, by the Soldiers who ran upon me with fixed bayonets, so that I could not tell but that every step I took would be my last. I was once seized by a Party of the Troops, and dragged into a Tavern or publick house; there

they fixed me to a stand on a table, and in a ring surrounded me to make sport; in this situation they kept me for some time; they who possess the feelings of human nature can conceive of my condition, and state of mind, better than I can describe them. I was at length released by the interposition of some Man, whom I took to be the commanding Officer." After suffering much for several days, in the above manner, Husbands was brought before the Court, where Fanning alledged that he had committed crimes since entering into Recognizance which concerned his life. Upon this, Husband was committed once more close prisoner not to the same Jail as before, but to a new one, built higher than the former, stockaded all round. Into an apartment of the Prison-House he was introduced where were nine or ten persons, who saluted Mr. Husbands upon his entrance, with pointing to a Gallows erected in this New High Jail, in the midst thereof. The apartment was so small that the prisoners were obliged to lay one upon the other, or while some attempted to close their eyes, stretched on the cold floor, others were obliged to stand. In this place, says the author, I had a fresh remembrance of what I had read of Inquisitions, East-India Imprisonments, &c! Having been thus confined for some time, But-

ler and Husbands, were sent for and admitted to bail, until the next Court; and this discovered the crimes alleged by Fanning against Husband's Life; which were no other than these, Fan. saw that Husband would be able to prove in Court, the things he had charged the officers with; He saw also that the officers, and himself among them, had no way of coming off, but by setting aside the Trials; in order to this, Fanning feigns an excuse for the imprisonment of Husband and Butler, and then banishes out of Town all the men that had come to support Husband in convicting the Officers, &c: and as soon as this was accomplished, Husband was liberated; when he had the mortification of seeing his enemies triumphing over him, and himself alone without a second, all witnesses having disappeared. In this situation, says our author, "I looked upon myself as a Captive among Indians, Nabobs, or Lord-inquisitors."

We have said that "the conduct of the civil Courts of North-Carolina was in many instances *Unaccountable*." One of these instances is the following: when Husbands was imprisoned by Fanning, as related above, and was thereby deprived of the power of doing him-

self justice by the Law, he, in this situation signed obligations, for certain sums of Money, to Attorney, in order to gain them in his favor, that he might not ever suffer from the cruel Tyranny of Fanning. These Attorneys, as it seems, cared very little what became of Husbands, so be they could get his money; therefore at the next court Husbands was sued upon one of these obligations; he plead in his defence *duress*, and offered to produce witnesses to prove the unjust manner in which the obligation was obtained; the worshipful Court set aside his plea, and refused his Witnesses; and ordered the Jury to give their Verdict; which they did against Husband.

As soon as this matter was thus settled the Jury were informed, "That there was another action exactly similar; *upon which, without more ado, they were sworn and gave a Verdict as before.* Oh LIBERTY! thou dearest name! and PROPERTY! thou best of blessings! Whither are ye flown from the inhospitable land of Tryon and Fanning! blasted by the perjured breath of Villains, who sell their Conscience for an *unworthy* Price, the smile of *injurious* Man, ye are forced from the Courts, (miscall'd) of justice.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JAMES IREDELL.*

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY G. B. J.

It is a pleasant thing for a North Carolinian, to look back upon the past history of his State and see the many bright names which adorn her annals; to reflect that though her course has not been attended by stormy revolutions and bloody wars—though her career has been generally peaceful and inobtrusive, she yet has produced men who commanded the admiration of their contemporaries, the reverence of posterity. One of the brightest of those names, one which should always be mentioned with pride by her sons, is that of James Iredell of Chowan.

His life and character form no uninteresting theme for the historian's pen, and briefly to sketch the one, and depict the other, will be the object of the following pages. I am well aware that I can bring forward no new facts—throw no greater light on a subject already so ably treated; but I shall deem my labor not entirely thrown away, if I can lay before my read-

—*By Griffith J. McCree, in his *Life and Correspondence of Iredell*.

ers a short yet comprehensive view of this truly great man.

“James Iredell was born at Sues, Sussex County, England, Oct. 5th, 1751.” Sprung from an ancient and respectable family, possessed of influential relations, and conscious of the high powers with which he was gifted, he doubtless looked forward with eager anticipation in his younger days, to an honorable career in his native land. But happily for us, and, perhaps, for his own success, Providence had ordained it otherwise; his noble spirit was not doomed to struggle through oppressing influences, to combat the barriers of a social system which hung like an incubus upon the talent and genius of his class; but found in another country, and under other circumstances, ample room for its utmost expansion. His father, Francis Iredell, was a prosperous merchant in Bristol, supporting by his industry his wife and quite a large family of children, of whom, James was the eldest. Suddenly he was stricken down by a severe stroke of para-

lyses, which for some time disabled him, leaving his family to provide for themselves, or be thrown upon the charity of friends. James was now a youth of some sixteen years, and naturally regarded himself as protector of the afflicted household. There were persons who wanted to aid him in his generous efforts; there were two courses open before him: one, to secure a situation in some department of business to which association would seem to incline him; the other, to apply through some of his influential and noble connections for an appointment in one of the Colonies, — Indian or American. We are not surprised that his bold and enterprising nature chose the latter; indeed, he seems scarcely to have hesitated between them. It is always upon such theatres as these then presented, that energy and industry are most successful; there, too, the adventurous spirit of youth finds ample material for employment, amid the hardships and dangers of (as it were) a frontier life. The same influence which now urges our young men to seek new homes in our western wilds, then acted with still greater power to direct the course of our ancestors towards the tropics of their imagination. The Indies seem first to have been chosen; but luckily, kind fate again interposed, and just at that time, Lord McCastney,

his relative, had no place at his disposal; North Carolina was not to lose thus one of her brightest ornaments, nor the American Judge to become an Indian Nabob!

Among Mr. Iredel's connections, were two gentlemen, who had been for some time interested in the affairs of the Colony; viz: Henry McCulloch, and his son Henry Eustace. Through their intimate acquaintance with matters here, and supported by the patronage of Lord McCastney, a situation was at last provided for him as Comptroller of the Customs at the port of Edenton. The office was, indeed, humble enough, but considering his youth and inexperience, was as much as could be expected; its proceeds enabled him to contribute somewhat to the support of his family, and was amply sufficient for his respectable maintenance in a community, as yet unvitiated by the extravagance and dissipation of *fashionable society*.

In the fall of 1768, James Iredell embarked for his new home in this Western World.

How sad must have been that parting! Gifted with a heart peculiarly alive to every generous emotion, none dwelt more firmly there than filial affection, while he looked, with almost a father's anxiety to the unprotected situation of those he left behind; but the stern voice of Duty summoned him away,

and without a murmur he obeyed her call. Let us pause while the young emigrant is crossing the Ocean, and consider the character of him thus seeking his fortune in a distant and strange land.

Endowed by nature with excellent parts, he had also been blessed with an excellent education; nor did this education extend to the mind only, for at the knee of his mother, lessons of piety and morals had been instilled into his heart, which were to prove his safe-guard when the hour of trouble should come. He possessed the elements of greatness within him. Naturally of a gay and sociable disposition, he did not allow his joyous spirit to lead him into dissipation, but rather gave them vent in the purifying atmosphere of the home circle. And, finally, he had that energy, without which, all his virtues would have been unavailing in his struggle with the world.

We pass over the first steps of his life after his arrival in the New World, and now find him settled at his office in the town of Edenton, already applying himself zealously to the mastery of its details.—Edenton was then second to no place in the Province, in the number and character of the population, and in social and political importance. Among its inhabitants were many men of reputation, some of them destined to win im-

perishable laurels in the trying times which were to follow. Most conspicuous among them was Samuel Johnston, both for his wealth, his social position and his superior ability. To this gentleman, the young stranger brought letters of introduction, and so rapidly did he win his way to his heart, that we soon find him on terms of the greatest intimacy with Mr. Johnston's family, and a law-student in his office. • This was of the greatest advantage to the young adventurer, for he not only had the benefit of the best possible instruction in the study of his profession, but was immediately introduced into the finest society the Colony afforded—an inestimable privilege to one whose character and principles were yet forming.

• For two years he delightfully attended to the duties of his office and prosecuted the study of his profession. • At the end of that time, though he was then but little over nineteen years old (14th Dec. 1770,) such was his proficiency, that his licence to practice in the inferior Courts of the Province, was granted by Gov. Tryon. • These two years form a most important era in his life, as in them occurred events which shaped the whole course of his subsequent career.—The troubles with the Mother Country had begun some time previous, and North Carolina guarded on by

the impolitic and headstrong actions of Tryon, soon took issue with the Government. • Party lines were drawn with a distinctness which left but little room for neutrality, and it speedily became necessary for each man to choose which side he should espouse.

• One of Mr. Iredell's ardent temperament was not at all likely to long hold a neutral position; accordingly we find him almost from the first, embarked heart and soul in the popular cause. Nor need we be surprised at this, though the influences operating upon his mind would seem to have been such as to have lead to a very different decision. • In the first place, England was the land of his birth, America, the land of his adoption; there had been spent the happiest days of his boyhood and youth; there, too, were entered the best affections of his heart, and doubtless, he had been taught from his cradle up, to look with almost filial reverence to the Government under which she then existed.— • Then again, he was an officer under that Government, and *as such*, could but be inclined to advocate her cause. • As far as human foresight could perceive, all his hopes of future advancement, depended upon his strict allegiance to her power. He was in constant correspondence with his friends and relatives "over the water," whose

bias very naturally, was decidedly in favor of the Crown. • A rich uncle, residing in Jamaica, whose favorite he had ever been, and whose heir he might reasonably expect to become, was most bitter in his denunciation of the course pursued by the patriots.

But his mind rose superior to these secondary matters, and viewed the great questions at issue in a juster and more extended light.

If England was the land of his birth, America was the home of his adoption; though he had been taught to respect all lawful and wise Government, his noble heart revolted at tyranny and oppression: • And, youthful as he was, his clear and comprehensive intellect, doubtless enabled him plainly to understand the *reality* of the case, stript of the wordy encumbrances heaped upon it by both parties.

Nor are we to deny all influence to the circumstances and characters, with which he was more immediately surrounded. • The society of Edenton was eminently patriotic; all of the gentlemen distinguished for ability, and influential through wealth, were taking active parts in the popular movement. Samuel Johnston, whom he admired for his great and varied attainments, as well as for the spotless purity of his character,—with whom he was soon to be connected by closer and tenderer ties,—was

devoting all his power to the interest of America. Nor was the fair portion of the community less vehement in their opposition. To one of these, Miss Hannah J——, sister of his friend and instructor, he was most devotedly attached, and subsequently engaged. After mentioning this last circumstance, none of my readers will be astonished at the course pursued by the young gentleman!

Iredell prosecuted his practice at the bar with untiring perseverance and increased success. I now come to speak of an event of considerable importance in the young man's life, as to it may be attributed much, surely, of its happiness, and (I think) no little of his success. For some time he had been addressing a young lady in every respect worthy of his affections; possessed of many attractions, both mental and personal, connected with the first families of the Province, and endowed with all that makes her sex lovely—'tis no wonder that Miss Hannah Johnston early won the heart of so intelligent and amiable a man. But he had to contend with a rival by no means his inferior in some respects, while in worldly position and wealth he had greatly the advantage. This was Sir Nat. Dukinfield. The young lady, however, preferred the young Law Student to the gay Baronet, and according-

ly we find him made 'a happy man' by his marriage with her, the 18th of July, 1773. This event did not interrupt the friendly relations existing between the former rivals, which even seemed to have increased after its occurrence. The character of Mrs. Iredell exhibited those traits and virtues in which her husband seemed most deficient, so that together, they formed a union of all that is most admirable in human nature. His ardent and impetuous genius was often restrained by her calm judgment; and throughout his whole life she exercised a most beneficial influence over its course. Neither ever had cause to regret the step they had taken, for it was a source of unmixed happiness to both.

The 17th February, 1774, he was appointed Collector of the Province; this placed in his possession what was then considered a handsome income, and operated much to his benefit in other respects. As a lawyer, his reputation was already great, and his ability was beginning to be duly appreciated, of which he received most substantial proof, in his choice by the Attorney General, Thomas McGuire, as his Deputy for several adjacent Counties.

No period of Iredell's life is more interesting than that immediately following. The controversies with the Mother Country were revived,

or rather continued with increased bitterness, and each day darkened the cloud which hung over the heads of the devoted Colonies.— 'Tis true, North Carolina had no immediate and vital interests at stake in the great questions then discussed; her people were not oppressed by a resident army, nor her harbors closed by threatening fleets. But still there were abuses within her own borders, peculiar to herself, which called for redress and sympathy—that great and generous emotion in the human heart—urged her citizens to action. Hers was no convulsive movement, no fanatical attempt of designing men, anxious to ride into power, even over the ruins of their country; but the calm and deliberate policy of patriotic mind—looking beyond the present and their own narrow limits—seeking the good of the whole.

Mr. Iredell's position as an officer under the Government, prevented his taking as active a part as he otherwise would have done; but his impetuous nature would not let him be idle, when other men, his friends and his companions, were up and doing. His ready pen, his clear intellect, his eloquent *heart* (for 'tis from the heart *true eloquence* comes) were exerted most zealously in his Country's cause; and 'tis to him we owe some of the most masterly productions of that time

and region. He formed a worthy co-laborer with such men as Johnston, Hewes, Hooper, Harvey and others. The first Provincial Congress (these must not be confounded with the *Colonial Assemblies*) met at Newbern, Aug. 25th, 1774. Its action was bold and decided—such as was demanded by the circumstance of the case, and the characters with whom they had to deal. The plan of a General Congress was here discussed and approved, Caswell, Hewes and Hooper being chosen our delegates. In this, and all the subsequent Conventions, &c, Mr Iredell took a most prominent part; though often not a member, he was ever present, and watching with anxiety the progress of events. His papers during this period are most able and convincing (as, indeed are all the productions of his gifted mind;) and must have exerted a powerful influence over the people to whom they were addressed. In force of argument, beauty and simplicity of diction and (sometimes) biting irony, they are surpassed by none of that day. 'Tis neither my province nor my intention to narrate at large, the history of our State in these stirring times; nor indeed, could it be done in the limits of a Magazine article; I shall, therefore, be as concise as possible—trusting to the previous knowledge of my readers—when ever I find it necessary to allude to

it. Throughout the Revolution, the service rendered by Mr. Iredell to the Patriot Party, in our State, was invaluable; his correspondence was, perhaps, the most extensive in America, and by it, he kept up constant communication with many of his eminent co-laborers.— Among his personal friends were numbered the best and greatest of the land, while all who were brought within the influence of his genial nature, loved and honored him. 20th of December, 1777, he was elected one of the three Judges to preside in the Courts of the Province; at this time he was in his twenty-fifth year—an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held, and the extent of his legal ability. The duties of his new office were very laborious, but were discharged, as far as he was concerned, with zeal and devotion.— But he found it utterly impossible to remain on the bench, so congenial were his colleagues there; and accordingly sent in his resignation, the June following his appointment. He returned with unabated vigor to his practice at the bar, which was now very extensive, for he, though so young, already stood at the head of his profession in the Colony; but he was not long permitted to remain out of office. His Country needed his services, and at her call he was always ready to sacrifice his person

al and private interests; in July of the following year, he was made Attorney General by Gov. Casswell, “by the advice and consent of his Council.” This post brought upon him the most arduous duties, which could be performed only by unremitting exertion. But before his resolute energy all difficulties gave way, and never were duties more thoroughly performed than his. In considering the sufferings and privations of those who so nobly won for us our independence, we are apt to confine our attention and sympathies too much to those who endured the perils and hardships of the battle-field, and planned the campaigns which resulted so honorably for us. But while I would not detract one mite from their just fame, or pluck one laurel from their brow, I would fain have those who in a more unassuming, but not less important manner, exerted their utmost strength in the Patriotic cause. All honor to the gallant soldiers who, unpaid, unfed, half-clothed, yet won for themselves a glorious name, and Freedom for their country; whose stout hearts and stalwart frames endured the winter’s cold and summer’s sun, braved the foe’s bayonet and the pangs of famine “For God and their Native Land!” But let no less be given to the clear heads, and self-sacrificing spirits who so nobly strove amid all the horrors of civil

war, the anarchy and confusion of foreign invasion, to preserve intact the purity of justice, and to keep inviolable the private rights of their suffering fellow-citizens!— Among these, stands prominent James Iredell, of Chowan. Leaving the society of those he loved so well, and by whom he was almost idolized—giving up the comforts and pleasures of his happy home—he devoted himself zealously to the discharge of duty. We, who live in the days of steamboats and railroads, can form but an imperfect idea of what this means. Traveling constantly over a country where accommodations of any kind were seldom to be had, his path (for it was no more) often interrupted by swollen streams, which forbade his passage—sometimes exposed to the

attacks of most invidious foes—he was cheered through all by the thought “I serve my Country.”— He continued in this position until after the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, when he could, without reflection, resume once more the care of his private affairs, now much requiring his attention. I shall here close this article for the present, but will, on another occasion, conclude my sketch of Judge Iredell's life, and present my readers with what I consider, a just view of his character.*

—*My chief authority has been the “Life and Corr. of James Iredell,” by McCree, before alluded to; but I have availed myself of the limited opportunities to consult other works treating of these same subjects, such as “Debates in Assembly;” “Wheeler's History;” “Jones's Defense;” &c., &c.

LITTLE WOMEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JUAN RIUZ DE HITA.

A little precious stone, what splendor meets the eyes,
A little lump of sugar how much of sweetness best
In a little woman, love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—“A word unto the wise.”

Pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner,
More than all other condiment, although 'tis sprinkled
thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find
within her.

Within the rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
From a little balsam much odor doth arise,
In a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

The Skylark and the Nightingale, though small and
light of wing,
Are warbler sweeter in the grove than all the birds
that sing;
Just so a little woman though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in
Spring.

TO MISS

Can't tell me why I see thy face
Each moment of the day?
Thine image so distinctly traced
Though thou art far away?

Can't tell me why thy laugh I hear,
When I am all alone,
In tones divinely sweet and clear
As sings none but thine own?

Can't tell me why, when pattering rain
Upon my roof descends,
My mind towards thee, in pleasant train
'Long fancy's pathway wends?

On! haste to break these golden chains.
Or draw them closer still;
My mind release from pleasant pains
The spell that rules my will!

THE LAST OF THE TUSCARORAS.

BY W. J. H.

The Tuscaroras were once the most numerous tribe of Indians within the limits of North Carolina, and occupied an extensive territory in the eastern and middle portions of the State. A little more than a hundred years ago, they numbered twelve hundred warriors. There were three separate villages belonging to this tribe in what is now called Chatham County. The Hickory Mountain village was situated in a region remarkable for the fertility of the soil, and its varied and attractive natural scenery, as well as an abundance of wild game of the most desirable kinds. Another famous camp-ground was half a mile south of the celebrated Mt. Vernon Springs. The third village was midway between the other two, and was located upon the left bank of Rocky river, a small stream of fifty yards width, flowing through the county from north-west to south-east, and emptying its waters into Deep River. To this Indian Town, belonged "the last of the

Tuscaroras." Here, in the time of the Revolution, Gen. Green's army encamped, while in pursuit of the British after the battle of Guilford.

In one of my hunting excursions during the last vacation, I came to this spot of which I had often thought, when duty called me elsewhere, and endeared to my heart by the sweet and tender recollections that cluster around it. 'Twas there I had spent many of the happiest moments of early life, and I have often thought I shall never find a place I can love so well. At this point the river forms a deep, wide lake, which affords an inexhaustible supply of fish, and a beautiful sheet of water for sailing in light canoes. Having supplied myself with game from a flock of wild ducks that were swimming upon the surface, I sat down to meditate upon the things of the "olden time," and to call up the stories and traditions of the country. Whether I had become of a more thoughtful turn of mind, or, after a long absence, the remem-

brance of the scenes and events of youth and its early associations contributes to awaken additional interest; I certainly seemed to realize in the place more intrinsic beauty than ever. Indeed, I could almost say "'Twas my eradle in childhood;" for beneath the shade of those giant oaks that overshadow the banks of the stream, I have passed many a pleasant hour, and on the unruffled bosom of that lake, I have driven my light canoe, when the faint light of the moon, the twinkling stars and the slowly rising fog, were calculated to throw an air of mystery and romance around the spot that was truly fascinating. There I have lingered long, at the time when twilight is slow to depart, while the woodbine and the wild rose loaded the air with fragrance, and nothing disturbed the stillness of the scene, save the flouncing of a trout, the songs of the birds and the slow movement of the water-fowl that were resting on the smooth surface. I have again seen the stream lie cold in Winter's icy grasp, when the flowers had all faded away in its chilling breath, and the huge trees upon its margin stretched forth their leafless, snow-covered branches, whose lonely and desolate appearance, with the sighing winds that whistle through them, seemed the sad requiem of one whose sweet voice had often echo-

ed from shore to shore, and whose lovely form had been often seen in the merry throng assembled beneath their refreshing shades. In fact, there are charms enough about this old Indian camp-ground for the most ardent lover of nature, and when I am far removed from its sportive enjoyments, while remembering that it is situated within the bounds of my own homestead, I often involuntarily repeat those expressive lines:—

"Oh, that old home is dear to me,
How dear, I cannot tell;
And can I find another home
That I shall love as well?
Nay, Billy, nay, thou never canst;
It was thy childhood's home;
Earth holds but one such sunny spot,
As wearily we roam!"

That lake was the burial-place of the fairest Indian maiden of the village that stood by its side. It was Wanda, "the last of the Tuscaroras." She had been promised in marriage by her father, to a young chief of the Catawba tribe, and the day of their union was fast approaching, which would have borne her away to the West, far from the burial-ground of her fathers and all else she loved on earth. The neighboring villages were all ready broken up, and had entered upon their journey westward; and this village remained only to celebrate the expected marriage, ere they took their departure. The appointed day arrived, but, to the surprise of all, Wanda was not to be found; and the rest of the Indians, thinking she had resolved

not to accompany them, immediately took up their line of march. Wanda had loved another, a young chief, who had been the pride and ornament of the village, and to whom she had before given all her affections, but he now slept in his grave beside the lake, upon which were springing the flowers of love, that had been planted there by the hand of the broken-hearted maiden. Since his death, she had drunk deep of sorrow's bitter waters, and the storm of adversity with which she had contended, was leaving its sad traces on her once amiable face.

"To her, the past was like a troubled dream,
With forms of hope, and phantom of despair,

While from the future came no wandering beam,
No flower of love or hope was blooming there."

The following night, a solitary canoe was seen to moor from the shore, and approach the middle of the lake. The light of the moon enabled a passer-by to discern that it was Wanda. Addressing herself in regard to her unhappy fate, and breathing in a soft, sweet tone the word, "farewell," she sank to rise no more.

Thus passed away the last of the Tuscaroras; and to this day, it is said by those credulous in this respect, the same canoe may yet be seen by night, while the same sweet voice is heard, repeating its tale of sorrow.

THE MISANTHROPE.

DEC. 15th, 1858.

ONE night I sat beside a dying man. 'Twas winter; and the embers smouldering upon the hearth, cast long fitful shadows upon the wall. It seemed a place where spirits would love to come to hold their converse, a spot where death would prone repair, and in the shadow of the dying flames, work out his will upon the sufferer. Narcotic after narcotic had been poured down the throat of the sick one, until at last the fierce pains yielded to them, and he slept. Hour trod upon the heels of passing hour, and still he woke not; what, thought I, if he never awakes, and his impatient spirit deserts its diseased, sluggish frame, and flies swift into eternity! I put my hand over his heart—it beat, though faintly, and his brow, though moist, was not yet cold. Soon the old clock upon the court-house steeple, struck the hour of midnight; everything was still; I pushed the fire, and looked out into the deserted street—the grave-yard was not far, and while I saw the white tomb-stones standing, like so many ghosts, in the moonshine, I involuntary turn-

ed towards the sick one, and thought how soon he would exchange his present slumber, for a longer, colder sleep—his bed for a tomb. As I turned to look at the slumberer, I saw two eyes glaring at me from the bed—horror shot through my heart, and unconsciously I started to rush out of the room. A moment's thought, however, restrained me, I walked to the patient to ask him if he needed anything, and if his sleep had benefited him.

“Sleep!” said he, “who sleep? I have not slept, nor can I—my brain is too busy for that—no, no, when you thought I slept, I was thinking over my life. Memory led me back to my earliest boyhood and brought me at last, to this my death-bed. Now I know that as surely as yonder fire will go out, so surely will my lamp of life expire, in a few hours at most. 'Tis too late to prepare for eternity—I have never thought of it, but as a distant uncertainty; and now that it is right here, how my soul loaths its presence;”

“'Tis never too late,” said I.

"No, not for youth," he replied; "but for an old man who has for a long lifetime dashed aside every good influence—I dare not try, so I warn you tell me of it no more."

"I am losing time," he said, after a pause; I have but a few hours remaining, and I intended to tell you a long, bitter story,—to show you how I have enjoyed this beautiful world, that poets tell you of."

"Wealth and station were my heritage," continued the dying man; "and as fair a day shone upon my birth, as my dearest friends could wish. My heart was ever open to the gentle influence of love. My mother loved me, and I worshiped her—nothing, I thought, too good for her, and I would have readily, aye gladly, sacrificed any of my most cherished desires to gratify her. I had a brother older than myself, by two years; and him I loved and trusted. I yielded to his every whim—I delighted to give him pleasure. A friend, too, I was blessed with. He was my equal in years; and with him, day after day, I went to school. We used the same desk, studied out of the same books, were in the same class—and every circumstance combined to strengthen the friendship that bound us. Our families were intimate, and we were scarcely ever separated. I stayed with him one night, he with me the next. It has always been my fault to

love blindly, rashly; to trust my friends implicitly; to dash away, as I would a viper, every thought, every suspicion disparaging to them.

The years of my boyhood passed away calmly, quietly, swiftly. I was always with my chosen friends, and I cared little how the world wagged. Happy in the enjoyments of home, with no cares to disturb me, I made rapid progress in my studies. Nor was I very old when my friends proposed to send me to college. My friend, Frank Leshe was to go with me, was to join the same class, was to room with me, and I was satisfied.

Naturally backward and reserved, I formed but few acquaintances and associated with none but Frank.

While I was yet dreaming the sweet dreams of boyhood, I awoke one morning and found myself a man. I graduated, and with my diploma under my arm, was hastening triumphantly home. Arrived there, I met not mother, but a corpse—not a living, loving, welcoming parent, but a pale, cold, stiff body—mine own dear dead mother. Have you ever seen a dead parent? My father died when I was a very little boy, and I remember nothing of him—but my mother—I met them carrying her coffin to the hearse. How unexpected was the stroke, and O, how painful. I followed her to her grave;

I wept over; I hugged the cold, damp earth that enshrouded her; I called her name aloud—the forests re-echoed it, but no mother answered. My brother had not written me that she was sick, and she had suffered, and called for me, yet I heard her not, and could not even wipe the death-dew from her brow. I expected a mother to greet me, and I clasped a coffin. I forgave my brother for not writing to me, yet I would have told him, had I been home and he been absent.

The ties that bound me to my friends, oblivious of every other being were partially broken by the death of my mother. The old family mansion was rented out, and my brother John and I removed to a private boarding-house. He was paying very marked attention to the daughter of a wealthy merchant in the neighborhood. I soon discovered a fairer, frailer flower. She was absolutely beautiful; not a single blemish did her graceful form acknowledge. Nor were the beauties of her mind less enchanting than those of her person. An easily touched heart too, was hers; she never turned the destitute from her door; a cry of distress ever touched a chord of sympathy within her heart. One fault she had—she was too trusting. And that has been the fruitful cause of all my sorrows. At the feet of this

fair being I poured out every affection of my heart, and she received them. She listened to my whispers of love, and promised to be mine. Frank was yet my closest friend, and through me, he became acquainted with my Mary. He visited her, and she trusted him, because he was my friend. At last, I led Mary home, my wife.—Oh! how the blush of love suffused her cheeks, when I whispered in her ear the sweet words “my wife.” Six months had scarcely elapsed when pressing business called me to the continent. The management of my affairs I entrusted to Frank, begging him to see that Mary’s slightest wish was gratified. My business detained me more than three months, yet my letters—loving letters—came regularly, and I thought all was right. At last, all communication suddenly ceased—in vain I asked the post-boy for letters; none were there. Day after day I attended the mail, and day after day was I doomed to disappointment. I could endure this no longer—a passage to England was soon secured, and I hastened home. With fearful misgivings I approached my house—it was deserted. I beat at the door; an old servant answered my knock.

“Your mistress,” I shouted.

“She ran away three weeks ago with Mr. Frank Leslie,” replied the frightened servant.

"'Tis false," I cried, "you are deceiving me."

"I wish, for your sake, that 'twas false," answered the servant, "but 'tis true."

Rapidly, madly, I traversed the streets, and bursted into Frank's old room. He was not there, but a note addressed to me caught my eye—I seized it and read:—

"SIR: Ere you read this I will be, you can never know where. Your wife accompanies me, and will soon be my wife. Your money I have pocketed, because you will be single, and I married, therefore I need it more than you.— Hoping you success through life I remain
Yours affectionately.

FRANCIS LESLIE.

Coolly, calmly, deliberately cruel, this was; yet I could not believe it. I repaired to my brother to inquire of him. He assured me that 'twas true. My mind was soon made up—I could not, and would not remain in England.— America was henceforth to be my home. I asked my brother to lend me money; but, can you believe it, he refused, drove me from his door, and bade me work for my living, and not to thrust myself upon my relations to tarnish their name with my wife's bad character. From that day, young man, I began to hate the world, to despise human nature, and to distrust every one. My experience of life was indeed bitter; my most trusty friends had betrayed me, my own brother had driven me from his door, and my own wife deserted me. Can I be blamed for hating? He who blames me—may a cup of woe be prepared for him more bitter than the one I have drained.

Sick at heart, I worked my passage hither. When I arrived at New York, how sadly did I feel.— In that great crowd of rejoicing strangers, there was no one to grasp my hand and bid me welcome. All alone I wended my way through the busy crowded streets, and when the bewildered brain could compel my weary limbs to drag it no further I fell upon the marble steps of a splendid mansion, and I wept. Yes, the cold, stern man shed tears—such tears as the sick, broken-heart alone distills in its utter misery of woe. Did I stop to tell you of all my deprivations, with all the rude refusals I have experienced, 'twould consume more time than my heart, that throbbing clock within, tells me I have to live. I could never remain anywhere long, but in want and misery I toiled from town to town, while hate was the only companion of my wanderings. Ten long years I spent thus, living and lingering, and hating. One day I found myself at a fashionable watering place. In the great, laughing, loving, wooing crowd, the wanderer was unnoticed. By toil and strict economy, I had saved enough to live comfortably on, but still I must have new scenes to look upon, or die. I was leaning against a tree hearing the gay laughter, and scanning the bright faces of those around me, when a couple that passed me, attracted my notice. Their faces I had surely seen; but where, or when, or how, I knew not. Memory was busy within burnishing the nearly effaced images stamped upon her tablets; and suddenly it found the same two faces there: they were Frank Leslie and my wife. Quick-

ly I returned to the hotel, and found their names on the list of arrivals. My name was there too, but 'twas not the one I owned in England—they could never recognize it. Ere long they returned from their walk, and entered the hotel. Eagerly, noiselessly, breathlessly, I followed them, noted their room and returned to the street.

That night when the clock struck twelve, I entered the hotel with a dark-lantern in my hand, and a dagger concealed about my person. The crowd had retired to rest, and throughout the whole of that immense hotel all were silent. I opened the door silently, the inmates were asleep. For the first time in many a long year I laughed, when I saw my intended victims before me. I raised my knife to strike a mortal blow, but I determined to take one farewell look at Mary. Oh! how changed she was. Death could not be paler, nor disease more wan, than she; nor could a fallen angel be fairer.—Again I raised to strike her dead, but she turned in her dreams, and murmured my own name. I could not strike her then, though heaven had been offered in recompense. I turned to Frank. Bloating he was by debauchery, but he, too, showed symptoms of mental disease. My knife descended into his heart, and without a groan, he died. I stood beside him till I felt him grow cold in death, and then I left the hotel—not, however, before I left a note on the dead man's breast, to explain who the murderer was, and to exculpate Mary. Three weeks have elapsed since that night, yet no sleep has visited my eyes—not a moment of forgetfulness have I been blessed with.

Look at this emaciated frame—'twas once stout and strong. Eyes ye have not slept your last—soon ye will be closed forever. Courage, my wasting body, you have borne suffering well, but soon I will have no further need of you. Oh! when I look back and see the life of bitterness I have led; when I look into the present and feel its load of bitterness; when I look into the future and behold the store of bitterness laid up for me; how I curse my natal hour, and how I loathe the beings who engrafted misery with my existence. Hate has been my only solace; revenge, my only care. Nor is the work of vengeance yet completed; my hate as yet, is that of a mortal, but it shall be the business of eternal hate, to rival the Arch Fiend himself, in providing torments for Frank. Leslie. My curses shall haunt him forever, and I shall only leave him to invent fresh insults to heap upon his head. And mid his yells of anguish, I will laugh, and will carry fresh fuel that the flames may torture him yet more." While the invalid was thus speaking, new strength seemed infused into every muscle. He sat upright in the bed, he quivered with passion, he rolled his eyes wildly, and when he ceased he fell back—a corpse. Without a single prayer, he plunged into eternal night. Day was fast breaking as his spirit fled, and with the night it will remain forever. I need not end the story; the coffin, the sermon, the hearse and the grave, are always the concomitants of death. In the village graveyard, far from his early home, far far from the acquaintances of youth; with none to know his sad destiny, the Misanthrope slumbers.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY I————

ONE of the most arrant, perhaps the most arrant, of the almost countless modern humbugs, is female education. A boy goes to school and college eight years, studies a profession for three more, and then comes out as a man; and the English and Germans make themselves merry at the expense of our boyish lawyers and doctors. A girl goes to a fashionable boarding-school almost out of the nurse's arms, graduates in two or three years, and comes out a young lady, learned in all the *ics* and *ologies*, a fine Latin and Greek scholar, skilled in French and Italian (Chinese and Hottentot,) a fine performer on the piano, guitar, &c., exceedingly "accomplished" at 16 or 17. What does a German think of that? What do sensible Americans think of it? They know that girls' so called boarding schools, are the greatest humbugs in existence.

In good old times, girls used to learn to read, write and spell, arts, *alas!* sadly neglected at present; they learned to ply the shuttle,

darn their father's and brother's stockings; to mend their manners and improve their hearts; they learned the glorious English, in which Chatham spoke, Milton and Shakspeare sung. One tongue was then considered enough for a woman's head; they learned to be some account; they were themselves "accomplished, and their duties too." How different now! Children are sent off to some fashionable boarding school, where education in its noble signification gives place to learning's shallowest pretence; they waste their time in spite of wish or taste, in learning vain accomplishments; they speak French which a Frenchman would understand about as well as Choctaw; they learn to drum upon a piano in such a *style*, as almost to run their audience mad; they read all the classic authors through in a year; their paintings are mere daubs; their drawings plainly show nature drawn and quartered too;" they learn to do what is commonly called needle work, which should

be called needless work, in such exquisite style, that in one of their most finished specimens, one would be at a loss to decide which is man, which is house, which ass, if Man, House, Ass, were not written under each. All they really learn, is to be no account; they go to school little fools, they come out big fools, most generally, ready to become wives and mothers at the shortest notice. Such is generally the case—there are honorable exceptions, we are happy to say.

And their learning nothing good is not all—they learn much that is evil; they associate with low and vulgar girls, and learn to imitate their manners and conversation; they have all their respect for religion, laughed out of them; they have their minds filled with beaux and love; they read vicious and obscene books—novels upon all occasions. In short, they have all their finer sensibilities blunted if not eradicated, and come out thoughtless, careless, heartless devotees of fashion.

This picture may be exaggerated, but in the main, it is, mournfully, too true. The heart should be educated as well as the head, and unless it is properly educated, unless sound principles are instilled, unless the good seed is sown, tares will be, and the growth will be most luxuriant; such is our nature. But in modern systems of educating

the heart seems to be lost sight of; to be totally neglected. If a girl gets the merest smattering of the many things which fashion prescribes as necessary, flirts to perfection, talks flippantly about the last novel, dresses in the most approved style, however immodest, however indecent, makes a fine appearance in public, she is universally thought to do credit to her *Alma Mater*. But these things, tho' some of them do well in their place, though they render woman more ornamental, more attractive, yet ruin more women's health, make more of them object worshipers of fashion's gilded car, and wreck more domestic happiness, than any other system of training could possibly do. After going through such training, a woman is totally unfitted to adorn the family circle, to be the stay of her parents in their declining years, to be a wife and mother—and these are the most important, by far the holiest of woman's duties, and anything that unfits her to do these duties, is a great, a palpable evil.

Such evils do exist, and how are they to be remedied? As long as parents bow down and worship at the shrine of fashion, there can be no remedy. But let them rebel against such galling servitude; let them educate their daughters at home, expose their tender years, not to the hardening blighting influ-

ence of the world, but to the warming, genial atmosphere of home.—“Oh, the ingle-side for me!” If there be one place on earth free from the selfishness and guile, from the blasting, withering contamination of the world; If there be one flower-et of Eden left, one on which the trail of the serpent is not visible, it is the intercourse of the home-circle. It is there that true principles are instilled—it is there we are defended from the noxious poisonous exhalations from the desperately deceitful and wicked heart of man—it is there that the heart

is cultivated, that the manners are improved—there is framed the noble woman, nobly planned; there are sown the seeds of flowers which bloom only in Paradise.

Let girls, then, be taught at home till they are women; take advantage of their more rapid mental and physical development, not to make fools but women of them. And then, if it be absolutely necessary, send them to a polishing, finishing-school, when they are prepared to reap all the advantages, and ward off all the evils of such places.

IMAGO MORTIS.

BY EGROE.

At midnight's dreary hour I sat
Beside a dying one;
Death's clammy dew was on his brow,
Its glaze upon his eye.
Pallor o'erspread his sunken cheeks,
And fear sat on his heart.
That hour's deep misery who can paint?
My dearest friend lay groaning,
And shrieking wild with pain;
His mind had fled his fevered brain!
And as he raved in agony,
And as I felt his brow,
How sighed my heart to give his woe relief!

O! Death, thy sting is terrible,
When it has pierced the hopeful heart.
When youth makes bright each hour,
Thy summons is full sad.
How hard to yield up all
Sweet hope has promised, and the present gives!
Yet all--all--all must fade;
And for life's strong activity,
The weakness of the grave must come.
Foul worms must feed upon thy flesh--
The soul must seek its bourne.

Thus thought I, while in agony,
My friend succumbed to death.
I heard a groan, and turned mine eyes,
And saw--pale Death.
Yet he was different from my 'maginings--

Men call him skeleton,
But all I saw was fair.
All calmness sat upon his brow ;
All passions fled at his approach ;
His presence was incarnate silence ;
And coldness marked his birth.
He raised his arms all cold,
And then 'round my friend,
As though he were a brother.

Silent I sat and gazed upon the dead ;
When, horror upon horror ! upward rose
A sight that froze my blood—beside the corpse
There stood in laughing, hideous glee a form
Dreadful to look upon. It seemed a form,
Yet not material ; as a shadow glides
Along a darkened wall, so glided this ;
Not palpable, but black as hellish smoke,
Forever flying in his face, could make.
Another being, pure as God's own thoughts,
As fair as heaven's smiles,
As bright as heaven's sun,
As free from sinfulness
As childhood's prayer from wrong---
Beside the friend this being stood, and then
A legion fresh from hell, and one from heaven,
Gathered around the dead to view the prey.
With trembling limbs and freezing blood, I stood
Before this mass of vice and holiness.
Accoutred as I was, with mortal bonds,
I feared to look upon this war of Gods---
Of those who dwell in hell and those in heaven.
I dared to look, and blindness struck me not—
With bolder heart I boldly viewed the fight.
But can a mortal tell immortal wars ?
As wand'ringly I looked, I saw them join
The pure one, and the habitant of hell.
Like lightning flashes, gave they blow for blow

With stunning swiftness, but nor either fell.
 Right manfully they fought; at last one fell—
 The heavenly warrior bit the lowly dust.
 The friends all ranged around
 Laughed a wild laugh,
 And raised a shout,
 That would do devils good.
 The heavenly angels gave a groan
 So full of horror that the wind,
 The trees, the earth, awaked a mournful strain,
 And bore it up to God in their behalf.

I looked again, and saw—
 O! mem'ry canst thou tell
 The sights I saw?
 The flames of yawning hell,
 And laughing demons scattered 'round.
 Their brows were black as night;
 Their eyes like lightning shone;
 Their grin more hideous was,
 Than dead men doubly spoiled
 By carrion crows and dogs.
 The shrieking fiends had borne
 My helpless, writhing friend
 E'en to the abyss, and prepared
 To fling him headlong to the flames.
 Death, frightened, shrieked and fled;
 Leaving to its eternal doom
 The soul condemned to hell.
 The sulphurous flames already scorched the soul;
 The agonizing cries of spirits damned
 Struck through the frighten'd spirits in most heart,
 And sent a quivering through every limb.
 But a celestial voice,
 Sweet as the sound of distant water-falls,
 The low of far-off herds, the tinkling bells
 Of evening flocks returning to their homes;
 Soft as a half-remembered dream of love,

As the dim memory of by-gone days ;
Pure as a child's affection ; and as clear
As a fair moon in Spring.

This noise was powerful ;
And as its music fell,
Pervading this abode of flames,
The devils ceased their sport,
And groaned aloud.

The stern command was given
From the high vault of heaven ;

"Demons, your booty lose,
Nor dare ye to refuse

Obedience to my laws ;
Or, else, with all my might
Your legions I will smite.

In this, my servant's cause."

The rescued soul,
As though 'twere pestilence,
The demons dropped.

The hungry flames
Spitted their helpless rage,
And licked the very roofs of hell
In angry impotence.

Each devil fled
Into some lurking place,
As to conceal

His guilty looks
From the all-searching eye
Of dread Omnipotence.

Then the angels came,
And bore the grateful soul
Far into heaven.

Soon a sweet song arose ;
And so enchanting 'twas,
That even space, forgot
To stop the sounds ;
But crossing in ecstasy,

It listened to the words :—

“ The love of God proclaim
 To all the human race ;
 The graeious glories of his name
 Make known in ev’ry place.
 And let man learn his sins to spurn,
 And to his Saviour gladly turn.”

“ Oh ! strike your harps ye choir ;
 Sing praises to our king ;
 Nor let your holy songs expire,
 Till Heaven’s high arches ring !
 Cease not to raise the song of praise,
 Till Heaven commands the earth obey.”

“ Redeeming love, the thought
 Could waft the soul away ;
 Till ev’ry heart by Jesus bought,
 Would burst its bonds of clay ;
 And falling prone, before the throne
 Of God, would plead Jesus alone.”

“ All hail to God ! one soul
 Is added to the saved ;
 One spirit snatched from the control
 Of devils all depraved !
 Cease not your song, ye heavenly throng,
 All ye who now to Christ belong.”

Heaven’s portals opened, and there issued forth
 A host so bright, mine eyes refused to look ;
 I felt their presence, but I could not see.
 A voice addressed me, soft as angels strains :—

“ O ! Son of Man, thy sins are many, but
 The blood of Christ can free thee from all stains.
 Repent and turn from sin, and when thy life
 Has ceased to give thee earthly being, thou
 Mays’t wing thy way to happiness and God.”

* * * * *

He nestled, sweetly smiling, on his couch.

I looked around me and I saw the dead;
All strife had hushed, and Heav'nly quietude
Was throned upon his pale, cold, clammy brow.

* * * * *

The funeral followed, and the sable hearse
Conveyed the dead one to his early grave.
I heard the earth upon his coffin play
A deep sepulchral note—then silence came;
And one by one the solemn crowd dispersed,
And left me weeping o'er the new made mound.
Then darkness came and gathered o'er the tombs;
I dashed aside a tear, and wandered home.
My friend I feared not for—he quit the earth,
And wing'd a glorious flight thro'gh the wide space
Dividing earth from Heaven; and there he sits,
And sings, and drinks the endless joys of heaven.
And when the trump shall sound, and from their
 graves
The dead shall rise before the judgment bar,
I'll meet my friend; and hand in hand w'll walk
The golden streets of our eternal home,
And shout the praises of our Saviour Judge.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

A very important matter is the choice of a wife. Upon it depends much, if not all of after happiness. If you are dissatisfied with your profession you may change it; if your friend deceives you you may forget him; but death only can cut the Gordian knot which binds you to your wife. Were you about to take a long journey, you would wish for agreeable company. Then how can you embark on the broad sea of Matrimony without a skilful pilot, the frail vessel of Conubial Bliss must founder in wild surges of domestic discord.— And since the fair sex *will* stand at the helm, it behooves you to study well the character of her upon whom must devolve so weighty a charge. If she is quarrelsome, must you not expect broomsticks rather than smiles? If a fool, will she enter intelligently into your plans, and give council in regard to their execution? If she is a butterfly of fashion, can she, like a true wife cheer you in the winter of adversity? Does the tender plant of affection flourish in the atmosphere of sour looks and angry words. If your wife is lazy, but-
 onless will be your shirts. If slow-

only, slip-shod attire must attend it. If a blue-stocking, will not visions of ink-smear'd fingers, badly cook'd dinners, and dirty-faced children haunt your imagination, and make you curse the cause of letters? Then as you regard the feelings of all the sweet and holy feelings of humanity, as you love nice dinners, and wish to beget children who will be to your gray hairs a crown of rejoicing, I charge you, be careful in the choice of a wife. She should not be wholly unlike yourself. The time has not yet come for the Lion to lie down with the Lamb. Neither should a Melancthon wed a Virago, nor a Thersites marry a Helen. See what a bad match Venus and Vulcan made, and if you are as ugly as the shade of despair, don't court a woman as beautiful as an angel's dream.

Nowhere is the old saying of "every one to his taste" more clearly exemplified than in the choice of a wife. No two men have the same ideal. Before the distempered fancy of one, visions of gold, bank-stock and real estate dance in sweet confusion. He looks upon a woman, and behold! the number of her father's kinky heads becomes a

matter of grave import. Satisfy him upon this point, and you satisfy him upon all. The lady may have a wooden leg, her mouth may be so hideous that the end of her nose shall recoil from it in dismay, her eyes may be most lovingly inclined to each other—still, his affection is unshaken. He is far above all consideration of moral defects. Let her swear like a sailor, chew tobacco, and seold like Zantippe—He loves her still. He exelains in the beautiful words of the poet:—

“I ask not if her face is fair,
And all is pure within;
Oh no! what I am driving at,
Is quite another thing.
I cannot help it if I would—
I hope it is no sin;
But from my heart the question comes—
Oh! has she any tin?”

Touch her purse and you touch his heart. Preserve that, and no matter what happens, he is as true as the needle to the pole. This is the guiding star of his life—the idol of his affections, and they cling around it with a wonderful tenacity. “God-like charity hideth a multitude of sins. ’Twill gild the darkest complexion, lend lustre to the dullest eye, and roses to the palest cheek. Like the cestus of Venus, it inspires love in every heart, and the want of it, like the Gorgon’s head, turns the beholder to stone. And in short, I say to any woman, if you wish to get a husband, get gold.”

While this lover is offering incense at the shrine of Mammon, another is pouring his vows into the ear of Beauty. It is the young man who reads Moore, loves to gaze at the stars, takes moonlight strolls, and is always muttering something about a kindred spirit. To him, the wooing breeze, brings thoughts of his Angelina. In her company, he’s crazy, out of it he’s miserable, and everywhere he’s a fool. If you tell him “good morning,” he is apt to reply, “yes, she is very beautiful.” If you look into his books, you will find her name scribbled on every page, and probably some miserable attempts of rhyme, indicative of his feelings in regard to her. He is very fond of sentimental love songs; such as: “The lone starry hours give me, love,” or “Meet me by moonlight alone.” His brain is like a sponge brim-full of folly, which it sends forth in showers on the slightest occasion. Very fortunately, this sort of madness doesn’t last long. Generally, a few weeks of married life suffice for a case. ’Twas distance that lent the enchantment, and a nearer approach showed him faults never dreamed of before. In a week or two he discovers that she actually eats like other folks. Possibly she snores, and she may do things much worse. But as it has not been my lot to penetrate the veil which shrouds from the vulgar gaze the

genes of wedded life, I leave further discoveries to each one's imagination.

Beauty is a powerful spell in the hands of a cunning woman. Few can resist, and all must feel its influence. For, as the poet has said :

"A little glove stirs up the heart,
A tide stirs up the ocean:
And snow-white moust as it flits,
Wakes many a curious notion."

It has long been a matter of dispute, among the fair sex, which is the most effectual means of securing a beau — Beauty or Wealth. The truth is, that both are good looks, and when baited well, and managed skilfully must catch fish. The sort of game which they respectively take, constitutes the chief difference between them.— Beauty attracts the young, inexperienced and foolish—those who have the poetical temperament predominant, and as a matter of course, the reasoning powers correspondingly small. While Wealth controls the choice of those old wary fellows, who are wise in the ways of the world, who act from prudential motives, and know that when "Poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." If one of these agencies is so powerful in securing homage, what must be the power of a woman who has both. She is the "theme of every minstrel's song," and the "crown of perfect womanhood." One of these qualifications, nearly all men re-

quire in their lady-loves. I do not mean to say that all wives are rich or that they are good-looking—Heaven forbid! But I say, nearly all husbands foolishly think so when they marry. However, some men take a wife because she is pious, and some because she sings well. Now I do not mean to condemn any of these motives. Let every man suit himself. If Gold is his God, why not have a wife who worships at the same altar? If he loves Beauty, why not gratify this inclination by the possession of a beautiful object?

Let him remember, however,

"Beauty's but skin deep,
Ugly's to the bone;
Beauty ever fades away,
While ugly holds its own."

And that he cannot forever enjoy those young charms upon which he now feasts his eyes with so much satisfaction. All that is fair must fade. The rose bud, then blooms in full beauty, and at last withers and dies. Thus it is with man, and woman too. Therefore, let us choose our wives, for the sterling qualities of good sense, prudence and industry, which will safely guide our barks across the sea of life, even when the storm rises, and squalls come on in the shape of noisy children.

"'Tis woman's smiles that lull our cares to rest,
Dear woman's charms that give to life its zest,
'Tis woman's hand that smooths affliction's bed,
Wipes the cold sweat, and stays the sinking head."

PALESTINE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

If one could be transported to the summit of one of the beautiful hills which stand round about the holy city. If he could view with his own eyes, and leave the impress of his own footsteps in those ways hallowed by having been trodden by the feet of the suffering Saviour of mankind, what a flood of recollections would the scene call to mind. Here had prophets and holy men of old spent their lives—here had Jehovah breathed his spirit into their souls, as they penned their inspired writings, and here, too, were enacted those scenes, so closely connected with our best feelings. Those streets now polluted with the feet of pagans, were once thronged with suppliant nations, and the material myriads of Israel. But now

*"Lawless force and meagre want are there,
And the quick darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion, mid its ruins laid,
Folds its dark wings beneath the ivy shade."*

Such thoughts, would the power of association bring upon the mind of him who beheld this melancholy scene. Not if he could own the memorable plain of Marathon—not if he could stand at the pass of Thermopylea, and imagine the lit-

tle band of Leonidas on one side, and the Persian host of Xerxes on the other, would his bosom so swell with patriotism, as it would with sorrow and sympathy, as he looked upon the once proud and mighty "city of the great King."

For look! where once the venerable turrets and spires of the ancient temple arose, the Turkish crescent glitters in the sunlight to remind you that the sons of Israel worship no more in the dwelling place of their Fathers. Some three thousand years ago, when David occupied the place, where now a Mohommedan government sways its sceptre, the Jewish dominions formed one of the most powerful kingdoms of the East. Governed by a law revealed to them directly by the Almighty, and blessed with the knowledge of the only true religion, the Jews were probably the happiest people, whose existence is recorded in the annals of ancient history. But a succession of outbreaks of their proverbially obstinate and rebellious temper, brought upon them the divine displeasure, and we see them now, the scoff of every people, outcast from their

native land, and worse of all, the face of their creator turned away from them in anger.

Every one is familiar with the history of the Jews, from the time of David downward; our business is with the country Palestine rather than with the Jewish nation, and glancing over the history of the country, the first thing that arrests our attention, is a scene for the sublimity, the grandeur of which the history furnishes no parallel—the scene enacted upon the summit of Mt. Carmel, between the prophet Elijah, and the priests of Baal. This mountain is a lofty peak upon the shores of the Mediterranean, is rich with associations with the events of the past. At its foot, the army of the Crusaders was drawn up in their passage towards Jerusalem, and their glittering hosts were spread out far and wide over the fields which surround it. Here was fought one of their great battles with the Saracens, and here, too, lay the city of Acre, where, at a still later day, Napoleon suffered the defeat which was the first check upon his power. In wandering over this venerable promontory, how would the heart swell with emotion, as thoughts of its ancient beauty and present desolation came over the mind. Once its fertility and beauty were so remarkable as to make it a proverb among the Israelites. Fruitful, fragrant,

lovely beyond description was it in the days of old. Every flower found in the plain, bloomed also upon Carmel, its fertile soil, brought forth every fruit which could delight the taste; but its glory is withered and passed away, so that the traveler on the highway, beholds it not. Ill accords the present barren sterile appearance with its ancient beauty; but in this, it has but kept pace with every other interesting point—the course of the whole country has been and still is downward. From Mt. Carmel, the eye sweeps over a vast and beautiful landscape, almost every foot of which, is hallowed by the association with some act of the Saviour. The mountains of Nazareth, the land of his birth, rise full in view, and far in the distance Lebanon and Hermon pierce the blue sky with their snow-clad peaks. Mt. Horeb is another promontory of deep interest in the annals of the Jews. "Moses," says a distinguished writer of the present day, "learned his first lessons around its base, and amid its solitudes formed the thoughtful, stern and decided character which rendered him fit to be the leader of Israel. When in his impetuous youth he slew the Egyptian, he fled thither to escape the penalty of the deed. When the first gust of indignation was over, alarm took the place of passion, and hastily cov-

ering the dead man in the sand, he fled to the desert. Month after month he wandered about Horeb thinking of Egypt, and the Royal court he dared not enter. Away from the temptations of the palæe, and beyond the influence of the conflicting motives which might sway him there, he trod the desert a free man. Amid the grand and striking scenery of the mountain, he could not but learn to hate tyranny, and love freedom. With nought but nature and nature's God to teach him, his character must be simple and manly, and his principles upright and pure. That among the lonely haunts of the mountain he did form such a noble character, is evident from his career and conduct as leader of the Jews, in his bold bearing before Pharaoh and in many a memorable act of a long and eventful life, up to the time of his lonely death upon the summit of Mt. Pisgah. Upon this mountain, too, did the greatest of the Prophets dwell during the period of his persecution by Jezabel. For a while, he abode in the mountain suffering from hunger and thirst, and hunted by the emissaries of the Queen. But all this passed away—his wrongs were promised redress--the hunted exile went boldly back to his people, and Horeb again stood silent and alone in the desert.

But Palestine has yet another peak, whose rank upon "the immortal list of sacred mountains," is inferior to no other. Around the summit of Mt. Pisgah, cluster some of the most glorious truths of our religion. But following out the original plan, we will pass by these and only notice some of the scenes connected with it. And among these, one stands out in bold relief, and by its awful sublimity, throws the others far into the background. This naked rock was the death bed of the leader of Israel. It was here, that alone with his maker, he yielded up his breath. "Oh, who can tell what the mighty law-giver felt, left in that dreadful hour alone. The mystery of mysteries was to be passed. No friend was beside him to sooth him--no voice to encourage him in that last, darkest of all human struggles." On that bare peak he sleeps alone while centuries roll by--the mountain mist his winding sheet, and his only dirge, the thunder of the passing storm. "Consecrated by the death of Moses, receiving his last sigh, Mt. Pisgah stands the third sacred mountain upon earth." There is, among these mountains some of the finest scenery that the world contains. Even poetic Greece, with all her charms, must yield the palm to Palestine. The poetry of the country, doubtless owes much of its beauty to the grand, and at the same time quiet scenery, among

which it was written. And indeed, it partakes very much of the character of this scenery :

“ Wondering, we listen to the strain sublime,
That flows all freshly down the stream of time,
Wafted in grand simplicity along
The undying breath, the very soul of song.”

The aforementioned, are some of the most interesting points of the country : but there are innumerable associations connected with Palestine, which we cannot refer to any particular place. The miserable degraded condition of Jerusalem was noticed at first, and the same is observable everywhere.--- From a “ land flowing with milk and honey,” it has become, for the most part, a desolate desert. The lonely wolf howls amid the ruined towers of Salem---the wild Arab strays over the wreck of the temple. It’s courts no longer resound with the inspired words of the Prophet. “ And hushed is the voice of the monarch of song.” But while we look upon the mournful desolation, the thought cannot fail to strike upon the mind. Is this to last always? Are the sons of Israel disowned of heaven, and oppressed by men, forever to remain exiled from the land of their Fathers. The whole character of this most remarkable people tells us---even the unerring voice of prophecy, assures us that this cannot be. Again one day, it may be close at hand, it may be far distant, shall the lily spring up afresh in the thirsty valleys of their country. The aged man, who lately a “ way-worn traveler, sought the spring,” shall hear amid the barren wilds, “ new falls of water murmuring in his ear.” The sweet scented myrtle shall take the place of the noisome weed, and glad harvests shall yet wave in the gentle breeze over the rifted rocks, the late abode of the serpent.

TO MY SISTER.

SIGMA.

My clock is ticking, Sister,
Quickly the hour flies—
And my heart grows lonely, Sister,
As thoughts of home arise.

I need the faces, Sister,
Of the happy ones at home;
And it cheers my spirits, Sister,
To think of joys to come.

No day has passed me, Sister,
But what I’ve thought of thee;
And I’ve often wondered, Sister,
If ere you think of me!

And oft, ’midst pleasures, Sister,
When music soft and sweet
Has gently lulled me, Sister,
I will in fancy meet

Our happy circle, Sister
Ere earth its sorrow brought,
Ere Death unkindly, Sister,
To us his blightings taught.

There’s one bright spirit, Sister,
And that one, Mother dear,
Who oft, in troubles, Sister,
My guardian doth appear.

In better moments, Sister,
Her smile is bright and fair—
But here I waken, Sister,
To look on vacant air,

For the dream has vanish’d Sister;
I long to see once more,
Our angel Mother, Sister,
As she seemed to us before.

But thus all pleasures, Sister,
In this, our world of care,
As soon as welcome, Sister,
So soon they disappear.

Fix’d in my bosom, Sister,
Her image ere shall be,
As dear and sacred, Sister,
As life itself to me.

And still another, Sister,
A kind, unfailling friend
Is Christ our Savior, Sister,
On whom all hopes depend.

And now receive, my Sister,
These lines of love from me,
And only think, my Sister,
That they were penned for thee.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

HON. HENRY W. MILLER.

In compliance with the invitation of the Senior Class, Mr. Miller delivered his lecture on "The XVIII Century, in the College Chapel at this place, on the evening of the 22d February.

We were glad to see that the ladies favored the festival with their presence, although the weather was rather cool, and lent an additional charm to the distinguished orator's words, by smiling a sweet approval of all he said. Indeed, we would have been surprised not to have seen the ladies on such an occasion, since it is mainly owing to their efforts that the Mount Vernon Association was formed, and is working such magnificent results. We congratulate them on having enlisted the services of such an accomplished orator.

The proceeds amounted to \$450. The students cheerfully voted what remained of their deposits after defraying the expenses for repairs on the buildings for the last session; and, we have no doubt, had it not been so late in the session, when they had expended all their money, the amount would have been even

greater. We consider Mr. Miller's lecture the very best literary treat we have had for many a day, and would, gladly, should the opportunity present itself, go to hear it again. The very best order prevailed during the whole evening, and until Gov. Swain arose and moved a vote of thanks from the students to their brother of the same *Alma Mater*, there was no noisy demonstration of their joy and gratitude; but when this fell upon their ears, there arose a shout that shook the building to its centre.

THE TOL MITE BUST.

Last session a very great proportion of the members of the present Junior Class, was honored with the distinction of TOLERABLE on Chemistry. This did not suit their idea of what they deserved, and they unanimously resolved to show that they were piqued by having a grand bust. Accordingly they appointed a committee of arrangements who set dilligently to work to collect all the spare change that troubled the *Tol Mites* with which to pay for their contempt of Chemistry. To be as brief as possible, they col-

lected the money, and set apart the 22nd of February as the day ; but owing to Mr. Miller's engagement for that day they appointed one day sooner.

Before going to supper, a distinguished member or *Tol Miter* was called to the chair, and the following resolutions were unanimously passed and adopted :

Resolved : Since it is obvious to every one here present, we ought to have got a distinction on Chemistry, but did not on account of reposing too much confidence in our natural capacities unaided by study ;

1st. That those of us, who can, without injuring ourselves by too close application to the pages of a book, unrelieved by a single picture, will take *first* distinction this session, or nobly go to sleep in the attempt ;

2nd. That all who do not get *first* must pay into the hands of the committee of arrangements FIVE DOLLARS to be expended in defraying the expenses of the next 'bust.'

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the Editors of the Magazine, with a request to publish, and that each *Tol Miter* shall paste a copy of the same up in his room.

And then when the chairman had pronounced the meeting adjourned, and had taken his position at the head of the table,

"Dire was the clang of plates, of knife
and fork,
That merciless fell, like tomakawks, to
work."

Champagne stopples flew in all directions, and the foaming stream flowed from the narrow necks of the bottles, down the more epicurian necks of the *Tol Mites*, until "They were red, red-hot with drinking ;

So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the
ground
For kissing of their feet."

Thus went they all up to college, singing songs of alluminum, sulphuric acid, iodine, potasium, and in fact, every chemical that they could call to mind.

We had forgotten to say that those only were admitted to the feast, who could pay for it. Of course, there were many who could not go.

 We take great pleasure in introducing to our subscribers, and the public generally, our worthy successors ; MESSRS. VERNON H. VAUGHAN, WM. J. HEADEN and SAMUEL P. WEIR, of the Dialectic, and GEORGE BRYAN, WM. T. NICHOLSON and GEO. L. WILSON, of the Philanthropic Society. They are in every respect eminently qualified to discharge the responsible duties they will soon be called upon to perform, and the subscribers to the Magazine, during the next year will never regret expending \$2 for a Magazine so ably edited, as we feel confident 'twill be under their supervision.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

Feb. 28, 1849.

Whereas: It has been the will of Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, suddenly to call to "that bourne whence no traveller returneth," NATHANIEL PEARSON LUSHER, our late respected and beloved Fellow-Member, Therefore the Philanthropic Society, moved by the grief with which this sad occurrence has filled it, have *Resolved*:

1st. That during his short but brilliant career at the University, his amiable manner, his noble and manly bearing, won him our love, while his superior and acknowledged talents commanded our respect.

2nd. That but a few short months ago, he left our midst bearing away the highest honors of his class, and the expectation that we would soon hear of him as filling a conspicuous and honorable position in the public affairs of his country, becoming in age, as bright an ornament to it, as in youth he was to our Society.

3rd. That while we yield with due reverence, to the decrees of an Omnipotent and Just Deity, we can but deeply mourn over the sad fate of our beloved Fellow-Member, who, just as the seed were sown for a full and rich harvest, has been called from this world—but we are comforted with the hope that he has gone to act his part in a better and a brighter one—one in which "the weary are at rest."

4th. That we sympathise deeply with his afflicted family, who now weep over his sudden death—That while Death has snatched from that circle one on whom so much love, and such high hopes must have been centered, it has also deprived Society of one of its most esteemed Members, and ourselves, as individuals, of a dear and fondly cherished friend.

6th. That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the Family of the deceased,

and also to the Memphis papers and University Magazine, with a request to publish them.

N. C. HUGHES,
W. J. ROGERS,
G. B. JOHNSTON,
M. L. EURE. } Com.

—o—

DIED. On Saturday, 5th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M. departed this life, NATHANIEL PEARSON LUSHER, a native of Mississippi, in the 20th year of his age, son of Henry M. Lusher, of Memphis, Tenn., a grandson of the late Nathaniel Pearson, formerly North Carolina.

Thus was he, in whom a father had pinned his hopes, cut off in the bloom of manhood. Six short months ago he graduated at Chapel Hill University, N. C., with academic honors. His teachers and his friends saw in his mind and character, promise of future of rewards to himself, and of usefulness to society. His frank and affectionate nature gained him the love of all, while the force and culture of his intellect, commanded their respect. Few young men indeed, have commenced life, with so many well-secured hopes of success. But a fatal disease contracted soon after his departure from college, has shattered one pervading blow, his own youthful ambition, the aspirations of a proud father, and the wishes of devoted friends. We should not repine; for though the honors of this earth are forever closed to him, we should trust that a heart charitable to others, and a heart generously regardless of self, and a firm belief in the truths of religion, have already opened to him the purer and more sacred joys, which the franchised spirit finds in the Paradise of God.—N.

Picayune.

—o—

ERRATA.—In "Life and Character of James Ireland," page 1st, read *Lewis*, not *Sues*; 2nd page, read *Lord McCartney*, not *McCustney*. Also, *Utopias*, not *Tropics*.

—o—

Errata—Yorks' English Grammar.

On page 255 and 256, for *definition* read *definition*. On the latter page, first line, second column, insert *as after sentences*. Page 257, for *turn* read *term*, and in seventh line from the bottom of right hand column insert *other* before *members*. Page 258, for *sustains* read *entertains* and for *subformation* read *subfirmative* and for *neither* read *either*. On page 259, for *native* read *entire*. Page 260, in the twelfth line from the bottom of first column *dendrology* should not be italicized, and *synthetical* (twice occurring in the same quotation) read *synthetical*. * Same page, second column, for *violations* read *notation*, and for *nocton* twice occurring, read *nocton*. Page 262 for *mischievous* read *mischievous* and for *nocton* read *nocton*.

—*for italicised read italicized.

RECEIPTS

V. H. Vaughan,	Chapel Hill,	2.00
P. M. Butler,	“ “	2.00
J. P. Coffin,	“ “	2.00
J. Douglass,	“ “	2.00
Geo. Martin,	“ “	5.00
S. Jones,	“ “	2.00
G. E. Shepard,	“ “	2.00
W. Timberlake,	“ “	2.00
T. Ennett,	“ “	2.00
R. E. Cooper,	“ “	2.00
B. A. Rogers,	“ “	2.00
J. M. Hunt,	“ “	2.00
Lucius Frierson,	“ “	2.00
A. Micou,	“ “	2.00
E. D. Seales,	“ “	2.00
J. R. Bowie,	“ “	2.00
W. D. Jones,	“ “	2.00
Jesse Heflin,	Sardis, Miss.	2.00
Robert Grey,	High Point, N. C.,	2.00
E. H. Armstrong,	Chapel Hill,	2.00
George S. Martin,	“ “	2.00
J. H. Polk,	“ “	4.00
C. E. Gay,	“ “	2.00
L. Bond,	“ “	2.00
Easterling,	“ “	2.00
W. W. Henry,	“ “	2.00
H. Puryear,	“ “	2.00
W. M. Hammond,	Wadesboro', N. C.,	2.00
George W. Taylor,	Chapel Hill,	2.00
J. P. Walker,	“ “	2.00
E. S. Martin,	“ “	2.00
J. D. Tatum,	Savannah, Ga.,	50
W. T. Nicholson,	Chapel Hill,	2.00
Jos. Saunders,	“ “	2.00
Thorpe,	“ “	2.00
William Foreman,	Tawboro'	2.00
H. C. Jordan,	Chapel Hill.	2.00
P. B. Bacot,	“ “	2.00
J. C. Bellamy,	“ “	6.00
C. S. Croom,	“ “	2.00
J. G. Bustin,	“ “	2.00
John Gatling,	“ “	2.00
Jiggitts,	“ “	2.00

PROSPECTUS.

North Carolina University

MAGAZINE.

THE EIGHTH VOLUME of this College Monthly commenced with the AUGUST number. The Editors will spare no pains to make it, while under their charge, worthy of

SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE.

Each number shall consist of about FIFTY pages of original and choice matter. In the editorial of each number will be found, besides other articles, a monthly record of College and such other events, as may deemed suitable.

This Magazine is entirely devoted to the cultivation of

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE,

and should have the support of every Carolinian. A liberal subscription is much desired, as by it the Editors will be enabled to make several necessary improvements.

TERMS.

\$2 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS MADE TO CLUBS.

Address,

EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

